

A BRILLIANT FAILURE.

When I first met him he was holding a large medical practice in a small town in Western New York. His father, an old and highly respected physician, had given his son a fine education, but during his college course he had acquired the taste for strong drink. Dr. A. J., Jr., had promised his dying father that he would conquer this habit and live a sober, godly life. For a short time after the death of his father he kept his promise, but he fell into the old life, and gradually lost his practice, and by his extravagance squandered the estate he had inherited.

He had married a beautiful and accomplished young lady of good family, who gave up a lucrative position in an eastern academy to become his wife. The road to ruin was swift and sure. In a few years "he wasted his substance in riotous living." The old homestead was sacrificed to the Moloch of rum, his patient creditors seized his property, leaving him only a pittance with which to begin the world again. The ruined man went to one of the Western states. I heard no more of him for a few years.

A few years later I removed to a charge in the same state to which the doctor had gone. One of the first persons I met after my arrival in my new field was Dr. A. He was a bloated drunkard. For a time after his arrival he had lived a sober life; he had gained the respect of the people and secured a large practice; but had again yielded to the demon and was now destitute.

After a few months I was called to see this poor victim in the throes of delirium tremens. I shall never forget that scene. The wind was howling around the house, the lightning flashed in at the windows upon the prostrate form of maniac. This was the second attack he had suffered.

His life was saved, and a few weeks after, he sat in church beside his wife, "clothed and in his right mind." Kind friends watched over him at every point. He regained much of his practice and the respect of the community. His wife also had abandoned the use of opium. We hoped the victory had been won. But election day came, and with it the peculiar temptations to such as he.

On my way down town I met Dr. A. I took his hand and I saw at once that he had been drinking. I remonstrated with him and went away with a heavy heart. I heard a few days after that he was still drinking. The third Sabbath after the election, after the evening service, a gentleman came to me in the church and said, "Dr. A. is dead."

I went with him to the doctor's home, and there, in the same room in which I had seen him struggling with imaginary demon, the man lay, a blackened corpse. And yet this was but one of too many "Brilliant Failures."—*J. L. R. in Pres. Mess.*

WHAT WE GO TO CHURCH FOR

It is said of a literary man who died last year that he never went to church, and a friend explains the fact by saying that he was not intellectually fed by what was set forth. But, supposing this to be true, did not the man owe to his Maker the duty of joining in public worship? How poor an idea of the sanctuary must he have who supposes that it exists only for the purpose of public instruction! It includes this, but its primary intention is to render honour and homage to the greatest and best of all beings. Then, as to intellectual food, is not this furnished by the living oracles which are more or less read or repeated in all Christian worship, or did the literary man think that he had exhausted the contents of the Bible? The main purpose of the pulpit is not to bring forth new truth, but to exhibit old truth in its adaptation to the needs of the present. Hence the most able and learned may be benefited by the sermon of a man of very moderate gifts and acquirements whose aim is to present Scripture truth in its simplicity.—*Sel.*

REMEDY FOR ANXIETY.

There is only one practical remedy for the deadly sin of anxiety, and that is to take short views. Faith is content to live "from hand to mouth," enjoying each blessing from God as it comes. This perverse spirit of worry runs off and gathers some anticipated troubles, and throws them into the cup of mercies and turns them to vinegar.

A bereaved parent sits down by the new-made grave of a beloved child and sorrowfully says to herself: "Well, I have only one more left, and one of these days he may go off to live in a home of his own, or he may be taken away, and if he dies my house will be desolate and my heart utterly broken."

Now who gave that weeping mother permission to use the word "if"? Is not her trial sore enough now without overloading it with an imaginary trial? And if her strength breaks down, it will be simply because she is not satisfied with letting God afflict her; she tortures herself with imagined afflictions of her own.

If she could but take a short view, she would see a living child yet spared to her, to be loved and enjoyed and lived for. Then, instead of having two sorrows, she would have one great possession to set over against a great loss; her duty to the living would be not only a relief to her anguish, but the best tribute she could pay to the departed.—*Dr. Cuyler.*

The older I grow, and now I stand on the brink of eternity, the more comes back to me the sentence in the catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes: "What is the chief end of man?" "To glorify God and enjoy him forever." And surely this is the beginning and end, the Alpha and Omega, of that strange indefinable thing which we call life.—*Curlye.*