Prayer and Testimony.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Remember the word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope." —Psalm cxix: 49.

The one hundred and nineteenth psalm is a very wonderful composition. Its expressions are many as the waves, but its testimony one as the sea. It deals all along with the same subject; and it consists, as you observe, of a vast number of verses, some of which are very similiar to others; and yet throughout the one hundred and seventy-six stanzas the same thought is not repeated; there is always a shade of difference even when the color of the thought appears to be the same. Some have said that in it there is an absence of variety; but that is merely the observation of those who have not studied it. I have weighed each word, and I bear witness that this sacred song has no tautology in it, but is charmingly varied from begining to end. Its variety is that of a kaleidoscope; from a few objects a boundless variation is produced. In the kaleidoscope you look once, and there is a strangely beautiful form. You shift the glass a very little, and another shape, equally delicate and beautiful, is before your eyes. So it is here. What you see is the same, and yet never the same: it is the same truth, but it is always placed in a new light, put in a new connection, or in some new way or other invested with freshness. I admire in this psalm very greatly the singular amalgam that we have of testimony, of prayer, and of praise. In one verse the Psalmist bears witness, in a second verse he praises, in a third verse he prays. It is an incense made up of many spices, but they are wonderfully compounded and worked together, so as to form one perfect sweetness. You would not like to have one-third of the psalm composed of prayer—marked up to the sixtieth verse, for instance; and then another part made up exclusively of praise; and yet a third portion of unmixed testimony. It is best to have all these ingredients intermixed, and wrought into a sacred unity, as you have them in this thrice-hallowed psalm. My text is a prayer, but there is testimony in it, and there is a measure of praise in it, too. In this single text there is the same mixing up of sweet perfumes as there is in the whole psalm.

I. First, then, David prays, "Remember the word unto thy servant." "Remember." That prayer is spoken after the manner of men, for God cannot forget. It would be a very low conception of His omniscience if we imagined that anything passed away from His knowledge. We see things as they come one after the other in a procession, but God is in a position from which He sees all at once. A man travelling through England sees a portion at a time; but he that looks at a map sees the whole country present before him there and then. God sees everything as now. Nothing is past, nothing is future to Him. He sees things that are not as though they were, and the things that shall be as though they had been. God does not forget, and therefore the text speaks only in a certain restricted sense, and must be understood after the manner of men.

Beloved, after what other manner could we speak? God has not taught us to speak after the manner of God. How could we? We are not divine. There is a language above, which Paul heard, of which he said that it was not lawful for a man to utter it. Men must speak after the manner of men; and each sort of a man must speak after his own name. Do not therefore let us censure a young brother when he utters a prayer which is very natural from him, though it sounds strange to us. Let us not condemn him because his language is not strictly accurate; for though it may jar upon our ear, the Lord may be well pleased with it. You are intelligent and educated, and a full-grown Christian, and the childish language of a beginner may jar upon your ear; but you must bear the jarring, for the Lord bears much more from you and others of His children.

It is thus that Jesus spake; and the Lord in our feeble tones, which in themselves might be open to censure, hears the language of the Son of man; and for His dear sake He does not condemn our speaking after the manner of men. He permits us so to speak, for He Himself knows how to read between the lines. He takes the meaning of our groans and tears, and when we fail to express ourselves suitably in words, He reads our hearts and accepts our secret meanings. I think I am warranted in making these remarks upon this expression of the prayer. "Remember the word unto thy servant;" and I hope they will furnish comfort to those of you who have very slender gifts of utterance.

A regenerate soul sitting still, and correctly weighing the whole question between the eternal faithfulness of God and the passing troubles of life, cannot be long in coming to a confident conclusion There is a hurry about our cares and anxieties, and in our hurry we are apt to rush to the foolish conclusion that the Lord may forget us. O poor worried child, if thou art so foolish as to allow so absurd a fear to enter thy bosom, thy Father would sooner that thou sholdst express thy apprehension to Him than hide it in thy heart! So we are helped to say, "Remember the word," though we blush to think it ever should have occurred to us that God could forget.

