

port on the crest of the very wave that croakers said would overwhelm them.

Of course it is essential that the convictions be wholesome and rightly aimed. The hunter does not hit the bird in the air who aims at its image in the water. Much less, if his gun be loaded with sand. Let truth be in the heart, and it will aspire upward instead of downward—provided a downward aspiration were possible. Then its beats will be blows, and every blow will drive falseness further back. The person with even a limited experience doesn't need to be told that weak opinions beget sickly offspring, and that all vagabond morals are born of doubt.—*Morning Star*.

#### MAKE CHILDHOOD SWEET.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest  
Ere you fill them full of flowers;  
Wait not for the crowning tuberoses  
To make sweet the last sad hours;  
But while in the busy household band  
Your darlings still need your guiding hand;  
O! fill their lives with sweetness.

Wait not till the little hearts are still  
For the loving look and phrase;  
But while you gently chide a fault,  
The good deed kindly praise.  
The word you would speak beside the bier,  
Falls sweeter far on the living ear;  
Oh! fill young lives with sweetness.

Ah! what are kisses on the clay-cold lips  
To the rosy mouth we press,  
When our wee one flies to her mother's arms  
For love's tenderest caress!  
Let never a worldly babble keep  
Your heart from the joy each day should reap,  
Circling young lives with sweetness.

Give thanks each morn for the sturdy boys,  
Give thanks for the fairy girls;  
With a dower of wealth like this at home,  
Would you rifle the earth for pearls?  
Wait not for death to gem life's crown,  
But daily shower life's blessings down,  
And fill young hearts with sweetness.

Remember the home where the light has fled  
Where the rose has faded away;  
And the love that glows in youthful hearts,  
Oh! cherish it while you may!  
And make your home a garden of flowers,  
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's hours,  
And fill young lives with sweetness.

#### PRESUMPTION.

A young German countess, who lived about a hundred years ago, was a noted unbeliever, and especially opposed to the doctrine of the resurrection. She died when about thirty years of age, and before her death gave orders that her grave should be covered with a solid slab of granite; that around it should be placed square blocks of stone, and that the corners should be fastened to each other and to the granite slab by heavy iron clamps. Upon the covering this inscription was placed: "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." All that human power could do to prevent any change in that grave was done; but a little seed sprouted, and the tiny shoot found its way between the side-stone and the upper slab, and grew there, slowly but steadily forcing its way until the iron clamps were torn asunder, and the granite lid was raised and is now resting upon the trunk of the tree, which is large and flourishing. The people of Hanover regard it with almost a kind of superstition, and speak in lowest tones of the wicked countess; and it is natural they should, for as I stood beside that grave in the old churchyard it certainly impressed me more deeply than I can express.—*Standard*.

#### THE HOUR BEFORE CHURCH.

I have in my eye at present the hour before you go to church on the Sabbath forenoon. I am anxious about it. The note struck then is likely to give tone to your spirits all the day. Redeem it! Redeem it as much as you can from family duties. Redeem it wholly from "plaiting of hair and putting on of apparel." Redeem it wholly from vain conversation. How very much the power of the minister's preaching depends on the preparing of the hearer's heart. If you come up to the church with your mind crowded with trifles and puffed up with vanity—what can ministers do? They can do nothing but beat the air. What else can they do if there be nothing before them but air to beat at? It will make a sound, and that is all. I fear that many of my dear people spend more time on the Sabbath morning in putting veils on their

faces than in taking the veils off their hearts—more time in trying to make themselves appear before men what they are not, than in trying to make themselves appear before God what they are.—*Wm. Arnold*.

#### TEMPERANCE NOTES.

##### A CHINESE INDICTMENT AGAINST DRINKING.

An old Chinese legend tells how in the days of the great Yu, some two thousand two hundred years before Christ, a certain I Ti made wine and gave some to Yu, who, when he had tasted it, pronounced its flavour to be good, but poured it upon the ground, and ordered I Ti to be banished, forbidding its further manufacture, lest in after ages the kingdom should be lost through wine.

"Then," says the legend, "the heavens rained gold for three days," no doubt in approval of the wise conduct of the old Chinese prohibitionist, Yu. We are reminded of this ancient story on reading some extracts from a Chinese religious book called "Oneness in Virtue." This work is said to be of great age, but the blocks were destroyed during the late rebellion, and the present edition was printed only thirteen years ago from new blocks. The author is a Mr. Sun Chichchai. We think our readers will be interested in the opinions of this old native writer on wine-drinking. We are indebted for the translation to Rev. Frederick Galpin, of Ningpo:

"Wine confounds the character. Scarcely any man who drinks immoderately can possess self-control. Those whose dispositions naturally are stern, overbearing or tyrannical are helped to develop such evils by wine, and so with rapidity are thus made angry and mad. How great is the injury caused! For this reason several exhortations have been written. Wine may be used for religious obligations, but not to violate propriety by becoming drunk with it. A little may nourish, but a large quantity destroys. Man when drunk will do that which, when sober, he would not dare to do; he will do anything.

"Through wine the scholar loses his good name, the magistrate his office, the merchant his trade, and the artisan his work. Persons, property, friends, family, and life, are all injured. What difference is between it and a venomous serpent?

