

THE LAMASERY OF TIKZAY, THE RESIDENCE OF THE SKOOSHOK.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"What are you doing, Jennie?" asked her cousin, Fred Arlington.

"Picking out some temperance texts for my Sunday-schoolscholars," replied Jennie. "Got some of the terrible old-drunkard texts?" asked Fred, curiously, looking at

her collection.

"I have a sprinkling of them, but what I especially want for my boys is the kind of instruction that warns them away from the beginnings of evil. I want to keep them away from the first contact with evil, the touching and the sipping of the lighter drinks,—the beer, the ale, the cider. They won't meddle with the heavier ones then.

"Then you don't regard beer and ale for instance, as temperance drinks,of substitute beverages for the old strong ones, a sort of moderation drinks"

"Fred Arlington, come here, please," When said Jennie, rather impetuously. a person talks that way, I spare my words and resort to facts. Come to this window, please. There! Look down street as far as you can see, and you will make out a corner saloon, a beer-shop. See it? I think I can smell it sometimes. Now, I am obliged to go by that hole, and I see people with flushed faces, in shabby clothes sometimes, and sometimes also with unsteady steps, coming out of that den. If it were a coffee-house there, do you suppose I should see any unsteady steps? I might see folks in poor clothes; but should I be likely to hear boisterous and profane talk, which sometimes echoes round the door of that beer-saloon?"
"O well, there is a moderation in all

things, cousin."
"I rather think so; and I propose to see that my Sunday-school boys practice the kind of moderation that is safe."

'And you think that your young modera tion army will stand fire ?"

"Stand temptation? I won't claim too much. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall,' you know. I shall do my best to propare them. Then, when temptation comes, may God help them,"

"O you are too serious, cousin Jennie."
"Too serious, yet that thing on the corner?" she asked, pointing in the direc-

tion of the beer-saloon.

Two weeks later, Fred was present at a dinner party. It was a family affair, in if Cousin Jennie met him and found that which the tribe of Mansfields were interested, and Fred, as a special friend of the that headquarters of the "moderation" family, was asked. Old and young were movement, the beer-shop on the corner there, and the most of them were known He was in the midst of these uncomfortable to Fred.

"Thank you," said Fred, accepting the glass, and wishing that Cousin Jennie were there to witness his self-control.

The host bowed to a burly, red-faced man, and called out, "Cousin Joe, you will have a glass?"

Thank you, grunted Cousin Joe.

ONE OF COUSIN JENNIE'S BOYS. the host, turning to a boy with sparkling

Here this stream of gracious hospitality ran against a rock. "No, I thank you, Uncle John." It was a clear, decided voice. People looked up.

"Hadn't you better?" said the uncle.

"I never drink," replied Jimmy, with

dignity.
"Hee-hee-hee!" grunted the pig. Others laughed.
"Oh, it is only beer. It won't hurt you."

said the uncle.

The sparkling eyes looked as if a sudden rain had swept them; and Jimmy said, "I think you ought not to insist upon it, uncle.

The host had been guilty of a discourtesy, rudeness that no polite master or mistress at a feast will ever exhibit. He was man enough now to say, "I-I-I beg pardon, Jimmy.

The feast went on, but it was a ratner embarrassed company. The stream of careless hospitality that had been confronted by a rock afterwards ran against several snags. Fred, for some reason, did not touch his glass. He sat opposite the "'pig," and that may have affected Fred. The "pig" was hilarious, and Fred, in thought, saw the man's glass widening into

a trough. "What a difference between this creature and Cousin Jennie!" thought Fred. "If she had had him and that beer-saloon also to illustrate her remarks, what could I have done ?"

As it was, Fred felt that he had not accomplished much in that conversation. The dinner over, the company separated, and Fred went to a business engagement. A few hours later he was passing the old beer-shop at the corner. He caught the sound of heavy steps issuing from the door, and there was the "pig" rolling out heavily, and looking as if his mind were confused on all subjects like the way home, the distance, and how to get there.

"If Cousin Jennie were here and knew as much as I know," thought Fred, "it would be very hard for me to argue, but O how easy for Jennie! See here!" he continued to soliloquize. "Wonder if I ought to help this pig. He can walk, but he really needs somebody just to steer him.

Fred was thinking how he would look walking off with the And what "pig." he was towing away this stupid man from meditations when he heard a light, quick There was beer on the table. "Fred, step near him. A boy came bounding you will have some?" asked Mr. John across the street, and, laying a gentle hand on the arm of the drunken man, said, pleaon the arm of the drunken man, said, pleasantly, "Cousin Joe, I'm here," and then

led him away.
"Who—who is that young chap?" wondered Fred. "He looks sort of natural. I'll follow them, see if I don't."

Cousin Joe was led by his gentle conductor along several streets, and was finally "That man makes a noise like a pig, and looks like one," thought Fred. looked shabby. Here an old man appeared, "And my nephew, Jimmy?" continued and went in with Cousin Joe.

"Good-by," the guide had sorrowfully said, and was going away when Fred de-

tained him.
"Haven't I seen you before?" asked Fred.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, lifting his cap which, resting low on his forehead, had partially disguised him. "You were at

Uncle John's dinner party."
"Well, well," said Fred, "you took quite a temperance stand. You are the boy that said no. I think my Cousin Jennie would like you for her class. She is a great temperance woman."

"What is her other name?" asked

"Arlington."

"Oh, I am one of your Cousin Jennie's boys."—Golden Rule.

A LENTEN THOUGHT.

OLIVE E. DANA.

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Where subtle and satanic strength beleaguered

That one unsullied Life. Those many days when he, our Saviour, tarried

There in the wilderness! We bring our fears, our struggles, our temptations,

And leave them there with his.

He suffered, being tempted, and we also Gain strength to battle on; Out of his pain and faintness, what strange com

And peace for us are born!

Of conquest over sin!

The sympathy of Christ in our temptations — This is the Lenten truth; Let not the Lenten sadness overshadow Its dear and joyous ruth!

Forever and forever, where are struggle, And faith, and outstretched hunds, There, pitiful, triumphant, living, loving, The tempted Jesus stands.

th! that this comfort of our Lord's own presence, Before, beside, within. Might make us stronger, swifter, purer, surer,

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