

ALL HIS HEAVEN HERE.

A christian woman living at the village of D., in Lincolnshire, had a confirmed drunkard for her husband.

Perhaps none but those who have found themselves in like circumstances can have any conception of the bitter trial and sorrow of such a position. Yet the grace of God is equal to anything, and this dear woman proved it to be so. The gentle forbearance she showed toward her husband, the patience she manifested under the most outrageous provocations, made her an astonishment to her neighbours.

One day the woman who lived next door almost upbraided her for the gracious way she treated such a selfish sot. "How ever you can bear his goings on," she said, "I can't imagine. I would never do as you do. Let him make as much of a beast of himself as he may, you wait upon him hand and foot, cook little tempting bits for him, and indeed give him the very best you have in the house."

"Well, yes, I confess I do. But then, you see, I think of it in this way: I know that while there is an eternal heaven for me, there is no such thing for him, poor fellow, in his present state. He is having all the heaven here that ever he will have, and I would not spoil it for him for the world!"

What she meant was, no doubt, that all the happiness he was likely to get was in the natural enjoyment of the things of this world. He had nothing for the next.

Not long after this conversation he came home intoxicated, and a few

hours later was found dead in his bed. His so-called "heaven" was over!

Now if such is a drunkard's only heaven, what must a DRUNKARD'S HELL be?

Out of Christ both the degraded drunkard and the respectable teetotaler are alike under the judgment of God. "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God."—Geo. C.

"The god of this age," is surely a very solemn title to be given to Satan after the Christian dispensation, as we call it, had already begun. Yet there it stands; and "Scripture cannot be broken." Yes, it is over the world, and in these Christian times, that Satan exercises this terrible sway. In hell, Satan will be, not king, but lowest and most miserable there; and once committed to it, no escape will be permitted. But this will not be till after the millennium, as Rev. xx. assures us.—F. W. G.

The free and happy birds should teach us to be content to do our Father's will, whether we pursue the journey of life in carriages of ease or walk with a pilgrim's staff. The dazzling equipage which flashes its splendors on the street in passing can carry nothing more precious than the human soul. And that treasure is stored in the bosom of him who wears the meanest garb and pursues the lowliest occupation. Let the immortal spirit hold communion with God and keep its wings plumed for flight to its heavenly home, and it will not suffer much anxiety about the mode in which the journey of this earthly life must be pursued. If we can see Jesus and the hosts of the blessed waiting to receive us at the end of our journey, it will not trouble us much if we have to pursue a very humble path and live upon very simple fare on the way.—M.