

young man, studied for the ministry. We all loved him. But he inherited an appetite, and it came upon him suddenly and with three fold power. He is not here to-night. He is dead."

"Well, Brown, glad to see you. Have a drink? No? Come then, and I'll stand treat."

Young Brown rose hastily, evidently glad of the interruption, for he had been growing decidedly embarrassed. But, just as his lips parted to voice his pleasure at the invitation, he glanced down into the face of the old gentleman, and met his gaze, calm, serene, trustful. Surprising even himself, he turned to the newcomer with a quiet:

"No, thank you, Gardner. Mr. Westly has been telling me some interesting incidents. I want to hear the rest," and he resumed his seat.

"Do not let me tire you," said Mr. Westly, with a smile. I am in a reverie to night. It is pleasant to have so good a listener. I have been thinking much of my own boyhood as I sit here. I was a poor boy—a country lad and an orphan. There was no one to help me. I had nothing but my own resources. I worked my way through college, and it was in those days that I drank occasionally. In fact, I grew to love wine. Then, one day, I began watching the lives of others. I saw those who drank invariably went down, while those who abstained went up. I saw there was only one way to gain wealth and position—my great ambition, then, you see—and that was through a clear mind and healthy body. A large majority of the wealthy men in these parlors on our right were poor boys once, and you notice they are not drinking to night."

Mr. Westly paused and let his gaze wander around the rooms thoughtfully. He seemed almost to have forgotten the young man's presence at his side.

Alton Brown looked searchingly into his companion's face. Still he saw nothing personal in that calm, serene countenance.

He would have been angry had he found the least suspicion of advice written there. He glanced downward at himself, and saw that his clothing looked actually shabby, compared with the soft costly dress of the wealthy man beside him. He thought of the downward steps he himself had already taken through the allurements of the cup. He thought of his mother and her tears, of his own unfulfilled desire in the line of riches and honor, of the future more plainly pictured to him by those cool, practical business-like tones than he had ever seen it before—and then the power of a sudden, definite purpose filled his face.

"There comes your friend again. I will not detain you longer," Mr. Westly was saying, but the young man had risen with a resolute look in his eyes, and revealed in the firm lines about the mouth.

"You must excuse me to night, Gardner; I do not care to drink," and a moment later he moved away with firm step, head erect and shoulders squared.

Mr. Westly smiled, arose, and joined the ladies in another parlor, still with that peculiar smile lighting up his face, as of a skilled workman rejoicing over some delicate work.

"What have you been doing, dear?" asked his lovely wife, laying her hand on his arm.

"Only dropping a few seeds by the way," he replied, "which had to be done so carefully that the soil was not conscious of being disturbed."—*Julia E. Hughes, in Christian Leader.*

"Before I adopted tithe-giving, giving never was easy. Now giving has come to be a privilege, to be sought, rather than a duty to be done."

TIME.

"O'er this wide earth with reckless glee,
The thoughtless youth e'ers squander me,
Then all in vain they for me yearn;
When fled am I ne'er to return."