

heart of the air and blood which had been churned up there into a spumous mass. But too much time had been lost, and my patient was beyond the reach of human skill. She sank rapidly, and in less than half an hour the last feeble pulses died.

Dr. Grantley was strongly agitated. 'In pity for myself, I drop a veil over what followed,' he said, after sitting for a long time like one in a dream. 'Out from that agonising past I have lifted this fearful thing that it may stand as a lesson and a warning. If I had been a drunkard, no such catastrophe could have happened in my practice; for men will not trust a drunkard in any case where the issue is life or death. But I was a respectable, trusted, moderate drinker, able to take four or five glasses of wine without betraying the fact to common observation; and so too frequently in a state that unfitted me for the delicate and often dangerous operations I was at any moment liable to be called to perform.'

'From that day to this, no stimulating draught has passed my lips. If I am fanatical, as some have said, in the matter of temperance, you have the explanation. And now, I re-assert, what I said in the beginning, that society is hurt more by moderate drinking than by drunkenness—yes, a thousand-fold more. Towards the drunkard we are ever on our guard; but we take the moderate drinker into our closest confidence, and entrust him with our highest and dearest interests; and all the while, through a weak self-indulgence, he is consorting with an enemy that enters when we open our doors to welcome him, and, in some unguarded and unsuspecting moment, injures us, it may be, beyond repair!'

The Lesson 'Bob' Learned

(By Delavan Richmond, in 'Ram's Horn'.)

'Father, why is it that Jimmie Ostrand always goes in rags and with holes in his shoes?'

The boy who asked this question was 'Bob' Hendricks, as his schoolmates called him.

'I'll tell you, Robert,' said Mr. Hendricks, as he looked out over his productive fields, glanced at their newly painted house and well-kept lawn, and then up at the groaning lofts and overflowing granaries of the big barn, where they were standing, 'I'll tell you what to do. Go over and call on Jimmie this afternoon and see if you can discover any reason why they are poor and why we are in what people call comfortable circumstances. Jack Ostrand and I were boys together in the same class at the old brick schoolhouse over there. Both of us were given equal opportunities, in fact, Jack had a good deal better start than I did. Go over and see Jimmie this afternoon and tell me if you can understand any better why they are so very poor.'

Bob went over to see Jimmie and carried a couple of his pet fan-tail doves with him, for he knew how fond Jimmie was of doves and that he only had two or three of a very ordinary kind.

At the supper-table that night Bob was very quiet, but when they had all settled themselves about the grate fire, he said: 'Father, I believe I know why they are poor over at Jimmie's.'

'Why so?' said Mr. Hendricks.

'Well,' said Bob, 'Jimmie told me what big crops they had had this year, and I said to him, "Jimmie, you ought to be able to have a new house and barn and ever so many good things from all that." Then I sat

down and figured it out for him. "Well," he replied, "I don't know how it is, but we never can have any nice things. It must all go to pay debts, just as it did last year, and all the years before, ever since I can remember."

'Come on down to the barn, Jimmie,' I said to him, "and let us have some fun with these doves. They are awfully cunning." When we got there we found corn scattered half over the floor, the wheat and oat bins were leaking and two or three big rats scampered for their holes.

'We went down where the horses were kept and I noticed there were holes in all the boxes, so that the corn and oats would rattle through. Jimmie drove the cows off from the cornfield half a dozen times while I was there, and about twenty shocks of corn had been torn to pieces. They don't take proper care of their things.'

'You are right, Robert,' said Mr. Hendricks. 'Economy and thrift are two great factors of success. They are just what Jack Ostrand lacks. His land is more productive than ours, he works harder than we do, and yet he never sells near as much produce as we do. It is wasted. His debts simply indicate lack of thrift. He has never made it a rule to try to have more in the bank at the end of the year than he began with. I even doubt if he has a bank account at all. The farm and property came to him, when his father died, free of debt. He thought that the old gentleman was close and stingy, because he was so careful not to let anything go to waste. He immediately went into debt in order to get new machinery. That would have been all right if he had taken care of it and paid his debts, but he didn't and the debt has grown larger instead of smaller until now the home is heavily mortgaged and he may lose it.'

'Saving creates independence, it gives a young man standing. It fills him with vigor, it stimulates him with the proper energy; in fact, it brings to him the best part of any success—happiness and contentment. If it were possible to inject the quality of saving into every boy we would have a great many more real men.'

'If you are careful to make "economy" and "thrift" your watchwords you will do a great deal more for yourself, for the uplift of others and for your God than I have done, because you will probably have a great deal better opportunity than I had.'

Manhood Greater than Wealth.

If a man is to have money in any great amount, he will not be safe unless he has already in his possession a strong character. Money is at once a source of strength and weakness, but the young man in this story, told in the 'Voice,' evidently was prepared to find it a means of power for good.

A very interesting story is told of a young clerk in a dry goods store, who has recently come into possession of a large fortune by inheritance from a distant relative. The young man was one day called to his employer's private office and listened with amazement to the news as it was imparted to him by a lawyer.

'I suppose I must not expect your services as a clerk any longer,' said the merchant with a smile. 'I shall be sorry to lose you.'

'Oh, I shall stay my month out of course, sir,' said the boy, promptly. 'I shouldn't want to break my word just because I've

had some money left me.

The two elder men exchanged glances. The money referred to was nearly \$300,000.

'Well,' said the lawyer, stroking his mouth to conceal his expression. I should like an hour of your time between ten and four to-morrow, my young friend, as it will be necessary for you to read and sign some papers.'

'Yes, sir,' said the clerk; 'I always take my luncheon at 11.45. I'll take that hour for you, instead, to-morrow. If I eat a good breakfast I can get along all right until six o'clock.'

That was a sensible boy. He had hold of the right end of life. It is not what we have, but what we are which counts most. That is what Christ meant when he said, 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth,'—'Presbyterian Witness.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

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Lori Salisbury and Mr. Balfour—'Commercial Advertiser.'
The Retiring British Premier—'Commercial Advertiser.'
The Triple Alliance—'The Spectator,' London.
Lord Goschen on the Corn Duty—'Morning Post,' London.
Captain Mahan on the Disposition of Navies—'The Times,' London.
An Ancient Battle Cry—London 'Telegraph.'
A Negro Reformer—Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Case of Musolino—'The Lancet,' London.
The Passing of Finland—By G. C. Musgrave, in the Manchester 'Guardian.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

A New Discovery in Oil Painting—Paris Correspondence of 'The Times,' London.
England and the Renaissance—Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Vigil—'Punch,' London.
To Charles Napier—Evans—Poem, by H. D. Rawnsley, in Westminster 'Bud,' etc.
The Laborer's Song—'The Pilot,' London.
The Three Best Things—Poem by Henry Van Dyke, in 'The Outlook.'
Prayers—Poem by Henry Charles Beeching.
He Who Knows a Book—'The Presbyterian.'
The Laureate's Latest—'The Pilot,' London.
A Remarkable Prophecy by Jules Verne—By John N. Raphael, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
Will the Novel Disappear?—'The Spectator,' London.
Books to be Read Aloud—Springfield 'Republican.'
An Old Novel—By Andrew Lang, in 'The Morning Post,' London.
A Book to Make the Reader Happy—New York 'Tribune.'
The Question of Censorship—'The Academy and Literature,' London.
Around the Garden—'Commercial Advertiser.'
Problems of Providence—'Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Life and Death—'Academy and Literature.'
The Prolongation of Life in Sea Urchin's Eggs—'American Medicine.'
The Nature of Life and Nerve Action—By Dr. Andrew Wilson, in 'The Illustrated London News.'
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