

able and impossible to slacken or to hasten, which endures for hours, which seizes you erect, free and in full health, and which draws you by the feet; which, at every effort that you attempt, at every shout you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth while you look upon the horizon, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes inters him; he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed. He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs.

"Behold him waist deep in the sand. The sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath; sobs frenziedly; the sand rises; the sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence. The eyes still gaze—the sand shuts them; night. Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand comes to the surface of the beach, moves, and shakes, disappears. It is the earth drowning man. The earth filled with the ocean becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain, and opens like a wave."

Could anything more graphically describe the progress of a young man from the first cup of wine to the last?

THE DAUGHTER AT HOME.

Do not think that because there comes to you no great opportunity of performing a wonderful work, you will let the thousand little ones pass you unimproved. It is no small thing to be the joy of the domestic circle, the one whose soft touch and whose gentle, fitly spoken word averts disturbance and disagreement, conciliates the offended, and makes alien natures understand each other. It is no small thing to possess the happy tact which makes people pleased with themselves and which insensibly urges people to appear at their best. The young woman who is gifted with this grace of touch, this swiftness of sympathy, and this beautiful unselfishness may not have a fair face, nor a trim figure, but she will be endowed with a dignity more winning than either.—*Mrs. M. E. Sangster, in S. S. Times.*