

regard to the traffic that so endangers their comfort, and even their safety, or else desire its continuance. This is manifest from the system of dealing with it which they have adopted. They give it the license to exist. They prefer the revenue it brings in to its extirpation. Is it too much to say that their attitude to it is responsible, in measure at least, for the anxieties and privations they have had to endure? They have our sympathies, but precisely in the same way and for the same reason that the self-tortured Hindu has our sympathies; in the same way and for the same reason that any one has our sympathies who is reaping the consequences of his own misdoings.

There is but one consistent, logical,

successful method of dealing with this iniquitous traffic, and that is to brand it *in toto* with the brand of illegality. Under the old Mosaic economy there was a law the principle of which applies here irresistibly. "If the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman, the ox shall be stoned, and the owner also shall be put to death." The death-dealing ox was not to have the short rope of a high license, or the long rope of a low license, but death. His death was society's only security. The "pushing" ox of to-day is the saloon. Let it meet the fate of the "pushing" ox of Moses' day!

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### BLUE MONDAY.

#### The Best Parishioner.

HE was a man in the livery business, who was converted when more than forty years old. He said to me when I became his pastor, "Come over and get a horse whenever you wish to ride;" and for more than nine years he furnished me *gratis* with teams for my use in a country parish extending five miles in every direction, and often carried me through the country twenty miles at a time on my exchanges, to my conventions and appointments. And on one occasion, when I was going away for three days more than twenty miles, I told him I wanted the team and wanted to pay him for it. I paid him \$5, but in the spring-time he brought me a load of manure for my garden because he took the \$5 for the team. Whatever he did was done cheerfully; yet he was far from rich. He helped me to stay nine years on a small salary.

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#### A Champion Deadbeat.

IN the Free Baptist Church at Belmont, N. H., was an old man. He was worth nearly \$100,000. Just before his death a child came to buy some eggs. He went to the barn for them. Took pay for twelve, when there were but eleven, and when a friend who saw him count them protested, he said, "Keep still." When the mother of the child tried to use them, she found a part of them nest eggs and rotten. She sent the child back with them, and he said, "I have no money," though his safe stood in the house well filled. This is a fair specimen of his life. He said that he had not had a new vest for thirty-five years.

IN the same district, not far from the same place, at another meeting, during which the

minister in a speech declared that all the best men in the neighborhood were voting for the temperance measure, a hearer arose, and challenging the statement, vehemently declared that such was not the case, and cited himself as an instance of one of the best men in the community voting the other way. "Brother," said the minister, "I am glad you came to the meeting. Let us spend a short time in prayer. Will you kindly lead us?" Silence reigned supreme. W. A. H.

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#### A Generous Helper.

A MAN who was a member of another denomination often called on a neighboring Baptist minister, expressing his great satisfaction in said minister's sermons and services. One day, after thus freeing his mind, he said, "I have often intended to help you." As the gentleman was very well-to-do, the minister thought something substantial was forthcoming. But he went on to say, "Now, there is a pond of water in one of the fields back of my farm, and any time you wish to baptize there you can do so, and it won't cost you a cent, either." LOUIS J. GROF.

WEST SOMERSET, N. Y.

DURING a pastoral visit the minister was very much interested in a little boy, four years old, who conversed with him in English, and turning around would immediately address his father in Gaelic. The pastor laughed and remarked to the father, "I see you have taught your boy to speak in two languages." "Yes," said the father, proudly, "I thought I would teach him the Gaelic, and then if anything ever happened to me he could not say I had not done my duty to him." W. A. H.