

## SOUND WORDS.



ASSOCIATIONS that propose to run on the literary-society-concert-social-entertainment plan, had better close the shutters, lock up the doors, and go off. These may have a part in the work, but they are very small factors in it, especially in smaller towns. A frivolous entertainment, which may have been started with the best of intentions, has brought to an unhappy end the associated work of years, and left a ghost behind those who would like to begin a solid work for the Lord. After all, earnest Christian men do not want to come together in such Associations to be simply amused. They do not want to hear too much of "Betsey and I Are Out," and kindred tales. They want something higher and deeper. Time is too precious, life too short to be wasted. Ten men on the right basis in an Association are worth more in the Lord's work than ten thousand who want simply to be entertained, and have no heart for the Master's work.—The Watchman.

## ONLY TWO.



ONLY two ways, the one *broad*, the other *narrow*; one leads to *destruction*, the other to *life*; *many* go by one, *few* by the other. Which one are you travelling? Only two sorts of people. Many sorts in *men's* opinion; only two in *God's* sight—the *righteous* and the *wicked*, the *wheat* and the *chaff*, the *living* and the *dead*. Which are you? Only two deaths—the death of the *righteous* and the death of the *wicked*. If you were to pass into Eternity now, would you "die the death of the *righteous*" or that of the "*ungodly*?" Only two *places* after death—HEAVEN and HELL.—the one a place of *happiness* the other a place of *misery*. In the one will be heard forever *songs of joy and praise* in the other *weping and wailing and gnashing of teeth*. *God* will be in one, and *angels and saints*, and all the redeemed of the Lord; in the other, none but the

*devil and his angels, and lost souls*. In which of these will you spend your Eternity? Which, if you were to die now? Again I ask you WHICH?—*Selected*.

## A RIGHTEOUS SENTENCE.



THE following is an extract from a sentence pronounced by Judge Reading, of Chicago, upon some liquor dealers who had violated the law by selling rum to minors. The terrible sarcasm it contains is a powerful sermon on the whole business of rum-selling:

"By the law you may sell it to men and women if they will buy. You have given your bond and paid your license to sell to them, and no one has a right to molest you in your legal business. No matter what the consequences may be; no matter what poverty and destitution are produced by your selling according to law, you have paid your money for this privilege, and you are licensed to pursue your calling. No matter what families are distracted and rendered miserable; no matter what wives are treated with violence; what children starve or mourn over the degradation of a parent—your business is legalized, and no one may interfere with you for it. No matter what mother may agonize over the loss of a son, or sister blush at the shame of a brother, you have a right to disregard them all, and pursue your legal calling—you are licensed. You may fit up your lawful place of business in the most enticing and captivating form; you may furnish it with the most costly and elegant equipment for your own lawful trade; you may fill it with the allurements of amusement; you may use all arts to allure visitors; you may skilfully arrange and expose to view your choicest wines and captivating beverages; you may induce thirst by all contrivances to produce a raging appetite for drink, and then you may supply that appetite to the full, because it is lawful; you have paid for it—you have a license. You may allow boys and children to frequent your saloon; they may witness the