

TRAINING.

Francis Quarles, an old writer who lived in the days of Charles the First, says to parents: "Be very vigilant over thy child in the April of his understanding, lest the frost of May nip his blossoms.

"While he is a tender twig, straighten him; whilst he is a new vessel, season him; such as thou makest him, such commonly shalt thou find him.

"Let his first lesson be obedience, and his second shall be what thou wilt. Give him education in good letters to the utmost of thy ability and capacity.

"Season his youth with the love of his Creator, and make the fear of his God the beginning of his knowledge.

"If he have an active spirit, rather rectify than curb it; but reckon idleness among his chiefest faults.

"As his judgment ripens, observe his inclinations, and tender him a calling that shall not cross it. Forced marriages and callings seldom prosper. Show him both the mow and the plow; and prepare him as well for the danger of the skirmish, as possess him with the honour of the prize."

SLEEPING HEARERS.

Old Bishop Aylmer, seeing his congregation pretty generally asleep, took his Hebrew Bible from his pocket and read a chapter, which roused attention, when the old minister sharply rebuked them for sleeping when they might have understood him, and listening when they knew not a word he said.

Of the witty Dr. South it is said that preaching before King Charles, he saw that potentate asleep; he stopped short, and in a loud voice, three times called out, "Lord Lauderdale," His lordship stood up and looked at the preacher, who addressed him with great composure: "My Lord, I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but I must beg of you not to snore so loud, lest you should wake the king."

Andrew Fuller, one Sunday afternoon, saw the people, during the singing of the hymn before sermon, composing themselves for a comfortable nap; and taking the Bible, he beat it against the side of the pulpit, making a great noise. Attention being excited, he said; "I am often afraid I preach you to sleep; but it can't be my fault to-day, for you are asleep before I have begun.

SLAVERY TO THE APPETITES.

John B. Gough gave recently the following illustration of absolute bondage to intoxicating drink:—

A graduate of one of the universities of Great Britain came to me, shaking and trembling. He said he had "come to see me as he would go to a physician."

I said "You must stop drinking."—"I can't."

"You will die."—"I am afraid I shall."

"Give it up."—"I can't."

My wife and two gentlemen were present. I said, "What good does the drink do you?"—"No good."

"Why do you drink?"—"I must have it."

Thinking that, being an educated man, he might give me some ideas, I asked him, "Will you tell me how you feel before you begin to drink, and afterward?"

I shall never forget it! He stood up and said, "All I can say is, *I must have it.*"

"Why?"—"I feel as if there were *insects in my veins!* O, it is horrible, horrible! I touch my coat, I touch my hands, and I jump! O, I shall go mad—mad—mad! If I could not get it, without having a sound tooth torn out of my jaws, bring the instrument, and wrench it out; I *must* have the drink, you see—so I get it. And then I stand still, that I may not disturb its effect. That's what I want—I want relief; and I feel it. Quick, quick, hot it sends the blood through my veins; the insects are gone, and I begin to perspire. Yes, I am better, better, better! it's what I want—it's coming—it's coming—it has come to me—relief—like a flash of summer lightning, and it has gone, and I get another."

"Then," I said, "you will die."—"I am afraid I shall! can you help me?"