

**"WOE unto him that
giveth his neighbour
drink, that putteth
thy BOTTLE to him
and makest him
DRUNKEN also."**

Hab. ii. 15.

STANDING TREAT.

One of the most absurd of all foolish customs, is that of inviting a crowd of friends or strangers to walk up to the bar and "take something at my expense."

Men do not buy other things, either useful or ornamental, in this way;— why should they make an exception in favor of this poisonous draught, which is the cause of most of the crimes which curse the land and which fill the community with poverty, mourning, and woe.

Some one has sensibly said:—"Now, boys, if you want to be generous and treat each other, why not select some other place besides the liquor shop? Suppose, as you go by the post office, you remark: 'I say, my dear fellow come in and take some stamps!' These stamps will cost you no more than drinks all around. Or go to the haberdasher's, and say: 'Boys, come in and take a box of collars.' Walk up to a grocer's free and generous, and say: 'What kind of coffee will you have?' Why not treat to groceries by the pound as well as liquors by the glass? Or take your comrades to a cutler's and say: 'I'll stand a good pocket-knife all round.'"

This would be thought a strange way of showing friendship, but would it not be better than to offer to friends a maddening, poisonous, deadly draught?

Suppose a man should keep a den of rattlesnakes, and allow men to come in and be bitten at sixpence a bite? Would it be a sensible thing for a man

to invite all his friends in to be bitten at his expense? Is it worth our while to turn our friends into brutes, maniacs and murderers, and their homes into hells of trouble, and distress, by giving them "something to drink at my expense?" "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

"SAVE HIM, HE IS MY BROTHER."

It was a quiet Sabbath-day at one of the watering places, and the shining waves sparkling in the sun's genial smile looked like a vast mirror stretching out far from the shore. In the offing were many gallant ships at anchor, as though they, too, would rest from labour on the Sabbath of the Lord.

Suddenly the wind flew into the north-east, and a hurricane commenced. The vessels, which an hour before were lazily heaving on the gentle swell, now tossed heavily, and from one a cry was heard in piercing accents, ringing far above the roaring of the storm, "A man overboard!" Manfully did the brave rovers pull; they were nearing the struggling form—nearer—nearer yet, but all their efforts were in vain, for while the boat was only a few lengths off the man went down.

Another piercing cry rang out on the startled air; and into the hushed and awe-struck crowd standing on the beach there rushed a man uttering the heart-rending words, "Save him, save him!—a thousand pounds to the man who saves him! he is my brother!" But the wild eye only rested on the place where the remorseless waves rolled over the body of the perished, and a look of settled despair marked his countenance when they told him hope was dead.

This, however is just the feeling wanted in the various ranks of those professing to serve the Lord—"Save him he is my brother."

**"If any man have not the
Spirit of Christ, HE IS NONE
OF HIS.—Romans viii. 9."**