

now my weight is greater than it ever was except once.

"I never was in the habit of using more than half-an-ounce of tobacco a day. This would be but a moderate allowance for most persons who use the cud. I never was a smoker; my use of it was wholly confined to chewing.

"You are at liberty to make what use of these remarks you please, and I will vouch for the truth of them.

"Your obedient servant,

"E. G. MOORE.

"Prof. Mussey."

Dr. Moore's case is peculiarly interesting, inasmuch as for some years he was regarded by many of his friends as near a fatal consumption. In the February preceding the date of his letter, I met him in a stage-coach, and was struck with his healthful appearance, and interested with the account of his restoration.

Many a man predisposed to consumption, having become a victim of the weed, the poison has made a deadly thrust at his lungs; he sickens; he wastes away; and when sinking to his grave, he clasps his pipe as his dearest idol.

Other consumptive men we see, who seem to be far gone, but they are persuaded to throw away their pipe or quid, and assert their manhood. They substitute nutritious food, nutritious drinks, and manufacturing a generous amount of good blood, they recuperate, and in vulgar phrase, 'disease sloughs off from the lungs, and to the surprise of all, they live, and enjoy life.

LOST IN THE JUNGLE.

BY SERJEANT LAVERACK.

THE whole of my regiment, with two exceptions, having suffered from fever and ague while stationed in Peshawur, was ordered to Rawul-Pindee for the benefit of its health. After a time another move had to be made to a spur on the great Himalayas, with a view to eradicate this dire disease.

There were a godly number of godly men in the regiment, one of whom was a very promising young man named James Fair, the assistant schoolmaster. I felt a peculiar interest in this young man, and often took a walk with him in the cool of the evening for conversation and prayer. I had a little "cave," into which we used to retire and seek the Lord, and found the place lit up with His presence, but my dear friend, who had been long accustomed to take a glass of spirits as well as beer, forsook me and the little meetings we held daily in the schoolroom. I endeavoured by kindness and love to win him back from the paths of sin, but without effect. He sank lower and lower, and at the time when we were to commence our march to the Himalayan Mountains, he was a confirmed drunkard. Instead of filling his water-flask with water for the march, he filled it with arrack, or rum, and being on baggage guard, he was pretty much his own master. From his flask he took large draughts, and was seen staggering along the road by some of the guard, and, as it appeared, he wandered into the jungle. Not arriving in the camp for some hours after the rest of the guard, several parties on elephants were sent to seek for him. After dismounting the elephants they spread themselves in skirmishing order, and penetrated the jungle, and after searching for some time poor James Fair was discovered under a tree quite dead. It appears that what with the maddening influence of the drink, and the powerful rays of the sun, he had become delirious, and in that state he had bitten and torn the flesh off one of his shoulders and his arm, and died in this terrible state. As I think again of the fearful end of one whom I loved dearly, I tremble at the thought that some who will read the lines I am now penning, may go on and on in sin, till an end quite as awful, if not quite so vivid, overtakes

them, and I should so much like to say a word to them, hoping it may be the means in the hands of a loving God of arresting them in a career of sin ere it be too late.

A number of elephants were sent after my dear comrade, with many kind-hearted friends mounted on their backs, to rescue and save poor James Fair, and messengers still more kind and loving than comrades, have pleaded with you, and endeavoured to

"Rescue the perishing and care for the dying,

To snatch you in pity from sin and the grave."

The arguments they have used and the influences you have felt have been stronger than the influences of sin, but your stubborn heart would not yield, and, as if this were not enough, Jesus comes in the fulness of His love, right "down from the shining seats above," "to seek and to save that which was lost," to pour into your poor bruised soul the oil of His grace.

When poor Fair was found, all rushed forward to help and save, but it was too late: they could only weep—aye, and strong men, moved to tender emotions, wept there in that secluded spot over one who, if he had clung to Jesus, might have been an ornament to society and of great use in the church. "Too late," the reiteration of these words makes one wish he had a quill from a seraph's wing dipped in the fountain of the Redeemer's blood, that he might write in luminous characters, not only in Greek and Latin and Hebrew, but in every language under heaven, the story of Jesu's love, and lift up the scroll far above earth's snowy peaks and barren plains, that the glory thereof, brighter far than the sun in its meridian splendour, might be seen throughout the habitable globe, and all men everywhere led to adore the wonders of His redeeming love.

Dear brother, did you ever think that every sin as it is committed eats away a portion of your moral manhood, and renders you less and less able to resist it, and more and more unable to realise and appreciate the love of God to you, until all vitality is destroyed and you perish everlastingly. It is not "too late" now, it may be soon. Oh! yield your heart's allegiance to Him, to whom your more than all is due, to Him who gave Himself a ransom for you. Think not that you can go on and on in sin, and turn from it just as you please. No, no; sin when it has been long indulged in, becomes as the branch grafted in a part of the tree, and you can sooner snap off the old limb itself than you can separate the graft. I beseech you, therefore, to

"Stop, poor sinner, stop and think

Before you farther go,

Can you sport upon the brink

Of everlasting woe?"

Or soon will be heard the doleful note:—

"Too late, too late, will be the cry,
Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

A DYING BROTHER.

CHARLES SIMEON was once summoned to the bedside of a dying brother. Entering the room, the relative extended his hand, and with some emotion said:

"I am dying, and you never warned me of the great danger I was in of neglecting the salvation of my soul."

"Nay, my brother," said Simeon, "but I took every reasonable opportunity of bringing the subject of religion before you, and frequently alluded to it in my letters."

"Yes," said the dying man, "but you never came to me, closed the door, and took me by the collar of the coat, and told me I was unconverted, and that if I died in that state, I should be lost; and now I am dying, but for God's grace, I might have been for ever undone."

It is said that Simeon never forgot this scene.

A Syrian convert to Christianity was urged by his employers to work on Sunday, but he declined. "But," said the master, "does not your Bible say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into the pit on the Sabbath day he may pull him out?" "Yes," answered Hayob, "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath day, then the man should either fill up the pit or sell the ass."