

DRINK DID IT.

A man walked into his home—a big, strong man physically—and when his wife met him he knocked her down. She fled shrieking into an inner room and locked the door.

Mary, the man's daughter, a little thing five years old, fell to her knees and clung to him and cried out, sobbing: "Don't kill mamma, papa!"

He patted her head and told her to get her brother Edward.

Edward, a boy of six, came.

The man drew a revolver and shot his two weeping and trembling children. Then he blew his own brains out.

"He was a good man," said the wife to the police, her face all torn and blackened by his blows. "He was a good man, and he never treated me badly before."

What suddenly transformed this usually good husband and kind father into a ferocious demon, a murdering wild beast?

DRINK.

He was Frederick Ditscher, a driver for the health department, and he paid out the hard-earned money that should have gone to his family that he might become a slaughtering lunatic. Insanity by the bottle, by the glass, may be as readily purchased as are matches to start fires with.

Some men, many men, can play with alcohol. They can warm themselves with it as they do at the genial heat of a grate. But to such as Ditscher a glass of whisky is like a match to a heap of hay—it starts a conflagration.

No man who gets drunk when he drinks has any right to touch liquor.—New York Journal.

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

An old herdsman in England was taken to a London hospital to die. His grand-

child would go and read to him. One day she was reading in the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, and came to the words, "And the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The old man raised himself up and stopped the little girl, saying, with great earnestness: "Is that here, my dear?"

"Yes, grandpa."

"Then read it to me again; I never heard it before."

She read it again.

"You are quite sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."

"Then take my hand, and lay my finger on the passage, for I want to feel it."

She took the old blind man's hand, and placed his bony finger on the verse, when he said:

"Now, read it to me again."

With a soft, sweet voice she read: "And the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"You are quite sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."

"Then, if anyone should ask how I died, tell them I died in the faith of these words: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'—Ex.

DOING THINGS.

There is a story told about that prince of modern strategy, the daring Stonewall Jackson, who was admired, irrespective of political feeling, for his military genius and Christian character, that on one occasion he found a bridge over the Shenandoah River destroyed, and it was necessary that he should cross the river the very next morning. He sent for his bridge builder, saying: "Miles, turn the men all out at the earliest moment, to build a bridge." The next morning Miles reported at Jackson's tent, and Jackson

asked him: "Have you got the plan?" His engineer was to have drawn a plan and handed it over immediately. "Oh," said Miles, "the bridge is finished, but I don't know whether the picture is or not." The old man believed in doing things and not dreaming about them. He was a man after Jackson's heart. Such men are after God's heart, not men who have mere sentiment and williness, but men who have something to do and do it; practical men; men of action.

HOW SATAN APPROACHES.

BY NEWMAN HALL.

A personal friend was Ritson, a small farmer and keeper of a little hotel for tourists. One day he guided me among the precipices of Scafell. Walking beside a small stream, he said he thought he could get a trout there. So he lay flat on the bank, and put his arm down into the water, moving it a little to and fro. Presently he lifted his hand, grasping a fine trout. He told me he knew the pools he frequented, that they liked to feel the gentle movement of the hand till they were so enchanted that they became an easy prey. I have often used this instance of "tickling trout" as an illustration of the device of a worse enemy, quietly approaching, touching, gratifying, enchanting, capturing, destroying the silly human fish.—Ex.

The morning prayer chimes in with joy of the creation, with the quick world as it awakes and sings. It ought to bid itself up with the rising of the sun, the opening of the flowers, the divine service of the birds. The voice of the world is prayer, and our morning worship should be in tune with its ordered hymn of praise. But in joy we should recall our weakness and ask his presence Who is strength and redemption, so that joy may be married to watchfulness by humility. Such a prayer is the guard of life.—Stopford A. Brooke



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