

had a pretty cat which had the good fortune to amuse his high mightiness. He had 800 horses and 700 women assigned him, and the former were often the better cared for. In one of the grandest tombs of the royal cemetery, a favourite—not wife, but horse—was buried. For a supposed plot against his tyranny, 600 women of the imperial harom were bowstrung, and sunk in sacks in the Bosphorus by this monster—more brutal than even Caligula or Nero. He took a fancy to the yacht *Sunbeam*, and its owner feared that he would have to sell it, or slip his cables by night, or imperil the neck of some unfortunate minister by refusing to part with it. When this insane despot opened his own veins in his gorgeous summer palace, the world was well relieved of an intolerable iacubus.

### THE CRUEL GIANT.

BY REV. JAMES G. MERRILL.



THE following is taken from a volume of "Thirty Sermons to the Boys and Girls of the Congregational Church, Davenport, Iowa," by the pastor, Rev. James G. Merrill. The volume is published by the Western Sunday-School Publishing Company at Chicago:

In my journeys I came to a beautiful land filled with pleasant homes. The fields were covered with grain, the brooks ran merrily through it, and I said to myself, how happy are the people who dwell in such a land.

I had not been long there before I learned that in the midst of the country was a strong castle in which lived a giant, cruel and wicked. He was very old, but he never was more strong than he is to-day, and although nearly every one wishes him dead, I cannot see why he may not live many years to come.

He is very rich, you could not count the money that he has, or number the houses that he owns. His castle is stronger than iron and stone, and from its towers can be seen all the vast possessions of the giant.

One cannot be long in this country without hearing much of the awful deeds of the cruel monster. He sends out year by year and takes for his own use the product of many of the richest fields. Men sow barley, and the giant takes it nearly all. He puts his hand also on the rye and corn, and takes some of the apples, and many grapes. He does indeed give money sometimes for all these things, but he manages to get it out of the people who dwell there, so that for every dollar he pays them he gets twenty from them.

I could not imagine what the giant could do with all this corn and barley, and the grapes, until I learned that he had a way of so changing them that they became the means which he used to destroy the people of the land, and devour them. One day while I was there, I looked into one of the dungeons of the castle. In it I saw a poor wretch. His eyes were blood-shot, his face was scarred, his clothes were ragged and filthy, his hands shook as though he had the palsy. He told me his story:

I was born, said he, in a pleasant valley many miles from this castle. My father was proud of me, and my mother loved me, and being an only son I was to be their heir, and I could have had the best farm in all the region where we lived. All went well with us until I was about sixteen years old, when one day I came to spend a few hours on the ground where this castle stands. I know there was a giant living here, but I thought there was little risk of meeting him, and although he is very cruel, his grounds are as beautiful as money can make them. I did not let father and mother know where I went, and I had such a happy time that I went again. At length my parents found me out. My father commanded, my mother begged, that I should never go again upon the grounds. I despised the commands and tears, for I had come to think more of the good times on the giant's grounds than of home. It took money to make so many visits, and when I had spent all of my own, I began to spend that which belonged to my father and mother. They became poor, the farm had to be sold, father died a pauper, mother had gone before with a broken heart. I had no power to keep out of the hands of the giant, and for years he has had me in this dungeon. He abuses me every day of my life. I wish I was dead. I dare not die; I cannot live; oh, what! what shall I do? And the poor man looked the picture of wretchedness and despair. After a few moments I asked him whether there were many prisoners in the castle. Yes, oh, yes, it is full of them. There are ten thousand cells, and every cell has its victim, and there is not a day in all the year when the giant does not find time to come around and do us all the harm he can; and when we die, if report is true, we are to be given over to a worse foe, who is to keep us forever in torment.

It would make your heart sick to have me tell you of the woes of men shut up in this awful castle. Some of them are made insane; some become murderers; many become suicides; not a few are idiots. Don't stay here any longer, said he, but return to the beautiful land where I used to live, and tell the boys and girls, never, never to go for a day into any of the grounds of the giant, Strong Drink, for although they may think it joyous at first, it will not be long before they will find out, too late, as, alas, I have done, that "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

When Captain Cook first discovered Australia he saw some natives on the shore, one of whom held a dead animal in his hand. The captain sent a boat's crew ashore to purchase the animal, and finding, on receiving it, that it was a beast quite new to him, he sent the boatswain back to ask the natives its name. "What do you call this 'ere animal?" said the sailor to a naked savage. The latter shook his head and said, "Kangaroo," which means in Australian lingo, "I don't understand." When the sailor returned to the ship the captain said, "Well, and what's the name of the animal?" The sailor replied, "Please, sir, the black party says it's a kangaroo." The beast has kept the name ever since.

