

in this proneness to the denial of God and divine things. It is, therefore, a miserable delusion when more recent men of learning suppose they are the first deniers of God, and as scientific men, have just discovered the secret how we can deny God on solid grounds. But the Bible knows not only that God can be denied by men, and knows full well what sort of men they are who deny God, it also witnesses concerning two other facts which constitute the necessary contrasts to that denial, and which we must also consider in this connection. It announces to us that God on His part can withdraw Himself from men, and so estrange Himself from them that they shall scarcely find Him again in all the sorrow that comes upon them, not not when they seek Him with bitterest labour and heavy anguish; yea it acknowledges the possibility that He will deny them who deny Him. The Bible also allows that the most God-fearing and most pious man can, under very heavy and continuous trials of life, fall into the danger of denying God, exhibits before our eyes, in the most affecting and graphic pictures, a hero like Job sinking into this danger, gives us deep insight into the anguish and conflict of pious hearts torn with this despair, yea shrinks not from relating to us how Christ himself with almost His last earthly word complained that God had forsaken Him.—*Translated from Ewald's Lehre Der Bibel von Gott.*

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

HE COULD NOT REACH THE BRAKE.

There is an old story of a California stage-driver who dreamed of a journey down the mountain side under perilous conditions. In his dream he started from the top of the mountain, with a crack of his whip and a shout to his horses, and the stage rolled grandly along the gently declining road. Soon the descent became steeper, and the horses were dashing along on the full gallop, but the driver, confident of his power to check them when the necessity should come, still cracked his whip and urged them onward. The stage was now going at a fearful rate, and the passengers became affrighted; but the driver only grasped his lines more firmly, and pulled steadily upon them. At length he could no longer disregard the danger from the headlong speed at which he was driving, and he reached forward to place his foot upon the brake, when he found that it was beyond his reach! To loosen his hold upon the lines would be to give up all control over his frightened horses, and he made another and a more determined effort to reach the brake, but the brake was still beyond his reach. Faster and faster went the stage down the steep road, and more and more frantic became the efforts of the driver to stop it; but the brake was beyond his reach! Just below there was a sudden turn in the narrow road. Upon one side was the solid wall of the mountain height; upon the other a fearful precipice. To pass that at the speed at which he was going, would be to court instant death. Once more the driver gathered all his energies together for one last frenzied effort to check the speed of the flying stage! but alas! it was of no use! He could not reach the brake! Who has not known men who were on the down grade of intemperance, and who could not reach the brake?—whose destinies were freighted with the lives of near and dear friends, whom they were bearing down to lives of misery and disgrace, but who could not reach the brake!—who saw wealth, honour, love, happiness, being left behind them in their flying descent, but who could not reach the brake!—who saw before them the yawning abyss of eternal death for themselves and their children, but still they could not reach the brake!

THE FIRST AND LAST DRAM.

Jesse Loomis was an only son. At the age of twelve he was termed by his father his mother's boy, because of his resemblance to her, as well as their mutual affection. Being naturally of a mild disposition, his mind the more easily received the wholesome advice of his mother, and his heart was the more deeply impressed with her religious thoughts. Through her influence his conscience had become extremely sensitive, and his power of discriminating between

right and wrong, acute and correct. With these prominent characteristics, Jesse grew up a boy of seventeen years. It was at this age when, one afternoon, Jesse was returning home from a ride in the country with a new acquaintance somewhat further advanced in years and somewhat initiated in a few of the vices of youth. On the road was a tavern in which liquor was sold. When they had reached it John, his acquaintance, invited Jesse to drink. He was at first so overwhelmed with the thought of entering a bar-room and drinking liquor, that he at once stoutly refused. But Jesse, finding his annoying solicitations were to be stopped only by complying with them, finally consented, and entered the bar-room. His acquaintance called for brandy. Jesse, being timid and unacquainted with the many kinds of liquor, accepted the same, and poured into his glass a very small quantity. While Jesse was pouring from the decanter John perceived his hand slightly tremble, and also an uneasiness of his person and apparent absence of mind. John said nothing, but poured into his glass, with all the air of an accustomed drinker, an accustomed drinker's allowance. Both were now ready to drink. Jesse trembling brought his glass to his lips, and, as if startled, suddenly put it back on the counter, exclaiming at the same time, "John, I cannot drink it!" John looked surprised, and asked the reason. Jesse promised to tell him on the way home, which he did in these words: "John, when you asked me to drink, strange to say, home and all its associations, and the many holy recollections of my childhood came to my mind. I thought of the good advice of my mother about temperance, the thousand immoral results of tipping, as enumerated by her, and the thought of falling into them by means of my first drink. Hence the consequent destruction of my mother's hopes for me, her broken heart and lost love, shocked me. I thought of her astonishment when informed of the act, and, above all, came the question, 'What would my mother say?' Notwithstanding all these thoughts crowding into my mind, for politeness' sake I complied with your request. But, John, when I came to the act of drinking, these same thoughts came back with increased power, and stayed my hand." Reader, cherish the moral courage of Jesse. Let the same thought recall your erring feet, and the question, "What would my mother say?" be as a warning voice against the snares of vice.

