

and the child sat white and trembling on her mother's lap in the cabin's doorway.

'You're a fust-rate soldier, Jess—that's what you be,' said her father proudly. 'How ever did you manage to keep still?'

'I jest shet my eyes,' said the child, 'and made out that God was holding my feet.'

'Holding your feet!' exclaimed the man, somewhat startled.

Jess nodded:

'They're teaching me some bible verses at the chapel Sunday-school,' she said, 'and one of them says, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved." That's what made me think of it.'

The next Sunday Jess found, to her delight, that her father was going with her down the mountain to Zion Chapel.

'Are you 'fraid I'll meet up with more snakes, dad?' she asked.

'Not so much that, though you mought,' he answered. 'I'm goin' to learn the rest of them verses 'bout God not lettin' your foot be moved.'

And when he heard the very first verse of that beautiful Psalm; 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help,' the mountaineer nodded:

'Ezzactly,' he said, 'that's just the one for me.'

But he has gone farther on now, and is learning the deeper, sweeter lesson of the next verse, 'My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.'—Elizabeth P. Allan, in 'Sunday-School Times.'

AGAINST THE USE OF TOBACCO.

(By Mrs. Clara Smith Colton.)

Some may use it all their lives with only the invariable result of a weakened heart, a duller brain and more irritable nerves, all of which defects they probably deny, because they are unconscious themselves of the slow and subtle effect; but in other cases, the use of tobacco, besides the ill already mentioned, causes that dread disease cancer. Whether all physicians agree or not as to the real cause of the sad deaths of General Grant and the Emperor Frederick, some were sure that their terrible afflictions were the direct result of the excessive use of tobacco.

Some physicians have made the same statement regarding the illness and death of Secretary Gresham, who was an inveterate smoker.

A physician of authority in the medical world says, 'Smokers' patches in the mouth and throat are always liable in a scrofulous condition of the system to develop into cancers.'

So, as in the illustration of the apple-blossoms, who that begins the use of tobacco can tell but he may be the one to develop the extreme ill effects of the nicotine poison in his system?

The author of 'My Lady Nicotine,' who glorified the soothing delights of the pipe by the halo of his literary genius, has had to go away on a vacation, giving up all work, this result being brought about in large part, as physicians say, by excessive use of tobacco!

Edward Bok, the brilliant young literary man, editor of 'Ladies' Home Journal,' in his advice to young men speaks strongly against the use of tobacco from the standpoints of wastefulness and dulling the keen edge of brain power, the temporary stimulation being more than offset by the heaviness which follows.

The facts given, surely show that tobacco as nature made it is not good for man as a stimulant. How much worse are its evil effects when we consider that 'Opium and old refuse stuff,' are commonly put into cigars and especially into cigarettes!

A manufacturer of tobacco himself says, 'The amount of drugs and poisons, as opium and arsenic, which are put into cigarettes, is appalling.'

Children from the slums in great cities are given the regular employment of going round the streets late at night to gather up all the old

cigar-stumps and discarded quids of tobacco, and these are ground up and used in the manufacture of cigarettes!

Perhaps it is thought that the high-priced cigars are pure. But Havana brand cigars with their supposed flavor derived from Havana soil and sunshine and skill in preparing, are made in large quantities in this country, by soaking ordinary tobacco leaves in a liquid 'Havana flavoring,' which is manufactured by thousands of barrels from the poisonous tonka bean.

This is the age of 'Women's Rights' and of 'Girls' Rights' too. Why should they not use tobacco? Is there any reason against mothers and sisters and wives smoking which does not hold good against fathers and brothers and husbands doing so?

Would a young man care to take a girl to some entertainment and have her puff a cigar as she walked along the street with him? If not, why should any gentleman do it?

We all have the inalienable rights to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;' we might well add that we all have an alienable right to non-tobacco-flavored air. Smokers often forget this, and only too commonly make others share with them their smoke and smell, which is surely neither kind nor courteous.

Let no girl who does not wish to be suspected of an inherited depraved taste or an abnormal lack of delicacy say (as unhappily some do), 'I don't mind the smell of a good cigar; indeed, I rather like it.' It is not natural to like it, for little children never do. And if a young lady's physical sensibilities are not normal or not delicate enough to make her dislike tobacco, let her not proclaim her blunted moral sensibilities by making no protest against its use, thus really countenancing this evil habit which is stealing away the true manliness of thousands of youths.

Girls have it in their power to make smoking unpopular, unfashionable, and this with some young men has a stronger influence than the force of logic and moral considerations.

But there is far higher authority to quote against the use of tobacco than the testimony of physicians, educators, and Christian men and women. God's Word is against it.

We are made in the image of God.

Just before John B. Gough fell dead, while lecturing to a great audience, his last words were, 'Young men, keep yourselves pure.' He was only echoing the words of the inspired Psalmist long ago:—

'Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?'

'He that hath clean hands and a pure heart.'

The body, mind and soul of the smoker cannot be clean and pure as it should be in God's sight.

The service of our whole being belongs to him who endowed us with our powers, who made us in his own image, and we have no right to weaken our physical, mental, or moral strength.

'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, whose temple ye are.'—National Temperance Advocate.

A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

The following case of divine leading was published about three years ago in the 'Boston Watchword,' Dr. Gordon, editor, and is the record of a remarkable experience in the life of Mr. Emmons T. Mockridge, president of the Philadelphia Medical Mission:

After a busy day, sitting in my counting-room in meditation, there came upon me an irresistible impulse to take the train and go to a distant city. After vainly trying to shake off the impression, I sent word to my family that they need not look for me that night, hastened to the cars without baggage, and at the end of a three or four hours' journey, found

myself at my destination, heartily ashamed of having yielded to so unaccountable an impulse. Finding that the next train would not start for my home for some time, I strolled up into the town to pass away the time, amazed that I could have been so weak as to take a long journey without any motive.

