

police-mat's lamp turned full upon him, as he closed the door. He crawled into his hole, and lay down upon the straw; but he could not sleep. For the last three weeks he had enjoyed the luxury of a clean bed, in a cell which he had shared with Handforth, and his thoughts went back rebelliously to the jail. As he tossed to and fro, the face of Banner came back again to his mind: "Almighty can crush you as I crush this man." Who could tell but that he might do it every night, while he lay alone in the horrible cell? He had a vague idea that death would be the last of him, but something more terrible would follow. God had been counting up his sins, putting them into a book, ever since he was born, and he was going to judge him for them. How wretched what a judge was. Well, he would confess his sins as fast as he could, and he would pray to read and write, if that would pacify God. He only wished he could get somewhere out of sight for a little while, until he could make himself more fit to meet his awful eye. Banner said God could always see him; and he could not only see the outside of him, which he could see, but he could look into his very soul and search out all the wickedness which was there. He knew what he was thinking of at that moment. How could he sleep if God's eye was looking at him through the black darkness? He could not speak too, as he spoke to Samuel when he was asleep. How fearful it would be to hear God's voice in the dead silence!

He started up in a fever of affright, and stared at the blackness about him, till a myriad of little specks of brightness, which gave no light, seemed to be before his eyes; and his straining ear caught the distant rolling of wheels along the street, as they passed the end of the alley. With a muttering, and a quicker throbbing of the heart, he thought that he had been swearing again, and he lay back upon his straw bed, and before he was aware of it he fell into an uneasy slumber, and was haunted by horrid dreams.

(To be continued.)

THE HAVOC OF DRINK.

MR BRIDGE, in an address before the New Catholic Total Abstinence Union, narrated the following, illustrative of the awful havoc made by drinking:

"I was on a mission, some years ago, in a returning town in England. I was preaching every evening; and a man came to me one evening, after a sermon on this very subject of drinking. He came in, a fine man—a strapping, healthy, intellectual looking man; but the almost burning in his head, and his glassy, sunken eyes, and his forehead furrowed with premature wrinkles. His hair was steel gray, though the man was completely young. He was dressed shabbily—his shoes were a shoe to his feet, though it was a wet day. He came to me excitedly, after the sermon, and his excitement had something in it. He told me his history.

"I don't know," he said, "that there is any hope for me, but still, as I was listening to the sermon, I must speak to you. If I don't speak to some one, my heart will break to-night." Twenty years before, he had amassed in trade the sum of a hundred pounds, or one hundred thousand dollars. He had married an Irish girl—due of his own kind and creed—young, beautiful, and accomplished. He had two sons and one daughter—a perfect family. He told me, for a certain time, every day of his life, he was content on well.

"At last," he said, "I had the misfortune to

begin to drink; neglected my business—and then my business began to neglect me.

"My wife saw poverty coming, and began to fret, and lost her health. At last, when we were paupers, she sickened and died. I was drunk," he said, "the day that she died. I sat by her bedside. I was drunk when she was dying."

"The sons?—what became of them?"

"Well," he said, "they are mere children. The eldest of them is no more than eighteen—and they are both transported as robbers to Australia."

"I sent the girl to school, where she was well educated. She came home to me when she was sixteen years of age—a beautiful woman. She was the one consolation I had: but I was drunk all the time."

"Do you ask me about that girl?" he said. "What became of her?" And, as if he was shot, down he went, with his head on the floor. "God of heaven! God of heaven! She is on the street to-night—a prostitute!"

"The moment he said that word he ran out. I went after him. 'Oh, no! Oh, no!' he said; 'there is no mercy in heaven for me. I left my child on the street!'"

"He went away, cursing God, to meet a drunkard's death."

"He had sent a broken-hearted wife to the grave; he sent his two sons to perdition; he sent his only daughter to a living hell; and then he died, blaspheming God."—*Nat. Temperance Adv.*

DON'T WRITE THERE!

