

"What is there bully about it?" said I to Tommy, when he had produced it.

"Well, father, I didn't mean to say bully; only you know that word comes awfully convenient and I kinder ring it in without thinking. But it's full of adventure; about a fellow that lived in the wilderness when the country was new, and even Ohio was as wild as an Indian—what-do-you-call-it?"

"Reservation," said Jennie.

"Yes, reservation," said Tommy.

"What do you say, James," said I; "will you read aloud for us while I go to work on the shoe-box I am making for mother?"

James said he would, and we then and there inaugurated a reading circle. We have kept it up, so far, all winter; James and I taking turns in reading aloud and the rest going on with their work. Tommy is quite expert with his knife; and he has begged off from the reading to go on with his carpentry. We followed "David Crockett" with "Daniel Boone," and then took up Mrs. Brassey's "Voyage Round the World in the Yacht 'Sunbeam.'" We are reading that with an Atlas, and look up the places in the Atlas, and Jennie sometimes looks them up further in the Cyclopædia and tells us more about them at the next reading. And I haven't seen anything more of James' dime novel. My way to keep our boys from the bad literature is to overcome evil with good.

How can I find the time? Well, I believe that he that does not provide for his own family is worse than an infidel. And I think that it is part of my duty to provide my children with good books and good company in reading them. And I won't take so much work on my hand that I cannot do something for my own children. It is true, that when we had extra meetings through the week of prayer I only went to two of them; and I do not always go to the church sociable; and I have no lodge to go to; in fact I generally spend my evenings at home. I do not know any way in which a father and mother can spend all their evenings out, and make their children contented to spend them at home. My neighbours grumble a little but my children do not; and on the whole I would rather bear the grumbling of my neighbours than of my children.—*Christian Union.*

CHRIST AND HIS BRETHREN.

This is a ground of unspeakable consolation unto believers, with supportment in every condition: No unworthiness in them, no misery upon them, shall ever hinder the Lord Christ from owning them, and openly avowing them to be His brethren. He is a brother born for the day of trouble, a Redeemer for the friendless and fatherless. Let their miseries be what they will, He will be ashamed of none but of them who are ashamed of Him and His ways, when persecuted and reproached. A little while will clear up great mistakes. All the world shall see at the last day whom Christ will own; and it will be a great surprisal when men shall hear Him call them brethren whom they hated, and esteemed as the offscouring of all things. He doth it, indeed, already by His word; but they will not attend thereunto. But at the last day, they shall both see and hear whether they will or no. And herein, I say, lies the great consolation of believers. The world rejects them, it may be their own relations despise them—they are persecuted, hated, reproached; but the Lord Christ is not ashamed of them. He will not pass by them because they are poor and in rags—it may be, reckoned (as He Himself was for them) among malefactors. They may see also the wisdom, grace, and love of God in this matter. His great design in the incarnation of His Son was, to bring Him into that condition wherein He might naturally care for them as their brother; that He might not be ashamed of them, but be sensible of their wants, their state and condition in all things, and so be always ready and meet to relieve them. Let the world now take its course, and the men thereof do their worst; let Satan rage, and the powers of hell be stirred up against them; let them load them with reproach and scorn, and cover them all over with the filth and dirt of their false imputations; let them bring them into rags, into dungeons,

unto death—Christ comes in the midst of all this confusion and says, "Surely these are My brethren, the children of My Father," and He becomes their Saviour. And this is a stable foundation of comfort and supportment in every condition. And are we not taught our duty also herein, namely, not to be ashamed of Him or of His Gospel, or of any one that bears His image? The Lord Christ is now Himself in that condition, that even the worst of men esteem it an honour to own Him; but, indeed, they are no less ashamed of Him than they would have been when He was carrying His cross upon His shoulders, or hanging upon the tree; for of everything that He hath in this world they are ashamed—His Gospel, His ways, His worship, His Spirit, His saints, they are all of them the objects of their scorn; and in these things it is the Lord Christ may be truly honoured or be despised.—*Owen.*

A LIVING GOD.

Did you ever, I ask you, hear a religious man say, as years went on, that his religion had disappointed him? Nay, the life of our God is continued even now upon earth; and where that life is, there is the full, unending, irresistible power by which God will lead us from strength to strength, until at length we come to appear before our God in Zion. We worship no absent God. We serve no lifeless abstraction. We devote ourselves to no mere idle idea. We are buoyed up by no mere inflated enthusiasm. We serve a God living—a God present—a God who loves—a God who acts—a God who bids us trust Him to the uttermost, as we patiently pursue the path from whose end, even now, He is beckoning to us, whispering to us the while, as our minds are dark, and our hearts are cold, and our fears are great, these rich words of most abundant promise, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now?"—*Canon Wilberforce.*

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A DOCTOR'S OPINION OF ALCOHOL.

