

I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

Do not mar these pleasant days by making the path of sin more dangerous and attractive to the young men to whom your house is a welcome substitute for home. Whatever your own views may be in the matter, this you can resolve—that no one will say of you that the first wrong step was taken at your house, when, for the first time, the charm of wine and drink was made familiar to those gathered at your board. The life in America is so active, restless and one-sided; the hurry after the one thing—money—is so absorbing that intemperance is a sin more common than it would be likely to be in a less stirring land. Then there are so many born wanting in will power, because their parents have destroyed it by generations of self-indulgence, that there is no knowing when the passion may be aroused, and a useful, earnest life, blighted by the gratification of an appetite, end in destruction. Even those who may choose to run the risk themselves should think and pray ere they recklessly expose those in whom, as friends, they should have an interest. The risk is too great, the danger too near, to permit any tampering with it. For the sake of your own peace, beware!—*Christian Hour*.

A GIN-SHOP SIGN.—A man who had opened a gin-shop was about to put up his sign, and requested his neighbour's advice as to what he should put on it. The man replied, "I advise you to write on it 'Beggars made here.'"

Several children of a family were once playing in a garden, when one fell into a tank. When their father heard of it, he asked what they had each done to try to help their brother. Beginning at the youngest, he said, "John, what did *you* do to rescue your brother?" The little fellow answered, "Father, what *could* I do? I am so young that I could not do anything, but I stood and *cried as loud as I could*." If each cannot bring a ladder or rope, all can *cry*, all can plead with God.

"I never can learn all that," sighed out a little one. And it really was quite a long column. Just then her eyes rested upon an ant tugging along with a big burden. She forgot the lesson to look at the busy ant. What hard work it had to drag that dead beetle! It would pull and rest, pull and rest, but got at last home. The little lass took up her book, and the spirit of the ant came into her. One pull at a time, one word at a time. She hung on to her lesson as the ant to its load. After a while she sang out, "I know it. It isn't hard at all."

Adam Clarke, when a youth, was placed with a linen merchant in Coleraine, who was not very conscientious, and thought that anything was fair in trade that would help him to make money. Young Adam was more scrupulous, and consequently was frequently brought into opposition with his employer, but for a time the difficulties were got over amicably. At length the time for the Dublin market approached, and the master and his assistants were busy preparing for it. Measuring off one of the bales of linen, the master found it a few inches short; so turning to Adam, who happened to be near, "We'll soon make that all right," he said; "Come, Adam, you take one end, I'll take the other, and we'll soon stretch it the few inches that are wanting." Adam, feeling this would not be honest, respectfully but firmly declined, and another workman had to be called. The result was that Adam lost his situation, his master telling him he was not fit for trade, and that he had better look out for some employment more congenial to his own mind. Adam took his advice, and studied for some years, eventually becoming a very celebrated preacher.

SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

Educate men without religion and you make them but clever devils.

Will-power is to be cultivated. It can, like the memory, be strengthened by unceasing practice.

Words mean very little or very much according to the sense intended to be conveyed.—*Prince Albert*.

Anybody who gives way for the sake of an easy life will end by having a life without a moment's ease.—*Lord Palmerston*.

Let us seek liberty and peace under the law; and following the pathway of our fathers, preserve the great legacy they have committed to our keeping.

"I am resolved," writes Bishop Beveridge, "by the grace of God, to speak of other men's sins before their faces, and of their virtues only behind their backs."

Roughness is a needless cause of discontent; severity breedeth fear; but roughness breedeth hate; even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, but not taunting.

The truth cannot be burned, beheaded or crucified. A lie on the throne is a lie still, and truth in a dungeon is truth still; and the lie on the throne is on the way to defeat, and the truth in the dungeon is on the way to victory.

IRREGULARITIES.

A German physician defines the main difference in the effects of whiskey and beer to be: "Viskey makes you kill somebody else; mit peer you only kills yourself."

"Are you a marrying man?" was asked of a sombre-looking gentleman at a recent up-town reception. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "I'm a clergyman."

"My lad," said a lady to a boy who was carrying newspapers, "are you the mail boy?" "You doesn't think I see a female boy, duz ye?" replied the little urchin—a literal, if not a literary reply.

One day a little girl said, "Mother, I feel nervous." "Nervous!" said her mother; "what is 'nervous'?" "Why, it's being in a hurry all over!" was the reply. The mite had given a definition worth placing in dictionaries.

A woman, returning from market, got into a South Hill street car the other day, with a basket full of dressed poultry. To her the driver, speaking sharply, said: "Fare!" "No," said the woman, "Fowl!" And everybody chuckled.

At a lecture on "The Decline of Literature," the eloquent orator shouted, "Where are the Chaucers, and Shakespeares, and Miltons, and Spensers and Macaulays? Where are they, I say?" And a voice answered sadly from the gallery, "All dead!"

It is a pitiable sight to see a woman who, but one short week ago, possessed an angel's sweetness of disposition and a child's artlessness of character, watching at the head of the stairs, at two o'clock in the morning, with a towel-roller in her hand.

Colonel Yerger got Sam Johnsing to hold his horse while he, the colonel, went into a saloon. "I expect you are pretty thirsty, ain't you, Sam?" asked the colonel, when he came out, wiping his mouth. "Dat all depends on you, boss. Hit's fur you ter say. I never am much thirsty at my own expenses."

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Band of Hope Festival.

A MASS MEETING OF THE BANDS OF HOPE BRANCHES, C. E. T. S., will be held in the PAVILION, HORTICULTURAL GARDENS, on FRIDAY, April 30.

Hon. S. H. BLAKE, N. W. HOYLES, Esq., and S. CALDECOTT, Esq., will address the meeting. The Orchestra of All Saints Church, and the Choir of St. Stephen's will assist in the Programme.

The Chair will be taken by Dr. DANIEL WILSON, President of University College, Toronto.

Doors will be open at 7 o'clock p.m., and Entertainment begun at 7.30.

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