

interval before the extinction of that life begun so brightly and hopefully. "Thanks for your coming," he said in a low, hollow voice, "I am dying. The doctor told me last time that my next attack would kill me. I believed him, and now I feel it. *Drinking has brought me to this.* Oh, the shame and horror of the last two years! terrible! terrible!" He paused a little, exhausted. I was silent—what could I say?

"Cameron," he resumed, "it was no sonambulism. I intended it that night; but I was saved unwillingly. It would have been better not. It is just as much suicide still." His frame shook with agony, and large drops of sweat stood on his brow.

"You must have been sorely tried, Roberts; how did it begin?"

"Why, you know," he whispered, "I was very young when I became Dr. M——'s assistant. All the active work fell on me, and in visiting I was always asked to take wine, and took it as a matter of course. At clerical dinners, and Dr. M——'s own house I also had a share of what was going; and it so exhilarated and stimulated my mind that when at home, attempting, but unable to compose, I began to use it, and became addicted to it; and when I got to my country parish I got worse. I tried to give it up, but could not. No one suspected, however. No one knows yet but my sister, who kept my house, and my medical attendant. At last mind and body gave way, and I was laid aside.

"Ten months ago I had an attack of this kind. Since then I have carefully abstained. You can't know the awfulness of the temptation. The very smell, Cameron, sometimes causes agonizing desire. But I kept my resolution—till the other day. I was dining in my hotel at Cologne. What a beautiful view that is up the Rhine!" And as he dwelt on it for a moment his face softened down a little. "Oh," he exclaimed, "that room was the door of hell for me. Two or three gentlemen from Scotland sat near me; one of them, a great advocate of total abstinence, sat opposite. We knew each other, having met before. 'May I have the pleasure of drinking wine with you, Mr. Roberts?' 'Why, I thought you were an abstainer, Mr. B——.' 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'at home, for the sake of example, you know; but I have no superstition on the subject; and these light wines are so different from ours.'

"What tempted me, I know not; but, without thinking, without the least desire for it, I drank wine with him, then with others. It then came on me irresistibly; I felt that the demon had laid hold on me; but having arranged to go by an afternoon train, and it being now the hour, I had, fortunately, to leave—but not till I had put into my portmanteau four bottles of cognac, which I drank here that night, and now it's all over. You will see me buried, and write to my sister, will you not? and send home my effects, and say it was fever—yes, indeed it is. Oh, Cameron, take a lesson from me. Touch not the accursed thing. A life of happiness and usefulness hereafter lost—a lost soul!"

His frame quivered and his face was agonized. "Ah, John, it's too late. I know all that you can say. I have often said it all myself on occasions like this, but I have no faith in death-bed repentances." "Nor I, David; but have faith in the Saviour." "He has cast me off, John, or He would not have let me fall into this last sin. I have applied to Him, and you see the result." "Did you apply to Him that afternoon, David, or that night you came here?" "No, John." "Well, then, don't blame Him, but apply to Him now." "Blame Him! God forbid, it is my own doing, not His. Will you pray, then, John?"

After the prayer he became more composed. "You must hope," I said; "David, remember your namesake's experience—'He took me out of a deep pit, and out of the miry clay.'" "The pit is deep, very deep, I have been digging it for the last four years." "But He can draw you out of it." Oh, if He would! I hope He will; His blood cleanseth from all sin."

I repeated the verse commencing, "There is a fountain filled with blood,"

and to my glad surprise he took up the second verse:

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

A sweet composure seemed to fill his mind. There was even a kind of smile when he added, "Lord, wash me and I shall be clean." This was the last flicker of the expiring lamp. He became insensible and re-

mained so till he died, as the faint light of morning struggled in at the window. I remained with him to the last; and it was sad and lonely enough to sit there beside that dying young man, and hear occasionally the loud, boisterous song of a party of students going home from their club. What a contrast the rough, lively, energy of health, and the dead and dull inertness of the last hour of life. I will not describe to you that Sabbath—how I walked in the morning in the quiet, beautiful suburbs of Bonn, and after breakfast attended the Lutheran College Church, where the service braced me with some of the faith and hope of the brave old Reformer. I attended, of course, to poor Roberts' wishes, and when I came home I visited his sister, whose account of her brother's terrible humiliation and deep repentance up to the time he left home to endeavour to recover health of body and mind by change of scene and occupation, gave me better hope of his latter end.

THE IDEAL SABBATH.

The ideal Sabbath is the Sabbath at home, when the head of the household—farmer or mechanic, merchant or lawyer, capitalist or operative—enjoys the weekly rest among those for whom the six days of labour have been spent. Whether the Sabbatic institution was or was not created by the fourth commandment, there seems to be in those words, "Thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid servant," a glimpse of the restful enjoyment which the day of rest, in the primitive conception of it, would bring to the families that keep it. The day of rest, being rest and not revelry or dissipation, and being therefore a day of home enjoyment, brings with it opportunity for sober thoughts and conference. A Sabbath-keeping people will become a thoughtful people, and such thoughtfulness is manliness. All men, and especially the busy millions in an advanced civilization like our own, need for the mind's sake, not less than for the sake of wearied nerves and muscles, the seventh-day intermission of their ordinary work. A true Sabbath is something far more restful than a day of noisy jollity. In its calm air the mind rests by thought, not thoughtlessness; by quiet musing, by conscious or unconscious retrospection; perhaps by consideration of what might have been, perhaps by thinking what may yet be, perhaps by aspiration and resolve toward something in the future, that shall be better than what has been in the past. The home in which Sunday is a day of rest and home enjoyment is hallowed by the Sabbath which it hallows. In the Sabbath-keeping village, life is less frivolous, and at the same time industry is more productive, for the weekly rest. A Sabbath-keeping nation is greater in peace and in war for the character which its tranquil and thoughtful Sabbaths have impressed upon it.—*Rev. Dr. Bacon.*

WHERE ARE YOUR SINS?