Let us look at the prayer again; "Remember the word unto thy servant." The intention of him who prayed this prayer was to ask God to remember his word by fulfilling it. That is the real meaning of it, as when a servant sometimes says, "I hope you will remember me." Yes, we will remember him; but that is not quite what he means. Those who speak thus hope that we will give them some token of remembrance—some practical proof that we remember them. So does this prayer mean, "Lord, let me not only be in thy thoughts, but let me be in thy acts! Thou hast promised to supply my needs; remember me by supplying my needs. Thou hast promised to forgive my sin; remember me by giving me a sense of pardon. Thou hast promised to help thy servant, and give me strength according to my day; remember the word by fulfilling thy word, and granting strength to me according as I have need of it."

It is a grand thing when you are pleading with any man to bring his own handwriting before him. You have then a hold upon him of the firmest kind. You have his promise in black and white, and he cannot run back from that. The intent of God in giving us the promise, first were, in black and white, in his own handwriting, is that he may be inquired of by us to do those very things which he has engaged himself to do. Ungodly men cannot make out what prayer is. "Do you suppose," they say, "that you can change the will of God?" We reply to them—We never supposed anything of the kind, but we suppose that our prayer is the shadow of a coming blessing. As "coming events cast their shadows before them," so, when God is about to bless us, he moves us to pray for that very blessing. If it were possible to shut out the man's shadow, we could not expect the man to enter; and if it were possible to shut out prayer from our souls, we should feel at the same time that we had shut out the blessing.

You see, then, the singular appropriateness of the expression, though at first it might seem to be a questionable one. "Remember the word unto thy servant."

II. The time flies too quickly, and therefore let me mention, in the second place, the pleas which the psalmist uses. The first is, "Remember the word." It is the word; for by the word upon which God had caused his servant to hope is meant God's word. He never makes his people to hope in anybody else's word. It is in the Lord's word that the hope of his people finds support. Let us consider the power, the dignity, the glory of that word. This is the greatest of all grounds of assurance. There is nothing on earth, there is nothing in heaven, half so steadfast as the simple, naked word of God. How mighty is this plea, when you present before the Lord his own sacred word!

But it is more than a royal word, brethren. It is an irrevocable word. Man has to eat his words, sometimes, and unsay his say. He would perform his engagement, but he cannot. It is not that he is unfaithful, but that he is unable. Now this is never so with God. What he has promised shall be, and what he has revealed shall surely be accomplished; for be sure of this—God has never spoken in secret; in a dark place of the earth, so as to revoke a single word which he has spoken aforetime. He has never disannulled one of his ordinances, or cancelled one of his promises. Stands the everlasting decree, firm as the throne of Jehovah, and the promise is as unfailing as the decree.

The last plea I shall offer but a few words upon. "Upon which thou hast caused me to hope." Lord, I have been hoping on thy word, and I have acted upon that hope; I believe the word to be true, and I have pledged the truth of it. That is a good pleading. A man has given me a bill—not a transaction I ever have anything to do with; but suppose such a thing. Suppose I go and discount it. I say, "My friend, you must honor that bill, because I have received the cash for it. Do not fail to meet it." It is as if we said to our God, "Lord, thou hast caused me to hope upon this promise of thine. I have been raising present comfort upon the credit of it. I felt so sure that it would be fulfilled that I have taken it into the market, and I have been living upon its proceeds by hoping on it." See how David went and discounted the promissory note; he encouraged himself by it. Turn to the verses which follow my text, and you will see, "This is my comfort in my affliction; for thy word hath quickened me." He had been comforting himself by the promise; and if the promise failed, that comfort would turn out to be a sheer delusion. Will the Lord delude those who trust him? Read the next verse: "The proud have had me greatly in derision; yet have I not declined from thy law." I stuck to thy doctrine, thy precept, thy promise: I declared thy word to be true: wilt thou not keep it, and so vindicate my confident assurance? "I remember the judgments of old, O Lord; and I have comforted myself." I have thus derived strength and establishment out of thy promises already. Wilt thou allow the enemy to tell me that I have deceived myself? Wilt thou revoke thy declarations? It cannot be.

