

Lost Time.

Lost wealth may be restored by industrious and frugal endeavor; wrecked health may sometimes be regained by temperance and self-denial; forgotten knowledge may be brought back by earnest study; friends that have been alienated may be won again by assiduous attention; forfeited reputation may be measurably restored by penitence, humility and fidelity; but time once lost is lost forever. The moments that are gone come back no more; the priceless hours that have escaped us in our listlessness, our idleness and our folly, no toils can win them, no wealth can purchase them, no effort can bring them back. No prayers, nor tears, nor repentant sighs can give us that which, when we had it, we idly cast away.

To-day, God gives us time, and with it opportunity. The precious gift is in our hands; the past cannot be recalled; the future cannot be foreseen. To-morrow, of which we so often boast ourselves, may never come to us. We do not live to-morrow. We cannot find it in any title deeds. The man who owns whole blocks of real estate, and great ships on the sea, does not own a single minute of to-morrow! It is a mysterious possibility not yet born. It lies under the seal of midnight, behind the veil of glittering constellations.

Now in the living present is the hour of probation, the opportunity for improvement, the day of salvation. Let us redeem the time, because the days are evil.

Let it Alone.

"No, liquor won't hurt you if you let it alone," said one man with a sneer, to another who was making a strong fight to have it kept out of town by law. "You needn't meddle with it. If others take it that is their lookout."

"But liquor does hurt thousands who let alone, who hate it utterly, and never set a foot in a saloon."

"I should like your evidence," said the other, a little puzzled.

"Just step around the corner into Mrs. Watson's house—a pretty little house, but it will not be hers much longer. The rum-seller has it in his grip; I hear she must move out this week. Watson is working on his new veranda, which is to run around three sides of the tavern, to pay up another liquor-bill, while his wife

and children are starving. They never touch liquor but it has hurt them.

"I can pick out twenty families in this place where it has done its mischief, more or less, and it is so the world over. Every man that drinks involves others with him.

"Those that let it alone have to suffer. Probably five sufferers to each drunkard would be stating it very low. Now, I mean to work hard and fight hard, if need be, for those who have no helper; and if the law can be made to help them, well and good."

Our boys are to be our future law-makers. Let them be well established in temperance principles. Let them look on liquor license just as they would on a license to commit any sort of crime. All these and far more are included in every permit to sell rum.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

Sebed-Lo-Sabad.

BY REV. C. F. JANES.

Among Noah's hearers none were more regular in attendance, nor more outspoken in sympathy and respect, than Sebed-lo-Sabad. Others reviled; he confessed his acceptance of the truth. His conversation with the preacher often turned upon the approaching Deluge.

At first his neighbors believed him in earnest but they soon noticed that he bated not a jot of interest in his farm or or his merchandise. He builded, he planned, he lived as though there were no threatening storm. In vain the preacher warned him to make suitable preparation. He always gave some ready excuse; and meanwhile flattered himself for accepting the truth and honoring the preacher.

At last the storm burst. "Ah!" said he to his neighbors, "I knew it would come! I told you the preacher spake truth!"

"Why then," they answered, "did you not flee to the ark, and we, perchance, would have followed your example?"

He breasted the storm and reached the ark's door. "Father Noah!" he cried, "open to me! I knew. I always said you spake truth. Open to me!"

"Not so, Sebed-lo-Sabad" ("Servant of no service"), was the reply, "Others disbelieved and are condemned therefor. You believed, but confirmed them in their unbelief by your own disobedience. Yours is the greater guilt. The Almighty hath closed the door."