

silently handed in by the good angel who had planned all this, was given him from time to time.

With hardly an intermission the minister stayed by his side, and before night words of hope and faith had been spoken, prayer had been uttered, and the broken-hearted penitent had joined his sobs and his beseechings to those earnest appeals to the Saviour of sinners. He had been a backslider from Christian nurture, a scoffer and a skeptic, and a loud-tongued infidel for some time as he slipped down from the path of rectitude. Now he was a child again and his vaunting was gone; his heart cried out to the Lord.

It was the turning point. Comfort, peace, gratitude, crept softly into his soul. Faith and holy ambitions again took up their abode with him. He prayed, he trusted not in himself but in God his Redeemer, for grace and strength to withstand temptation. His friend went out and bought him new clothes, re-engaged his office on his own responsibility, sent for his wife and restored to her a saved husband, placed them once more in their home, spoke a good word for him to his brother lawyers, who came forward with responsive assistance, and as the weeks and months moved on, health and happiness grew apace and now more than a year since that day of despair, he stands among his fellows, honored and tenderly regarded. He accompanies his wife to the church he had so long neglected, and has remained true to his conversion. We can doubt that a man can be rescued if only there is a servant of God who is brave and determined to do it for the sake of that Saviour who has put His work upon his followers to do in faith and not to faint at the task.—*L. P. H. in Union Signal.*

### For Girls and Boys.

#### A TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.

John Jones began at the age of fifteen to build a monument and finished it at fifty. He worked night and day, often all night long, and on the Sabbath. He seemed to be in a great hurry to get it done. He spent all the money he earned upon it—some say \$50,000. Then he borrowed all he could; and when no one would loan him any more he would take his wife's dresses and the bed clothes and many other valuable things in his home, and sell them to get more money to finish that monument.

They say he came home one day and was about to take the blanket that lay over a sleeping baby to keep it warm, and his wife tried to stop him; but he drew back his fist and knocked her down, and then went away with the blanket and never brought it back, and the poor baby sickened and died from the exposure. At last there was not anything left in the house. The poor heart-broken wife soon followed the baby to the grave. Yet John Jones kept working all the more at the monument. I saw him when he was about fifty years old. The monument was nearly done; but he had worked so hard at it that I hardly knew him, he was so worn; his clothes were all in tatters, and his hands and face, indeed his whole body, were covered with scars which he got in laying up some of the stones. And the wretched man had been so little in good society all the while that he was building, that he had about forgotten how to use the English language; his tongue had somehow become very thick, and when he tried to speak, out would come an oath.

That may seem strange, but I have found out that all who build such monuments as John's prefer oaths to any other word!

Now, come with me, and will show you John's monument. It stands in a beautiful part of the city where five streets meet. Most men put such things in a cemetery. But John had his own and put it on one of the finest lots to be found.

"Does it look like Bunker Hill monument?" asked little Amy Arlott by my side.

Not at all. John didn't want to be remembered that way. He might have taken that \$50,000 and build an asylum for poor little children that have no home, and the people would have called that asylum his monument.

But here we are at the front door. It is a grand house. It is high and large, with great halls and towers, and velvet carpets, elegant mirrors, and a piano, and I know not what all; so rich and grand.

This is John Jones' monument! and the man who sold John nearly all the whiskey he drank lives here with his family, and they all dress in the richest and finest clothes.

Do you understand it?—*Eli Perkins.*

#### DOES ALCOHOL WARM US?

A patient was arguing with his doctor the necessity of taking a stimulant. He urged that he was weak and needed it. Said he:—

"But, doctor, I must have some kind of a stimulant. I am cold, and it warms me."

"Precisely," came the doctor's crusty answer. "See here, this stick is cold," taking up a stick of wood from the box beside the hearth and tossing it into the fire; now it is warm; but is the stick benefited?"

The sick man watched the wood first send out little puffs of smoke, and then burst into flame, and replied: "Of course not; it is burning itself!"

"And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol; you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain."

Oh! yes, alcohol will warm you up, but you find the fuel! When you take food that is fuel, and as it burns out you keep warm. But when you take alcohol to warm you, you are like a man who sets his house on fire and warms his fingers by it as it burns.—*Christian at Work.*

#### THE FALLEN JUDGE.

Twenty-five years ago a young lawyer, tired of waiting for clients in his native town, opened a law office in the City of New York. As business came in slowly he drifted into politics, and his pleasant manners, aided by his fluent tongue, made him popular with the "boys" who pack ward-meetings and nominate candidates.

In order to make new friends and retain old ones, he visited saloons and bar-rooms, and made himself "hail fellow, well met" with the local politicians. The little money he earned during the day was spent at night in "treating" the men he wished to use as stepping-stones.

Occasionally an old friend met him, and seeing his surroundings and tell-tale looks, dropped a word of caution. "Yes, yes, I know!" he would reply. "But you see, I am making friends; when I carry out my purpose, I will drop them. Politics, you know make strange bedfellows, and when one is in Rome, he must do as 'the Romans do.'"

The "boys" elected him Judge of the Marine Court. When he took his seat, at a high salary, his old-fashioned friends again cautioned him.

"I am all right now," he said. "I am going to drop the 'boys' and do my best to make a reputation. You shall have no cause to be ashamed of the Judge in the future!"

He did remove himself from his bar-room associates, and tried to do his duty as a judge, and a good citizen, but he had formed the habit of drinking, and that he did not eradicate. Instead of visiting saloons, he became a member of a fashionable club, and drank champagne instead of whiskey. The club men were more genteel than the ward politicians, but not more helpful to a man who had promised himself to break away from evil.

When the Judge's term of office had expired, the "boys" resented being dropped. He was not re-elected, and the failure unmanned him. He took up again with whiskey, and became so dissipated that his genteel associates would not recognize him. He sank lower and lower, living in vile lodgings and frequenting vile grogeries.

One morning, a week or two ago, a dozen vagrants and drunkards stood in the "dock" of a New York Police Court. As the Justice looked over the group, he saw the Judge, venerable from his long white locks and beard.

"What! You here again?" he exclaimed, and he shook his head sadly.

"Yes, Judge; and I want to be sent up to the island for the winter. I've no home, no money, and no friends."

He was committed to the workhouse, where he had already served several terms. It is not necessary to give the man's name. The facts of his life are sufficient for the purpose we have in view, which is to show that ruin follows by an inevitable law when men adopt such methods to secure position as this man adopted. To-day his severest punishment lies in the knowledge of what he has lost by his own unwise acts, and from the clear perception of what, but for his folly, he might have been.