This is wonderfully blessed pleading. "Thou hast caused me to hope; therefore, O Lord, remember thy word! When I read how God kept his promise to his people of old, I said, "He will keep it to me;" and when I remembered how he had kept other promises to me in past times, I said, "He will keep this also." His former dealings have induced us to trust in him. "Lord, thou hast caused me to hope; my hope is of thy creating, nourishing and perfecting. I am justified in hoping in thee on this occasion, from what thou hast done for me in days gone by. Thou hast caused me to hope. It was thy word, and I was thy servant, and I believed thy word, and thy spirit helped me to go from faith to hope; and now, when the windows of faith are opened, wilt thou not be pleased to send in a messenger of grace and peace?" O needy child of God, go home, and plead in this fashion, and you will not return empty! Have you come into a position from which there seems to be no escape? Do not ask to escape, but cry, "Remember the word unto thy servant, upon which thou has caused me to hope." You, poor sinner over yonder, that have never found Christ, think of this gracious word, "Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out." Lay hold on that loving declaration, and hope in it, and then say, "Lord, remember the word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope." The Lord bless you all, and give you a joyful hope in his sure promise, for his name's sake! Amen.

The Disappearance of Doctrine.

The slur upon doctrines indulged in by not a few popular preachers and writers in the last twenty years has not failed to affect the average sermon. The drift of opinion and the current practice indicates the danger of a decay of doctrinal preaching and a dimming of the rugged outlines of our theological faith.

In this matter the pew is largely dependent on the pulpit. The hearer's taste will be formed by the practice of the preacher. Absence of formulated doctrine in the pulpit means vagueness or ignorance and at last scepticism in the pew.

The result steals upon the church insidiously. There is no sudden shock scattering the faith of centuries in a night; but a single doctrine is allowed to drop out, or to be diluted with current heresy, a phosphorescent scepticism throws odium upon it, sympathy with unbelievers in it becomes familiar and the end is not far off. Yet it is more than obliteration of that one doctrine. The faith we hold is a system. No mind can self-consistantly surrender one element of it without putting in pawn its faith in all the rest. The decline of theological study among our best-read layman is marked, the taste for theology has almost vanished. The result of this is a weakening of the intellectual power of the church; and this in two ways. If our people cease to think logically, conscientiously, vigorously along the lines of doctrinal inquiry their general interest in preaching as such will decline. It becomes more difficult to fix their attention, to arouse mental action. The sermon as a divine message loses it hold upon their intellect and is dependent for its influence almost entirely upon its ability to please their æsthetic nature or move their sensibilities.

Our denominational strength is naturally in our pulpits. Our forms of worship are needlessly bare; our ministry are not a priesthood, our communion tables are not altars; if we cannot hold and educate our people from the pulpit we must find our grasp and influence upon their opinions and characters and lives relaxing. Ours must be a reasoning pulpit, for our people are bound by neither tradition nor superstition to believe us. Our preaching must penetrate things, prove things, build deep and broad and high. To do this it must discuss great themes boldly, thoroughly and scripturally. It must grapple strong doctrines, fundamental truths, the lighthouses of a Christian thought which centuries of study, prayer and mental vigor have reared. Evangelistic labors are of vast value, but their success and their protection from error will lie largely in a broad base of granite doctrine. We must cultivate studious hearing; put Bibles in the pews, quote proof texts, more than ever welcome doctrinal discussions. The forms of doctrinal statement may be subject to change. We should not have a panic if some of these forms should disappear, but we must cling to doctrinal preaching as such if we would not emasculate our piety and bring dry rot into our church organizations.—*Baptist Weekly.*

The Irrepressible Christ.

If Jesus actually lives with you, other people will be sure to discover the fact. When he went into the borders of Tyre and Sidon, he "could not be hid." If you travel through a certain district in southern France in lavender tin, as you are sure to know that it is a lavender country by the sweet fragrance in the air, Christ is always self-revealing. No genuine Christian will ever desire to conceal him; he could not, even if he would. Many absurd things have been written about "secret hopes," etc.; but, my friend, if nobody in this world, not even your most intimate friend, suspects that you are a Christian, I don't believe that you are one. If there is any fire in a stove, a touch will show it. Here, then, is an infallible test. Do I feel and recognize that Christ is in my heart controlling my conduct, quickening my conscience, and helping me every day to resist evil and do right? Then he is there; but if no such internal evidence exists, then Christ has never been there, or has gone away.

For the question whether the Master will always stay with us, depends largely upon ourselves. Self-will and pride may drive him out, for he promises to dwell only with them who are of an humble and contrite spirit. Neglect may provoke him to depart—and so may a persistant disobedience to his commandments.

