

Whas my Niebor.

We all know George MacDonald as a charming writer of prose stories, but it will be news to many that he is an accomplished poet in the Scottish vernacular. In the following he gives a new version of an old parable—a new sermon on an old text:—

FRAM Jerusalem a traveller tuik
The laigh road to Jerico;
It had an ill name, an' mony a cruik,
It was lang and unco how."

Oot cam the robbers, an' fell on the man,
An' knockit him on the heid;
Took a' whauron they could lay their han',
An' left him nakit for deid.

By cam a meenister o' the kirk;
"A sair, mishanter?" he cried;
"Wha kens whaur the villains may lurk!
I shaud to the ither side."

By came an elder o' the kirk;
Like a young horse he shied;
"Fie! there's a bonnie mornin's wark!"
An' he sprangt to the ither side.

But cam ane gaed to the wrang kirk;
Dounce he trotted alang;
"Puir body!" he cried, an' wi' a jerk,
Aff o' his cuddy he sprang.

He ran to the boady, an' turned it ower;
"There's life i' the man," he cried;
He was na ane to stan' an' glower,
Nor haud to the ither side.

He doctored his wounds, and heised him on
To the back o' the beastie dounce;
And held him on, till a weary man,
He largt at the half-wy' hoose.

He tend' him a' nicht, an' at dawn o' day:
"Lan'lord, latna him lack;
Here's auchtence! an' ony mair outlay,
I'll saddle as I come back."

Sae nae mair, neibors—say nae sic word,
Wi' hert aye arguin' an' chill:
"Wha is the neibor to me, O Lord!"
But, "Wha am I neibor till!"

"One of Us."

At a temperance meeting in a town in England, addressed by John B. Gough, a man and a woman came forward together to sign the pledge. Their appearance was wretched in the extreme. The man was bowed down, his hands twitched nervously, and he had a silly look, as if the drink had scorched his intellect. The woman was fierce-looking, dirty and slovenly; the ragged remains of her garments were tied round her waist by a bit of rope, and above these nothing but an old shawl twisted and brought over one shoulder and under the other. While they were scrawling their names in illegible characters, the secretary and other men were busy making out certificates for those who wished to join the society. These certificates were very attractive, fit for framing, being printed in colors; the price of them was sixpence each. The man looked dreamily and wistfully at them, and Mr. Gough said to the gentleman: "Please do not say anything to this couple; I wish to see what they will do."

After a few moments the poor fellow remarked to his wife:

"I would like to join and get a 'stiffkit."

"There's sixpence to pay for them things, now you come 'long o' me," repeated the woman pulling him away.

"No, I won't," he answered, almost whiningly: "I won't go 'long o' you: I want a 'stiffkit." The woman gave a fierce look, and the man was stupidly dogged, and it seemed as if a quarrel was commencing, when a gentleman stopped up and said:

"Well, good people, I hope you will sign the pledge." He spoke very

kindly, and the man looked up and said quickly:

"We have signed the pledge, me and my missus—she's my missus—and we want to get a 'stiffkit and join the society."

"Well, why do you not?"

"There's sixpence to pay for 'em."

"That need make no difference," said the gentleman, cheerily. "Here, Mr. Secretary, make these good people out a couple of certificates, and here is the shilling for them."

The man and the wife were very differently affected by this act of kindness. The former stood erect, with a more manly air, but the woman put on almost a savage look, as if resenting the first approach of kindness. The secretary asked their names, as they could not be made out on the pledge. The husband gave his name, and with a pleased expression received the embossed card of membership. When it came to the woman's turn, she stood sulky; her eyes grew cold and hard; she returned no answer. Again she was kindly asked to give her name. No reply; but her brow knit and grew dark as if a storm was brewing. She gave a quick, nervous glance around her, but no reply.

"Come, madam, if you please, we will take your name. Your husband has his certificate, and we have one for you; we only wish you to give us your name; it is the rule for those who receive cards to give their names; we are willing to wait for you."

Still no reply; but her mouth twitched nervously and her fingers were twisted together. Suddenly she lifted her arms, as if to strike a blow, but no! it was to dash away a tear! Then another—and another—but they would come; so, covering her face with her hands, she let them come. The tears ran over her hands; she could not nor did she try to keep them back. The eyes of those who stood near were dim, but not a word was spoken. At last she hastily let fall her arms, and shaking out the shawl, drew it over her shoulders and with both hands held it down upon her breast and stood with bowed head. The word of kindness had recalled the womanly nature in her. She gave her name; the certificate was handed to her; and the two poor creatures looked bewildered, and almost lovingly at each other; the man at her and she at him.

The gentleman who had paid the shilling laid his hand on the man's shoulder and said:

"Now remember, you are one of us. You have signed the temperance pledge, you belong to the society and you must always remember you are one of us."

"Did ye hear that, old woman?" cried out the man. "Did ye hear that? He says we're 'one of us.' Come away wi' me—'one of us'—the gentleman—'one of us.'" And they went out of the hall.

Three years and more had passed from the time when the above scene occurred, when at the close of an address in a town at some distance, a person told Mr. Gough that a man wished to see him.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"He is a mechanic; he has been living here some time, and is an active member of our society. He says if I tell you 'it's one of us,' you'll know."

