

Dr. Rogers' office, to say: "We will take the classes if you are willing. I can promise for my husband without waiting to ask him. He is always ready to do his duty, and I hope I shall be in the future."
—*Intelligencer.*

THE EXPLANATION.

Once while visiting the Pacific Coast I was the guest of a very sweet Christian man who had two daughters and three sons. A few years after the mother brought the eldest boy clear across the continent to see if I could influence him for good. He had "gone to the bad." I was astonished. Before that young man had been where I lived forty-eight hours, he was acquainted with every vagabond in the town. That sorrowing mother turned back to California. I was over there again a few years afterward, and found that the other two boys had also gone astray! I watched things and soon thought I could begin to see the trouble. The father came to me and said he thought he'd die if things continued in the same way. "Look here," I said, "where do you spend your nights?" "Sunday night at church," he said. "Monday I give to the interests of the city." He was an alderman, and very ambitious to be mayor. "Tuesday at the Masonic lodge; then I'm senior deacon, and, on Wednesday night I attend the young people's meeting; Thursday night I am free and usually have company or go out to dinner; Friday night it's our regular church prayer meeting. I'm always at home Saturday night." Yes in your own room getting up your Sunday School lesson. That father was not acquainted with his own children. That was the trouble. "Where art thou?" Is your family altar pretty much broken down? Are you not very regular to church? Are you out late at night? Off you go to business in the morning, and you take your lunch down town. You're a stranger in your own house. Your own boys don't know you!—*Moody.*

NOVEL-KILLED.

Some years ago a young lady began to visit her pastor's study as a religious inquirer. It was during a revival, and on every hand her young friends were coming to Christ. But there she stood at the threshold of the kingdom, wistfully looking over, as if her feet were chained. She

made no advance. Her pastor and her friends were equally puzzled. Prayer was offered for her, and the plainest instruction given: but she remained unmoved, excepting to regret that she could not become a Christian. At last, after three months labor and anxiety, her pastor said: "I can do nothing with Sophia L.—; she is perfectly unmanageable. I doubt if she will ever yield to the claims of the gospel." "What is the trouble? Can you not discover the obstacle in her way?" was asked.

"I find she is an inveterate novel-reader, and I have come to the conclusion that this will keep her out of the kingdom."

"Can she not be persuaded to give up her novels?"

"That is not the point entirely. She has wasted her sensibilities over unreal objects so long,—so continually reversed right and wrong, looking at vice in the garb of virtue, and of virtue in that of unworthiness and injustice that she has destroyed her moral sense. She assents to truth, but seems to have no power to grasp it; she knows what is right, but has no energy of will to do it. Her mind is diseased and enervated, and I fear hopelessly so."

When we look at the young people daily flocking to the public libraries for the latest novels, or see them lounging away their best hours over the story papers and the magazines, when we hear of this one or that one who "does nothing but read novels the whole day through," we think of Sophia L.—, who is "perfectly unmanageable" on points of truth and duty, and wonder too if they must be given over to mental and moral disease and death.

Among Christians so much prominence has been given to the disciplinary effects of sorrow, affliction, bereavement, that they have been in danger of overlooking the other and most obvious side that by every joy, by every favor, by every sign of prosperity, yea, and by those chiefly, God designs to educate and discipline his children. This one-sided view of the truth has made many morbid, gloomy Christians, who look for God's hand only in the lightning, and never think of seeing it in the sunlight. They only enjoy themselves when they are miserable.—*Rev. G. Clarke.*