

while those who knew he was Mrs. Wenton's brother, tried to remove him from the presence of the numerous guests, saying: "The only difference between the drunkards was, the others were in their beds, while he was sleeping out the same slavish slumber on their garden path!"

Alas! Yes, they were all drunkards, called so by their own guests. Presently, walking down the path, the young daughter, Maude—while leaning on the arm of a young lady companion, and promising to return her visit soon—caught sight of her outcast uncle, and heard the words which were spoken, and with a pale face and starting eyes, she wished her friend adieu, and hurried into the house, when, unconsciously, she walked into the room where her father and brothers were snoring.

The room seemed stifling with the fumes of liquor. "They are the same," she thought. "Not much difference, as I heard them say. Oh, what a home! What a disgrace!" she murmured, rushing into her room and bolting the door—shutting out the sounds and sights which wearied her brain.

Day after day poor Harry Lacy sunk lower and lower in his debauched life. At last his wife took her little girl away with her, unknown to him, and rented a room where, unmolested, she and her children lived a secluded life, fearing her husband should discover her, and thus she be tormented.

Down to the time I am writing, years have passed, and these characters are still living, with no thought of the future. The word "Eternity" does not rouse them from the lethargy under which drink has enslaved them.

Mr. Wenton and his sons indulge in the poison more and more. It takes many a glass to quench their thirst now.

Maude, the lovely young creature of whom we have had a glimpse, is now married, and to whom? Alas! one of the slaves of drink. Under his outward exterior lay the craving passion of an appetite, and he was firmly in the grasp of his enemy. Leonard Went—for that is his name—possessed a fine, handsome face, and unlimited education, but was reckless and intemperate. The young creature found out her mistake when it was too late. On their wedding-day he partook too freely of the tempting draught; and when the hour drew near for them to take their departure for their home, he was found, to their dismay, in a state of intoxication, from which he did not awaken for three days! Thus they spent their honeymoon. While the young bride, with clasped hands and her eyes red and swollen from weeping, kept repeating these words, in a mournful, despairing cry: "A drunken home and a broken heart!"

She had tried to hide the fearful truth, but the ever-busy tongues of this world rattled on, and so her disgrace was heralded far and wide.

A sad and fearful life to look forward to; yet it was at her parents' table where he was tempted, and where he raised the first glass of liquor to his stainless lips. And one glass led to more, and now behold the wreck! Health, strength, beauty, and accomplishments—all warped and enslaved by the raging demon—Drink!

O! parents! why not banish poison from your home? You would never think of wilfully murdering your children; and yet you are their murderers—you place the temptation within their reach—you take a social glass, and they follow your example!

We know you will say 'tis a custom old,  
We cannot at once resign;  
But think what a step or a word can do—  
Then banish the tempting wine!

Be true to yourselves, though the world may frown,  
This custom of old resign;  
Let conscience be heard, for it calls aloud,  
"Away with the tempting wine!"

ALICE WATSON.

### "I Object to It."

ALL right! As an objector you are to the Christian what the gaddy is to the horse: you just bother him a bit, but you do not kill him, or even make him turn out of his way. Did you ever think how easy it is to make objections? I know of no fact or truth, however plain or obvious, but may be objected to. So you see an objection in itself is of no value.

Take an instance: fancy yourself in the company of a few intelligent men. One of them objects to the fact that you are present, and asks you to prove that fact in plain words. Now, all that you can do is to make assertions, such as, "I know I am here," "I am here," etc. These are mere assertions, affording no proof whatsoever, and I venture to affirm that if you think for a proof in words till the day of doom you will never find it. The greatest thinkers of this age have tried it without success. But the objection has no power to change the fact. While you are conscious you are present, you have to admit that in dreams strange scenes and conversations are presented to you, and you might be asked in all soberness, "How do you know you are not dreaming now?"

In like manner logic is equally faulty. Take an instance, a very remarkable one. About the middle of last century the materialists, as now, were maintaining that the material of which the worlds are made is eternal. We are taught to believe that God made them out of nothing, for the Bible teaches the creation of matter. To the materialist a Scripture proof is no proof at all, so the Christian could not move the materialist from his position.