Dr. Maclaren beautifully remarks that "the sweet song-birds and the honey bees are said always to desert a neighborhood before a pestilence breaks out in it." So the ineffably holy Saviour will not dwell with evil, and we may so poison the heart atmosphere with indulged sin that he will not stay in it. Free agency does not cease after conversion; if Christ enters our hearts through faith he must be kept there by faith. Oh, what wondrous condescension that the Lord of glory will consent to occupy such a hut as my poor heart; yet he is kindly saying to me; "Give me room in this thy heart, and I will give thee a place in my heaven!"—*T. L. Cuyler.*

A Melancholy Confession.

Many very melancholy experiences of men who have been plunged into deep darkness, through the "eclipse of faith," have been recorded, but we have never read of a sadder one than that of the author of "Theism," who, after reasoning himself out of all belief in religion, acknowledges the awful misery it has landed him in. Here is his candid confession:

"And forsemuch as I am far from being able to agree with those who affirm that the twilight doctrine of the 'new faith' (he means his own 'new faith' that there is no God) is a desirable substitute for the waning splendor of the old, I am not ashamed to confess that, with the virtual negation of God, the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness; and although from henceforth the precept to work while it is day' will, doubtless, gain an intensified force from the terribly intensified meaning of the words that 'the night cometh when no man can work' (because to him it is a night with no day to follow!) yet, when I think—as at times I must—of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence, as now I find it! I shall ever find it impossible to avoid feeling the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible."

"What pang was that?" "Ah! it was the cry of one who once had a Father, a hope, a home beyond death and the grave, but now has none of these; and the pungency of this loss is that he knows it. His philosophy, such as it is, has put out his light, and he walks in darkness which he feels so acutely that the confession of it seems to give him relief."—*Baptist Weekly.*

—THE WORK OF A MOMENT.—Did you ever write a letter, and just as you are finishing it let your pen fall on it, or a drop of ink blot the fair page? It was the work of a moment, but the evil could not be effectually effaced. Did you never out yourself unexpectedly and quickly? It took days and weeks to heal the wound, and even then a scar remained. It is related of Lord Brougham, a celebrated English nobleman, that one day he occupied a conspicuous place in a group to have his photograph taken. But at an unfortunate moment he moved. The picture was taken, but the face was blurred. Do you ask what application we could make of these facts? Just this:—It takes a life-time to build a character; it only take one moment to destroy." "Watch and pray," therefore, "that ye enter not into temptation." "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

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What Became of "Progressive Euchre" at Hubblestown.

BY FANNIE L. FANCHER.

"Well, this was the very best progressive that we've been to yet!" said Lou Daniels, while standing before her mirror, arraying her hair for the night, and casting sly, admiring glances at her own sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks reflected there.

"Oh, yes! of course you would think so," exclaimed her sister Jennie, "since you carried off 'first favor,' both prizes, as it were; for you seem to have capped the climax with Arthur Mead."

"I have thought for some time that he admired you; but his attentions to-night were quite marked. This is indeed a very lovely jewel case, a very unique design. You are fortunate in having won it. But did you play strictly fair, sister mine? I was at another table, you know; but I thought I saw you peeping at the other hands. Jim Brown is so awkward and clumsy, that a person can always see what he holds, and not half try. I fear, Miss Lou, your playing was like the heathen Chinee—quite peculiar."

"Yes, I know you would accuse me of dishonesty, you jealous minx!" angrily retorted her younger and more attractive sister. "I won, as everybody knows, and its none of their business how I did it. As to cheating at cards, everybody does it who can in a dexterous manner. That's one of the arguments by the fastidious against their use. They say its a regular school for deceit and cheating. What harm is there, then, I would like to know, since they all cheat, or take the advantage when they can?"

"No, they don't!" interrupted her sister, "for I wouldn't, and if I won a prize in such a manner I should consider it not rightfully mine. I fear Arthur Mead would scarcely admire you or your apparent sharpness did he surmise the truth in the matter."

"Humph! you'd better turn informer then, and secure him yourself. I dare say you'd like greatly to become mistress of his elegant home. Say, Jennie," continued she, sotto voice, "Do you suppose he was ever engaged to Helen Ashley? The silly thing won't come to one of our 'progressives.' Says she thinks it all wrong; actually calls it 'progressive gambling.' The idea! Well, she has forfeited Arthur Mead, I'm sure, by her foolish course. I mean to p'ay my cards well," thought she, "now that I have so good a hand."

