

many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than the blanket will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings-bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

#### Individual Rights.

Granting all that men can claim of "personal liberty" in the matter of strong drink, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has this to say to those who, by using their liberty, are causing others to stumble:—

"When I look out upon the throngs and throngs of young men that come down, half-apparelled, to this great city; when I see every form of pleasure and business urging men to indulgence in the accursed cup; when I see hundreds and thousands perish every year; when it is an open secret, known and read of men at large, that all causes of mistake, and stumbling, and sickness, and vice, and crime, and utter destruction, for time and for eternity, put together, are not equal to the danger that comes from the intoxicating cup, can I or any Christian man say, 'It is a matter of my own private convenience what I eat or drink or wear?' I vindicate your right, but I lay the law of God's judgment upon you. You are bound to use your rights so that they shall not hurt anybody."

#### Bad Work.

"I drink to make me work," said a young man. To which an old man replied: "That's right: thee drink and it will make thee work! Hearken to me a moment, and I will tell thee something that will do thee good. I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a good, loving wife and two fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home, and lived happily together. But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in drunkards' graves. My wife died broken-hearted, and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy-two years of age. Had it not been for drink, I might now have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and mark, it makes me work now. At seventy years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink! drink! and it will make thee work."

Squib's boy has been for some months an inmate of a lawyer's office. He entered with the determination, as he announced to his family, to become Secretary of State. There would seem to be some probability of his succeeding to judge from the following note sent the other day to his anxious mother, who had inquired why he did not come home to see her oftener: "The impossibility of my absence will be readily apparent when I convey the intelligence that my senior principal is, at the current juncture, exhaustively engaged in the preparation of a voluminous series of intercalatory interrogatories to be propounded to a supposedly recalcitrant witness whose testimony is of cardinal importance in the initial stages of an approaching preliminary investigation involving the most momentous consequences."

#### Reversing the Wheels.

Experiments lately made at Blackburn, with a train made up in imitation of that of the express which ran into the train standing in Brighton station, to test the statement of the driver that he reversed his engine as soon as he found the brakes did not check his train, are of some interest, though they elicited the fact that the reversal of an engine of a train running at a high velocity has but a very small effect in reducing the speed. A high speed was attained, and the engine was reversed a quarter of a mile before reaching the station, but the train ran through the station at about twenty miles an hour, and had to be stopped by the brakes. Locomotive driving wheels, when running the reverse way, are not effective in stopping a train. The experiment shows how little can be gained by reversing an engine under such circumstances.

#### The Cows are in the Corn.

Oh! father's gone to market town,  
He was up before the day;  
And Jamie's after robin's nests,  
And the man is making hay;  
And whistling down the hollow goes  
The boy that minds the mill,  
While mother from the kitchen door,  
Is calling with a will:

Polly! Polly!  
The cows are in the corn!  
Polly! Polly!  
The cows are in the corn

From all the misty morning air,  
There comes a summer sound,  
A murmur, as of waters, comes  
From ships, and trees, and ground;  
The birds they sing upon the wing,  
The pigeons bill and coo,  
And over hills and hollow rings,  
Again the loud halloo!

How strange at such a time of day,  
The mill should stay its clatter,  
The farmer's wife is list'ning now,  
And wonders what's the matter!  
Oh! wild the birds are singing in  
The woodland on the hill,  
While whistling up the hollow goes  
The boy that minds the mill?

In considering what constitutes a call to preach, the Golden Rule says: Any comprehensive answer would include a sound body, good health, a good voice, a pleasing address a sound mind, a good judgment, aptness to teach, accompanied by an equal aptness to learn, and, withal, a heart quick in its sympathies, earnest in its purposes, and loyal to the truth as a needle to the pole. The will should be stiff as the oak before all evil influences, and lithe as the willow before all heavenly influences. Great capacity to yield to the wishes of others is an excellence; but it should be accompanied by an equal power to mould others, so that they shall wish for good things. Then the power to make all due allowance for the prejudices of others is a very convenient gift for the pastor of a church. The young man who finds himself thoroughly furnished in these particulars has a very urgent call to preach. For the world's need of preaching from just such men is a very urgent need. Theological seminaries cannot make them; their credentials are of divine origin, but the seminaries are very glad to get them for students.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.—Ex-Senator Merrimon, of North Carolina, is reported to have said recently in a speech at a prohibitory meeting in Reidsville, in that State: "I have never meddled with liquor! I have never drank it, have hardly kept it as medicine in my family, and yet it has meddled with me, has made my boy a wandering vagabond, has broken my wife's heart; yes, when I was asleep thinking him at home in the house, he was being made a drunkard in the bar-rooms of Raleigh."

GOOD DEEDS.—Thousands of men breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in the darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insect of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as stars in heaven.—Sel.