

## FOR YOUNG MEN.

John B. Gough says "Ninety-nine out of every hundred men who are ruined morally, and I might almost say physically; intellectually, and religiously, are ruined by the use of drink. It is the great curse of this country. Then what shall we do? What we want is to stir up the people to move in this matter. We want you to help us, young men. It may cost something, but life is a battlefield. What a grand thing it is to be a young man with all of life before you, to make of it what you choose, to mould it as you will, to make it just what you please. How many are making their life a desert, when it might be a garden; making it a dreary waste, when it might be fruitful in good works and holy influences, stumbling, blundering, and aimless. O the beginning! So many go into ruin with all of life before them. You are like a switchman on the railway. Here comes the locomotive and the train of cars, freighted with human life, hopes and happiness, and your hand is on the switch. You can turn that train on the main track, you can turn it onto the siding, you can turn it down the bank, but when it has passed by, your control of it has gone forever. Never will you have such another opportunity, and opportunities are passing you day by day.

"Look at the effects of drunkenness upon a man. God made man in His own image. What mars that image and stamps it with the counterfeit die of the devil? Drink does it. 'Man by nature walks erect and lifts his forehead to the stars,' and he is crowned lord of creation. What breaks his sceptre, tears his crown from his brow, and degrades him below the level of the beasts? It is the drink. No young man expects anything of this kind to come upon him. I do not say that it will, but I want to warn any young man who is a moderate drinker, that he stands on dangerous ground.

"O, it is sublime to wrestle with an evil desire, this mastery of self by the force of a high resolve and the power of a mighty will: 'I will; I will; by the help of God, I will.' To him that overcometh: the tree of life, safety from the second death, the white stone with the new name, the morning star, the white raiment, a pillar in the temple, a seat on the throne with Him in whose name he has conquered.

To him that overcometh. Then buckle on the armor, brave heart; stand firm in the fight. Ay, though you fall ten times, yet up again, battered, bruised, covered with scars more glorious than were ever borne by earth's greatest warriors, till by-and-by, standing erect, your armor dented and broken, you shall shout Victory! Victory! as you hang your battered armor on the battlements of heaven, and having fought the good fight, lay your laurels at the feet of Him through whom and by whom you stand redeemed forever from the power and dominion of every evil habit."

## A HORRIBLE RELIGIOUS SECT.

A horrible religious sect has been established in Russia. The chief doctrine held is that it is a sin to let men suffer bodily pain, on which account sick people belonging to the organization are strangled. The existence of the sect was betrayed by a young peasant of the government of Saratof, whose sick wife had been kidnaped from his dwelling during his absence, and would have been put to violent death but for his timely interposition. Both the mother and the aunt of the sick woman belonged to this sect, and it was they who had intended putting her to the "red death," as this sort of killing is called. Returning home one day the young husband found that his wife had been removed to the house of his mother in an adjacent village. He hurried to the place and found his wife still alive, but washed, wrapped in white linen, and laid upon a bier. The sick woman had no idea of the purpose for which she had been so laid out, and the husband, being suspicious, determined to watch the development of events. He consoled his wife, and then, hiding himself behind a wide stove, waited the arrival of his relatives. In time he heard some one enter the room, and turn the lock behind him. Looking out from his hiding place he saw that it was a man dressed in blood-red clothes, bearing a large pillow in his hands. A minute later he heard a stifled groan come from the bier. To rush from his place and fell the would be murderer to the ground was the work of a moment, but the man in red seized his chance and escaped. A few days later no fewer than forty-two members of the sect were arrested by the police.—*Foreign Paper.*