WE are happy to note a falling off of the consumption of intoxicating liquors last year in Great Britain, and an increase in the consumption of tea and other wholesome beverages. The amount spent in drink in 1879 was £128,000,000, while in 1878 it was £142,000,000. The most marked falling off was in beer.

EASTERN BEDS.

In India and other Eastern lands, the beds of the poorer classes are nothing more than quilts wadded with cotton, so large as to enable the sleeper to wrap part of his bed around him, while he lies on the rest. A pillow is sometimes used, made of fine cane matting stretched over a light frame-work of bamboo, hollow, and open at the end. In Southern India a strip of mat, six or seven feet long, is often all the bed that is desired. In Syria it is often only a strip of carpet, which can be easily rolled up; the end portion is left unrolled, to form a pillow.

Such beds can be easily washed and dried again, and can be rolled up like a bundle of flannel and carried away by their owners under their arms.

The fashion and form of these beds will enable us to understand these two texts of Scripture "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it" (Isa. xxviii. 20). "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk" (John v. 8). There were, however, "beds of ivory" (Amos vi. 4) and beds of "bedsteads, of gold and silver" (Esth. i. 6).

GIRLS.

THE IMPERATIVE MOOD.

Mrs. L. H. Tuthill, a lady who wrote several charming books for young women, once said, in speaking of good manners that "human nature resented the imperative mood."

Think of this, girls. If you ask a child to wait on you, say "Please." Be polite to servants and inferiors. Be courteous even to the cat. Why push her roughly aside, or invite her claws?

If kindness, good-nature, and gentleness ruled in every

home, what sunlight would home enjoy! A great deal depends upon the girls—the sisters, the daughters.

HELPLESS HANDS.

"I would like to have a new dress, but it is so hard to get a good dressmaker," sighed Fancilla the other day.

Why not be your own dressmaker?

"We have to eat baker's cake," said Marianne. "Mamma says she has no time to make it for such a family."

Why not make the cake yourself? Mother's daughter should relieve her of such cares.

O' girls, whatever else you do, don't go through life with helpless hands. Hands should be instruments to serve our needs, not useless ornaments to hang rings upon.

SAVE THE ODD MINUTES.

Save the odd minutes. Use them in study, in bits of pretty sewing, in *something*. The waiting moments, the long rides in street cars, the times of attendance on the person who is late at breakfast, may all be turned to good advantage by our girls, if they are economists.

MAKE YOUR MOTHER HAPPY.

CHILDREN, make your mother happy.
Make her sing instead of sigh.
For the mournful hour of parting
May be very, very nigh.

Children, make your mother happy;
Many griefs she has to bear:
And she wears 'neath her burdens,
Can you not these burdens share?

Children, make your mother happy;
Prompt obedience cheers the heart;
While a wilful disobedience
Pierces like a poisoned dart.

Children, make your mother happy;
On her brow the lines of care
Deepen daily, don't you see them?
While your own are smooth and fair.

DAISY'S REASON.

Our Daisy lay down
In her little nightgown,
And kissed me again and again,
On forehead and cheek,
On lips that would speak,
But found themselves shut, to their gam.

Then foolish, absurd
To utter a word,
I asked her the question so old,
That wife and that lover
Ask over and over,
As if they were surer when told.

There close at her side,
"Do you love me?" I cried;
She lifted her golden-crowned head,
A puzzled surprise
Shone in her gray eyes—
"Why, that's why I kiss you," she said.

EARNING YOUR OWN LIVING.

If your father is so situated that the care of his daughter is a burden upon slender resources, you ought to relieve him by working for yourself. Every woman should be able to support herself, if there is need for so doing. Hundreds would be very much happier if they did so when the need was not pressing. We are so constituted that alternate periods of work and the rest are beneficial to us. Idleness is the bane of existence. The veriest butterfly among girls would live a gayer life if she had something more to do than to flit from flower to flower. I am quite sure that the hard-worked, tired-out shop-girls, who have so few hours for repose, are often happier, because more genuinely self-respecting, than are some indolent, dawdling young ladies, who kill time by reading silly novels, and whose chief aim seems to be the preservation from soil of their soft, useless hands.

A few years ago, teaching and sewing were almost the only vocations open to educated and gently-bred women. Now, all doors open at their light touch, and the lady—not less, but more, a lady if she honourably work—has but to lay her finger on what latch she wishes to choose. Work is not play. If she wishes to earn money, she must give skill, patience and unselfish diligence to her enterprise. The market is crowded, and only the best have a chance.

But the young woman who resolutely and cheerfully takes up a calling, and who pursues it with steadfastness, has as good an opportunity for success as her brother has in his field or profession. If it be her duty to work and earn her own livelihood, she need sacrifice no delicacy of sex nor lay aside any of her beautiful womanly modesty in doing so. She will also have a positive and not-to-be-measured advantage if, in her self-supporting career, she can live at home. In the best boarding-houses open to working-women there is much which is not home-like.—*Christian at Work.*