

"It is well with the child," the good minister slowly repeated, "for little Annie is forever safe in the beautiful city of our God. She is as happy as the holy angels, and the stain of sin shall *never* rest upon her sweet face, for it shall wear the seal of eternal peace forever." It is well with the child, but not well with those who are responsible for this awful crime. It is not well with any who in any way sustain the traffic that not only kills the body, but destroys the soul and drives it in an exile from God forever. Little Annie's soul went into the presence of its Maker as pure and white as the winter snow, or the pale lilies and roses that are clasped in her cold dead fingers. We repeat again the beautiful words of our text, "It is well with the child."

So little Annie was laid away in her tiny grave in the old cemetery, and for many a day the parents watched over it. Sweet flowers were planted above it, and lent their sweetness and fragrance to beautify the place that was so sacred to those who loved the little child. A marble slab was placed above the little silent sleeper with the words of the text upon it. The passing stranger might have thought the inscription, "It is well with the child" a little strange, but not those who knew the story connected with her death.

But the cruel traffic in rum goes on. Little Annie's tragic death did not stay its power for a single moment. It went on in the same community just as it did before, and the very ones who were responsible for her death, go on in their old ways. The little grave and white monument with its simple words

"OUR LITTLE ANNIE.

"IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD."

were nothing to them. And the murdered souls that they had sent into eternity were nothing to them, and the traffic went on.—Mrs. Holt in *Pres Journal*.

WHY WE OPPOSE THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

First, on Principles of Political Economy.

1. Intemperance ruins health. This is never questioned by any sane man.

2. What destroys health destroys wealth. Every able-bodied man is a producer. If his health is impaired, he becomes a non-producer to the extent of his injury.

3. Whatever destroys wealth, injures the State, the state, in self-defence, has a right to prohibit.

Second, on Principles of Morality.

1. Intemperance injures character. If any proof be needed, point to the wrecked

lives of the men around you. See how they have learned to lie, steal, and murder, by becoming drunkards.

2. Whatever injures character destroys the citizen, and makes his exercise of the rights of citizenship dangerous to the State. See the thousands of men who have sold their manhood for a drink of whisky. Such men are ready to vote for any measure, however corrupt, in order to appease a depraved appetite.

3. Whatever injures citizenship destroys the integrity of the State; and whatever impairs the integrity of the State, the State has a right to prohibit, as a means of self-preservation.

Third, on Principles of Law.

1. Intemperance enslaves the drinker, corrupts the ballot-box, debases the judge, and bribes the jury.

2. What corrupts the courts of the State threatens the institutions of liberty and whatever imperils liberty is an enemy of mankind, and should be restrained by law.

3. That which defies the law, law should crush.

Thus, from whatever point we view the subject, intemperance is a foe, and should be slain.—*Cumberland Presbyterian*.

ALONE WITH GOD.

There are moments in our lives, when it becomes a necessity to "be alone with God." There is nothing else in the world that will meet and answer our spiritual requirements, except silent and sacred communion with the Divine Father. There are moments in our lives when, without this intimate and tender relationship with Him, the path of duty would be lost to us, and we would wander in the mazes of darkness, alone, and without a guide. I am sure that the dearest and highest revelations come to us in moments when we are alone with God. The presence of others sometimes seems to break the spell of sweetness that exists around the spirit that seeks for the holy right to commune alone with Him. Even the presence of a dear friend might cast a shadow between the seeking soul and God, and in some degree drive away the Holy Spirit that comes to bless our lives. God never fails of meeting one that seeks for the divine influences of His Spirit, whether it be in the glowing morning, the bright noontide, or in the holy hush of night. If the poor human heart is full of cares and troubles such as come to every life, if the soul is crushed almost to the earth by heavy burdens, if every nerve and fibre groans with agony, there is no sweeter and surer relief than to fly to the sacred presence of Him who never fails to