

"Good-bye."

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Who knows to-day that our "good-bye"
At first was not a wish but prayer;
A thought of help for ever nigh,
And "God be with you" everywhere!

"Not as the world doth give," said He,
Who of all men on earth was true,
To His disciples tenderly,
"Give I my parting word to you."

Then said He, "Peace with you I leave,
My peace, O friends, to you I give:
Let not your hearts be sad—believe!
They that believe in Me shall live."

O that upon our hearts might He
Breathe evermore that selfsame word!
And oh, that our "good-bye" might be
Prayer for the presence of our Lord!

Could clearer, surer pledge be given?
Could even He a better send
Than that with which he went to heaven—
"Lo, I am with you to the end!"

What need we but with trustful heart
Cling to His word of hope and cheer,
And say, "With me thou always art,
Therefore no evil will I fear!"

Then as along these earthly ways
With weary feet we go and come,
Long winter nights, long summer days,
But every footfall nearer home,—

"Not as the world," our lips shall say
Peace and good-bye when'er we part,
Until we reach some coming day,
The blessing of the pure in heart.

Prohibition the Only Remedy of the Drink Traffic.

THE opponents of prohibition triumphantly ask if its advocates expect to make men moral by Act of Parliament!—that being, it is assumed, the very climax of absurdity. Although prohibition may not make men moral, it may, at least, remove the temptations to immorality. It can cast the stigma of disgrace and illegality on the sale of liquor, instead of endorsing the practice by declaring its legality. Licensing the evil is certainly not the way of preventing, but rather of perpetuating it. Experience has shown that the restriction of the traffic is always followed by a decrease in crime, a diminution of poverty, and an increase of the other and profitable branches of trade. For it is the vicious peculiarity of the liquor traffic that it is not governed, as other legitimate branches of commerce are, by the ordinary laws of supply and demand, but that it creates an unnatural and unhealthy demand for itself, stimulating and increasing the appetite to which it ministers, which, when the facilities for its indulgence are removed, dies away of itself. It may be true, as the opponents of prohibition assert, that if a man chooses to get drunk, he will do so, even in spite of prohibition. But few men choose to get drunk; but are overcome before they are aware. They dally with temptation till the appetite has acquired such a tyranny, that in the presence of liquor, or even where there is a probability of obtaining it, they lose all control of their appetites, and many voluntarily seek protection therefrom, even within the walls of an asylum or a prison.

We are met at the outset with a remonstrance against the injury that would be done to the vested rights of the trade by legal prohibition. It is true that vast sums are invested in the business. The great brewers and distillers have grown enormously rich by the manufacture, and have entrenched themselves in the strength which the influence of great riches gives. But is

their private interest to stand in the way of the welfare of the nation? By long immunity the traffic has grown to enormous magnitude and increased the difficulty of its suppression. But its very magnitude has also increased the necessity for that step, and if the problem be earnestly grappled with it may be solved. It were better and cheaper a thousand-fold to buy out the entire liquor interest, and thus deliver the land from this curse and crime, rather than let it groan beneath its burden for years to come.—*Withrow's Temperance Tracts.*

Double Providences.

NOTHING is so much needed, in these days of abounding skepticism, as the direct manifestation of God's hand in answered prayer. When, as in the story of Paul and Ananias, of Peter and Cornelius, and of Philip and the eunuch, we see the two ends of God's work, his double acting, it gives us a powerful impression of His direct intervention. God never makes half a providence any more than a man makes half a pair of shears. If He moves upon one of His children to pray for a blessing, He moves upon another to bestow that blessing. We give the following sample of the double movement for the encouragement of the Christian's faith:

1. Not long ago an engineer brought his train to a stand in a little Massachusetts village, where the passengers have five minutes for lunch. A lady came along the platform and said:

"The conductor tells me the train at the junction in P—, leaves fifteen minutes before our arrival. It is Saturday night, and that is the last train. I have a very sick child in the car, and no money for a hotel, and none for a private conveyance, and have to walk a long, long way into the country. What shall I do?"

"Well," said the engineer, "I wish I could tell you."

"Would it be possible for you to hurry a little?" said the anxious, tearful mother.

"No, madam; I have the time table, and the rules say I must run by it."

She turned sorrowfully away, leaving the bronzed face of the engineer wet with tears. Presently she returned and said, "Are you a Christian?"

"I trust I am," was the reply.

"Will you pray with me that the Lord may in some way delay the train at the junction?"

"Why yes, I will pray with you, but I have not much faith."

Just then the conductor cried, "All aboard." The poor woman hurried back to the deformed and sick child, and away went the train, climbing the grades.

"Somehow," said the engineer, "Everything worked like a charm. As I prayed I couldn't help letting my engine out a little. We hardly stopped at the first station—people got off and on with amazing alacrity—the conductor's lantern was in the air in half a minute, and then away again. Once over the summit it was dreadful easy to give her a little more, as I prayed, till she seemed to shoot through the air like an arrow. Somehow I couldn't hold her, knowing I had the road, and so we dashed up to the junction six minutes ahead of time."

