

then to balk me. It was troublesome to walk back when I found he would not take me in. I do hope and trust he will never play me the same trick again. If this was irreverent trifling with a serious matter, it was no doubt sincere. Lander was disgusted with life which his own lawless action had made thorny and vexatious; but he had no fitness for Death whom he invited. He was scholarly, keen in intellect and wit, a genius, indeed, but he knew nothing of spiritual religion. He did not fear to die because he was physically brave, and spiritually blind. For the same reasons, the wicked often "have no hands in their death." Nevertheless, their fearless leap into eternity involves, as in the case of Dives, a terrible waking. He only is fit to die whose willingness is the happy result of faith in Him who by dying conquered death.

THE AWFULNESS OF LIFE.

(F. W. ROBERTSON.)

God tempted or tried Abraham. Christ was tempted in the wilderness. Life is all temptation. It is sad to think so, but surely we would not have it otherwise; for dark and hard as the dispensation seems, trial here is indispensable for the purifying of the soul. There is no strength or real goodness of soul except that which is wrought out of circumstances of temptation; there is no real strength in cloister virtue, no vigor without trial. It is thus we can understand Abraham's life. In some of these trials he fell, in others he came off victorious. He was by no means a perfect specimen of man, no example out of romance. His was real life. Out of failure was organized strength. Trials do not become lighter as we go on. The text says, "And it came to pass after these things that God did tempt Abraham." What! no repose, no honorable rest for the friend of God full of years? No. There are harder and yet harder trials for him even to the end. The last trial of Abraham was the hardest of all to bear. And this is the history of our existence. For the soldier engaged in this world's warfare there is an honorable asylum for declining years, but for the soldier of the cross there is no rest except the grave. Conquer, and fresh trials will be yours, followed by fresh victories. Nay, even Abraham's last victory did not guarantee the future. There is a deep truth contained in the fabled story of old, where a mother wishing to render her son invulnerable, plunged him into the Styx, but forgot to dip his heel, by which she held him. We are baptized in the blood and fire of sorrow that temptation may make us invulnerable; but let us remember that trials will assail us in our most vulnerable part, be it heel or head. Let us therefore give up the idea of any moment of our lives coming when we may lay aside our armor and rest in perfect peace.

The impression made on Jacob was of the awfulness of life. He exclaims, "Surely God is in this place, and I knew it not." And he was afraid, and said, "How dreadful is this place; this is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven." Children, play away life. It is a touching and softening thing to see a child without aim of thought, playing away his young moments; but it is sad indeed to see men and women do this, for life is a solemn mystery, full of questions that we cannot answer. Whence come we? Whither go we? How came we here? You say that life is short, that it is a shadow, a dream, a vapor, a puff of air. Yes, it is short, but it has an eternity wrapped up in it; it is a dream, but an appalling, awful dream, the most solemn dream of eternity that we shall ever have. Remember that this is the gate of heaven; this is a dreadful place; the common is divine. God is here, so Jacob felt, and therefore he made two resolutions.

Jacob's faults were visited after conversion. He suffered a banishment of twenty-one years, and only returned in time to close his father's eyes. Fools say, I sin because I shall get off, but no man can escape the consequences of that which he has done. Repentance may give him a sense of pardon and take away the sting of remorse, but it cannot release him from the natural penalties of wrong-doing. Life before us looks long, life past a nothing. Moments linger, years fly. Expect nothing from the world, from the God of Jacob everything.

Mr. Moody is doing good work in Baltimore. In two of the four districts in which he mapped out for himself at the beginning of the season, he has closed his labors, and he reports nearly 1000 converts. Of the revival meetings it is said: "For many years past there has not been so general a religious interest in Baltimore. In every part of the city special religious services have been held. Even the Ritualists have begun meetings after the Moody fashion, and sing some of the same hymns."

TEMPERANCE. WHEN DOES SIN COMMENCE?

To drink deeply—to be drunk—is a sin; this is not denied. At what point does the taking of strong drink become a sin? The state in which the body is when not excited by intoxicating drink in its proper and natural state; drunkenness is the state farthest removed from it. The state of drunkenness is a state of sin. At what state does it become sin. We suppose a man perfectly sober who has not tasted anything that can intoxicate: one glass excites him, and to some extent disturbs the state of sobriety, and so far destroys it; another glass excites him still more; a third fires his eye, loosens his tongue, inflames his passion; a fourth increases all this; a fifth makes him foolish and partly insensate; a sixth makes him a savage; a seventh or eighth makes him stupid—a senseless, degraded mass; his reason is quenched; and his faculties are for a time destroyed. Every noble and generous principle within him withers, and the image of God is polluted and defiled. This is sin, awful sin; for drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God. But where does the sin begin? At the first glass, at the first step toward complete intoxication, or at the sixth, or seventh, or eighth? Is not every step from the natural state of the system toward that of stupid intoxication an advance in sin, and a yielding to the bewitched tempter of the soul?—John Bright.

