



THE OLD RIGGING LOFT.

IN the latter part of the year 1766, Philip Embury, at the urgent request of Barbara Heck, preached in his own house the first Methodist sermon ever heard in the city of New York. There were only five or six of the neighbours present on that occasion, but the numbers increased until his house would not hold the people, and another more commodious place was rented in the neighbourhood. This soon becoming too small, a rigging loft was hired not far off, in William Street, which, at that time, we believe, was called "Horse and Cart Lane."

This loft, which had been used by riggers and sail-makers, was eighteen feet wide by sixty feet in length. Here it was that Philip Embury and Captain Webb, of the British Army, a brave soldier and a faithful Methodist preacher, preached three times a week to as many people as the place would hold.

The Methodists occupied this place only about a year, or a year and a half, for by that time they had their first church built in John Street, and thither the crowds went.

The writer well remembers the old rigging-loft in William Street, as it appeared in his boyhood. The accompanying engraving is a very accurate representation of it. For a long time it was occupied by a card-engraver, and specimens of his art were exhibited in the windows.

Many years have passed since the venerable building was torn down, but the precious Gospel influences which once were felt there are felt still in their glorious results in shaping the lives of many of the present generation.

No way so rapid to increase the wealth of nations, and the morality of society, as the utter annihilation of the manufacture of ardent spirits, constituting, as they do, an infinite waste, and an unmixed evil.—*London Times.*

TAKE SIDES.

I HAVE in my possession a circular of a brewers' association; a circular sent to all candidates for office. It has been sent, or will be sent, in a form to be filled up, saying whether the candidate is a friend of the liquor traffic or its foe, and if he is an enemy of the business, then the man is doomed, or, if he declines to fill up the circular, and sends it back, his silence is taken as a negative answer. It seems to me it is about time for the seventeen million professors of religion in America to take sides on this question, which will yet be thrust before every Christian man so plainly he cannot eject or reject it. It is going to be an out and out battle between drunkenness and sobriety; between heaven and hell; between God and the devil. Take sides before there is any further natural decadence. Take sides before your sons are sacrificed, and the new home of your daughter goes down under the alcoholism of an inebriated husband. Take sides while your voice, your pen, your prayer, your vote, may have any influence in arresting the despoliation of this nation.—*Talmage.*

THE LAST DAY.

My friends, there is coming a day of trial in which not only the saint but the sinner must appear. That day of trial will come very suddenly. The farmer will be at the plough, the merchant will be in the counting-room, the woodman will be ringing his axe on the hickories, the weaver will have his foot on the treadle, the manufacturer will be walking amid the buzz of looms and the clack of flying machinery, the counsel may be standing at the bar pleading the law, the minister may be in the pulpit pleading the Gospel, the drunkard may be reeling amid his cups, and the blasphemer with the oath caught between his teeth.

Lo! the sun hides. Night comes down at midnight. A wave of darkness rolls over the earth. The stars appear at noonday. The earth shudders and throbs. There an earthquake opens and a city sinks as a crocodile would craunch a child. Mountains roll in their sockets and send down their granite cliffs in an avalanche of rock. Rivers pause in their chase for the sea, and ocean, uprearing, cries to the Alps and Himalaya. Beasts bellow and moan and snuff up the darkness. Clouds fly like flocks of swift eagles. Great thunders beat and boom and burst. Stars shoot and fall. The Almighty, rising on his throne, declares that time shall be no longer, and the archangel's trump re-peals it till all the living hear and the continents of dead spring to their feet, crying, "Time shall be no longer!" Oh, on that day will you be ready!

You know how well the Christian will get off in his trial! Will you get off as well in your trial! Will Christ plead on your side, or will he plead against you! Oh, what will you do in the last great assize if your conscience is against you, and the world is against you, and the angels of heaven are against you, and the Holy Spirit is against you, and the Lord God Almighty is against you! Better this day secure an Advocate.—*Talmage.*

A WRONG TURNING.

"I SHALL take my chance!" The two boys had started at early morn to visit a distant village. They were cousins, and their homes lay in the same pleasant valley. At noon they had reached their destination. They were about to return immediately when their attention was attracted by a travelling circus, and in one way or another the time slipped by until the sun was rapidly declining. Then they hastened towards home.

"Let's try another road," said the elder lad. "It will be pleasanter than returning by the way we came."

His younger and wiser companion endeavoured to dissuade him; but he was obstinate, and declared that he knew the road perfectly. On they went; and now the sun had disappeared, night was creeping on quickly. Presently it got quite dark, and the boys halted; for the elder had to admit that they had lost their way. Before them the road branched off to the right and left.

"I shall take my chance!" said the foolish lad, and he went off to the left.

The other waited until a countryman passed, who informed him that the proper way was that to the right. He reached home in safety, while his companion was found next morning, exhausted and weary, lying under a haystack.

Two paths lie before us, dear children—the broad road that Christ tells us leads to destruction, and the narrow road to life eternal. Let us not say, "I will take my chance, and follow my own blind impulses," or take the road that seems pleasantest; but let us rather ask God to lead us, and to be our Guide. The narrow path with Jesus is always the happiest path.

"SOMEBODY ELSE MIGHT."

A LADY was walking quietly along a city street not long ago when a door flew open and a boy shot out with a whoop like a wild Indian. Once on the pavement, he danced a sort of double shuffle all around the curbstone, and then raced the street in great haste, for it was evident from the books under his arm that he was going to school. She was thinking what thoughtless, noisy creatures healthy boys are, when just a few yards before her she saw something yellow lying on the stones. Coming nearer, she fancied it a pine shaving, and looked

after the boy again. She saw him suddenly stop short in a crowd of people at a crossing and come back as fast as he had gone, so that just before she reached the shaving he dived and picked up, not a shaving at all, but a long, slimy banana-skin. Flinging it into a refuse-barrel, he only waited long enough to say, "Somebody might have slipped on it," and was off again.

It was a little thing to do, but that one glance of the boy's clear, gray eyes made the lady's heart warm toward the noisy fellow. He had not slipped himself; he was far past the danger, and when one is in a hurry it is a great bother to go over the same ground twice; but the "somebody else" might slip, and so for the sake of this unknown somebody the hurrying boy came back, and it may be saved the life or limb of a feeble old man or a tender young child.—*Selected.*

The Girls that are Wanted.

- The girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good girls from the heart to the lips;
Pure as the lily is white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf-tips.
- The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand,
The fathers and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand;
- Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees,
And kind and sweet to their own folks,
Ready and anxious to please.
- The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and to say;
That drive with a smile or a soft word
The wrath of the household away.
- The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,
Whom fashion can never deceive;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare what is silly to leave.
- The girls that are wanted are careful girls,
Who count what a thing will cost;
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.
- The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts;
They are wanted for mothers and wives,
Wanted to cradle in loving arms
The strongest and frailest of lives.
- The clever, the witty, the brilliant girls,
They are very few, understand;
But oh! for the wise, loving home girls,
There's a constant and steady demand.

THE DOG AND THE CHAIR.

A FAMILY left their house furnished, leaving in it a large dog. The tenant was an old lady who liked to sit in a particularly comfortable chair in the drawing-room, but as the dog was also very fond of this chair, she frequently found him in possession. Being rather afraid of the dog, she did not care to drive him out, and therefore used to go to the window and call, "Cats!" The dog would then rush to the window and bark, and the lady would take possession of the chair. One day the dog entered the room and found the old lady in the chair. He ran to the window and barked excitedly. The lady got up to see what was the matter, and the dog instantly seated himself in the chair.