

mouths. The work of distilling seemed play to them, and they carried it on with supernatural rapidity. It was hot enough to have boiled the molasses in any part of the distillery; but they did not seem to mind it at all. Some lifted the hogsheads as easily as you would raise a teacup, and turned their contents into the proper receptacles; some scummed the boiling liquids; some, with huge ladles, dipped the smoking fluid from the different yats, and raising it high in air, seemed to take great delight in watching the fiery stream, as they spouted it back again; some drafted the distilled liquor into empty casks and hogsheads; and some stirred the fires; all were boisterous and horribly profane, and seemed to engage in their work with such familiar and malignant satisfaction, that I concluded the business of distilling was as natural as hell, and must have originated there.

I gathered from their talk that they were going to play a trick on the deacon, that should cure him of offering rum and bibles to his workmen; and I soon found out from their conversation and movements what it was. They were going to write certain inscriptions on all his rum casks, that should remain invisible until they were sold by the deacon, but should flame out in characters of fire as soon as they were offered by his retailers, or exposed to the use of drunkards.

When they had filled a few casks of liquor, one of them took a great coal of fire, and having quenched it in a mixture of rum and molasses, wrote apparently by way of experiment, upon the heads of the different vessels. Just as it was dawn they left off work, and all vanished together.

In the morning, the deacon was puzzled to know how the workmen got out of the distillery, which he found fast locked as he had left it. He was still more amazed to find that they had done more work in one night than could have been accomplished in the ordinary way in three weeks. He pondered the thing not a little, and almost concluded that it was the work of supernatural agents. At any rate, they had done so much that he thought he could afford to attend meeting that day, as it was the Sabbath. Accordingly he went to church, and heard his minister say that God could pardon sin without an atonement, and that the words hell and devils were mere figures of speech, and that all men would certainly be saved. He was much pleased, and inwardly resolved he would send his minister a half-cask of wine; and as it happened to be communion Sabbath, he attended meeting all day.

In the evening, the men came again, and again the deacon locked them up by themselves, and they went to work. They finished all his molasses, and filled all his rum-barrels, and kegs, and hogsheads with liquor, and marked them all as on the preceding night, with invisible inscriptions. Most of the titles ran thus:

'Consumption sold here. Inquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery.'

'Convulsions and Epilepsies. Inquire at Amos Giles's Distillery.'

'Insanity and Murder. Inquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery.'

'Dropsy and Rheumatism, Putrid Fever and Cholera in the Collapse. Inquire at Amos Giles's Distillery.'

'Delirium Tremens. Inquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery.'

'Distilled Death and Liquid Damnation.' 'The Elixir of Hell for the bodies of those whose souls are coming there.'

'Who hath Woe? Inquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery.'

'Who hath Redness of Eyes? Inquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery.'

'A Potion from the Lake of Fire and Brimstone. Inquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery.'

'Weeping and Wailing and Gnashing of Teeth. Inquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery.'

In the morning the workmen vanished as before, just as it was dawn; but in the dusk of the evening they came again, and told the deacon it was against their principles to take any wages for work done between Saturday night and Monday morning, and as they could not stay with him any longer he was welcome to what they had done. The deacon was very urgent to have them remain, and offered to hire them for the season at any wages, but they would not. So he thanked them, and they went away, and he saw them no more.

In the course of the week most of the casks were sent into the country, and duly hoisted on their stoop, in conspicuous situations, in the taverns, and groceries, and rum shops. But no sooner had the first glass been drawn from any of them, than the invisible inscriptions flamed out on the cask-heads to every beholder: 'CONSUMPTION SOLD HERE. DELIRIUM TREMENS. DAMNATION AND HELL-FIRE.' The drunkards were terrified from the dram-shops; the bar-rooms were emptied of their customers; but in their place a gaping crowd filled every store that possessed a cask of the deacon's devil-distilled liquor, to wonder and be affrighted at the spectacle. For no art could offace the inscriptions. And even when the liquor was drawn into new casks, the same deadly letters broke out in blue and red flame all over the surface.