When the Holy Ghost stirs up a heart to feel uneasy, it is very solemn, because it is His doing. Satan will do his best to say, "peace, peace," when there is no peace. It is very solemn, because it results either in grieving that loving Spirit by stifling His secret call, or in passing from death unto life; the one or the other; I know of no other alternative. Which shall it be? Don't linger just outside the gate of the city of refuge; just outside is danger, perhaps destruction; you are not safe for one instant till you are inside. And, oh, you have never thought that it is not merely negative, not merely not safe, but unless your sins are now on Jesus, they are now on you, and God's wrath is upon them, and so on you? It is a tremendous question, "Where are your sins?"—on you or on Jesus? Oh, that He may now send His own faithful work about it with power to your soul, the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. Accept that, believe His word, venture your soul upon it, and "He that believeth hath everlasting life."

All hinges on this question, "Where are your sins?"—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

THE German proverb, "If I rest, I rust," applies to many things besides the key. If water rests it stagnates. If the tree rests it dies, for its winter state is only a half-rest. If the eye rests it grows dim and blind. If the arm rests it weakens. If the lungs rest we cease to breathe. If the heart rests we die. What is true living but loving? And what is loving but growth in the likeness of God?—*The Covenant.*

PRESBYTERIANISM IN IRELAND IN ITS RELATION TO PAUPERISM AND CRIME.

The following important statistics, which have been prepared by the Rev. Dr. Verner White, of London (Eng.), are well worthy of attentive study:

"The annexed figures, taken from Mr. Callan's Parliamentary returns for 1878, issued 1880, and the census papers for 1881, shew the relative condition of Roman Catholics, Protestant Episcopalians, and Presbyterians, as to the crime and pauperism in Ireland, in the four counties of Down, Antrim, Londonderry and Armagh:

Population, Prisoners, and Percentage of both.	R. C.	Protestant Episcopalians.	Presby-terians and some others.
<i>Down.</i>			
Population in 1881—269,776 (151")	80,673	62,797	126,306
Percentage of do	30	23	47
Average No. of Prisoners in 1878	37	17	9
Percentage of do	59	27	14
<i>Antrim.</i>			
Population in 1881—422,769 (402")	108,606	98,203	215,960
Percentage of do	26	23	51
Average No. of Prisoners in 1878	210	103	73
Percentage of do	54	27	19
<i>Londonderry.</i>			
Population in 1881—164,654 (60")	73,095	31,513	60,046
Percentage of do	44	19	37
Average No. of prisoners in 1878	52	23	7
Percentage of do	63	28	9
<i>Armagh.</i>			
Population in 1881—162,784 (139")	75,437	53,455	33,892
Percentage of do	46	33	21
Average No. of Prisoners in 1878	40	22	23
Percentage of do	62	34	4
<i>Total of four Counties.</i>			
Population in 1881—1,019,983 (652")	337,811	245,968	436,204
Percentage of do	33	24	43
Average No. of prisoners in 1878	339	165	91
Percentage of do	57	28	15

* These figures represent, in addition, Jews and those who refused information as to their religion.

"The four counties of Down, Antrim, Londonderry and Armagh, are fixed upon because they are the only ones in which separately Protestants are the majority of the population, and, moreover, they contain 77.9 per cent of the Presbyterians of all Ireland.

"The percentage of prisoners in comparison with that of population in the four counties is striking. It stands thus:

Counties.	R. C. Above.	Episco-pallians. Above.	Presby-terians. Below.
Down	29	4	33
Antrim	28	4	32
Londonderry	19	9	23
Armagh	16	1	17
Total of four Counties	24	4	28

"In the third column are included 22,504 Methodists and 26,738 of 'all other persuasions,' which, deducted, gives 386,942 Presbyterians in the four counties, i.e., an excess in those counties of 49,131 over the Roman Catholics and 140,974 over the 'Protestant Episcopalians,' leaving only 98,561 Presbyterians for the other twenty-eight counties of Ireland.

"Mr. Callan's return as to pauperism in Ireland in 1879 shews the results as to unions and not counties, and, therefore, we take the totals for all Ireland, which stand thus:

	R. C.	Protestant Episcopalians.	Presbyterians and others.
Percentage of population in '81	76.6	12.3	11.1
Percentage of paupers in '78	83.2	8.3	3.5

"In the third column last presented in the percentage of the population the Presbyterians were 9.4, and the other persuasions, including Methodists, 1.7."