

such foolish scoffers :

A boy, bright-eyed and fair-faced, was found in the street by Frank Hals, a celebrated Dutch painter. The lad knew no name only Hans, so Hals called him Hans Finding, and went at the work of teaching him.

The boy proved an apt pupil, but as he progressed in art and increased in years, his works took on a strange character for one so young.

They were of drinking-houses and drinking scenes ; pot-companions, smoking, drinking and carousing—all painted with a truthfulness and vividness that was wonderful.

Hans Finding went in for a short life and a merry one. In his cups he was a genial companion, keen, witty and brimming with humor. And so he went on to the age of thirty.

He had drunk so much, so deeply and so long, that his life was burned up—literally drowned out of him !

Bloated, haggard and disfigured, eyes bloodshot, his once dext hand now palsied, his breath weak and labored, and still he strove to be cheerful.

"Give me wine!" he cried, to his physician.

"No, no, it must be water, Hans."

"Must it? Ah! well, I'll try to love my enemy!" And he took the water in his hand, he could not hold it. His physician had to carry it to his lips.

Half an hour later the physician arose to take his leave. Before going, he stood by the bedside and took the young man's hand.

"Hans, I am going away for a time, as I have others to visit. Now, look you; I want to leave a solemn question for you to answer. There is a bottle of wine, and there is a flagon of pure water.

"Which is the enemy? Dear boy! if you will solve this problem as I hope you will, you shall be saved—not for a merry life, but for a USEFUL! If you shall decide in behalf of the foul fiend, no power can save you."

And the physician went away. When he returned he found the young painter in tears.

"Doctor! Save me! Save me! And I will be a useful man!"

He had decided that the bright wine was his enemy. The good physician saved him, and Hans lived many years, an ornament to society and a grand contributor to the world of art.—*Youth's Companion*.

WHAT ARE YOU LIVING FOR?

A pastor, walking out recently, met a little girl belonging to his flock. As they walked on together he spoke to her of her studies, and was pleased to find her manifest an interest amounting almost to enthusiasm in the cultivation of her mind. "But why, Ellie," asked the pastor, "are you so anxious to succeed in your studies? What do you mean to do with your education after it is finished?"

"Oh, sir," said the little girl, "I want to learn that I may do good in the world. I don't want to die without ever having been of use in the world."

Noble purpose! Who of our young friends are studying and living for so noble an end? Who of us are making an every-day impression for good on the hearts and lives of those among whom we move?—*Olive Plants*.

Our Casket.

JEWELS.

"If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.—*James*.

Some men have the key to knowledge and never enter in.—*La Bruyere*.

Behind the snowy loaf is the mill-wheel, behind the mill the wheat-field, on the wheat-field falls the sunlight, above the sun is God.—*F. L. Russell*.

Whatever our place allotted to us by Providence, that for us is the post of duty. God estimates us not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.—*Edwards*.

The temperate are the most truly luxurious. By abstaining from most things it is surprising how many things we enjoy.—*Stimms*.

To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to see about it—that is as if a man should put off eating and drink-

ing and sleeping from one day and night to another till he is starved and destroyed.

He understands liberty aright who makes his own depend upon that of others. True liberty does not permit the enfranchisement of one's self through the enslavement of some one else.

Said Father Burk, of the Roman Catholic Church: "When God made us He gave us soul and body together, in all the activity of their powers. The man that annihilates his soul for a single instant by drunkenness commits an outrage against the God that has made him, against the author of his nature."

The vendor of liquors either in the back end of a dry goods store or in the hotel bar-room and saloon, is, according to christian jurisprudence, the source of lawlessness and crime, he is the disturber of peace; he is the cause of riots; he is the educator of thieves; he is the robber of homes, he kindles the hellish passions that fire the lusts and sends his victims with the black flags of death on pirates' voyages through the harbors of otherwise peaceful homes, in whose wake flow rottenness, mortification, and temporal and eternal death.—*Home Guard*.

TRINKETS.

The shoemaker should know more than the doctor about the healing art.

Why is a man sweeping a crossing like the girl that has just gone over it? Because one sweeps a crossing, and the other crosses a sweeping.

Old Mrs. Pinaphor hopes that no more lives will be sacrificed in the hunt for the north pole until some persons go out there and ascertain whether such a pole really exists.

"Pull down your umbrella. You'll scare this engine off the line," screamed the engineer on the Western North California road to a crowd of country people who had gathered to see the first train come in. They were all lowered at once.

An Irishman once received a doctor's bill. He looked it carefully over, and said he had no objections to pay for the medicines, but the visits he would return.

Against the grain: Widow woman (to chemist who was weighing a grain of calomel in dispensing a prescription for her sick child)—"Man, ye needna' be sae schrimpy wi't, 'tis for a pur fatherless bairn!"

"Doctor," said a man to his physician, who had just presented a bill of \$50 for treatment during a recent illness, "I have not much ready money. Will you take this out in trade?" "Oh, yes," cheerfully answered the doctor; "I think that we can arrange that—but what is your business?" "I am a cornet player," was the startling reply.

"How did you like my discourse this morning?" asked Parson Goodenough of Deacon Lightweight, the village grocer, as they walked home from church last Sunday morning.

"Too long, brother; too long," replied the frank deacon; "I believe in having everything short."

"Yes, I've noticed that in your weights, deacon," said the sarcastic parson.

The two Sheridans were supping together one night after the opera, at a period when Tom expected to get into Parliament.

"I think, father," said he, "that many men who are called great patriots in the House of Commons are great humbugs. For my own part, if I get into Parliament I will pledge myself to no party, but write upon my forehead, in legible characters, 'To be let.'"

"And under that," said his father, "write, 'Unfurnished.'"

"How's yer comin' on in your new place?" asked Uncle Mose of Gabe Snodgrass, who had recently accepted a position as porter in an Austin hardware store. "Ise not comin' on very fas', Uncle Mose. De boss tole me somethin' dis mornin', and ef he don't take it back he gwine ter lose me shuah yer born." "What did he tole yer?" "He tole me ter conside myself discharged."

"If I am not at home from the party to-night at 10 o'clock," said a husband to his better and bigger half, "don't wait for me." "That I won't," replied she significantly; "I won't wait, but I'll come for you." The gentleman returned at 10 o'clock precisely.