

TEMPERANCE.

Rhode Island has very recently become a Prohibition State, and although whiskey dealers say Prohibition does not prohibit, they are winding up their business and leaving Rhode Island.

Mississippi has 930 saloons, Minnesota with about the same population, has over 3000 saloons, Old Bourbon Kentucky 4461 saloons, and Ohio has 15,390. Startling as the statement may be, in proportion to the population, the North has twice as many saloons as the South.

The church of Great Britain loses on an average, one member excommunicated or slaughtered by intemperance, and as there are thirty thousand churches, thirty thousand of God's people are annually the victims of the cup.—*Rev. Newman Hall.*

The yellow fever came down like a storm upon the devoted citizens of 1127 dramshops in one of the four parts into which it has been divided. It is not the citizen proper, but the foreigner, with mistaken notions about the climate and the country, who is the chief supporter of these haunts of intemperance. About five thousand of them died before the epidemic touched a single citizen or sober man.—*Dr. Cartwright of New Orleans.*

THE SCOTT ACT.

Whitby hotel-keepers charge 35 cents for meals.

A dynamite campaign has been commenced at Sarnia, and is attributed to opponents of the Scott Act.

Four Alliston hotel-keepers and one grocer have been fined \$50 each and costs for violation of the Scott Act.

—Michael Sullivan, Bosworth, was the first Wellington hotel keeper to be fined under the Scott Act, P. M. Lowe, Rothsay, imposed a fine of \$50 and costs.

At the Scott Act Convention held at Fergus it was decided to endeavor to raise a fund of \$3,000 to be used in enforcing the Scott Act in Wellington County.

In all, 16 persons have been convicted of violating the Scott Act in Peterborough. Fourteen of the charges were prosecuted by the local Scott Act Association, and two by the License Inspector.

A mass meeting in the Presbyterian church at St. Shediac, N. B., has declared that the Scott Act is daily violated in that town, that law and the best interests of the community are injured in consequence, and that they will spare no effort to close up the bar-rooms and bring to justice those who persist in violating the law.

SELECTIONS.

TRUE SERVICE.

People are perpetually squabbling about what will be best to do, or easiest to do, or adviseablest to do, or profitablist to do; but they never, so far as I hear them talk, ever ask what it is *just* to do. And it is the law of heaven that you shall not be able to judge what is wise or easy, unless you are first resolved to judge what is just, and to do it. This is the one thing constantly reiterated by our Master—the order of all others, that is given oftener—*Do justice and judgement.* That's your Bible order; that's the 'Service of God,' not praying nor psalm-singing. You are told, indeed, to sing psalms when you are merry, and to pray when you need anything; and by the perversion of the Evil Spirit, we get to think that praying and psalm-singing are 'service.' If a child finds itself in want of anything, it runs in and asks its father for it—does it call that, doing its father a service? If it begs for a toy or a piece of cake—does it call that serving its father? That, with God, is prayer, and he likes to hear it: He likes you to ask Him for cake when you want it; but He doesn't call that 'serving Him.' Begging is not serving: God likes mere beggars as little as you do—He likes honest servants, not beggars. So when a child loves its father very much, and is very happy, it may sing little songs about him; but it doesn't call that serving its father; neither is singing songs about God, serving God. It is enjoying ourselves, if it's anything; most probably it is nothing; but if it's anything, it is serving ourselves, not God. And yet we are impudent enough to call our beggings and chauntings 'Divine Service.' We say, 'Divine service will be "performed"' (that's our

