

appearing before his God, and his advice should claim our most solemn regard. But he was not a man of this character. He had tried what pleasure could be found in drink. He had tried long, and that most determinedly, to derive full happiness in this way. He had felt the deep and agonizing pangs of a wounded spirit as the only result, and he panted in most affectionate earnestness to give the lad the benefit of his bitterly-disappointing experience. For several years he had entirely abandoned the use of this drink. He had reaped some portion of the blessings of such abstinence. He was now passing calmly to the border of Jordan, trusting, as he said, to a Saviour's atonement, and in perfect peace; but he was compelled to remember the experience of his life, and with the recollection of what he had felt from this source, he earnestly desired to warn this young man against the dire delusion which had been practised upon himself when the intoxicating cup at first was placed in his hand. He knew that the first tastings had led him gradually on to deeper draughts, and these had poured into his soul a curse, at the remembrance of which he could not be silent in a dying hour. Dear young friends — I now convey this last advice to you. It is one thing to lie upon a death bed, looking over a life of three-score years, and quite another to stand at what may be the outset of the active portion of such a life, and to look into the darkness of futurity; but you who are looking forward may well profit by the warning of those who are looking back. When from the borders of eternity they cry, "Beware of that danger in which we had well-nigh perished, and in which we lost a large portion of the best of life," you cannot wisely neglect their warning cry. O do not trifle with it! Lay it most seriously to heart—as if you had stood at the bedside of this dying man; listen to the solemn declaration, "If I had life to begin now, no intoxicating drink would ever enter my lips." And dear young friends, may you never know what it is to give such a last advice. May your happy experience be that of those who live and die without even tampering with this most insidious and deadly snare! J. K.

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

In th. green fields of Palestine,
By its fountains and its rills,
And by the sacred Jordan's stream,
And o'er the vine-clad hills—