"Well, if we don't stop talking," said matter-of-fact Jennie, "we won't get any sleep to-night; its in the 'wee sma' hours now. Do you know, Lou, I, for one admire Helen for her firmness in this matter. I wish I had her adherence to principle. I have thought for a long time that it wasn't just right, especially for church members, to indulge in such things. You know, Lou, that I have a large Sabbath school class, consisting of brother Rob and other boys, from fourteen to sixteen years of age—a very impressible time; and I have had many misgivings over my course. Surely my influence is something over them, and I fear its not on the right side."

"Well, for pity's sake! don't go and act ridiculous now. The very elite and upper ten of the place are interested, and for you to give them up would make you a laughing stock. It would have been all right had you refused to join us in the first place. You certainly can't withdraw now without becoming conspicuous. Just pitch in, win all the prizes that you can, and all these conscientious scruples will soon vanish. If it is wrong there's legions all over the country indulging and I am not more wicked than they. But I'm going to sleep, and you needn't talk."

"Just one word, Lou. If the whole world commit theft or murder, does that make it right for me? Custom, I am sure, will never make a wrong right."

The next morning when the Daniels family were assembled at breakfast, Rob, a lad of some fifteen years, toyed with a gold chain dangling from his vest pocket.

"What business have you with Rob Gleason's watch and chain?" asked his sister Bell, a girl some years his junior.

"It isn't his watch and chain," replied he, with knowing emphasis.

"Well, how came you by it, anyway?"

"I won it in a strictly honorable manner, and its mine, Miss Inquisitive!"

"What's that my son?" said his father glancing from his paper, with stern, suspicious look. "You won a watch and chain, and of whom? Surely, we have not gamblers unawares in our midst? Come! come! no hanging back. Make a clean breast of it. I overheard something about this disgraceful affair on the street last night but little thought a son of mine was mixed up in it. Where and when did you secure this watch and chain?"

Bob reluctantly began, little realizing the storm that he had provoked: "Well you see, father, we boys though a few months ago that we'd have a 'progressive euchre' all to ourselves. So we held 'em every week in that vacant room adjoining Fred Pelton's uncle's law office. We'd chip in from ten cents to a quarter, an' buy something to play for; made it more interesting, you know. Well, we just had boss times, till about a month ago we boys thought we might as well stake our neckties, rings, kerchiefs an' things as to take the trouble to go and buy anything. That's where I lost the gold ring that Aunt Carrie gave me two years ago; didn't care much, 'cause 'twas too small for me, now I've grown so."

"Who belongs to your gang?" angrily interrupted his father.

"Oh, lots o' the best boys. We had quite a fine time, though, settin' Roy Gleason to join us. He said 'twas same as gambling, and all o' that. You know he joined the church after the Week of Prayer last January, and felt rather pious; but we boys told him that my sister Jennie, his Sunday school teacher, belonged to a 'progressive,' and his Uncle Arthur, an' lots of church folks; so he joined us about a month ago. At first he wouldn't play keeps; said "twas real gambling; but he was sure to win every time, so he soon got over caring; but the other night, after school, when we played, his luck turned and he lost first one thing, and then another, and in just an excited mad streak he staked his watch, and I won it. At first he began to cry; said 'twas his brother Art's who gave it to him on his death bed to remember him by. You know his brother died with consumption last spring. Well, when he saw that I wouldn't give it up he just flew all to pieces, said I should not keep it, and he pulled out a small revolver (his mother's sick all the time and dont know he carries one), and was going to shoot; but one of the boys knocked it out of his hand, and it went off, just making a scratch, or flesh wound, on Fred Lewis's leg. The boys all said 'twas perfectly honorable and fair, and I had the best right to the watch, though, of course, they were sorry for Roy, who had no business to stake it in the first place, I intend to keep it," said he, defiantly.

"We'll see about that," said his father, sternly. "You will now hand it over to me," added he, taking the watch. "This 'progressive euchre' has progressed about far enough when it comes to betting, stealing and shooting, and," he added, still more emphatically, "from this day, until you are out of my authority, don't you ever let me hear of you touching a euchre deck again."

"Oh, father, why not? I'm just getting so I can play splendidly; can beat most every time, without cheating, too; I think I might play as well as the girls; tain't more wrong for me than for them."

