

Moths in the Candle.

Every moth learns for itself that the candle burns. Every night, while the candle lasts, the slaughter goes on, and leaves its wingless and dead around it.

It has been supposed that men have reason, and common sense. It has been supposed that they observe, draw conclusions, and learn by experience.

A single passion, which need not be named,—further than to say that, when hallowed by love and a legitimate gift of life for life, it is pure as any passion of the soul—is one of the candles around which the human moths lie in myriads of disgusting deaths.

Every young man who reads this article has two lives before him. He may choose either. He may throw himself away on a few illegitimate delights, which cover his brow with shame in the presence of his mother, with all the wine drained out of his life; or he may grow up into a pure, strong manhood, held in healthy relation to all the joys that pertain to the high estate.

Wine and strong drink form another candle in which millions of men have signed themselves, and destroyed both body and soul. Here the signs of danger are more apparent than in the other form of sensuality, because there is less secrecy. The candle burns in open space, where all men can see it.

There is just one way of safety, and only one, and a young man who stands at the beginning of his career can choose whether he will walk in it, or in the way of danger.

Wine is a medicine, and men would take more of it than any other medicine if it were not pleasant in its taste, and agreeable in its first effects.

to cheat itself in this thing; and the priests who prate of "using this world as not abusing it," and the chemists who claim a sort of nutritious property in alcohol which never adds to tissue.

We do not like to become an exhorter in these columns, but, if it were necessary, we would plead with young men upon weary knees to touch not the accursed thing.

Vitality of the Jewish Nation.

In this nation was evolved the principle of national immorality, and its power is yet to be seen in the living miracle of a nation deprived of sovereignty for ages, and yet a distinct people.

Failure in Society.

Society is full of failures that need never have been made; full of men who have never succeeded, when they might have, and should have, succeeded; full of women who, in the first half of their days, did nothing but eat, sleep and sip, and in the last half have done nothing but perpetrate their follies and weaknesses.

Dryden's First Poetical Essay

It is said that Dryden, in his youth, and during his first academic career, strayed little of that dominant genius which began to distinguish him in his prime.

"The conscious water saw its God and blessed." And that was Dryden's first poetical essay, and it foretold immortality.

A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue.—Dyer.

When a noble life has prepared old age it is not the decline that it recalls, but the first day of immortality.—Madame de Staël.

Weddings.

As the semi-annual bridal season is at hand, it is the time to plead for a reform in weddings. Every year this sacredst of all occasions is turned more and more into a mere opportunity for display, and for replying to some fancied social obligation.

A wedding must not be uncheerful; but it must be solemn to all who realize what it is. On the one side, it is renouncing old ties, promising to begin with faith, and hope, and love a new and wholly untried existence.

English.

The Rev. Dr. Eddy said some good things at Chautauqua about the use of good English by Sunday-School teachers. He said,—"In the Sun-School one cannot get along favorably with Latin, Greek, Choctaw, Hindostanee, Sanscrit, Johnsonese, Carlylese, or Emersonese, but must use English."

Home Encyclopedia.

Some one selects an article, any common one whatever, and questions the others. Take, for illustration, the lamp. See what a lot of questions may come out of this. What is the lamp made out of? What is zinc? Where does it come from? In what shape is it found? What color? Does it melt easy or not? What is it used for beside making brass? So the same series, of a longer, of questions about copper.

Call to Rev. R. M. Thornton, M. A.

We clip the following from a Glasgow paper of Sept. 3rd, which contains in its report of the Free Church Presbytery of the 2nd inst., the following item:

"Dr. Adam next intimates that Wollpark congregation had resolved to give a call to the Rev. R. M. Thornton, of the Knox Church, Montreal, a minister of the Canada Presbyterian Church. It was gratifying, he remarked, that this congregation had with so much unanimity made choice of a minister who, he had every reason to believe, would be in every way suitable for the position, and would be a strong addition to the Presbytery.

Of the Church calling Mr. Thornton, the Montreal Herald remarks:

"Wollpark Free Church is a large and important charge near Dunstons, in the east end of Glasgow. The church is a handsome Gothic structure, with stone spire and bell. The completed building, with lot, was the gift of a Mr. Tennant to the congregation. The magnificent stained glass windows at each end of the church were the gift of Mr. Tennant's sons.

The Montreal Witness in mentioning the fact, says:

"The Montreal public will learn with mingled pride and regret that the Rev. R. M. Thornton, of this city, has received a very flattering call to a prominent Presbyterian Church in Glasgow."

The Streets of Venice.

Venice is a compact city, about seven miles in circuit, and perfectly accessible in all its parts. Its principal buildings are of marble or of light-colored stone, and the remainder are of brick covered with mastic. Italy is so rich in marbles and other building stones that these materials were the cheapest that could be used.

This picture thus given of the streets of Venice is rather uninviting. It is modified very much by the numerous squares which relieve the closeness of the streets intersecting them, as well as preventing a too great compactness of inhabitants.

There are thousands of our successful money-makers who are paying a big price for their fortunes. It is not charged that they are dishonest or in a wicked line of business, but simply that the sacrifice too much that is better than money in order to get money in quantities which make it a burden rather than a comfort, and which, so far from adding joy to life, in many cases bring life itself to a premature end.

The final result of some ministrations appears to be a Gothic chapel in the place of the less ornamental but more serviceable old meeting house. The good man feels that he has ministered to edification as a wise master-builder, when he hears passers-by say of his new edifice, "What a gem of a place!"

Just as a mother grieves over her child's weakness and faultiness, but still loves him most tenderly, so God cherishes us, notwithstanding all our frailty.

The Five Points of Calvinism.

This expression grew out of the controversy between Calvinists and Arminians which gave rise to the famous Synod of Dort. These points are somewhat variously stated, but the following is suggested as presenting them in logical order, and with sufficient succinctness.

Now Calvinists believe that their whole creed on these points is taken out of Scripture. When told, therefore, that modern thought has repudiated such views, or that they are repugnant to the advanced thought of the nineteenth century, the objection makes on their minds not the slightest impression.

But whoever affirms that the Presbyterian Standards contain any such doctrine as a dark fatalism, either expressed or implied, makes a statement which is not correct. The Confession of Faith may be searched through and through in vain for anything like this.

Japanese and their Customs.

Mr. William Craigie, formerly of Aberdeen, and now Professor of English Literature, in the Imperial College of Engineering at Yedo, has sent a description of Japanese life in a letter to a friend, portions of which have been published by the Aberdeen Free Press.

The country and the climate are nearly all that could be desired, but the Japanese themselves—well, in their way, they are very nice little "bodies." They are, as you may perhaps be aware, a very small race, but they are excessively stout—the women especially. One can't help feeling amazed at the amount of stuffing they hold without bursting.

There is a floating idea in the minds of most of us, that great perils and great trials work a sort of charmed change in our lives. This is seldom more than a delusion. The lessons of life are, for the most part, slowly learned. The page is often carelessly turned and hurriedly passed by, on which our great Father has written much that He would fain have us study with patient and prayerful earnestness.

Among the last words which the late Rev. Jacob Knapp penned were these:—"I thank God for the great change which He has brought about in my day, no matter whether by me or by some body else. He has done all the work and to him be all the glory. I feel, as I am nearing the eternal world, that God is all, and in all, and I am nothing at all."