The rumsellers and grocers and tavern keepers were full of fury. They loaded their teams with the accursed liquor, and drove it back to the distillery. All around and before the door of the deacon's establishment the returned casks were piled one upon another, and it seemed as if the inscriptions burned brighter than ever. Consumption, Damnation, Death and Hell, mingled together in frightful confusion; and in equal prominence, in every case, flamed out the direction, 'INQUIRE AT DEACON GILES'S DISTILLERY.' One would have thought that the bare sight would have been enough to terrify every drunkard from his cups, and every trader from the dreadful traffic in ardent spirits. Indeed, it had some effect for a time, but it was not lasting, and the demons knew it would not be when they played the trick; for they knew the deacon would continue to make rum, and that so long as he continued to make it, there would be people to buy and drink it. And so it proved.

The deacon had to turn a vast quantity of liquor into the streets, and burn up the hogsheads, and his distillery has smelled of brimstone ever since; but he would not give up the trade. And for many years the furnaces continued to belch forth their murky smoke. The distillery was blacker than ever—drunkards increased and multiplied—homes were made desolate—widows and orphans begged in the streets. At last, tired of the accursed business—having amassed a princely fortune—he sold out his distillery, with the good will of the trade in Consumption, Delirium Tremens, Insanity and Murder, and now is living in a princely style, undismayed by the wants of the widows and fatherless, which come up floating in the breezes which play around him. He gives sumptuous dinners, and fair women and cultured men throng his elegant drawing-rooms and parlors.

Scrap-Book Meetings.

A good plan for missionary committees is mentioned by the 'Missionary Review.' Let the members and their friends gather scraps

on all subjects connected with missions and on the scrap-book evenings gather around a large table, and fill various scrap-books with their clippings. Classify them properly. Such books will make a valuable addition to the missionary library.

Shall Never Thirst.

(J. Hudson Taylor, in a Recent Address to Students.)

It may seem a very simple thing to say, but it has been a great revelation to me that shall means 'shall,' and never means 'never,' and thirst means 'thirst.' It carries me back to an afternoon in a Chinese city, where alone I was reading this chapter, oh, so hungry, so disappointed with my own life, and my own service, wishing that I could throw it all up, feeling that it was hardly honest of me to go on preaching Christ to these poor heathen, while I felt myself not fully saved, while I knew that, if temptation came in certain directions, I should inevitably fall. How could I go on telling the Chinese that Christ was a perfect Saviour and could help them at all times, when I knew that there was scarcely a day when I was not betrayed into irritability of temper, or in some other ways that my heart told me were displeasing to God? I knew a good many flood tides, but the ebb tides came too, and the ebb was often greater than the flood. That day the Holy Spirit showed me in a fresh light that shall means 'shall,' and never means 'never,' and thirst means 'thirst'; and went on to say further; not only 'shall never thirst,' but 'the water that I shall give him shall be in him—shall abide in him, 'be in him, a well,' a spring, springing up, overflowing. How long? 'Unto everlasting life.'

I just accepted the Master's word, and with a joy that I can never, never tell (and that I can never think of without gratitude, as I go back to that time in my study in China in the winter of '69, I sprang from my chair. Oh, how I did praise God!)

'Praise the Lord, my thirsty days are all over! They are behind! They will never come again?' I cried aloud in my joy. I accepted his word that 'shall never thirst,' means shall never thirst, and I did not expect to be thirsty again.

'Praise the Lord!' I said, 'there will be no more going over the flower-beds with an empty water-can. No more pumping! no more pumping!' And I do praise God that the experience I have had since has not disappointed me. He keeps his word. 'Shall never thirst' means what it says to-day; and twenty thousand years hence it will be as true. And I want you all to take it home to you and go where the Lord sends you. It does not matter where it is, 'shall never thirst,' means 'shall never thirst.' The woman came to the well with a pot for water, she went away with a well in her bosom, and it overflowed all over the city. That is just what the Lord wants us everywhere to be. Nothing is so easy, nothing so mighty as an overflow. No one can dam a river.

'Out of him that believeth on me shall flow rivers of living water'; not mere brooks, not a river, even, but rivers of living water. Brethren, get this overflow, and then seek the arid and dry parts of the earth and there let the rivers out!—Regions Beyond.'

We learn from 'Le Bien Social,' that the Belgian Minister of War has sent orders to the commanders of the different corps to have affixed in the soldiers' quarters pictures showing in a striking manner the terrible ravages drink produces in the human body: The need of temperance teaching in Belgium is very urgent, for the scourge of alcoholism is there widely prevalent, and is felt by all who have hearts to feel to be causing incalculable evil in all ranks of the people.