

CETEWAYO AND STRONG DRINK.

Cetewayo, the African Zulu King, said to a deputation of the National Temperance League, before he left London: "As a nation my people, so to speak, are abstainers. At all events," he said, "they do not, or are not accustomed to partake as a race, of spirituous liquor. The beer which we use is food, for it is like gruel, but the others—your spirits and intoxicants—they are death." He referred to a proclamation which he had formally issued, and which he should renew, that spirits were not to be introduced or allowed to enter his country. He reminded his English friends that he had no distilleries, but that it was "no good" for him to shut the door on his side alone, but that "the right place where to shut the door is the side on which the spirits are coming and to come." He thought that the Natal government should assist him by placing restrictions upon the traders who seek to introduce intoxicating liquors among his people despite his proclamation against it.

A LESSON.

In the summer of 1878 I descended the Rhigi with one of the most faithful of the old Swiss guides. Beyond the service of the day, he gave me, unconsciously, a lesson for life. His first care was to put my wraps and other burdens upon his shoulder. In doing this he asked for all; but I chose to keep back a few for special care.

I soon found them no little hindrance to the freedom of my movement, but still I would not give them up until my guide, returning to me where I sat resting for a moment, kindly, but firmly demanded that I should give him everything but my Alpenstock. Putting them with the utmost care upon his shoulders, with a look of intense satisfaction he led the way. And now, in my freedom, I found I could make double speed with double safety.

Then a voice spoke inwardly: "O foolish, wilful heart, hast thou, indeed, given up thy last burden? Thou hast no need to carry them, nor even the right." I saw it all in a flash; and then, as I leaped lightly from rock to rock down the steep mountain side, I said within myself, "And even thus will I follow Jesus, my Guide, my Burden-bearer. I will rest all my care upon him, for he careth for me."—*Sarah Smiley.*

A MAN'S RIGHT TO SELL LIQUOR.

The right of a man to drink liquor under his own roof, may be undisputed; at any rate prohibition does not touch that right. Prohibition only says: When you throw open that door and invite the passers-by to drink, and when 200 years of experience have proved that, by so doing you double my taxes, and make it dangerous for my child to tread on those streets, I have a right to say whether you shall open the door or not. I don't care whether you sell pork or food; I don't care whether you sell alcohol or roast beef—it does not matter: all I know is that if you undertake to sell something that doubles my taxes, and that makes my passage through the streets more dangerous, you at once invest me with the right to interfere; and if any grog-seller can stand here and shew, in the face of an intelligent people, that he has a right, under any idea of democratic government, to fish from my pockets, and make my passage through the street unsafe, in order that he may coin other men's sins into his gold, let him try it.

SURE SIGNS.

Solomon said, many centuries ago, "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure or whether it be right."

When I see a boy slow to go to school, and glad of every excuse to neglect his books, I think it is a sign that he will be a dunce.

When I see a boy in haste to spend his every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it is a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see boys and girls often quarrelling, I think it is a sign that they will be violent and hateful men and women.

When I see a child obedient to his parents, I think it is a sign of great future blessings from Almighty God.

FOREVER.

A little girl, whom we know, came in her night clothes, very early to her mother one morning, saying:

"Which is worst, mamma, to tell a lie, or steal?"

The mother, taken by surprise, replied that both were so bad she couldn't tell which was the worst.

"Well," said the little one, "I've been,