

## CARD-PLAYING AT HOME.

Playing cards for "pastime" or as an "innocent amusement" soon becomes a passion, and when once fixed, a man will forego home, family, business and pleasure, and suffer the loss of his all for the exciting scenes of the card-table.

That accomplished writer, the late Dr. Holland, of Springfield, Mass., said: "I have all my days had a card-playing community open to my observation, and I am yet unable to believe that, which is the universal resort of the starved in soul and intellect, which has never in any way linked to itself, tender, elevating or beautiful associations—the tendency of which is to unduly absorb the attention from more weighty matters, can recommend itself to the favor of Christ's disciples. The presence of culture and genius may embellish but can never dignify it."

"I have this moment," said Dr. Holland, "ringing in my ears the dying injunction of my father's early friend, 'Keep your son from cards. Over them I have murdered time and lost heaven.'" Fathers and mothers, keep your sons from cards in the "home circle." What must a good angel think of a mother at the prayer-meeting asking prayers for the conversion of her son, whom she allowed to remain at home playing cards for "pastime?"—*Christian Advocate*.

## TEMPTATION.

Temptation is the condition of human life, and to try to flee from it in one shape is often only to provoke it in another. Every period of life, every class in society, every occupation and calling, duties as well as pleasures, work as well as rest, contain within them the elements of an incessant temptation, which it is at once our folly to ignore, our discipline to encounter, and our glory to overcome. It is no sin to be tempted, for Jesus, the sinless one, was tempted in all things like as we are, yet without sin. It is no weakness to feel the temptation grievous, for Jesus again "suffered, being tempted." (Heb. ii. 18.) The mistake is to run into temptation of our own accord. The sin is in listening to the voice of the charmer until our hearts go out after the forbidden sweetness, and it is all up with us. The weakness is in our great terror at the noise of the waves and the darkness of the sky, to gaze upon the danger till we

are rapidly sinking into it, and till it is almost too late to call out to Him who rides upon the storm, "Lord, save us, we perish." (Matt. viii 25.)

Yet, if our enemies are here, our Saviour is here as well. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." (Prov. xviii: 10.) If the assaults of the enemy all but exhaust us, and, like Christian with Apollyon, our sword flies out of our hand when we want it most, and the battle is all but decided against us; at the last moment the way to escape shall appear, that we may be able to bear it; for "when the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." (Isa. lix: 19.) The table in the wilderness is spread by the Lord's own hand. He who provided a morning meal by the lake of Galilee for his seven disciples, wearied by their night's toil; he who fed the five thousand on their way to the Passover, because he pitied them as sheep having no shepherd, will be to his own tempted and wearied servants what the good Samaritan was to the wounded traveller, healing their wounds, supplying their needs, and comforting their hearts.—*Dr. A. W. Thorold*.

When we shall see the infidels of the country raise half a million of money a year, and put it into the hands of other infidels to spend, without any other security against misappropriation than their own characters, we shall have evidence of their sincerity which may be worth something.

When we hear that Christendom spends nearly \$1,000,000 each year in Foreign Missions, we think it is very grand. But it sounds like a very little amount when we compare it with the \$2,500,000,000 which that same Christendom spends upon standing armies each year.

Be kind to the little children!  
 So oft misunderstood,  
 So oft rebuked and thwarted  
 When trying to "be good";  
 So oft misnamed "naughty"  
 When only tired and sad;  
 So oft, alas! discouraged,  
 When a smile would make them glad.