

performance of a vow with a heroism and patient endurance, too common! and every day to be chronicled on earth; too holy and heavenly to pass unnoticed by the "registering angel" above.

"ALL'S WELL."

False prophet! In yonder luxurious room, sits one whose curse it was to be as a dream of Eden. Time was when those clear eyes looked lovingly into a mother's face—when a kind, loving father laid his trembling hand, with a blessing, on that sunny head—when brothers' and sisters' voices blended with her own heart-music around the happy hearth. Oh! where are they now? Are there none to say to the repenting Magdalen, "Neither do I condemn thee—go and sin no more!" Must the gilded fetter continue to bind the soul that loathes it because man is less merciful than God?

"ALL'S WELL."

False prophet! There lies the dead orphan. In all the length and breadth of the green earth there was found no sheltering nest where the lonely dove could fold its wing when the parent bird had flown. The brooding wing was gone that covered it from the cold winds of neglect and unkindness. Love was its life, and so—it drooped!

"ALL'S WELL."

False prophet! Sin walks the earth in purple and fine linen; honest poverty, with tear bedewed face, hungers and shivers and thirst, "while the publican stands afar off!" The widow pleads in vain to the ermined judge for "justice;" and unpunished of heaven, the human tiger crouches in his lair and springs upon his hopeless prey.

"ALL'S WELL."

Ah, yes, all is well! for He "who seeth the end from the beginning," holds even the scales of justice.—

"Dives shall yet beg Lazarus." Every human tear is counted. They will yet sparkle as gems in the crown of the patient and enduring disciple! When the clear, broad light of eternity shines upon life's crooked paths, we shall see the snares and pitfalls from which our hedge of thorns has fenced us in! and, in our full-grown faith, we shall exultingly say, "Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt?"—*Fanny Fern.*

A Reason Why

ONE, and I believe the principal, reason why so many persons engage in the traffic of intoxicating liquors is, on account of the immense profits accruing from so small an outlay of capital. Men are inclined to look wholly at money, and disregard the mighty and oft repeated appeals of conscience for principle. They do not hesitate to think whether the traffic is *per se* right or wrong—honorable or dishonorable—injurious or beneficial to the community. All their narrow minds can comprehend is, the paltry pittance which the poor inebriate pays for his grog.

Search the catalogue of rum-sellers through, and few, very few, indeed, would be found who would persist in selling a beverage which they know is daily depriving the social circle and the State of their brightest ornaments, the country of her noblest sons, and the world of her jewelled intellects, were the sale of it but one-fourth as lucrative.

Let us refer to facts and figures for one moment, to show what the profits of liquor venders really are:

One gallon of whiskey costs 40 cents. There are 60 drinks in a gallon, which at 5 cents per drink, bring \$3, leaving a profit of \$2.60