"Don't write all over your clean slate, George," cried Mary, his elder sister, who was preparing to give him his French dictation.

"Oh, it doesn't matter; it will all rub out!" answered the boy.

"Don't write there!" said a father to his son, as he saw him writing with a diamond upon the window pane.

"Why not, father?"

"Because you can't rub it out."

Now, many boys and girls fancy that their days are like clean slates; that whatever they write on their hours and moments, by their words and actions, can be rubbed out.

That is a great mistake. Did it never occur to you that you are daily writing what will never rub out? I fancy, if you really believed it you would live very differently. The other day you made a rude speech to your mother. It wrote itself upon her loving heart, and gave her much pain. She feels it there now; and it hurts her whenever she thinks of it. You can't rub it out!

You whispered an evil thought in a school-fellow's ear one day. It wrote itself on his mind, and led him to do a wicked action. It is written there now; you can't rub it out!

You told your friend a story you heard about another girl at school; she listened, believed, and treated the girl with rudeness and contempt. Now you wish you had never repeated that idle tittle-tattle, which you feel sure is not really true; but you cannot undo your words; they are imprinted on that friend's memory. They won't rub out!

Oh, that falsehood—how it has burnt its record into your life!—that passionate reproach you once used to the brother who lies now in the smiling daisy-covered church-yard, and which you would give worlds to recall!—the bitter speech you said to your sister, in scalding words of angry scorn, which she never can forget! They cannot be rubbed out!

When will you learn to cease writing what cannot be rubbed out?

Be careful! All your bad thoughts, words, and

actions are written in the book of God; you can never rub them out! The blood of Jesus can blot them out. Do you not long for him to do it? He will if you ask him to.

The Right Sort of Boy.

HERE'S to the boy who's not afraid  
To do his share of work;  
Who never is by toil dismayed,  
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet  
All lions in the way,  
Who's not discouraged by defeat,  
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do  
The very best he can;  
Who always keeps the right in view,  
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be  
The men whose hands will guide  
The future of our land; and we  
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honour to the boy who is  
A man at heart, I say;  
Whose legend on his shield is this,—  
"Right always wins the day."

STEALING RIDES.

THERE is a set of boys in every large city who make a practice of catching on behind street cabs, or omnibuses, and stealing a ride to their homes, or as far in that direction as they safely can. There are those larger boys who get on the railroad trains and dodge the collectors, or who use the turnpikes and evade the payment of tolls. In our hearts we despise such actions, and feel that the boy who does such things degrades himself.

Are there some in the Church who thus demean themselves? We speak not of the poor. Let us make every poor man feel that his small contribution to the expenses of the Church is as large in God's sight, and as highly esteemed, as the rich man's larger gift. But we are thinking of those who have enough of this world's goods for comfortable living, and yet they evade the paying of their share in the support of the Gospel. While they spend half-a-crown a week on tobacco, they promise the stewards, perhaps, sixpence a week for the Lord's work. When the collection for foreign missions, or education for the ministry, is made, they drop in a threepenny-piece. When repairs are needed on the church building, they evade the leaders, or (if they subscribe) are careful to be very slow in paying.

Is it any better to hang on thus at the rear of a church, trying to get the benefits of its work without paying, than to steal a ride on the rear end of a street vehicle?

A BARBAROUS FASHION.

"It is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion," says a foolish proverb. When a fashion is good and useful it may be well to follow it, but there are some fashions which are neither good nor useful, and therefore they ought not to be sanctioned or adopted by sensible people. One of the barbarous fashions is the wearing of birds on hats and bonnets. The manner of preparing them is cruel, and therefore kind-hearted girls and women ought to refuse to aid in encouraging the fashion which makes the cruelty necessary.

A London paper some time ago announced that Queen Victoria designed issuing a proclamation censuring this barbarous practice, as she strongly disapproves of it. We honour the Queen for the kindness of her heart which prompts her to issue such a decree to her subjects.