### THE RESPONSIBILITY OF BOYS IN TEMPERANCE WORK.

BY EMILY CLEVELAND.

BOYS have a responsibility in temperance work which girls do not and cannot have—a responsibility which is theirs, and theirs only because they are boys.

St. John, in one of his epistles says: "I write unto you young men, because ye are strong." *Because you are strong!* Strength is, always has been, always will be, the peculiar, ideal virtue of manhood.

I say *peculiar* virtue, because men are set apart, as it were, *to be strong*. Women are not so characterized. I say *ideal* virtue, because, while it may exist and ought to exist in every boy and every man, I know it does not exist in every man; that is not the actual attainment, the real possession, but an *ideal* one, realized in its perfection only in those few foremost men who are the patterns for all others.

Now, just what did St. John, and just what do we mean by making your *strength* your responsibility, and the reason for writing to you especially? What kind of strength is your peculiar and ideal virtue?

Is it physical strength? If so, then the Cornell or Harvard student who can run the longest and farthest, though he fail in all his examinations and stands at the foot in his classes, is stronger than the man who takes the valedictory, and not so strong as the wild Indian who can row farther, and run faster, and fast longer. You know men and boys, as I do, who have cordy muscle and can lift enormous weights; great big fellows it does one good to see, yet who are not strong enough *to be laughed at*; who in the company of liquor-men are not strong enough to utter one word in defence of temperance. Fancy St. John writing to such men *because they are strong!* No, the strength he meant and we mean is not only physical strength.

Is it intellectual strength? You and I know men who are "smart"—smart enough to raise a great, coarse laugh at the man or woman who attacks their terrible traffic. Col. Ingersoll is a strong man because he is *smart*. Without a great intellect or superior education, but yet with a kind of cleverness of head, he is strong enough to attack the Christianity we love and believe, and to try to undermine the faith of many who cling to it as their only comfort in life and security in death. Lord Bacon had, perhaps, the finest intellect ever let into the world, yet he was not saved by his supreme intellectual strength from taking bribes in his law cases, and is immortalized in the lines of a great poet as "the greatest and the meanest of mankind." All over the country we can find men, not quite so great intellectually, but quite as *mean*, who will win case after case for liquor men for the bribes that are paid them. Fancy St. John writing to such men "because they are strong!"

Very clearly the strength which he attributes to young men as their special, ideal virtue is not one of muscle or of brains. We all know what it is. It is moral strength. It is that pluck and principle which will defy the threats of the bullies and the wit of the smarties in defence of the right. It is because you, boys, can be

thus strong, and ought to be thus strong, that so many eyes, some of them dim with age, some dim with tears, are turned to you and are watching your young manhood as the hope of the nation and the world against this awful enemy, *alcohol*. It is because its overthrow demands and must have your manly strength that your responsibility is great, and something for which God will surely call you to account.

### THE CHILDREN.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,  
And the school for the day is dismissed,  
And the little ones gather around me,  
To bid me good-night and be kissed,  
Oh, the little white arms that encircle  
My neck in a tender embrace!  
Oh, the smiles that are halos of Heaven,  
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming  
Of my childhood too lovely to last;  
Of love that my heart will remember  
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,  
Ere the world and its wickedness made me

A partner of sorrow and sin;  
When the glory of God was about me,  
And the glory of gladness within.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,  
All radiant, as others have done,  
But that life may have just enough shadow

To temper the glare of the sun.  
I would pray God to guard them from evil,

But my prayer would bound back to myself;  
Ah, a seraph may pray for a sinner,  
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,  
I have banished the rule and the rod;  
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,

They have taught me the goodness of God.

My heart is a dungeon of darkness,  
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;

My frown is sufficient correction;  
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,  
To traverse its threshold no more;

Ah, how shall I sigh for the dear ones—  
That meet me each morn at the door,  
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,

And the gush of their innocent glee,  
The group on the green, and the flowers  
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at evening,  
Their song in the school and the street;

I shall miss the low hum of their voices,  
And the tramp of their delicate feet.  
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,  
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"

May the little ones gather around me,  
To bid me good-night and be kissed!

ONE very hot day a case was being tried in a court of law in one of the Western States. The counsel for the plaintiff had been speaking at a great length, and after referring to numerous authorities, was about to produce another imposing volume, when the Judge inquired what was the amount in dispute. On being informed that it was \$2, "Well," said he, "the weather is very hot, I am very old, and also feeble—I'll pay the amount myself."

A VERY rich man said: "I worked like a slave till I was forty years old to make my fortune, and have been watching it like a detective ever since for my lodging, food, and clothes."