word—the form of it gone through 'fat eleven o'clock.' Ah!—unless we perform Divine service in every willing act of our life, we never perform it at all. The one Divine work—the one ordered sacrifice—is to do justice, and it is the last we are ever inclined to do. Anything rather than that! As much charity as you choose, but no justice. 'Nay,' you will say, 'charity is greater than justice.' Yes, it is greater; it is the summit of justice—it is the temple of which justice is the foundation. But you can't have the top without the bottom: you can't build upon charity. You must build upon justice, for this main reason, that you have not, at first, charity to build with. It is the last reward of good work. Do justice to your brother (you can do that, whether you love him or not), and you will come to love him. But do injustice to him, because you don't love him; and you will come to hate him. It is all very fine to think you can build upon charity to begin with; but you will find all you have got to begin with, begins at home, and is essentially love of yourself. You well-to-do people, for instance, who are here to-night, will go to 'Divine service' next Sunday, all nice and tidy, and your little children will have their tight little Sunday boots on, and lovely little Sunday feathers in their hats; and you'll think, complacently and piously, how lovely they look! So they do; and you love them heartily, and you like sticking feathers in their hats. That's all right: that is charity; but it is charity beginning at home. Then you will come to the poor little crossing-sweeper got up also,—it, in its Sunday dress,—the dirtiest rags it has,—that it may beg the better: we shall give it a penny, and think how good we are. That's charity going abroad. But what does Justice say, walking and watching near us? Christian Justice has been strangely mute; and seemingly blind; and, if not blind, decrepit, this many a day: she keeps her accounts still, however—quite steadily—doing them at nights, carefully, with her bandage off, and through acutest spectacles (the only modern scientific invention she cares about). You must put your ear down ever so close to her lips to hear her speak; and then you will start at what she first whispers, for it will certainly be, 'Why shouldn't that little crossing-sweeper have a feather on its head, as well as your own child?' Then you may ask Justice in an amazed manner, 'How she can possibly be so foolish as to think children could sweep crossings with feathers on their heads?' Then you stoop again, and Justice says—still in her dull, stupid way—'Then, why don't you, every other Sunday, leave your child to sweep the crossing, and take the little-sweeper to church in a hat and feather?' Mercy on us (you think), what will she say next? And you answer, of course, that 'you don't, because every body ought to remain content in the position in which Providence has placed them.' Ah, my friends, that's the gist of the whole question: *Did Providence put them in that position, or did you?* You knock a man into a ditch, and then you tell him to remain content in the 'position in which Providence has placed him.' That's modern Christianity. You say—'We did not knock him into the ditch.' How do you know what you have done, or are doing? That's just what we have all got to know, and what we shall never know, until the question with us every morning is, not how to do the gainful thing, but how to do the just thing; nor until we are at least so far on the way to being Christian, as to have understood that maxim of the poor half-way Mahometan, 'One hour in the execution of justice is worth seventy years of prayer.'—*John Ruskin.*

GOING TO CHURCH.—"I have to go to church every Sunday to keep my Christian life just passable," said a very earnest believer. "When I omit public worship, I feel that my standard of living is lowered." We never go beyond our ideals. We need to be constantly at our best to maintain a high standard. It is said that the secret of Jenny Lind's success was that she tried to excel on every occasion. When asked once why she sang her most finished pieces before an audience of colored people, she replied: "I value my art much too highly to degrade it even occasionally by any wilful disregard of what I consider due to it." Without action we grow stagnant or retrograde in things pertaining to morals, as in mental acquirements. It is easy to say we can worship God by reading a good sermon at home. The cares of the household often crowd out the book we meant to read. The spirit of worship promoted by the sanctuary, the rest that the use of God gives, the taking of the mind from every-day duties and surroundings, the inspiration to better living, the influence upon others by keeping the day sacred, all make regular church-going a necessity to those who would keep their Christian hope and life in a condition that shall be a joy to themselves and an inspiration to others.

THE BELL ORGAN

Iceland was recently visited by a German statistician, and he has furnished interesting data of that land. The Icelanders are all Lutherans. Some French missionaries tried very hard to make converts, but without any result. There are one Roman Catholic, one Methodist, four Unitarians, and three Mormons to be found among a population of 72,445 souls (census of 1880). The island is divided into twenty deaneries, with 141 pastorates. The head of the clergy is the Bishop at Reykjavik. Of the 299 churches 217 are built of imported timber, 75 of peat or turf and only seven of stone.

