

**"The wages of sin is
DEATH."**

Rom. vi. 23.

A DOOMED ARMY.

TRAMP, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching! Sixty thousand! Sixty full regiments, every man of which will, before twelve months, having completed his course, lie down in the grave of a drunkard! Every year during the past decade has witnessed the same sacrifice; and sixty regiments stand behind this army ready to take its place. It is to be recruited from our children and our children's children. Tramp, tramp, tramp!—the sounds come to us in the echoes of the footsteps of the army just expired. Tramp, tramp, tramp!—the earth shakes with the tread of the host now passing. Tramp, tramp, tramp! comes to us from the camp of recruits. A great tide of life flows resistlessly to its death.

What are they fighting for? The privilege of pleasing an appetite, of conforming to a social usage, of filling sixty thousand homes with shame and sorrow, of loading the public with the burden of pauperism, of crowding our prison-houses with felons, of detracting from the country, of ruining fortunes and breaking hopes, of breeding disease and wretchedness, of destroying both body and soul in hell before their time. Meantime, the tramp, tramp, tramp! sounds on—the tramp of sixty thousand yearly victims. Some are besotted and stupid, some are wild with hilarity and dance along the dusty way, some reel along in pitiful weakness, some wreak their mad and murderous impulses on one another, or on the helpless women and children whose destinies are united to theirs, some stop in wayside debaucheries and infamies for a moment, some go bound in chains from which they seek in vain to wrench their bleeding wrists, and all are poisoned in body and soul, and doomed to death. Wherever they move, crime, poverty, shame, wretchedness, and despair, hover in awful shadows.

There is no bright side to this picture. We forget there is a just one. The men who make this army get rich. Their children are robbed in purple and fine linen, and live upon dainties. Some of them are regarded as respectable members of society, and they hold conventions to protect their interests! Still the tramp, tramp, tramp! goes on and before this article can see the light, five thousand more of our poisoned army will have hidden their shame and disgrace in the grave.—*Springfield, Ill., Bulletin.*

RIGHT OR WRONG.

A BOY astonished his Christian mother by asking for a dollar to buy a share in a raffle for a silver watch that was to be raffled off in a beer saloon. His mother was horrified, and rebuked him. "But," said he, "mother, did you not bake a cake with a ring in it, to be raffled off in the Sunday school fair?" "Oh, my son," said she, "that was for the Church." "But if it was wrong," said the boy, "would doing it for the Church make it right? Would it be right for me to steal money to put in the collection? And if it is right for the Church, is it not right for me to get this watch if I can?" The good woman was speechless, and no person can answer the boy's argument. The practices are both wrong or they are both right.—*Christian Herald.*

HOW TO BE FITTED FOR WORK.

IF we allow our work to get between the heart and the Master, it will be little worth. We can only effectually serve Christ as we are enjoying Him. It is while the heart dwells upon His powerful attractions that the hands perform the most acceptable service to His name; nor is there any one who can minister Christ with unction, freshness and power to others, if he be not feeding upon Christ in the secret of his own soul. True, he may preach a sermon, deliver a lecture, utter prayers, write a book, and go through the entire routine of outward service, and yet not minister Christ. The man who will represent Christ to others must be occupied with Christ for himself."