

about the highest prosperity in a restored Jerusalem were associated with a vision of the city 'full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.'

Experiences of a Western Life

(By a Country Parson.)

In February, 1858, I arrived in California and found there was a number of places in San Joaquin county where there was no preaching nor Sabbath-schools, but the Sabbath was a day for drinking and card-playing and horse-racing. One of the towns seven or eight miles from where I settled, was known as Woodbridge; named in honor of a Mr. Woods who kept a hotel. There was no preaching there, and my recollection now is that I held the first religious meeting ever held in the place. At my first appointment an elder and a member went with me so as to see that no harm befell me. There had been a Masonic hall erected and they kindly consented for religious services to be held in the lower portion of it. When we arrived we found we were the only persons who had come to church. I confess it looked very discouraging about keeping up a regular appointment, or for that matter any appointment at all. We waited about half an hour, but there were no additions to the hearers. As miners say, I very soon resolved to go out on a prospecting tour and see if matters could not be changed. Not far from the hall I found a good-sized saloon full of men drinking and gambling. I went back and told those who had come with me that I thought I would go over and invite them to church, 'Yes, you do that' they both replied, 'and you will get whipped before you get out of that saloon, you must remember that you are a late arrival in California, and are not accustomed to the ways of the people here.' I replied that I was not the least afraid of being whipped, that two could play at that game, and I would risk the consequences and go. I went over and walked into the saloon and watched them gamble and drink for some moments, and then pulled off my hat and made them as polite a bow as I knew how (after I had called their attention). Then I said to them, 'gentlemen, you have had a game of your kind, come over to church at the hall and have a game of my kind.' I also gave the bar-tender a special invitation to come. He immediately spoke, saying, 'I request every one present to get out of here for I want to close the saloon as soon as possible and go out and get my family and attend church, for no man shall come to my saloon and invite me but what I shall hear what he has got to say.' I returned and told my companions what I had done and that they were nearly all coming to church, but still they doubted and I replied 'wait a few moments and see.' It was only a short time before they commenced coming and with them the saloon-keeper and his family. Others saw these coming and they also came until the congregation numbered seventy-five or eighty, and as well-behaved as any one could wish. One man who I think had at least one dram ahead, came in eating a very large red apple. He seated himself but kept on eating and looking up to see what I was going to do, and finally laid his knife and apple down by his side and listened with seemingly intense interest until the close of the services, and then resumed his eating. The text I preached from that day was a very pointed one, 'And these shall go away into everlasting punishment.' It never entered my mind that such a text, owing to the occasion, might be regarded as a direct insult until afterward when I got to thinking about it.

From the text I endeavored to show the

real necessity there was for inflicting punishment in the world to come, that no government was safe here without it, and that God in his infinite goodness would inflict punishment in the future on all who refused submission to his will while they lived. Second, I endeavored to show the nature of the punishment to be inflicted. That one of the main ingredients would be the lashing of a guilty conscience and the fact that there was nothing in all the universe that could by any means calm its fears. I asked those who drank how they would like to have the raging thirst for liquor to continue to haunt them and burn them for ever, and yet no means of gratifying it. Or then, how would you like to have the influence and power that gambling has over you to continue for interminable ages tossing the soul about as if on a sea of fire. I contended that wrong doing made men miserable here, and where it would be continued in the world to come and all by their own acts, they would still continue to be miserable, for look where they would no relief would ever come. I urged that if hell was no worse than a troubled conscience, which in its very nature was tormenting, that it was better to shun it. Third, I endeavored to show the duration of the punishment, taking for my authority the text, 'These shall go away into everlasting punishment.' When I advanced to this proposition there was a silence and solemnity that was almost oppressive. After that day I had no trouble in securing a congregation at that place as long as I preached there, and was always treated with respect by the people, including the saloon-keeper. They seemed to respect me the more because I told them the truth as found in God's word.

After the scenes of that day they sent me an invitation to come and deliver a temperance lecture. I took some good singers with me and went, and there were, I think, fourteen who enlisted with the Sons of Temperance. It was quite a temperance revival for a small, new place, and I trust did good. — 'The Occident.'

A Difference.

(By Grace A. Cannon.)

'Ned,' said Mrs. Eaton, to her son one hot Fourth of July evening, just after tea, 'won't you go up to Aunt Emily's and ask Charlotte and Mildred to come down here for the evening and watch the fireworks about the neighborhood? I hear Mr. Davis is going to have something pretty and worth seeing. You know the girls will not be likely to see anything of any consequence where they live.'

'Oh, dear, mother!' replied Ned, lounging back in the hammock on the piazza; 'it is such a long walk to Aunt Emily's; a mile at the very least. I'm tired; and I don't believe the girls would care much about coming, anyway.'

'I'm sure they'd like to come, Ned, though, of course, if you're tired, I sha'n't urge you to go. But the girls don't have very many pleasures, you know.'

Ned continued swinging the hammock listlessly back and forth and looked dreamily at the sky above. He made no reply to his mother's suggestion, and evidently dismissed the subject from his mind. Five or ten minutes passed, and he went out on the lawn to see if any preparations were being made for the evening at neighboring houses. Two of his friends saw him from the opposite side of the street, and came across.

'Say, Ned,' said one of the boys as he came within speaking distance, 'let's go up on the Heights and see what's going on there. They say there'll be no end of fireworks. Won't

be anything round here worth seeing. What do you say, Ned? Good for a two-mile tramp?'

'I should say so,' answered Ned, enthusiastically. 'Of course we don't want to miss a good thing like that. Two miles don't amount to anything. We'll have to hurry, though.' And without more ado, Ned started off at a brisk walk, accompanied by his two companions. Somehow the distance seemed very short compared to the walk to Aunt Emily's house. What made the difference?—'Wellspring.'

If She Had to Swim.

A New Zealand girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return, some of her playmates endeavored to dissuade her. They said: 'Why do you go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people. Everybody will have forgotten you.'

'What!' she said, 'do you think I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got the pardon and peace and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they can get it too? I would go if I had to swim there. Do not try to hinder me, for I must go and tell my people the good news.'—'Wellspring.'

George Herbert on Man.

My God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein,
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'rything,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears more fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be, more;
Reason and speech we only bring;
Parrots may thank us if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides;
Each part may call the farthest brother,
For head and foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey,
His eyes dismount the highest star;
He is in little all the sphere;
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that
they,
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth resteth, heaven moveth, fountains
flow;
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed,
Night draws the curtain, which the sun
withdraws;
Music and light attend our head;
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their decent and being, to our mind
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of duty;
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat;
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such
beauty?
Then how are all things neat?