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broke out in the little town as was never heard in it before. Up the rocky road swept a throng of men carrying ladders and ropes and almost dashing the engine in pieces in their agonized hurry, and before them all ran Betty Kamp, with wildly waving arms, crying: "They're going, all going in a chariot of fire! No one can stop or hinder. Nobody can deliver." All the wicked women and all the wicked children are going, all going in a chariot of fire!

Ladders were set against the windows, and the beings that had been cr. wded into school room No. 1 were soon out of it. But not too soon. The fire had shot up between the siding, and smoke was oozing from the cornice, and fiery pennons were fluttering from the roof, when Jack bearing the insensible Professor in his arms, appeared at one of the few windows from which escape was now possible. Dr. Sundown, who had never been known to hurry, or to do anything but make speeches, ran nimbly up the ladder, took the little man in his long arms, and, turning around, walked calmly down. Jack tried to follow. A great cloud of fire and smoke rolled from the roof and enveloped him. He clung, trembling, to the rounds of the ladder a moment, then swayed and fell heavily.

"He was so tall of his age, his bones was as prittle as a clay pipe. And it will be a miracle if he does not limp; but he will recover. Oh, yes, he will recover." Dr. Jacobs said to the many people who came to his house to inquire about Jack. He had insisted on carrying him directly to his own home in the fort inclosure, instead of to Mrs. Le Duc's little cottage, because he was not only very fond of Jack, but secretly he was very jealous of Dr. Sundown, who claimed to be a great medicine man, and might, he feared, meddle with his patient. "This is such a treacherly healthy place, it is good for my pizzness," he explained to Jack's mother. "It is not often I haf a chance at two broken legs."

Jack lay on his bed a long six months, and it was almost a year before he stood firmly on his feet; and then it was, as Dr. Jacobs said, a miracle, his injuries had been so severe.

"You haf not lost your time, my poy," the Doctor often said to him. "As I haf always told you, a man must know many things besides phisic to be a doctor, and you have learned patience and sympathy, great things in the doctor's trade."

But these were not the only branches of study pursued by Jack. Prof. Hill gave him a good deal of instruction during his long convalescence, and when he began to use his crutches, the little man went to see Mrs Le Duc. "I was severe with Jack, as no doubt, he has told you; but a professor Madame must maintain his dignity," he said. "But I have always been very fond of your son, and I now owe him my life. And tears ran down his wrinkled cheeks."

"Yes, Madame, I fell out of the sight of every one and Jack saved me at the peril of his own life. I have no living relatives, and it will be the happiness of my life, with Dr. Jacobs's help, to make just as much of a man and doctor of him as it is in him to be."

Jack repaid the kindness of his two friends long ago. He is not only a good doctor but he is growing famous for his expertness in certain difficult surgical cases, requiring great coolness and self-control in the operator.

"You are a wonderful fellow!" cried Dr. Jacobs, after witnessing a proof of his skill. "But tell me, my poy, where did you acquire your perfect self-control?"

"Well," said Dr. Jack, smiling, "perhaps it does not sound very scientific, but I think I got the finest part of it in the burning schoolhouse, when I mastered what you once called the beast in me and saved the life of our good friend, the professor."—N. Y. Independent.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

There is no doubt in our mind that in nine cases out of ten failure in business is attributable to a lack of temperate, practical and methodical habits.

A man cannot be a drunkard and ultimately prosper. He may be a moderate drinker for a time, but as the habit grows and gets its grip more firmly fixed upon him, he is apt to neglect his business after a time and finally to drift hopelessly into financial ruin and mental despair.

We can personally recall a melancholy instance of this character. We knew a man

in our early years—a whole souled, generous and capital good fellow. He had many warm, personal friends, and from his earliest youth every advantage was offered him to make his success in life easy to be accomplished.

He married the daughter of a successful, steady and well-to-do country merchant, who by patient application to business had accumulated a handsome competence. The young wife, a beautiful, accomplished American woman, loved her husband devotedly, and only seemed to live to make his life one of comfort and happiness, and to fill his home with sunshine and joy with the splendor of her presence. This young man, so blessed, so fortunate, was soon taken into partnership with his father-in-law, and without any consideration beyond that of love and affection, giving a large interest in the business. Five children were born to him, and it was the common talk in town "how much this young man ought to be grateful for."