As I passed a public office a door opened and there came forth a man whom I well knew, who, without expressing any surprise at my presence, asked me to walk with him, to which I consented. I noticed that he was under great suppressed emotion and I was seeking to find the cause. He told me that the night before he had been badly treated by another, and that he was now on his way to take that man's life. Of course I was horrified, and tried all sorts of argument and persuasion to induce him to desist from his purpose; but he was a man of singularly strong will, and had become almost insane by brooding on his wrongs. For perhaps two or three hours I followed him as he entered different places in search of his enemy, vainly seeking to deter him from his fell purpose, until at last at midnight I fell upon my knees in the street and cried unto God to save him from committing the dreadful crime of murder.

Immediately the answer came. He raised his pistol, fired it into the air, and said:—'I yield to your entreaties and forego my purpose.' Now take me home with you,' I said. He consented, and when we came there, I knelt down, insisting that he should do the same, and besought the Lord to not only make him forego his purpose of vengeance, but also to forgive the offender. It was a long time before he yielded to my entreaties that he should forgive him, but every time he refused I turned to God with fresh prayer until finally he consented to forgive. I then asked him to pray for his own forgiveness, and to ask God to receive him into his family as one of his children.

For a long time he refused my appeal, but I kept continually calling upon God for him, until finally, as the day broke, he made a full surrender, and as we both rose from our knees, we gave the glory to God who had used me as his feeble instrument to save a soul from death, deliver him from the power of Satan and bring him into the kingdom of God's dear son.

More than a quarter of a century has passed since that eventful night, but the event was of him who, when he commences a good work, carries it to the end for he has ever since lived a godly and sober life, exemplifying in his experience the mighty power of God to save, to keep from falling, and to present faultless before the holy presence with exceeding joy.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM.

A little Jewish boy attended a mission Sunday-school in New York. His mother was glad of the two hours' rest it gave her from the care of the restless, inquiring mind. He became engrossed with the story of Jesus Christ, so surpassing strange and new to him, and never tired of looking at pictures of the 'One who seeks the lost.' The Bible Lesson pictures were of great value to him, and when he was told he could select one for himself, his joy knew no bounds.

'O I will take the shepherd one. I wonder if He knows I am His lamb?' And the large, lustrous eyes filled with tears.

The dread diphtheria was in the tenement where he lived. His mother did not know how to care for him. The beloved picture was pinned up by his cot where he could always see it.

'Mamma, I'm going to die, and go to the Shepherd of Israel; won't you put the picture in the coffin when I'm carried out?'

One night the Good Shepherd gathered this little lamb to His bosom, and little Jacob was at rest.—New York 'Observer.'

HOME ENTERTAINMENT.

A writer in the 'Banner of Gold' furnishes a number of suggestions along the line of amusements at home. From them I select the following:

Word Contests—A contest which calls for some work and rapid thinking is to transpose correctly the misplaced letters of words. For each guest prepare a list of fifteen or twenty words, names of flowers, noted men, countries or animals, with the letters of each word transposed. After distributing the lists and pencils give twenty minutes for the contest. The one correctly making out the greatest number of names is well entitled to a prize. If the list is flowers, the prize may appropriately be a bouquet. At first glance one would little think the words elephant, monkey and pansy were hidden in abetlnep, nyoekm, nspya.

For another game sides are chosen as for spelling down. One who acts as a leader or teacher pronounces any letter of the alphabet, and then counts five. The leader of one side is to pronounce some geographical name commencing with that letter before the leader finishes his count. Proceed as in spelling down.

A Guessing Game.—One member of a company, which may consist of any number of people, is to give out in their proper order the first three letters of a word which he has in his mind, and which the others must guess. For instance, he may have in his mind the word purpose, and he says: 'I think of a word which begins p-u-r.' As soon as one of the others thinks of a word beginning with those letters, he presents it orally for approval. The shortest and most ordinary words often prove the most puzzling, owing to some peculiarity of their formation. The difficulty and interest of the game are increased by placing a limit upon the number of letters which the word shall contain. Although no proper names and no obsolete words are allowed, and words not known to the average intelligent reader are excluded, there will be puzzling words while this game is being played.

Answers in Rhyme.—Give to each guest paper and pencil, and two small slips, upon one of which is to be written a question and on the other a single word. The questions and words are collected and redistributed. Each one must answer in rhyme the question he has drawn, using the word on the other card in his rhyme. Five minutes is the time allowed for the writing. Then each one reads aloud the result of his labors, reading his question and word aloud before reading his answer in rhyme.

'OUT OF SCHOOL.'

(By M. E. Van Duyne.)

The clock strikes two in my parlor,
With its soft and silvery chime;
There are voices and merry laughter,
And I know that now is the time
When three little roguish people,
Whose tasks for the day are o'er,
Will run up the old oak staircase
And in at my open door.

Their fond little arms are round me;
Soft lips to my own are pressed;
Two bright little laughing faces
With merriest smiles are dressed.
But one is so sad and tearful,
As it lies against my own,
And the poor little heart, and tender,
Thus utters its childish moan:

'Oh, why, mamma, do you send me
Where the hours are all so long?
I try so hard with the lessons,
But I always get them wrong.
At home, with you, I am happy,
But there I must keep the rule,
When I am a great grown lady,
I never will go to school.'

Oh, how shall I tell my baby,
So free from sorrow and care,
With the soul through her bright eyes
shining,
With her sheaf of golden hair,
That we who are great grown ladies,
And sterner and stricter the rule—
That my lessons are only longer,
We never are 'out of school.'