Bishop Berkeley and Arthur Collier, simultaneously but independently, undertook to take the ground from under the feet of the men by denying the existence of matter, arguing that what we think we see has no existence excepting in the mind. Collier has sixteen arguments, each without a flaw so far as logic is concerned, and yet matter exists notwithstanding the strength and consistency of his logic.

So you see logic is not always to be trusted. Then what is? I answer, the Word of God. It is far above logic, for no logic can stand against its assertions, and its assertions do not need the support of logic. No objection can change a single fact of revelation. To the scientist it says, "God is not the author of confusion;" to the Christian, "I give unto thee a sure word of promise." J. M.

### The Very Same Chap.

MR. PAXSON relates the following: "In a log school-house on the banks of the Grand Chariton, in Missouri, after I had finished a speech in favour of a Sunday-school, a plainly-dressed farmer arose and said he would like to make a few remarks. I said, 'Speak on, sir.'

"He said to the audience, pointing across the room at me,

"I've seen that chap before. I used to live in Macoupin County, Ill., and that man came there to start a school. I told my wife that when Sunday-schools came around game got scarce, and that I would not go to his school or let any of my folks go. It was not long before a railroad came along, so I sold out my farm for a good price and came to Pike County. I hadn't been there more than six months before that same chap came to start a Sunday-school. I said to my wife: 'That Sunday-school fellow is about, so I guess we'd better move to Missouri.' Land was cheaper in Missouri, so I came and bought a farm, and went back for my family. I told them Missouri was a fine state: game plenty, and better than all, no Sunday-school there.

"Day before yesterday I heard that there was to be a Sunday-school lecture at the school-house by some stranger. Says I to my wife, 'I wonder if it can be possible that it is that Illinoisan?' I came here myself on purpose to see, and, neighbours, it's the very same chap.

"Now, if what he says about Sunday-schools is true, it's a better thing than I thought. If he has learned so much in Sunday-school, I can learn a little, so I've just concluded to come to Sunday-school and to bring my seven boys."

"Putting his hand in his pocket, he pulled out a dollar, and coming to the stand where I was, he laid it down, saying: 'That'll help to buy a library. For, neighbours,' he added, 'if I should go California or Oregon, I'd expect to see that chap there in less than a year.'

"Some one in the audience spoke up: 'You are treed.'

"Yes," he said, 'I am treed at last. Now, I'm going to see this thing through, for if there is any good in it, I am going to have it.'"

### "Cling to the Cross."

WEARIED and helpless, wasted with pain,  
Strangely tempted to turn back again,  
Footsore and trembling, downcast and worn,  
Dreading to tread the pathway forlorn,  
Mortal! fear not the world and its cross—  
Trust in the Lord and cling to his cross.

Friends all departed, hope almost gone,  
None to support but that Holy One,  
Feeling thy weakness, and dreading the fight,  
Thinking alone there is safety in flight,  
Heed not the wicked one, fallen and gross—  
Trust in the Lord and cling to his cross.

Doubting and fearing the end of the road,  
Courage! thy pathway is "narrow," not "broad,"  
Hast thou forgotten the thorn and the sword?  
Dost thou not know they lead to thy Lord?  
Think not thy footsteps shall fall on the moss,  
Trust in the Lord and cling to his cross.

Hast thou not read how Jesus thy Friend  
Calmly submitted to all till the end?  
How in his love he died on the tree  
To give us that pardon so full and so free?  
Weak one! think not of thy fear and thy loss,  
Trust in the Lord and cling to his cross.

Trust in thy Saviour, though heavier woes  
Seemingly make thy loved ones thy foes;  
Trust in thy Saviour even till Death  
Steal with his cold icy hand thy last breath;  
Then when thy heart seems all at a loss,  
Trust in the Lord and cling to his cross.

O! he will give thee a crown for thy brow,  
For sufferings past comes happiness now,  
And while in thy weakness with comforts so few  
He will give thee a peace the world never knew;  
A glory shall shine through all the dark dross,  
Trust in the Lord and cling to his cross.

### Keep a Clean Mouth, Boys.

A DISTINGUISHED author says: "I resolved when I was a child never to use a word I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honoured gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care of the parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course, no one thinks of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not utter before her father and mother.

Such vulgarity is thought, by some boys, to be "smart," "the next thing to swearing," and "not so wicked;" but it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.—*The Christian*.