"Show him up."

"A man, clean, tidy and healthy entered and shook hands with Mr.

Gough. Mr. Gough told him how glad he was to meet him; and that he should not have known him; and then asked:

"Have you ever seen the gentleman who said 'you're one of us?'"

"No, sir," replied the man; "you see I don't move in that class of people, and I left the town soon after and got work here; but I'll never forget him, if I never meet him until I meet him in heaven. I'll tell him how his good, kind words helped me when I needed help. Ah! Mr. Gough, you ought to see my wife; she's a charming woman now, and she remembers him, and when she teaches the children to say their prayers, she weaves in little bits beautiful, that God would bless him. She's a knowing woman. Well, good-bye, Mr. Gough, wish ye a safe voyage home; and come back to us again. Good-bye; God bless ye!"—*John B. Gough's Autobiography.*

Alcohol and Brain Power.

THERE has long been a prevalent idea that a "moderate" use of fermented or spirituous liquors conduces to intellectual vigour, and enables men better to endure the mental strain they have to undergo. But this opinion, too, disappears before the crucial test of actual experience. Those who indulge in wine or spirit drinking, mistake the transient stimulation of the faculties for an increase of mental power, not considering that the subsequent reaction and depression are all the greater for the previous excitement. When men have sought the aid of these delusive supports, it has often failed them utterly after a short time. Hartley Coleridge, Mozart, Burns, Byron, E. A. Poe, and many other gifted sons of genius, who had recourse to alcoholic stimulus for the excitement of their powers, all died at an early age, "as if," says Dr. Carpenter, "in consequence of the premature exhaustion of their nervous energy."

S. C. Hall, the well known author, and editor of the *Art Journal*, gave his testimony as follows: "He lived by the labour of his brain, and could testify that since he became a teetotaler, he had an increase of intellectual power. He was better in body and mind, and was able to work three times longer than ever he could while he indulged, even moderately, in the use of strong drinks."

Few men have performed greater public labors than the late Mr. Cobden. He says: "No one has more faith than I have in the truth of the teetotal doctrine, both in a physical and moral point of view. I have acted upon the principle that fermented or distilled drinks are useless for sustaining our strength, for the more work I have had to do the more I have resorted to the pump and the teapot. . . . From what I have seen of the House," he continues, "I must say that I have the belief that the men who are the most temperate are the men who bear the fatigue of the House best." The late Col. Thompson and Mr. Bright, those indefatigable workers in the public service, were both practical teetotalers. John Howard the illustrious philanthropist, notwithstanding his constitutional weakness, seemed to bear a charmed life amid plague and pestilence, and the extraordinary fatigues of his extensive travels—the result, doubtless, of his abstemious diet. Some dried biscuit and a cup of milk or cold water was his usual fare. Locke, also, attributed

his prolonged life and labors to his entire abstinence from alcoholic liquors. The testimony of great numbers of the clergy, physicians and lawyers, lecturers, and other public speakers, who once thought that alcoholic stimulents were necessary for the sustenance and repair of their physical and mental powers, but discovered that total abstinence was much more conducive to that object, might also be cited.—*Watson's Temperance Tracts.*

Fractional Currency.

AN exchange says that self-made men have generally a good deal to say in praise of their architects.

THACKERAY designates a snob as a being on a ladder, who is quite as ready to kiss the feet of him who is above him as to kick the head of him who is below.

A CITY missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally," said he, with a twinkle of the eye, "because I have preached so much without notes."

"POLLY," said a lady to her servant, "I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." In a few minutes Polly returned with the information that Mrs. Jones was 72 years 7 months and 28 days old.

FIVE of the English Cabinet, Lords Granville and Spencer, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Childers, are said to be total abstainers. Gout compels self-denial in the case of Lord Granville.

FAITH, like light, should ever be simple and unbending; while love, like warmth, should beam forth on every side and bend to every necessity.

THERE are times, to the worldly man, when all things resemble the little book which the angel gave to John in Patmos, and the utmost sweetness has its bitter undertaste and aftertaste.

BLUSHING HONOURS.—An Irish drummer who now and then indulged in a noggin of poteen was accosted by the reviewing general: "What makes your nose so red?" "Please your honour," replied the drummer, "I always blush when I spake to a general officer."

TOBACCO costs more than education or religion, the army or navy; it costs England and America a sum sufficient to support 50,000 ministers, with a salary of 1,000 dollars, or more than 100,000 missionaries. The students in one college pay more than 6,000 dollars for cigars yearly.

A FRIGHTFUL CHRISTMAS.—The day is kept as the anniversary of the coming of the Prince of Peace, yet one editor gathered up the morning after last Christmas from a few exchanges the details of twenty-one fatal results of Christmas drinking, not counting the much larger number of less serious casualties.

A CONVERTED Brahmin had lost his houses and fields, his wife and children. He was asked how he bore his sorrows, and if he were comforted under them. "Ay," said he, "I am often asked that, but I am never asked how I bear my joys, for I have joys within which a stranger intermeddles not. The Lord Jesus sought me out, and found me a poor stray sheep in the jungles: and He brought me to His fold, and He will never leave me."