

shillings would have bought for the real comfort of your self, your wife, and your children. You say you fear they have but little to eat at home now, and you have spent sixpence on yourself. Is that kind? Nay don't make any excuse. I know you feel you have done wrong. Don't, my poor fellow, repeat it. One word more: if you persist in this habit, you will become a drunkard; and the bible tells you, "Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God." It will lead you into all wickedness; and the bible tells you, "The wicked shall be turned into hell," B—, he added very solemnly, "think of this; tell your companions what I have said to you, that He may make you a more thoughtful and a better man." Poor B— listened; the assumed smile disappeared; his face sank almost into his bosom; and became evidently ashamed to look at us. At the close of Mr. Budgett's remarks, he touched his hat in a respectable manner, and said with much apparent feeling, "Thank you, sir; it's very good for gentlemen such as you to talk this way to poor men like me."—*The Successful Merchant.*

### Specimens of Your Work.

The Carpenter who builds a fine house, points to it with pride, and says: "I built it." The blacksmith who makes a good plough, calls to his neighbor, the farmer, and says, "I made it." The Shoemaker holds up the glistening, neatly fitted boot, and says, "It's my manufacture." The Physician with equal pride says of the poor dispeptic, "I cured him." The Surgeon holds up the stump of the unfortunate man's arm, and with much self-complacency says, "I amputated it." The Lawyer details the intricacies of the suit, and delights in saying, "I gained it." Even the barber shows his ivory and exclaims of the well cut hair, "I trimmed it." Every mechanic capable of doing a good job; every professional man, skilful in his profession; every man of whatever lawful occupation, is proud of exhibiting "specimens of his work," with only one exception. The rum-seller supported as he is by the laws of the land in his employment, never points to the specimens of his work, and says, "I did it." The drunkard may wallow in the gutter before his door; the wife may die broken hearted, and the children be driven to beggary and crime, but although these "jobs" may be turned out according to the most approved patterns contemplated in his license; yet he will always deny his work. "They are not specimens of my work." No indeed! Wonder if our "drunkard makers" could not be induced to present a few of their specimens for a premium at the World's Fair? If we could find one who would own his work, we would make a fortune by exhibiting him as one of the seven wonders."

**FIRST STEP TO RUIN.**—"My first step to ruin," exclaimed a wretched youth, as he lay tossing from side to side on the straw bed in one corner of his prison-house—"my first step to ruin was going fishing on the Sabbath. I knew it was wrong; my mother taught me better; my minister taught me better; my Bible taught me better. I didn't believe them; but I didn't think it would come to this. I am undone! I am lost!"

Perhaps he said, "It is too pleasant to be cooped up in church. What harm is there in taking a stroll into the woods? What harm in carrying my fishing-tackle and sitting on the banks to fish?"

What harm? Why, the harm is that God is disobeyed, who says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The moment a youth determines to have his own way, choosing his own pleasure before God's will, that moment he lets go the rudder, his compass, his chart; nothing but God's word can guide you safely over the ocean of life; Give that up, and you are bewildered; you are drifting; you will be lost.—*Child's Paper.*

### Sabbath Meditations.

#### HEAVEN'S GLORY VS. EARTH'S GLORY.

"The guide books do not speak of the Dairyman's Daughter."—[S. Triceus Prime.

I should expect that would be the case; for the world has never yet learned to appreciate religious worth. The warrior, as Alexander or Napoleon, will have monuments built to his memory; and thousands will fall down in worship to a novel writer, as a Walter Scott, or to a poet, as a Byron, but who of all the worldlings ever thinketh with glowing feelings of Elizabeth Walbridge. Those of like mind remember; but they, like her, are ignored by this wise, wise world.

One reason of this state of things is, the Christian exalts his God, and hides behind the cross. It is his meat and his drink to make the name of his master glorious. A Napoleon lived for himself. He held up himself as the idol which men should worship. "The guide books do not speak of her." No! but the guide books of heaven do! There the name of the righteous is held in everlasting remembrance. Yes, where the Christian is exalted. There he stands in his true light:

Go with me, reader, along the streets of Judah. Here we behold a lordly mansion; a glory of light comes flooding from the doorways, and all is voluptuousness within. The lord of the house is clothed in purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day. But who is this lying a beggar at the gate? Poor, poor man! The best friends he has are the pitying dogs, which soothe his sores. Truly this man will pass away and be forgotten forever.

We look as in a vision away across the fields of heaven, and amid the songs of angels and the glory of seraphim in the bosom of Abraham we behold an exalted son of paradise; and from the lurid pit we hear a cry come up, "Send Lazarus with one drop of water." O, thus it is in the future world. All things are righted up there! The man of the palace has become a beggar, and the once beggar at his gate is now mingling in the songs of heaven.

We look once more, and we see the gardens of Nero lighted up with burning Christians. These are the "martyrs of Jesus!" But "the righteous shall shine forth as the sun, in the kingdom of their Father."—*North Western Christian Advocate.*

#### THE DUTY OF CULTIVATING A JOYOUS SPIRIT.

"Rejoice evermore."—ST. PAUL.

Since the happiness of the governed is the best evidence of the excellency of the administration, it is the duty of all well-governed subjects to show their gratitude to their governors by being as happy as their circumstances will allow. No creature can be relieved from the obligation to his Creator. Every one is bound to bring a revenue of glory to his sovereign, and consequently, every one is bound to use all prudent means to keep himself happy. This obligation rests alike upon angels and men.

The successful cultivation of this spirit implies both acquaintance with the great moral governor of the universe, and joyful acquiescence in his administration. When we follow the counsel of the word of truth, and acquaint ourselves with God that we may be at peace,—when we learn what is meant by fellowship with the Father and the Son, we find in the divine character much to make us happy.

Our fears of resulting evils, other than those we bring upon ourselves, are all relieved by a scriptural view of the essential rectitude of God. "He is the rock, his work is perfect, all his ways are judgment, a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he." But it is the abounding goodness of God that claims chiefly our gratitude and joy. From the bosom of the Father of our spirits, rolls as from its fountain, a stream of love, the