THE FASCINATIONS OF WINE.

What awful fascinations are in the wine cup. No picture exhibiting the highest order of art, not statuary from the sculptor's hand, not even from a Raphael's, no song however sweet its harmony, nor the grandest strains of orchestral anthems can hold either physical or mental feeling, as the fascination of strong drink. No slave ever obeyed a master more servilely than a tippler does the beckoning of the wine cup; its fascinations are stronger than his duty to his employer, stronger than his duty to himself, to his family, or to his God. All interests no matter how sacred they may be, are sacrificed to its call, and we know that it calls upon the appetite are only too frequent.

The Syren with her allurement leads her victims on; the Will-o-the-wisplures unsuspecting travellers over bogs and morasses, to ruin; where the flickering light falsely indicates safety. In every wine cup, the serpent eye holds its victims entranced with visions; such as a drunken voluptuary alone can appreciate; leading on step by step, till bodily excitement yields to bodily enervation, and high mental qualities lapse into helpless lunacy; and as we gaze in sorrow on the victims, we see strong nerve systems wrecked; blood rushing through the veins at race-horse speed, carrying its unhealthy flush to the cheek, and its maddening power to the brain. Appetites weakened; the functional powers of the stomach destroyed; every vital principle disturbed, till as the result of yielding to the fascination of drinking intoxicating liquors, these victims loose their manhood and become inflamed, babbling fools, sorrowed for by friends, who lament their untimely fate, pitied by all, helped by none—for the fascination of the wine cup has led them to that stage when only a Divine hand can reach out to the rescue.

Then let our noble Temperance band Do its duty—heart and hand? With manly courage, undismayed To daring deeds aspire. Strive to save, from the drunkard's grave, With love's quick hands, to snatch the brands, From fascination's fire.

W. G. LANE.

YOUR CHILD!

It is a great virtue to attend to our own affairs without intermeddling with the affairs of others. It is a great folly to be a busy-body in other men's matters. But it would be a crime of no ordinary turpitude for us to see an assassin about to plunge the dagger into our neighbour's heart and make no effort to avert the blow. We see an enemy more terrible than the bloody assassin following your child wherever he goes. Death is written on his forehead, and destruction is gleaming from his eye. By every art known to the Father of Lies he is striving to compass the ruin of your loved one. And he is gaining an advantage over him We saw that child, under the spell of his enchantment, run away from the word of God to the romance reeking with abominations, and from the society of the godly to the companionship of the wicked, and from the sanctuary of home to street corner and gilded saloon. You did not dream that he had taken any such strides in the path to ruin. You thought all was well with him. But we saw him, and we gave you warning of coming sorrow. We could not see him thus led away to the pit, without giving the alarm. Were we to see our neighbor's house wrapped in flames and that neighbor in peril of his life, and not cry fire, our criminality would be little less than that of the incendiary himself. We see

the incendiary kindling the fire in the heart of your child—the flame is already creeping up the pillars and along the beams of that moral edifice—and, unless extinguished, the whole structure will presently be in ruins. And we cannot be silent. Every principle of right and religion requires that we ring the alarm. Christian parent, we are not dreaming; we speak that we do know and testify that we have seen—will you receive our testimony? It is sadly, solemnly true, that while you are fondly dreaming that all is well, your child's feet are taking hold on destruction. Will you not awake from your slumber, and bestir yourself to rescue and save the dear one?

SOCIAL INFLUENCE.

(Scriber for March.) "We fully understand the power of social influence to hold to the wine cup as the symbol of hospitality. It is one of the most relentless despots from which the world suffers, and exactly here is its worst result. We do not suppose that a very large number of drunkards are made by wine drunk at the table, in respectable homes.—There is a percentage of intemperate men made undoubtedly here, but perhaps the worst social result that comes of this habit is its paralyzing effect upon those whose judgments are convinced, and whose wishes for society are all that they should be. It is only the total abstainer who can be relied upon to work for temperance—who ever has been relied upon to work for temperance; and of Mr. Dodge's company of amiable and gentlemanly wine-drinkers, it is safe to conclude that not one will join hands with him in temperance labor—with Judge Davis' awful facts sounding in his ears—who does not first cut off his own supplies."

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There are probably a hundred or more persons in this and neighboring towns who daily suffer from the distressing effects of kidney troubles, who do not know that Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is almost a sure cure. In severe cases great relief may be obtained, if not a perfect cure.

We notice that agricultural newspapers all over the country are now exposing the worthlessness of the large packs of horse and cattle powders. We put the ball in motion and claim the credit of it. Sheridans Cavalry Condition Powders are absolutely pure, and are the only kind worth buying.

Reports from Russia concerning the plague are contradictory. Some of these state that the plague, though very fatal, was local, and is now nearly extinct. At a late sitting of the Berlin Medical Society, Dr. Virchow, in a lecture, declared the epidemic to be the Eastern plague, and said among other things, that there was great necessity of placing the Russian army returning from Turkey under medical inspection.

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