

these "Sample Rooms" with three hundred dollars in his pocket. He had just sold a horse to a friend, and at his friend's urgency he stepped in to take a glass of beer, in honor of the trade. He had seldom entered such a place; but he went this time, took the one glass of beer, then a glass of whiskey, and stopped to see a game of cards played. Next morning he awoke in jail, and presently found himself in court, sentenced to pay a fine of ten dollars, or go to jail for ten days. He put his hand in his pocket—not a dime there! Yesterday, three hundred dollars; to-day, not a dime! That was another "sample" of the work done in the corner saloon. He could remember nothing, except that he went in there, and took two drinks—beyond that his memory failed. Having no money, he had to go to jail, and bear the disgrace of having the story known at home, as well as the dreary imprisonment. Had he kept away from that place, he might have gone gayly home with his money in his pocket. As it was, boys, did he gain or lose by going there?

### A POOR SAILOR.

John Street Prayer-Meeting for business men has become a centre of spiritual life and power such as is not felt in any other meeting in New York.

A poor broken-down, drunken seaman stood up the other day and told the meeting: "I am enslaved by an appetite which I cannot overcome. I beg of you all to pray for me." At the close of the meeting one of the brethren took him aside and said: "If you will give your heart to God, and trust in the Lord Jesus, He will liberate you from bondage." They knelt together, and while the brother was praying a spirit of agony came upon the man. He began to plead earnestly to God to save him, for the Holy Spirit had convicted him of his totally lost condition. When asked to give everything up to God, he said: "*The devil has got a tow-line on me, and I can't break away.*" He was then told to pray again for himself, which he did with much earnestness and vehemence, striking the bench at which he was kneeling with clenched hand. He was told that Jesus died for him, and was waiting to save him now; that if he would simply cast himself upon Christ by faith, and trust Him, He would most certainly save and keep him. He asked: "*How can I do it?*" "Say to Him," said the brother: "Lord Jesus, I cannot save myself. Thou must save me, or I'm lost, and I will now give myself into Thy hands, and trust Thee alone to save me. He was asked to repeat the declaration, which he did. He was then asked: "Do you do it?" With a sigh of intense feeling and anxiety, he said, "I

do." He was then asked how he felt. He replied with face all aglow with salvation: "*Christ has got a tow-line on me now. Oh, I feel so much better; the weight is gone. I mean to spend the rest of my days in His service.*"

"When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them. The Lord hath done great things for us; wherefore we are glad." —*N. Y. Witness.*

### HUGH MILLER'S WHISKEY.

Hugh Miller was a Scotchman and a stonemason. He learned his trade early in life, and worked hard. Some boys would have thought after they had done so big a day's work they ought to have the rest of the time for play. But Hugh Miller wanted it for reading. He loved books, and though he had but little school education, he became a learned man, a writer, an editor, and a geologist. It would be well worth while for any boy or girl, who feels disposed to complain of lack of schooling, to read the life of Hugh Miller and see how he employed every spare moment in reading and studying. For he was not content with story-books. The wonderful things in nature, in the flowers, and even among the stones, excited his curiosity, and he liked to read the books that told about them. And as he worked in stone, he learned by observation, and in time he became a great geologist. True, he had to work hard and wait patiently for his wisdom and his fame, but the real secret of it was that he made good use of his spare minutes when a boy. This gave shape to all his after life. Instead of taking all his exercise in play, he took it in the fields and among the rocks. And then he was eager to get all the time he could for his loved books. He was always contriving to have a few minutes here and there, so that he could read. Bacon's "Essays" was one of his favorite books, and they are deep reading for most men.

Another good thing for him was that he kept his head clear. In those days everybody drank a little, for he was eighteen in 1820, and people had not learned so much about temperance then as they have now. They thought a little drink was good. This is what Miller tells about it:

"I learned to regard the ardent spirits of the dram-shop as high luxuries; they gave (or seemed to give) brightness and energy to both body and mind, and changed dullness and gloom into exhilaration and enjoyment. Whiskey was simply happiness doled out by the glass and sold by the gill. The drinking usages of the business in which