"I trust, Rob, that your sisters, in view of what has transpired, will discontinue the practice. You know, girls," said he addressing them, "that I did not from the start approve of this new craze, or furor for gambling—it deserves no better name—and I doubt not that if traced to its source, you would find that it originated among the demimonde—and I'll have no more of it in my family," said he, sternly, as he donned his hat to go to his office.

"I heard yesterday," said their mother, who had hitherto kept silent, "that Fanny Stearnes was to be disciplined in her church for taking part in the amusement."

"Well, I don't wonder," interrupted Lou. "She has been completely carried away with it, would actually come when it was her prayer-meeting night to the neglect of the meeting."

"Just so, my daughters. Satan loves to entice Christian followers into anything that will lower their spirituality. How any one claiming the grace of God in their hearts can enjoy these wordly amusements and their associations, is more than I can understand. Should think that their concern for their fellow men would cause them to desist. Jennie," said she, earnestly, "it is well for you that your church is more tolerant not taking upon themselves the burden of individual consciences, else we might be disgraced through your disciplinary trial. You cannot fail to see the fruits of your example."

"I know it, mother," said Jennie, tearfully, "and give it up at once. I'll eat no more meat while the world stands if it causes my brother to offend."

"I delcare, I think father and you are all so silly," said Lou to her sister, when they were again alone. "As if playing cards would ever hurt me!"

"Come, come, sister mine! don't be so selfish; don't place your own pleasure against the possible ruin of others. Though it did no harm to me, my playing led to sad results with my Sunday school class. One of them, so good and bright, almost a murderer, and the imperilled one our only brother," said she, with swimming eyes. How can you for a moment, regret the giving it all up? To me it is a great relief, for I knew or felt, that I was doing wrong all the time, but of course I never dreamed of such disastrous consequences—and don't be offended, sister, when I tell you that I could scarcely sleep last night from thinking of the evil it was working in you. Your baser nature, through it, was rapidly developing. Surely you would scorn to cheat when shopping for any possible gain to yourself, but I hold that trickery and cheating at cards is just as sinful as anything else. But there is the door-bell and callers to attend to."

That evening Arthur Mead—uncle of the boy who had so nearly committed murder while in the heat of passion over a "harmless game of cards,"—wended his way to the home of Helen Ashley. He had scarcely met her since their estrangement. After so long a separation, the embarrassment attendant upon meeting was hard to overcome. Arthur was, however, in a very humble frame of mind.

"Helen," said he, "you have doubtless heard of my nephew's disgraceful proceedings?"

"Certainly, I have," replied she, with a slightly triumphant ring in her tone.

"I have, of course, been forcibly reminded of your principal argument against the games. I now see that the youth and generation have a claim upon us that we cannot or must not overlook. Surely, example is ever worth more than precept. My poor sister has been in a sad condition; we have feared for her reason. Boy, with boyish thoughtlessness rushed into her sick room, shouting 'Mother, oh, mother! I most killed a boy, I was so mad at him.' She soon gleaned the whole truth from him, and the shock was terrible to her already weak nervous system. I have promised her to refrain from card-playing in future. And now, dear Helen, I want you to help me keep that promise. I am so rash and impulsive I need your calm nature to hold me in check. Your steadfastness to your convictions of right insures my love the more. Come at once and preside over my home—a home wherein none can come to harm, for no gambling device of any description shall find entrance there."

We now take leave of the lovers, so happy in their reconciliation. Hubblestown recognized Mrs. John Erwin as a great leader, and it was her idolized and only child who received the flesh wound at that memorable time; hence her feelings in regard to the "harmless games" underwent a sudden change. From a warm defender of "euchre"—indeed, her elegant home had been a frequent rendezvous all winter for lovers of the game—she became a bitter enemy. Mr. Daniels was a man of great wealth, hence of great influence. He also, with many others that were near the topmost round of the social ladder of Hubblestown, became emphatically against it. This fact, together with the possible tragedy in their very midst, nipped in the bud this harmful "craze." And should you, my dear reader, visit that locality, do not risk your popularity by asserting that "euchre decks" are but harmless bits of card-board."—*Christian at Work.*

—Three weeks ago an Indian man taught his dog, a finely-bred, well behaved setter, to chew tobacco. Now the dog comes into the house by the back door, never scrapes his feet on the mat, never goes to church, is careless at his meals, gets hurts in his tail, goes with a lower grade of dogs, and it is feared that he is beginning to take an interest in politics.—*Burdette.*

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