Alcohol is, like fire, a good servant but a bad master, and it becomes us as the conservators of the public health to be on our guard lest, through our incautious prescription, it should gain the mastery of any of our patients. The fact that many practitioners have ceased to administer alcohol in their practice without any diminution in their success ought to be sufficient evidence that its wholesale administration must be very prejudicial. Alcohol is only one of the many drugs which we have at our disposal, and those of us who feel compelled to be careful in our prescription of it need not feel ourselves embarrassed for an efficient substitute in very many instances—*Dr. James Muir Horne.*

ALCOHOL UNNECESSARY AND INJURIOUS.

Drunkenness is one of the diseases produced by the use of alcoholic drink, and it can only be cured by entire abstinence from the drink which causes it. This is now generally known. It is not, however, equally well known that all intoxicating drinks are not only unnecessary to persons in health, but positively injurious. But all who have studied the subject practically, by physiological research, by extended observation and personal abstinence, will endorse the opinion that strong drink is unnecessary and injurious. There is also a general opinion among persons who have studied the physiological action of alcohol, that the medical profession labour under error as to the use of alcohol in the treatment of disease—that it is used when unnecessary, and frequently with the most injurious results. The work of temperance reformers, then, is to obtain and diffuse correct information as to the nature and effects of alcoholic liquors, and the safety and advantages of abstinence. They are the true sanitary reformers; for temperance is a most important part of preventive medicine. Without saying a word in disparagement of other efforts for the promotion of the public health, we are convinced that nothing could conduce so much to the physical improvement and social elevation of the lower classes of our countrymen as total abstinence from strong drink.

THE VIPER IN THE FIRST GLASS.

One of the latest contributions to the literature of the bottle which I have seen is the following note, written last week, and now lying before me. "My dear Sir, I am sorry to inform you that I have again fallen, and am now held at Jefferson Police Court, Sixth avenue and Tenth street. Will you not, in God's name, come and pay my fine and deliver me? Please come at once. I will repay you. I am sick and almost beside myself." The author of the above distressing note is a young man of fine family, fine education, and attractive manners. He was for a short time a student in a theological seminary. Twelve hours before he was locked up in "Jefferson Police Prison" as a street drunkard, he was at Dr. Bunting's "Christian Home for Inebriates," in Seventy-eighth street. For several weeks he had been an inmate of that excellent institution. Knowing how often the wretched youth had fallen before, Dr. Bunting secured a good situation for him to keep him from the temptation of idleness. Before sundown he had slipped away from his new place of employment, and was arrested for drunkenness in the open street. And all this, too, in a young man of gentle, refined manners, not yet out of his twenties. What are the lessons of this last text in the ever-enlarging chapter of damnation by the dram? Several lessons. The first one is that when a drunkard has "reformed" often, and fallen quite as often, he gets used to falling. His will grows weaker every time, like a rope that has been broken repeatedly, and is the worse for every mending. He becomes hardened in conscience by every blow given to conscience. His self-respect has been wounded so often that he grows reckless. He has broken so many good promises that he does not really believe himself when he signs the pledge for the twentieth time. 2. A second lesson from my fallen friend's case is that drunkenness becomes a horrible disease. It is as much a self-inflicted disease as a consumption would be which was brought on by sleeping on the wet ground. This young man tells me that when the appetite clutches hold of him he is powerless to resist. He is swept away like a chip on the rapids of Niagara. This utter impotence makes him the more desperate. Bitterly has he learned what God's word meaneth—"Whoso committeth sin is the slave of sin." What miracle the grace of God may yet work for my poor friend, no one can predict; but up to this time no efforts, prayers, or promises, have been of any avail. The demon of appetite still hurls them into the fires and into the flood; and when cast out he returns again with the seven other evil spirits, and the last state of that man is worse than the first. 3. But there was a time when my friend A— was a sober boy, untainted with the cup. When he let it alone, he was safe. He saw his father drink and began to tamper. His first glass opened perdition to him. Touching that first glass was like touching a victim of yellow fever; it was fatal. The last dram which sent him into a police cell was but the last drop of his first drink. Every day I see God's truth written up in more and more vivid lines of fire on the sky—"Look not on the wine when it is red; for at the last it biteth like an adder, and stingeth like a viper." Total abstinence is the only Gospel of salvation from the bottle. We have got to preach it from our pulpits, and teach it to our Sunday schools, and enforce it in our homes—that the viper lies coiled up in the first glass.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

Everyday toil is everyday blessing,

Though poverty's cottage and crust we may share;
Weak is the back on which burdens are pressing,
But stout is the heart that is strengthened by prayer.

Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter.

Just when we mourn there are none to befriending;

Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter.

And, somehow or other, we get to the end.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIED.

On the 22nd April, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. A. F. McGregor, B.A., the Rev. Andrew Oliver Cossar, of Belleville, to Miss Katharine Clinie, eldest daughter of Geo. S. Clinie, Esq., of Listowel.