PUBLIC PRAYER.—The prayers of some ministers do deeply impress us; to lead our thoughts heavenward. The prayers of others have no such effect on us. The only place at which our hearts say Amen is at the close of the prayer. Vociferous praying is an abomination to God; to angels, and to men, and dull, lifeless prayers are a little worse. A child once heard a strange minister pray with his head thrown backward; his nose pointing skyward, and with a loudness as though seven thunders had uttered their voices, and she whispered in her mother's ear, "would he have to pray so loud if he lived nearer to God?" "No, my child; the nearer we get to God, the more hushed are our voices."

The oldest home missionary society in connection with the Church of England is known as the Pastoral Aid Society. Its fiftieth year having been completed, its jubilee has just been held in Exeter hall, London, under the presidency of the Venerable Archdeacon Richardson. It was stated that the society had paid not less than \$10,000,000 in stipends for additional clergy and lay helpers in destitute or ill-provided districts. It had again and again gone to the rescue of pastors who were struggling with the crying wants of crowded parishes; and to the kindly aid which it had been able to give many now flourishing churches owed their existence.

When old Bishop Beveridge was about to die, and one asked him if he knew those about his head, he said, "No." His wife bowed over his pillow and asked, "Do you know me?" "No." Another asked, "Do you know Jesus Christ?" And the venerable prelate folded his hands and said, "I have known him for forty-four years. He is my best friend." When Jonathan Edwards was dying, after he had dismissed all his family, he gathered his limbs up in bed, and said, "And now where is Jesus, my faithful friend?"

Mr. James McEwan, of Glasgow, after having made suitable provision for friends and endowing various societies, has left the residue of his estate amounting to \$125,000, to the schemes of the Free Church of Scotland. Mr. McEwan some years ago lost his wife, his family of four children and two servants in the steamer Garonne on a voyage from Bordeaux to Liverpool.

DISCIPLINE THE GREAT OBJECT OF EDUCATION.—Not first the storing of the mind, but the discipline of it; not so much the *product* of thinking as the *power* of thinking. This power can be obtained only by close, rigid continued and connected thinking. Let the mind be held sternly to the subject or pursuit regularly before it. One hour thus fixedly employed is worth more for the great purpose of study, the discipline of the mind, the acquiring of the power of attention, than five hours of loose and intermittent thought.—*DR. GEORGE SHEPPARD.*

The complete number of the College of Cardinals is 70, and there being now only 64, the number will be completed by the proclamation of six new names in June next, among which will be that of Archbishop Taschereau. Cardinal Newman, completed his 65th year on February 20th. It is now 41 years since he left the English Church.

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WORDS OF WISDOM.

Simplicity of character is the natural result of profound thoughts.

The plant of happiness cannot thrive without the air of cheerfulness.

Make friends with your creditors; if you can, but never make a creditor of your friend.

The harvest gathered in the fields of the past is to be brought home for the use of the present.

Many people mistake stubbornness for bravery; meanness for economy, and villainess for wit.

Promises made in time of affliction require a better memory than people commonly possess.

The misery of illness is as nearly manifest in high life, as in the rags and filth of extreme poverty.

Deprive the people of the means of proper subsistence, and you enslave and destroy the nation.

Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart.

We should be as cheerful in our words as in our actions, and as far from speaking ill as from doing ill.

Give no quarter to those vices which are of thine inward family, and, having a root in temper, plead a right and propriety in thee.

To avenge one's self is to confess that one has been wounded; but it is not the part of a noble mind to be wounded by an injury.

Who is wise? He that learns from everyone. Who is powerful? He that governs his passions. Who is rich? He that is content.

Those that would be safe have need to be suspicious of the temper. The garrison that sounds a parley is not far from being surrendered.

He who expresses his conduct justice and charity, accomplishes the most beautiful work; the good man is, in his way, the greatest of all artists.

Public opinion is a weak tyrant compared with our own private opinion; what a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines, or rather indicates his fate.