

soon convinced of the truth of what his father said by seeing smiles upon a face which for a long time had only worn gloomy frowns.

"Oh, I'm so glad," he said, and clapped his little hands.

A great victory had been won, but the strife was not yet over. The cravings for drink are not easily stifled. Matthew Gray felt the direful sinking which follows the sudden abandonment of alcohol, and thought he was dying.

"Jane," he said to his wife, when she brought his dinner up-stairs, "I'm dreadfully low. I think I ought to leave it off gradually."

"No, no," she said, "no more drink. Eat your dinner; it will do you more good."

"Turn the key," he said, with a resolution hitherto foreign to him. Jane did so, and he sat down to his meal.

At first he felt as if he could not touch it; but his wife pressed him to eat a little against his will. He did so. Appetite came, and he ate a good meal, though not a very hearty one.

He went out for a walk that evening with his wife and children, and when they approached a public house his face told of the struggle within; but Jane whispered in his ear, "Turn the key," and they went on. He returned home without having fallen before his old enemy.

The next morning Jane, ever watchful, was awake and up early, and having put the house to rights, so as to be ready to aid him in what she knew would be another great struggle, aroused Matthew, who awoke and wondered at first why his tongue was not so parched as usual, and why his head was not like a block of stone.

The reason for the change was soon made clear. Husband and wife knelt down and prayed together, at first aloud and then in silence. Next came breakfast, plain but wholesome, and of this Matthew was able to partake with a zest he had not known for two or three years.

"It is a new life," he said as he arose.

"Now go up to work," said Jane, "and turn the key yourself. You know where to ask for strength to do so. Our Redeemer will not fail you."

He went, and a few minutes after she softly followed, and listened outside the closed door. He was pacing to and fro, and she knew the key was not yet turned. The second struggle was going on. There was a pause, and a soft sound, as of one sinking on his knees. The anxious, loving wife sank down too, and with clasped hands asked in her heart for aid.

A movement within arrested her outpouring; a hasty footstep approached the door, and the key was turned.

The dim narrow staircase seemed full of light as she stole softly down. The fight was now over and the victory won. An answer to the prayer of herself and husband had been vouchsafed. Matthew Gray kept the door locked

until his wife came up with his mid-day meal. He was rather pale and quiet, but he was very happy.

"Jane," he said, "God has given me strength. I have turned the key, and, by God's help, I will never touch a drop of the poison again."

"May our merciful Father support you in your resolution," said Jane, to which Matthew, with deep feeling, responded, "Amen."

He was supported, and is still supported. The key was turned upon his bane, and alcohol has never been admitted since. Sober and wiser and happier, Matthew Gray lives in his new home—the same house, but a new home—with a different wife and children, but differing only in their happiness which came with the resolve of the husband and father.

Matthew turned the key and was not ashamed of it. He spoke of it among his neighbours—not in any boastful spirit, but as a humble acknowledgment of the mercy vouchsafed to him, and points to the change in his abode as a proof of the blessing of that turning.

They may call him "Turn the Key," and laugh at him, and he will on his own behalf laugh back again; but he looks sad, too, for their sake. And yet he has cause for rejoicing on the behalf of a few who have, by God's help, wisely followed his example, "turned the key" upon the fatal habit of drinking, and become not only firm total abstainers, but followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.—*Band of Hope Review.*

Licensed to Legally Kill.

COME, soldiers of freedom,
Of freedom from rum,
Enlist for a warfare
That surely must come;
For drink is enslaving
The nation at will.
By law it is licensed
To legally kill!

The dead are around us,
The dying we see;
Rum's sorrow is flowing
To you and to me.
Its crime, woe, and ruin
Society fill,
Yet, still it is licensed
To legally kill!

There never was foe such
To virtue as this,
Destroying both earthly
And heavenly bliss;
No anguish so bitter
As that from the still,
And yet it is licensed
To legally kill!

