

THE EFFECT OF DRINK.

Not long ago the people of a certain town were called upon under local option to decide the liquor question. They were wavering in a public meeting, lest the town should suffer serious business loss. The sentiment seemed somewhat against prohibition until a pale, half-clad, woe-begone woman entered the room, walked up to the front and begged the privilege of saying a few words. She said:—

"I have just come from the poor-house. You all know me. I once lived in the finest mansion on this street, only a few doors from this hall. My husband you all knew. He was a prosperous merchant in this place. He was once highly esteemed by you all. He became rich. We had a family of happy, bright-faced children. We all lived happily together until the demon of rum conquered my husband. He and our five sons fill drunkard's graves to-night. This is all I have to say, except that I now return alone to the poor-house. Good night."

As she left the room a deep and solemn silence pervaded the audience. A profound impression was produced, and the town was carried for prohibition. At least, turn about is fair play.—*Sel.*

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

The late Earl of Shaftesbury was wont to tell how his first religious impressions were due to a nurse who had charge of him till he was eight years of age, and who used to tell him Bible stories and urge him to give himself to the service of God. Not only does this anecdote contain comfort for those who in lowly positions seem to have but limited powers and few opportunities of working for God, but it is a suggestive one to those mothers who are careless as to the religious character of the nurses to whom the little ones are entrusted. To no one can the mother properly depute the blessed privilege of pointing the child to Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," but there are times when the children must of necessity be under the sole charge of the nurse; and every mother who has the eternal interests of her little ones at heart will be careful to provide such a nurse as will supplement the noisy teachings given at her own knee.

NOT AFRAID TO DIE.

Almost the only printed matter found in the far North when the relics of Sir John Franklin's expedition were discovered in that icy region was a leaf from Todd's *Student's Manual* with this dialogue on it:

"Are you afraid die?" "No."

"Why does the uncertainty of another state give you no concern?"

"Because God has said, 'Fear not; when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee.'"

The poor victim perhaps treasured the page, read and re-read it, and gazed on it until the mists of death crept over him. He was not found, but the page told those who were searching, how one, at least, of those brave seamen had died.

FAMILY PRAYER.

There is one mark of a household in which God is known and loved, which is too often wanting in our day—I mean the practice of family prayer. Depend upon it, the worth of a practice of that can only be measured by its effects during a long period of time, and family prayers, though occupying only a few minutes, do make a great difference to any household at the end of a year. How, indeed, can it be otherwise? When each morning, and, perhaps, each evening, too, all the members of the family, the old and the young, the parents and the children, the master and the servants, meet on a footing of perfect equality before the Eternal, in whose presence each is as nothing, or less than nothing; yet to whom each is so infinitely dear that He has redeemed with His blood each and all of them, how must not the bad spirits that are the enemies of pure and bright family life flee away—the spirits of envy and pride and untruthfulness and sloth, and the whole tribe of evil thoughts, and make way for His gracious presence in the hearts of old and young alike, who as He brings us one by one nearer to the true end of our existence, so does He, and He alone, make us to be "of one mind in a house" here within the narrow presence of each home circle, and hereafter in that countless family of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, which dwell with Him, the universal Parent of all eternity!—*Canon Liddon.*