

"Not unless you stop drinking."—"I can't die; I haven't offered a prayer to God for sixteen years."

"You must give it up."—"I can't."

I said, "God will help you."—"No, He won't."

"I will," said I; "my wife and I will take care of you four days, if you will, I have just four days to spare for you."

We took him, though we could get no promise from him. We nursed him night and day. The third afternoon he sat with me, his hand in mine, and I spoke to him of God, and Christ, and eternity. He said, "I am a man of some common sense, I believe; and I am very well aware I can never be happy in another world."

He then went out, and cut his throat from ear to ear. O, my friends, shall we not try to save our fellow-men from such a fate?

---

#### THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

A traveller over the desert left his tent one evening, alone, for the purpose of obtaining a view of the sea, which his Arab servant told him could be seen from a little elevation in the distance. On reaching the point indicated, the view was truly sublime. The sea in all its grandeur lay before him, its restless billows dashing on the shore, while the interminable waste of sand stretched almost as far as the eye could see, save where the lofty mountains reared their snow-covered summits to the skies.

The exceeding beauty of the scene so captivated him that all else was for the time forgotten, until the shades of evening admonished him to return. But the sudden gusts of wind, which swept over the desert, here raising the sand in mounds, there depressing the surface like the gently undulating fields of our own land, had so much changed the appearance of the spot, that the terrible conviction came over his mind that he was lost. He wandered about for some time in vain; wearied and sad, he resolved to lie down until morning should come to his aid.

But as he lay, thoughts of the fierce Bedouin, that scour the desert, came across him. Then fears of the terrible beasts, who select the darkness of the night to seek their prey, overcame all other considerations and he determined to make one effort more; and what was his joy, on reaching one of these sandy elevations, to see the faint glimmering of a light! Could it be an Arab tent? no matter, at all hazards it must be reached. But no sooner had he descended from the spot where he stood than the billowy surface hid it from his view. Here was a new difficulty—how was it to be overcome? Again he reached the rising ground, and fixed on a star in the direction he sought; he followed it like the Magi of old, till it brought him to what proved to be his own tent.

*Traveller to eternity! in gazing on the pleasures of this fleeting world, in thus suffering its cares to engross so much of your attention, you have lost your way. Allurements are on every side to ensare you, and Satan goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. Arise! the star of Bethlehem shines on thee. Follow its guidance; it shall lead thee to thy home.*

Christian bearing the burden and heat of the day, has thy faith grown faint? Dost thou see no reward for thy labours? Are thy prayers unanswered? Has Christ's service become a task? Is the yoke grievous? or do the corruptions and deceitfulness of thy heart cause thee to falter? Art thou oppressed and wearied with thine earthly allotment? Look up! The day-star beams on thee! Soon shall it guide thee to thy Father's house!—*S. S. Times.*

---

OLD AGE.—There is something almost prophetic in the admonitions of the old. The eye of age looks meekly into my heart! the voice of age echoes mournfully through it! the hoary head and palsied hand of age plead irresistibly for its sympathies! I venerate old age, and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dust of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.