

A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

A LITTLE talk with Jesus, how it smooths the rugged road;
How it seems to help me onward when I faint beneath my load!
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
and my eyes with tears are dim,
There's naught can yield me comfort like
a little talk with Him.

I'll tell Him I am weary, and I fain would
be at rest,
That I am daily, hourly longing for a home
upon his breast;
And He answers me so sweetly, in tones
of tenderest love,
"I am coming soon to take thee to my
happy home above."

Ah! this is what I'm wanting, His lovely
face to see;
And (I'm not afraid to say it) I know
He's wanting me.
He gave His life a ransom to make me all
His own,
And He can't forget His promise to me,
His purchased one.

I know the way is dreary to yonder far-off
clime;
But a little talk with Jesus will whike
away the time;
And yet the more I know Him, and all
His grace explore,
It only sets me longing to know Him more
and more.

I cannot live without Him, nor would I
if I could;
He is my daily portion, my medicine, and
my food.
He's altogether lovely, none can with Him
compare;
The chief among ten thousand, the fairest
of the fair
So I'll wait a little longer, till His ap-
pointed time,
And glory in the knowledge that such a
hope is mine;
Then in my Father's dwelling, where
"many mansions" be,
I'll sweetly talk with Jesus, and He will
talk with me.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

The following startling statistics from a sermon by the Rev. J. O. Peck, J.D., were quoted by the Rev. Dr. Potts, in his Temperance Sermon on Sunday, Dec. 18, at the Metropolitan Church.

"The productive industries of the republic, on sea and land, in 1870, were \$7,009,313,989. According to David A. Wells, Commissioner of the United States Treasury in that year, the amount of money expended in 1867 for liquors was \$1,483,491,865. More than one-fifth of the annual income of the whole United States from all agriculture, all manufactures, all fisheries, all mines of gold, silver, lead, copper, iron, coal, marble, stone, and petroleum, all the earnings of all the railroads, is drunk up every year. The value of all the live stock, horses, mules, cattle, sheep, and hogs, in the American republic is \$1,525,276,457. This is just what is every year drunk up in strong drink. The total wages of the labouring classes in the Union is \$1,163,784,003, less than four-fifths of our annual liquor bill. All the food and food productions for our forty millions of people cost only \$600,365,571 per year, while the drink bill costs two and one-half times more than the food for the nation! The clothing bill of the United States, for men, women, and children, including clothes, boots and shoes, hats and bonnets, gloves and hosiery, and other articles, is only \$398,264,118, only about one-fourth of the liquor bill for the same time. If every fifth year a fire should be kindled all over the United States, on the first day of

January, and burn till the 31st day of December, consuming the product of every farm and prairie, every rice and cotton and sugar plantation, the product of every manufactory, the products of all fisheries, the products of all mines, the earnings of railroads, it would only destroy the enormous inconceivable amount drunk up every five years.

"Suppose the liquor bill for one year was devoted to purchase flour, it would buy over 200,000,000 of barrels, or five barrels to every man, woman, and child in the country. Now suppose that flour be loaded on teams of ten barrels each, it would take 20,000,000 of teams. Allow each team twenty-four feet, and it would form a procession over 90,000 miles long, extending nearly four times around the globe, or reaching more than one-third the distance from the earth to the moon!

"Or, put the matter thus: The average expense of boots and shoes, hats and hosiery, etc., to each family is \$65.71 per year, while the liquor bill is \$203.35. The cost of cotton goods of every description, per family, is \$27.79, and of woollen goods \$16.44, while the liquor bill is \$203.35. The cost of food per family is \$79.25, and the drink bill \$203.35. *There is where the money goes!*

"It would pay the national debt in one year and a half. Save that \$1,483,491,865, which is worse than thrown away, because it breeds indolence and crime, and suffering and woe, and this nation would never hear the moan of hard times from now to the millenium!

"Have the Church and ministry nothing to do with this question? Have we nothing to do against the most wide-spread, destructive antagonism Christianity has to meet in all our land? Look at the facts. God has 63,082 temples, and 83,637 ministers in the country for the salvation of men. Satan, or Bacchus, has 248,992 temples, and 505,000 priests for the destruction and damnation of men. Four groggeries to every church, and six bartenders to every minister. Then thirty times as much money is spent every year in drinking places as is given to all Church and benevolent purposes in this country. Think of this. The annual drink bill of the United States is over four times larger than the value of all the church property of all denomination. In one year the money spent for no good to the people or public would build four times as many churches of the same grade as now exist. It would plant and endow nine universities in each State and territory of the Union, on as grand a scale as the John Hopkins University. But worse still. The results of the liquor traffic on our fellow men defies measurement or description. It sends 100,000 criminals to prison annually, 200,000 more to the poorhouse, and sends 200,000 orphans into the street shelterless, shivering and hungry. It causes 300 murders, 400 suicides, and glooms the land with 500 funerals every day in the year. It sends to drunkards' graves, every year, 75,000 men and women. Seventy-five acres of drunkards' graves filled by 75,000 fellow-beings. See the horrible procession of 700,000 habitual drunkards in the land, marching in fours, one hundred and eighty-four miles long, extending from New York to Philadelphia and back again. Remember, every eight minutes, from January to December, one falls out of the ranks into a drunkard's grave! And the saloons have one ready to put in his

place, and so the dreadful procession is kept full."