There stood the other train, and the conductor with the lantern on his arm, waiting the signal to start.

"Well," said he "will you tell me what I am waiting here for? Somehow I felt I must await your coming to-night, but I don't know why."

"I guess," said the brother conductor, "it is for this poor woman, with her sick and deformed child, dreadfully anxious to get home this Saturday night." But the man on the engine and the grateful mother think they can tell why the train waited.

Ye friends of Temperance, rouse to duty!
Heed now the call that bids you rise:
See wives and mothers earnest pleading;
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall selfish men, vile mischief breeding—
A heartless liquor-dealing band—
Afflict and desolate the land,
While pure and loving hearts are bleeding!

CHO.—Arise, ye friends of truth!
Gird on your armour bright!
Work on, work on, all hearts resolved
To conquer in his might!
Pray on, pray on, and God will give
The victory to the Right.

March on! the battle is JEHovah's!
Our leader calls us on to-day;
His arm is strong, our cause will triumph;
Then let us work and strive and pray,
Till this dark curse be swept away.
Our enemies will yield before us,
Their work of sin and ruin cease,
And homes be blessed with love and peace,
For God and Right shall be victorious!

Good Enough Weather.

"If a long season of inclement weather is not sufficient excuse for my failing to plant more than four Sunday schools during the past month, then I can offer no other," writes a Southern missionary. "No complaints, however, about the weather," he adds, "for I shall not soon forget a little rebuke I received a short time ago while stopping to warm and take shelter from a storm in a freedman's humble home."

"What a dreadful day this is!" escaped my lips as I greeted old Aunt Judy on entering her cabin door.

"'Bress de Lord, honey,' said she, 'don't ebbery ting come from de Lord! Den, if ye is a Christon, the wedder is good 'nuff for ye; and if ye am't no Christon, de wedder is more'n too good for ye.'

"The harder it rained the louder did Aunt Judy sing, 'Tank de Lord for ebberyting!'

"After awhile the storm ceased, and with thanks for her kindness, I put a few dimes into the hand of the pious old woman to help her get a pair of winter shoes: 'Good-by, Aunt Judy, your short sermon is well worth a collection.' Soon the cabin door was out of sight, but my pathway seemed to grow brighter, and 'de wedder has been good 'nuff' ever since."

The Girls.

WILDNESS is a thing which girls cannot afford. Delicacy is a thing which cannot be lost and found. No art can restore to the grape its bloom. Familiarity without love, without confidence, without regard, is destructive to all that makes women exalting and ennobling.

"This world is wide, these things are small,
They may be nothing, yet they are all."

Nothing! It is the first duty of woman to be a lady. Good breeding is good sense. Bad manners in a woman is immorality. Awkwardness may be ineradicable. Bashfulness is constitutional. Ignorance of etiquette

is the result of circumstances. All these can be condoned, and do not banish men and women from the amenities of their kind. But well-possessed, unshrinking and aggressive coarseness of demeanor may be reckoned as a state's prison offence, and certainly merits that mild form of restraint known as imprisonment for life. It is a shame for women to be lectured on their manners. It is a bitter shame that they need it. Women are umpires of society. It is they to whom all mooted questions should be referred. To be a lady is more than to be a princess. To a lady, prince and peasant alike bow. Do not be restrained. Do not wish to dance with the prince unsought; feel differently. Carry yourself so loftily that men shall look up to you for reward, not at you in rebuke. The natural sentiment of man towards woman is reverence. He loses a large amount of grace when he is obliged to account her a being to be trained in propriety. A man's idea is not wounded when a woman fails in worldly wisdom. But if in grace, in tact, in sentiment, in delicacy, in kindness, she should be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt.

Till Death Us Part.

[The following lines by the late Dr. Stanley, dean of Westminster, have found their way into print since his death. They were written on the occasion of the death of the dean's wife.]

"Till death us part,"
So speaks the heart,
When each to each repeats the words of doom;
Through blessing and through curse,
For better or for worse,
We will be one till that dread hour shall come.

Life, with its myriads grasp,
Our yearning souls shall clasp
By ceaseless love, and still expectant wonder,
In bonds that shall endure,
Indissolubly sure,
Till God in death shall part our paths asunder.

Till Death us join,
O voice yet more divine!
That the broken heart breathes hope sublime;
Through lonely hours
And shattered powers
We still are one, despite of change and time

Death, with its healing hand,
Shall once more knit the band
Which needs that one link which none may sever;

Till, through the Only Good,
Heard, felt, and understood,
Our life in God shall make us one forever.

Boys and their Mothers.

SOME one has written beautifully to the boys in the following manner. Here is a whole sermon in a few sentences: "Of all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of the big boy for his mother. It is pure and noble, honourable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honour as this second love, this devotion of a son to her. And I never yet knew a boy 'turn out' badly who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle age is a true knight who will love his wife as much in the sore-leaved autumn as he did in the daisied spring-time.