Not bullets, but ballots,
Our hands shall employ,
That even more surely
The foe shall destroy;
Then rally, ye voters,
No pausing until
No liquor is licensed
To legally kill!

A SMALL boy of four summers was riding on a hobby-horse with a companion. He was seated rather uncomfortably on the horse's neck. After a reflective pause he said: "I think if one of us gets off I could ride better."

"Too Many of We?"

A TRUE STORY.

"MAMMA, is there too many of we?"
The little girl asked with a sigh.
"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see,
If a few of your children should die."

She was only three years old—the one
Who spoke in that strange, sad way,
As she saw her mother's impatient frown
At the children's bolsterous play.

There were half-a-dozen who round her stood,
And the mother was sick and poor,
Worn out with the care of the noisy brood
And the fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time no place;
For the little one least of all;
And the shadow that darkened the mother's face
O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care,
And pondered in childish way
How to lighten the burden she could not share,
Growing heavier day by day.

Only a week, and the little Clare
In her tiny white trundle-bed
Lay with blue eyes closed, and the sunny hair
Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were low,
Feeling tears that she could not see—
"You won't have to work and be tired so
When there aint so many of we."

But the dear little daughter who went away
From the home that for once was stilled,
Showed the mother's heart, from that dreary day,
What a place she had always filled.
—*Woman's Journal.*

Wonders of the Sea.

THE sea occupies three-fifths of the surface of the earth. At the depth of about 3,500 feet, waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice at the poles to the burning sun of the equator. A mile down the water has a pressure of over a ton to the square inch. If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water and allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic. The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In the many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm, one would think the water travelled. The water stays in the same place but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these waves are forty feet high, and travel fifty miles an hour—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamer. The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times the height, hence a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet of water. The force of the sea dashing on Bell Rock is said to be seventeen tons for each square yard. Evaporation is a wonderful power in drawing the water from the sea. Every year a layer of the entire sea, fourteen feet, is taken up into the clouds. The

winds bear their burden into the land, and the water comes down in rain upon the fields, to flow back at last through rivers. The depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the Atlantic were lowered 6,564 feet, the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1,500 miles. If lowered a little more than three miles, say 19,680 feet, there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland. This is the plane on which the great Atlantic cables were laid. The Mediterranean is comparatively shallow. A drying up of 660 feet would leave three different seas, and Africa would be joined with Italy. The British Channel is more like a pond, which accounts for its choppy waves.

It has been found difficult to get correct soundings of the Atlantic. A midshipman of the navy overcame the difficulty, and shot weighing thirty pounds carries down the sinker. A hole is bored through the sinker, through which a rod of iron is passed, moving easily back and forth. In the end of the bar is a cup dug out, and the inside coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line, and a sling holds the shot on. When the bar, which extends below the ball, touches the earth, the sling unhooks and the shot slides off. The lard in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be on the bottom, and a drop shuts over the cut to keep the water from washing the sand out. When the ground is reached, a shock is felt as if an electric current had passed through the line.—*Electrical Review.*

"Save my Master's Child."

A LITTLE heathen maid was received into a Christian family to attend to the children, and take them out, as she was well acquainted with the people and the surrounding country. She was kind and gentle with the children, and the family liked her. They extended their walk one day, farther than usual, gathering wild flowers, and, being tired, they all sat down upon the grass. One of the little ones strayed away, and, not returning immediately, the maid said she would go and look after her, and told the children not to stir from that spot till she returned. She ran off, calling the child by name as she went. At last she heard the child's voice answering. Soon they met, but her horror was great on seeing her followed by a leopard. She ran to her rescue, and stood between the two. In a moment it rushed into her mind, I will try my master's God. She threw herself on her knees in an agony, and uttered loudly, "Oh, my master's God, save my master's child!" The leopard looked at the maid and the child, then turned round and ran into the thicket, the maid and the child looking after it.

THE words and the works of Jesus show him to be the Messiah.