Dr. Potts also quoted from the *Globe* report of Sir Leonard Tilley's late speech at Ottawa, giving the following statistics of drinking in Canada, in which he said that—

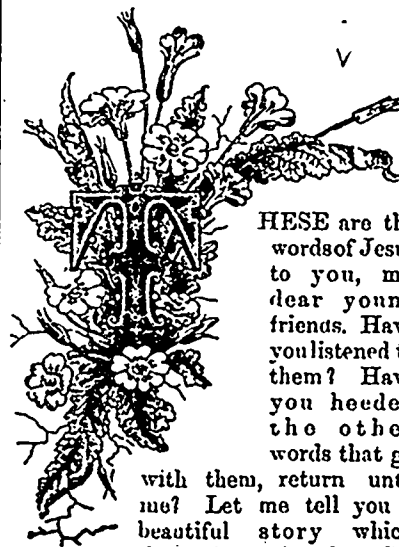
"Forty years ago the consumption of spirits in the Province was five gallons per head—now it was only 1½ gallons. The cost to consumers of liquor in Canada was \$18,000,000 annually, and for every dollar expended for religious purposes \$7 were squandered on whiskey. He agreed with Mr. Gladstone that the loss of revenue from this source was only of secondary importance. The difficulty he pointed out with regard to the temperance question was to get public opinion to carry out the law it placed on the Statute Book. He cordially endorsed the proposition for the establishment of coffee houses, and favoured placing in school books extracts showing the evil effects of intemperance."

In further illustration of the evils of drinking, Dr. Potts quoted the following from a letter by Rev. E. Stuart Best, published in the *Zion's Herald*, on the 15th instant:—

"The peasantry of Ireland may well groan under their burdens; but the burden and the curse of landlordism, compared with the burden and the curse of whiskey, is but a cushion of feathers beside a yoke of steel. The average rent of land per acre is three dollars per annum. This would make the rental of the island the round sum of \$57,576,960; while the whiskey bill of the nation amounts to \$69,115,510, the amount of rum over rent being \$11,538,550. These figures are appalling. If the Romish hierarchy and the political demagogues and agitators would now turn round, and commend to the people an honest trial of the Land Bill, and enter as vigorously into a crusade against whiskey as they have against rent, it would not be long before Ireland would be prosperous and happy, and the entire nation become busy, beautiful, and virtuous."

I HAVE REDEEMED THEE.

BY REV. E. PAYSON HAMMOND.



THESE are the words of Jesus to you, my dear young friends. Have you listened to them? Have you heeded the other words that go

with them, return unto me? Let me tell you a beautiful story which shows how the dear Saviour has redeemed us "with his own precious blood." If you was to go to a little village in Norway, you would see carved in wood over the door of one of the houses there a representation of a stork. In that house lived a little boy by the name of Conrad. Every summer a stork made its nest near by. Conrad often fed it and thus it became quite tame.

When Conrad grew to be a young man he ran away to sea against his mother's wishes. The stork came back every summer to Norway, from its long journey to the south, and the mother was kind to it, because it reminded her of the innocent days of her little Conrad. Poor Conrad had a hard time upon the great ocean. He often wished he was home again, living a quiet life with his mother.

One day as he was sailing along on the Mediterranean Sea, the cruel pirates from Algeria came down upon them and captured all on board. Conrad was told he must be their slave for life unless he had some rich friends to redeem him. The poor boy had to work hard all day and sleep in a little cell at night.

One day while at his toil, he saw a stork flying above him. It reminded him of his own loved stork away in Norway. He whistled to it, and at once the stork knew the sound and flew down to him. Day after day the stork came and shared his food with him. Conrad was delighted to find it was the same stork he had petted at his northern home.

As the time drew near for the stork to migrate to his cool home beyond the sea, Conrad determined to send a message by him to his mother, that she might redeem him from slavery. He, therefore, wrote a little letter to his mother, and fastened it to the stork's leg, so that it could not get off.

After a few days Conrad's mother was delighted to find her summer visitor at the door, looking for something to eat. Fastened to its leg she found the letter. What was her joy, when she saw that her long-lost boy was alive! Her friends raised the amount that Conrad said was needed to purchase his redemption. In a way that would take too long to tell you, the money was sent and he was redeemed. What was his joy of heart when he returned to his old home and found his dear mother and the faithful stork!

As I said in the beginning, Jesus' words to you are, my young friends: "Return unto me for I have redeemed thee." Is., xliv., 22. He needed no stork to tell him that you were in the slavery of sin. He knew that Satan had taken you captive, and that you could never return to your father's home, and there be happy, unless he redeemed you. He, therefore, left his beautiful home in heaven and came down to this sinful world; took upon him a body like ours, and at last gave himself up to die that dreadful death on the cross. He there paid the debt of our redemption. How much he suffered no tongue can tell. On the cross he cried: "It is finished," and he now calls to you in tenderness and love, "Return unto me for I have redeemed thee."

If Conrad's mother had worked thirty-three years to earn the money to redeem her boy, and then went all the way to Africa, and paid the money over to redeem Conrad, and found him in the dismal cell, and said, "Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee," do you think Conrad would have been slow to have heeded her words? No! No! He would have flown to her arms, and with tears in his eyes, thanked her again and again for redeeming him from slavery. But Jesus led a life of sorrow here on earth, and suffered the dreadful death of which I have spoken, that he might be our Redeemer. Have you thanked him for it? Do you love him for it? Will you give yourself to him now, even now, while you read these lines, saying:

"Drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do."

—Good Words.

LET us not run out of the path of duty, lest we run into the way of danger.