Like a thousand others of his kind who cannot bear prosperity, this young husband, this individual whose business prospects hundreds of struggling young men envied; this creature whom circumstances had seemed to place beyond the possibility of future want and distress, began to "tiddle" at a neighboring drug store. Nobody but the druggist, perhaps, ever saw him drink; but he drank steadily, and the habit grew and fixed itself so strongly upon him that he became powerless to resist the "alcoholic appetite." Nobody ever saw him drunk upon the street, for he had pride enough remaining to keep out of sight when completely intoxicated, for he did not drink to such excess as to make him insensible. He began to fail in health and to neglect his business. Even his wife and some of his most intimate friends did not mistreat what he called him. He grew worse and was at last stricken with the delirium tremens. He died early in life a raving, furious maniac. Then the terrible truth dawned upon the community. A post-mortem examination showed that the entire coating of his stomach had been eaten away by the miserable poison he had imbibed. His wife was almost heart-broken by the disgrace, and the people shocked by the disgusting revelation.

Now this is but an example of thousands in this western country. There are young merchants, book-keepers and clerks all over the land that are following the footsteps of this unfortunate merchant as fast as they can. They drink slyly; they never become disgracefully intoxicated; but they continue to drink surreptitiously from year to year either at home or at drug stores (they would not be seen going into saloons for any consideration) until their health is gone, their business prospects are blighted and they are wrecked and ruined both in body and in soul.

We are not writing a prohibition editorial, we are not treating this subject in the light of a political discussion. We are simply appealing to the common sense of our readers, by presenting the cause of hundreds of business failures in the true light. From a business standpoint a man cannot afford to become a confirmed drunkard. Drunkenness has driven more western merchants into bankruptcy and ruin than all the financial papers of the past forty years.—Grocer's Criterion.

LET BEER ALONE.

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

"If you never drink anything stronger than that, young man, you won't come to much harm," said the teamster, as Bill the butcher poured out for him a great glass of foaming ale. "Beer's the drink to grow strong upon, isn't it boys?" said he, looking round upon the group of loungers. "Beer's the drink for me," said heavy, bloated Sam Sawyer, who was so fat he could hardly move about.

"Does it make you strong to work?" said Dr. Barker, who stood in the background, distinguished from the group of loungers by his good clothes and tall beaver hat, as well as by his general look of respectability.

A general laugh went round, for Sam's laziness and generally sleepy condition were known to all present.

"Beer's the drink for me," said Hans Brinker. "In mine country all the men drink it!"

"Does it make them all quarrelsome, and do they all want to beat their wives, Hans?" said the doctor; and by the way Hans looked at him he seemed in danger of the wife's fate.

"Who cares for beer?" said Martin Murtagh. "It's well enough for women and children. I liked it once, but I must have something stronger. Now give me a glass of whiskey, boy; that warns a man."

"That," said the doctor, "is because the alcohol in the beer has excited the nerves of your stomach and brain till they crave for more than can be found in the beer and call for whiskey; fire won't be strong enough to satisfy them by and by."

"Pshaw! beer never hurt any one," said Tim Titus, leaning upon his crutch by the door.

"No!" said the doctor. "How was it, then, that when you fell and hurt your leg the hospital doctors decided that it must be cut off because beer-drinking had so inflamed your blood that what would have been a mere scratch to a man in a healthy condition became a gangrenated sore in you?"

"Doctor, you're in the right," said a quiet, sad-looking man in the background. "Beer's wrought fearful evils to mine and me. My wife and I always drank it at our meals and never thought it hurt us. But one night my wife, I suppose, took too much and while I was off at work in the mill she fell asleep with her head on the table, and the candle fell over and set fire to the things, so that when I came back in the morning I had no home and there was no one to receive me but a dead wife and two little ones burnt to a crisp. Boys, take warning by me and let beer alone."

Bill listened while he poured out the ale, and before the conversation was finished he had come to a most sensible resolution, which was, not only never to drink another drop of beer himself, but also to find some other respectable business where he would not be called upon to offer it to others.—Youth's Temperance Banner.

IT MAY BE EXPLAINED

How comes it that one class in the Sunday-school will "run out" whilst another, not unlike it in composition, will be steadily and increasingly full. A little study of the ways of teachers will show that this is a mystery quite capable of explanation. Care for your class and your class will care for you; as you treat it, so will it treat you; that is the explanation.

