

HOME & SCHOOL

Vol. III.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 21, 1885.

[No. 247

Remember Lot's Wife.

THE remarkable miracle described in the 19th chapter of Genesis has been variously interpreted. The opinion has been held, 1st, That Lot's wife was miraculously changed into a pillar of rock salt; 2nd, That tarrying too long in the plain she was overtaken by the storm of bituminous and sulphurous matter and became coated with the saline incrustations of the Dead Sea shore; 3rd, That she perished in the storm of fire and brimstone, and thus became a memorial of disobedience as enduring as salt. Whichever of these views is held the moral lesson is the same—the danger of disobedience, the danger of delay. For each one who refuses to escape from the city of destruction—who delays the great work of repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ—with solemn emphasis come those words of Holy Writ: "Remember Lot's wife."

Only Once.

A BRIGHT and once promising young man under sentence for murder was brought forth from his cell to die on the scaffold. The sheriff said, "You have but five minutes to live. If you have anything to say, speak now."

The young man, bursting into tears, said, "I have to die. I had a little brother with beautiful brown eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him. But one day I got drunk for the first time in my life, and coming home I found him getting berries in the garden, and I became angry with him without a cause and killed him with one blow of a rake. I was so drunk that I knew nothing about it until next morning, when I awoke and found myself bound and guarded, and was told that my little brother was found dead, with his hair



THE PILLAR OF SALT.

clotted, with blood and brains. Whiskey had done it. It has ruined me. I never was drunk but once. I have only one more word to say, and then I am going to my Judge. I say to young persons, never! never! never! touch anything that can intoxicate!" The next moment the poor wretch was swung into eternity. He was drunk only once, but it was enough!—*Jerry McAuley's Newspaper.*

Closing London Tower.

THE Tower of London is locked up every night at eleven o'clock. As the clock strikes that hour the yeoman porter, clothed in a long red cloak, bearing a huge bunch of keys, and accompanied by a warder carrying a lantern, stands at the front of the main guard-house and calls out, "Escort keys." The sergeant of the guard and five or six men then turn and follow him to the outer gate, each sentry challenging as they pass with, "Who goes there?" the answer being, "Keys." The gates being carefully locked and barred, the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation and receiving the same answer as before. Arriving once more at the front of the main guard-house, the sentry gives a loud stamp with his foot and asks, "Who goes there?"

"Keys."

"Whose keys?"

"Queen Victoria's keys."

"Advance Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well."

The yeoman porter then calls out, "God bless Queen Victoria!" to which the guard responds, "Amen." The officer orders, "Present arms," and kisses the hilt of his sword, and the yeoman porter then marches alone across the parade and deposits the keys in the lieutenant's lodging.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*