

Among Lord Cavan's contemporaries in the peerage who have actively engaged in evangelistic preaching are the Marquis of Cholmondeley, who is said to have an income of about £20,000 a year; Lord Farnham, who succeeded to his title at the death of a relative in the Abergele railway accident; Lord Radstock, who is so eminent as a revival preacher; Lord Teynham, who frequently preaches in Baptist chapels; Lord Congleton, who is generally regarded as a leading member of the non-exclusive and liberal section of the "Brethren"; Lord Polwarth, a young Scotch nobleman; Lord Adelbert Cecil, son of the former sporting Marquis of Exeter; Lord Garvagh, &c.

Lord Cavan has frequently spoken in Presbyterian pulpits, and he took a very active part in the revival movement conducted by Messrs. Moody and Sankey. He was with them during their eight weeks' campaign in Edinburgh, in December, 1873, and January, 1874, when, from day to day, scenes of grace and blessing, "surpassing fable, and yet true," were witnessed in the New Assembly Hall in that modern Athens. He also took part in some of their meetings in other places. Among the benevolent societies which he has warmly promoted of late years may be mentioned the London Evangelisation Society and Miss Daniel's Mission Hall for soldiers at Aldershot.

Lord Cavan's religious addresses are largely of an expository character, and he evinces deep and extensive acquaintance with the different parts of the Bible, as the result of many years' study of its pages. As a natural result of a thorough familiarity with its teachings, he believes in the pre-millennial Advent of Christ as an event that is close at hand. It may generally be observed that this doctrine is only disbelieved in by those who never really study the books of Daniel and Revelation.

It only remains for us to ask the prayers of our readers for a continued blessing on Lord Cavan's preaching, so that to the number of souls already converted through his Gospel testimony, during the past fifteen years, there may yet be added many more; and thus he may in a high degree inherit the promise made to those who "turn many to righteousness," that they "shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever."

## ALEXANDER CONQUERED.

**A**LLEXANDER was the conqueror of conquerors, and was finally conquered by an enemy who has gathered laurels everywhere and triumphed in every land.

He was in Babylon, and there was banquet after banquet, entertainment after entertainment. After having spent a whole night in carousing, a second entertainment was proposed to him. They met accordingly, and there were twenty guests at the table. He drank to the health of every person in the company, and then pledged them severally. After this, calling for Hercules' cup, which held six bottles, it was filled, when he poured it all down, drinking to a Macedonian of the company, Proteas by name, and afterwards pledged him again in the same enormous bumper. He had no sooner swallowed it than he fell upon the floor. "Here, then," says Seneca (describing the fatal effects of drunkenness), "is this hero, invincible by all the toils of prodigious marches; by the dangers of sieges and combats; by the most violent extremes of heat and cold—here he lies, conquered by his intemperance, and struck to the earth by the fatal cup of Hercules."

Thus fell the great hero, the mighty conqueror, conquered by wine at the age of thirty-two years.

## GOLDEN DAYS.

I will laugh! Ha, ha, ha!  
On my happy childhood way:  
I will laugh! Ha, ha, ha!  
Through my buoyant youthful day:

I will laugh, and be merry while my heart is light and gay,  
I'll be gladsome and rejoice, I'll be cheerful while I may.

Childhood's days are golden,  
Youthful days are bright,  
Manhood is the time for work,  
And sweet rest comes at night.

I will sing! I will sing!  
Thro' the golden hours of youth:  
I will sing! I will sing!  
As I gather gems of truth:

I will sing, and be happy—I will read, and think, and pray,  
And lay up in the springtime for the future winter day:  
Childhood's days, &c.

I will work! I will work!  
In my manhood's fruitful prime:  
I will work! I will work!  
And improve the precious time:

I will work for a blessing to enrich my daily life,  
And try to help my brother in the struggle and the strife.  
Childhood's days, &c.

I will hope! I will hope!  
When I see the setting sun:  
I will hope! I will hope!

When my work on earth is done:  
I will hope, and be ready—when the autumn fruit is ripe,  
Rejoicing in the Saviour, softly enter into life.  
Childhood's days, &c.

This song, set to very effective music, may be had of J. Dyson, 39, Bagby-road, Leeds, at one penny per copy.

## THE STAR AND THE MOON.

**W**E have heard a good story, says the *Lynn News*, which occurred at a temperance meeting in a neighbouring town a short time since.

A temperance society had been formed, which commenced under favourable auspices, and which included among its members many who had been intemperate. On occasion of adopting a constitution for the society, the question of including cider, beer, &c., came up for discussion, and excited considerable warm debate. It was urged by some that such articles should not be in the pledge. After an interesting discussion, an amendment was proposed, to the effect that although the pledge should include such liquors, members of the society might, if they chose, use them, and those who did drink either cider or beer were to have a "affixed to their names.

This proposition appeared to be unanimously accepted, and the vote was about to be taken which would adopt it, when it was suddenly killed and abandoned at once and for ever. An old man, who had sat in a corner of the room, and interested in the discussion, rose to speak. He was one who had been very intemperate, and had been looked upon as irrefragable from the vice. His words, which told with so much effect, were as follows:

"Mr. President, if them that drinks beer and cider are to have a star against their names, I guess you may put a moon against mine, and I'll drink rum!"

After a charity sermon in Edinburgh, there was a collection. One of the congregation, by mistake, put in a crown-piece, only intending to give a penny. He asked it back, but the collector said, "In once, in for ever." "Aweel, aweel!" granted the unwilling giver, "I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," said the collector, "ye'll get credit only for the penny."—*Missionary Visitor*.

Sir Isaac Newton was once examining a new and very fine globe, when a gentleman came into his study who did not believe in God, but declared the world we live in came by chance. He was much pleased with the handsome globe, and asked, "Who made it?" "Nobody," answered Sir Isaac, "it happened here." The gentleman looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant.