

Except a man be born  
again, he cannot see the  
kingdom of God.

John iii. 3.

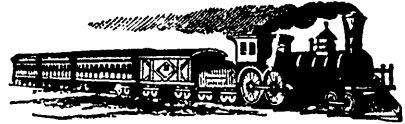
### DRINK AND ITS TRAIN.

**D**R. TALMAGE portrays in his abrupt style the evils that visit young men and old, who permit themselves to become the slaves of liquor:

"Tell me a young man drinks, and I know the rest. Let him become the captive of the wine-cup, and he is the captive of all other vices. No man ever runs drunkenness alone. That is one of the carrion crows that goes in a flock. If that beak is ahead, you may know the other beaks that follow. In other words, strong drink unbalances and dethrones, and makes him the prey of all the appetites that choose to alight upon his soul. There is no place of sin upon this continent but finds its chief abettor in the places of inebriety. There is a drinking place before it or behind it, or a bar over it, or a bar under it. An officer said to me, 'You see how they escape legal penalty; they are licensed to sell liquor.' Then I thought within myself, the court which licenses the sale of intoxicating liquors, licenses gaming houses, licenses libertinism, licenses diseases, licenses death, licenses all crimes, all sufferings, all disasters, and woes. It is the legislature and courts who swing wide open the grinding, roaring, stupendous gate of the lost."

### "THY WILL BE DONE."

**U**PON the seal of the Baptist Missionary Union is the figure of an ox standing patiently, with a plough on one side, and an altar on the other; and the inscription beneath, "Ready for either!" So should it ever be with the Christian, whether it be service or sacrifice, he should be "ready for either."



### A RAILWAY MAN'S EPITAPH.

**I**N Mount Royal Cemetery, Montreal, may be seen a plain marble slab, on which is the following inscription, written in memory of an engine-driver killed on the Grand Trunk Railway in October, 1866.

"My engine now is cold and still;  
No water does my boiler fill;  
My wood affords its flame no more;  
My days of usefulness are o'er;  
My wheels deny their noted speed;  
No more my guiding hand they heed.  
My whistle, too, has lost its tone,  
Its shrill and thrilling sounds are gone;  
My valves are now thrown open wide;  
My flanges all refuse to guide;  
My clacks also, tho' once so strong,  
Refuse to aid the busy throng.  
No more I feel each urging breath:  
My steam is now condensed in death.  
Lifes train has through each station passed.  
In death I'm stopped. I rest at last.  
Farewell dear friends. Oh cease to weep,  
I'm safe, I'm safe, I sleep, I sleep."

"Montreal Witness."

### "THE END DRAWETH NIGH."

**T**HE most ingenious torture of the Hohenslaufen family, in the height of their despotic control, was that of a cell, which, at the prisoner's first entrance, presented an air of comfort and ease. After a few days confinement he became aware of a change in the dimensions of his cell. Day after day the space became more contracted, and once the prisoner became aware of this change, the fact became more appalling every day. Slowly, but terribly, the sides drew closer, and the unhappy victim was crushed to death. What an emblem does this suggest of the sinner's contracting day of Grace! Oh what would the poor victim in such a cell, have given to see the door open, and hear a voice, crying "Escape for thy life." Would he have lingered for one moment, think you? Would that sinners would escape so eagerly by the door of grace!