

ing dulled, my appetite failing, and I constantly crave alcoholic stimulants. I saw tears in the eyes of my wife, wonder depicted on the faces of my children, and then I took a long look ahead. I sat down, and half unconsciously wrote that inscription. Its awful revelation burst upon me like a flash. I nailed it there and read it a hundred times that afternoon. That night I went home sober. I have not touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since. You see how startling is its alliteration. I have no literary proclivities. I regard that card as an inspiration. It speaks out three solemn warnings. One from the altar, one from the cradle, and one from—"Here the man solemnly shook his head and resumed his work. (A. C. M.)

II. SELF-CONTROL. That is the meaning of the Latin word from which temperance comes (*temperantia*). It means holding all the appetites and impulses of our nature under the restraint of reason and conscience. One of the curses connected with the use of intoxicants is that they weaken the will-power and make self-control impossible.

20. *Be not among winebibbers.* Not necessarily "rum-soakers," but those who are sipping all the time, never "drunk" perhaps, but partaking freely and so leading others to acquire their evil habits. Cyrus, the great king of Persia, when a boy, being at the court of his grandfather, Astyages, engaged to perform the office of cup-bearer at table. The duty of this office required him to taste the liquor before presenting it to the king; but, without performing this duty, Cyrus delivered the cup to his grandfather, who observed the omission, which he imputed to forgetfulness. "No," said Cyrus, "I purposely avoided it, because I feared it contained poison; for lately, at an entertainment, I observed that the lords of your court, after drinking it, became noisy, quarrelsome and frantic." Here are some cases counted in one common lodging-house in London, all victims of drink:—A paymaster of the Royal Navy; two men who had been college chums at Cambridge, and who met accidentally here one night, both in the last stage of poverty; a physician's son, himself a doctor,—when lodging here he sold fuses in the Strand; a clergyman who had taken high

honors,—last seen in the Borough drunk, followed by jeering boys; a commercial traveller, formerly the superintendent of a Sunday School; a member of the Stock Exchange, found to be suffering from delirium tremens, removed to the work-house.

III. FILIAL PIETY. The following beautiful story is told of Archbishop Tillotson, who was the son of a plain Yorkshire farmer. Shortly after his elevation to the see of Canterbury he was visited by his father, who enquired of the liveried servant who opened the door whether John Tillotson was at home. The servant, indignant at what he thought was insolence, drove him from the door, but as the old man was turning sorrowfully away, the Archbishop himself entered the palace and recognizing his father exclaimed "It is my beloved father," fell on his knees and asked his blessing. He then rebuked the astonished servant for his discourtesy to the aged. The late Mr. Spurgeon tells the following story, "When I go to Monaco, the grounds of the gambling hell there are the most beautiful in the world, but I never go near them, and why? Not because I think there is any danger of my passing through the gardens to the gambling tables. No! but a friend of mine once related the following incident to me: "One day M. Blanc met me and asked me how it was I never entered his grounds. 'Well, you see,' I said, 'I never play, and, as I make no return whatever to you, I hardly feel justified in availing myself of the advantages of your grounds.' 'You make a great mistake,' said M. Blanc. 'If it were not for you, and other respectable persons like yourself, who come to my grounds, I should lose many of my customers who attend my gambling saloons. Do not imagine that because you do not play yourself, you do not by your presence in the grounds contribute very materially to my revenue. Numbers of persons who would not have thought of entering my establishment feel themselves quite safe in following you into my garden, and from thence to the gaming table, the transition is very easy.' After I heard that I never went near the gardens." So moderate drinking and its social allurements are the garden which surrounds the drunkards place of bondage and ruin.

BLACKBOARD REVIEW.

Let us learn to day how *Happy Homes* are made. When father and mother are glad then there is sunshine at home. You can make them happy or sorrowful for they love you above