"Hence the first of the Buddhist prohibitions is, 'Abstain from wine.' Wine is a cruel axe that cuts down the character. Is it good or evil to give to or press upon a man, as a kindness, that which may injure him?

"Some may escape the evil, but nine out of every ten are destroyed. Wine may be of excellent flavour, but it is a madman's medicine. Wine is a source of disorder, it bequeathes hosts of hideous things, it spoils longevity, and hands down vicious habits."

We now give the author's thirty-two evils of wine-drinking:

1. It robs the heart of its purity.
2. It exhausts money and property.
3. Door of much sickness and disease.
4. Root of brawls and quarrels.
5. It makes men naked and barefooted as oxen or horses, but (unlike cattle)
6. Reeling and dancing, idling and cursing. They are detested by all men.
7. Through it men never obtain what they should.
8. What they obtain they lose.
9. It causes men to waste deeds and exhaust speech; when they awake it is only to repent.
10. It causes the loss of much, and an awakening only to shame and confusion.
11. It destroys physical force.
12. It spoils countenance and complexion.
13. Heart and mind are led astray.
14. Wisdom and knowledge are beclouded.
15. It destroys the capacity to honour parents.
16. Through it men cannot reverence the gods;
17. Nor obey the words of good men,
18. Nor laws of empire.
19. It makes friendships with cruel and wicked men.
20. It causes a separation from the virtuous and good.
21. It makes men shameless.
22. It easily incites to ferocious anger.
23. It destroys the power to control the passions.
24. It gives men over to evil without limit.
25. It causes them to resist the devout.
26. Produces a heart without fear.
27. Turns day into night.
28. Makes infamous in crime and teaches iniquity.

29. Rejects virtuous laws.

30. Drives men from the true and happy end of life, Nirvana.

31. Sows the seeds of insanity and madness.

32. Corrupts the body, destroys the life, and causes men to fall into the wicked way.

One name for wine is "fountain of misery."

It is said that the Emperor Yuan Tsung, A.D. 713, refused to drink wine because of its evil influence, and it is remarked, "If the Son of heaven was willing to abstain, what must be the disposition of any man who will not follow such an example?"—*Shanghai Temperance Union*.

#### INTEMPERANCE IN HIGH LIFE.

Drunkenness is not exclusively a vice of the so-called "lower classes;" this is a fact too often overlooked in the current discussions of intemperance and its remedies. We believe as fully as does Dr. Bartol or Dr. Clarke, in the principle of substitution, in the New Testament radicalism of overcoming evil with good. We have in these columns made frequent and earnest appeals for such an enlargement of the methods of temperance reforms as should treat the causes as well as the effects of the drinking habit, and seek to diminish the sale by stopping the demand for it. We have no patience with the assumption that society has fulfilled its duty, or that reform has done its work, when the sale or even the manufacture of liquor is legally prohibited. Neither appetite nor native depravity will explain the intemperance of the working and "lower classes." Go to their wretched habitations—learn the poverty of their lives, even greater than the poverty of their purses; see how they work, and eat, and sleep—and you will begin to understand that the delusive glitter of the drinking saloon is an effect rather than the cause of their misery. They should be helped out of this condition, and fortified against such temptations by every appliance that Christianity can suggest or philanthropy devise. Fight the rum-shop with the coffee-house, the tavern with the reading and recreation rooms, homelessness with evening homes, ignorance with education, darkness with light. But this is not enough. Is drunkenness any less terrible when the drunkard falls under a mahogany table than when he tumbles into the gutter?—when he is sent home in a hack instead of being hustled to the station house? Is it more dreadful for a drunken man of the lower class to break his wife's head than for a drunken man of the upper class to break his wife's heart? Is a skeleton in the closet less ghastly than a skeleton in the pitiless glare of the living room light? If you do not from your own observation know the wide-spread and baneful effect of intemperance among the well-to-do and wealthy classes, your experience of life must be very limited. Ask the physicians, ask the ministers of the city, and they will tell you whether the excessive use of strong drink is chiefly the vice of the working people. There is scarcely a family undefiled, in some of its connections, by the demon-touch of intemperance. The saloon is a pitfall; but so is the club. The bar-room is the devil's camp; the sideboard is his ambush. Whiskey is debasing; but French brandy is warmed with the same fire of hell. A "drunk" is not made innocuous because it costs three dollars instead of ten cents. Calling alcohol by fine names, and drinking it with that kind of moderation that stops just short of total intoxication, doesn't change its nature or avert its effect. With all our boasted advance in culture and civilization, drunkenness still remains the monster vice of society. And the unwise methods of many of the advocates of temperance, be they demagogical apostles or sincere fanatics, does not absolve any Christian teacher from the duty of placing the emphasis of his utterance upon the policy of abstinence.—*Exchange*.

THE report of the American Presbyterian Board of Missions, speaking of the Gaboon and Corisco Mission in Africa, says that it lacks the exciting interest awakened by newly-discovered regions in the interior; but it is still a mission of great importance and will furnish a good base of operations from which to reach the interior. The Board is considering whether it is not expedient to establish a new station at Kabiná, on the coast, near the Congo, with the view of ascending that river when it is safe to do so. The mission now extends 370 miles along the coast, from 170 north to 200 miles south of the Equator, and has access to a considerable population, including a tribe of cannibals (the Fangwes) of the interior, who often come almost to the mission-doors at Kangué.