Here is Mr. Anthon's class dwindling away from seven boys to three. Certainly, and no wonder. Mr. Anthon is late about three times in four, and he is not late the fourth time because he is not present at all. The boys conclude that Mr. Anthon does not care for them, and they cease to care for him. If he will not be at the trouble to be punctual, neither will they. If regularity is not important in a man it certainly is not in a boy. The class "runs out." In the next form is Mr. Bangs. The superintendent has to be early not to find Mr. Bangs in his chair. Twenty minutes before the school opens is his latest moment for being in his place. As Tom and Jim and Sam enter, Mr. Bangs is sure to be there to shake hands with and welcome them. Is it any wonder that his boys learn regularly and that his form is full when the opening bell strikes?

Hard by is Mr. Cutter, looking uncomfortably at those vacant places before him. Where can those boys be? "I'd like to know what's the use of a teacher that can't teach you anything. I know as much about the lessons as he does. He has to bring his Westminster teacher and read it to us out of the page. Why, Bill Smith don't know anything—but he could do that," says a sharp youngster. And do you wonder? Will young people go week after week to be taught by one who has not prepared himself for teaching? Not unless compelled to go. Mr. Cutter thinks it not worth his while to attend the teachers' meeting; and, then, is not the lesson better explained in the teacher than he could explain it? In fact he does not care enough for his class to work for it, and his class cares just that much for him. Two of his boys managed, by a prolonged absence, to get out of his tutelage and then enter the class of his neighbor Danton, where they are as regular as Mr. Danton's scholars. They are taught; they get something, and they come

because they get something. Their teacher cares enough for them to study his lessons, to devise means to make it interesting and to secure God's help by pray r.

And what is the matter with Brother Egbert's class? "Oh," cries sallow-faced George Summers, "I wasn't at Sunday-school for five weeks, and the teacher never came to ask what was the matter. I might have died for all that he cared," and he begs the Superintendent to put him in Mr. Fowler's class. "Cause he cares for a feller, anyhow." The truth is, that the superintendent has any amount of trouble in keeping the overgrown class of James Fowler within limits. He follows up his boys so closely that he never loses one and his full ranks attract others. Boys are like men—they prefer the full place.

For Mr. Groves is as unsuccessful as his friend Egbert. For some reason he cannot hold his scholars; they slip through it as water through a sieve, until his superintendent loses all heart and declares that not another boy shall be lost to the school by being put in that class. This is a case of downright, unquestionable lack of Christian love for the young. So utterly indifferent to all that is boyish, warm, lovely or affectionate is Mr. Groves (in manner at least) that his scholars are repelled as iron filings from the wrong end of a magnet. So far as appears, literally and absolutely he does not care for them. Of course they do not care for him. They look with envious eyes at the form next to them where Mr. Hope's youngsters cluster about him as the ants do about a ripe pear. Mr. Hope is not brilliant; in fact has not half the brains or education of Groves, but he has a heart, and he makes it felt in a way that boys understand.

It is unreasonable to demand each of those qualities of the successful teacher in those who have the charge of the classes in our schools? Is it not possible for any one of us to be punctual and regular, to study the lesson, to look after our scholars when absent, to pray for them and to show them that we really love them?

Care for your class and your class will care for you.—Presbyterian Witness.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE

TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.
(National Temperance Society, New York.)

PART II.

LESSON I.—ALCOHOL IN THE FAMILY.

- 1. What earthly relation is nearest and dearest?
- 2. The earthly relation nearest and dearest is the relation of parents to children, and children to parents.
- 3. Whose love is the broadest, and deepest and most enduring?
- 4. The broadest, and deepest, and most enduring love is the love of parents.
- 5. What earthly blessing is the greatest that children can have?
- 6. The greatest earthly blessing that children can have is the blessing of good parents.
- 7. What earthly blessing is the greatest that parents can have?
- 8. The greatest earthly blessing that parents can have is the blessing of good children.
- 9. What place on earth is intended to be the happiest?
- 10. The place on earth intended to be the happiest is the family—parents and children, brothers and sisters, united in common aims and bound together in a common love.
- 11. To what is a happy home most truthfully likened?
- 12. Heaven.
- 13. Mr. Spurgeon, speaking on Wednesday at the opening of a bazaar in Stockwell, said he did not go in for crumming a bit of blue ribbon down people's throats, but he was always glad to see the blue ribbon when it was worn. Some people thought the blue ribbon unnecessary; but it was exceedingly useful sometimes. When he was at Mentone he put on "the blue," and he noticed shortly afterward that down the whole length of one of the tablest the hotel there was only one bottle of wine, while at the other table there was none at all. People began to say that wine was both sour and dear, and they took to drinking orange water, and lemon water, which were cheaper. The landlord of the hotel had no fault to find with him, except to say that it was dreadful to find the whole of the consumption of wine cut off.