

of drink wine, the reason why I do not go where wine is made a gratification to some poor soul who has the strength to resist it. You will now expect me to go to your house. How the brown head was lifted, through tears Helen answered: "I shall not have wine at my party, Agatha. It is too dreadful; I do not think of it. Will Fargo drink, and drank to excess. Henry has a social glass. No," with more emphasis, "I shall not have it. It will never be said that I helped to make a young man a drunkard." When Mrs. Brayton returned, Helen tried to explain. "We will not have wine, mother. I do never hold up my head again if I know that one person was led to excess through my offering of a social glass." "What I have to say will be unnecessary in this case," smiled Mrs. Byron. "I have just seen Henry Fargo. He hopes we will not have any more. Since Will perished miserably it is not to be freely. As this is the first party of the season, he trusts we will set the example that many, very many, will follow." "I could never have done it but for me, Agatha," Helen answered, with her old bright look. "Henry Fargo will never have it to say that I expected him with wine."—*Central Magazine*.

TURNING-POINTS IN LIFE.

To every man and nation comes the moment to decide, for the good or evil side. One who has read biography with carefulness has failed to see certain little things, especially in the lives of great men, which turned them away from ignorance or error to a life distinguished by its intelligence and earnestness. Sometimes the turning-point is early in life. It is said of Voltaire that at the age of five years he committed to memory an infidel poem, and was never able to free himself from its pernicious influence. William Wilberforce when a child was placed under the training of a pious aunt; and although much was done in his early manhood to erase the impressions received from his aunt, his life was moulded and colored by her training. There was a time when he was quite a young man when he took the wrong side in a debate, and thereafter he lived and defended through life the error taken at that time. Scott, the commentator, in a despairing mood read a hymn of Dr. Watts on the all-seeing God, and was the means of turning him from sin and idleness to a life of usefulness. The rebuke of the teacher and the praise of a schoolmate aroused Clarke, a distinguished divine, who up to that time was very slow in attaining knowledge. The turning-point in Doddridge's life was when Clarke took him under his wing. The first year he made great progress in study, and soon developed into a man of learning and influence. Aaron Burr sought spiritual advice at a revival at college, but his counsellor told him that the work was not genuine. His anxieties were dissipated, and from that time his downward career began. Robert Moffat, the distinguished

missionary, read a placard announcing a missionary meeting, and was led to devote his life to the benefit of the heathen. Thus it is that character and years of usefulness often depend on one little event or circumstance.

COMBATS OF THE OCEAN.

AMONG the extraordinary spectacles sometimes witnessed by those who "go down to the sea in ships," none are more impressive than a combat for the supremacy between the monsters of the deep. The battles of the sword-fish and the whale are described as heroic in grandeur. The sword-fish go in schools, like whales, and the attacks are regular sea-fights. When the two troops meet, as soon as the sword-fish betrays their presence, by a few bounds in the air, the whales draw together and close up their ranks. The sword-fish always endeavours to take the whale in the flank, either because its cruel instinct has revealed to it the defect in the carcass,—for there exists near the brachial fins of the whale a spot where wounds are mortal,—or because the flank presents a wider surface to its blow. The sword-fish recoils to secure a greater impetus. If the movement escapes the keen eye of his adversary the whale is lost; for it receives the blow of the enemy and dies instantly. But if the whale perceives the sword-fish at the moment of the rush, by a spontaneous bound it springs clear of the water its entire length, and falls on its flank with a crash that resounds for many leagues, and whitens the sea with boiling foam. The gigantic animal has only its tail for its defence. It tries to strike its enemy, and when successful finishes it at a single blow. But if the active sword-fish avoids the fatal tail the battle becomes more terrible. The aggressor springs from the water in its turn, falls upon the whale, and attempts not to pierce but to saw it with the teeth that garnish its weapon. The sea is stained with blood; the fury of the whale is boundless. The sword-fish harrasses it, strikes it on every side, kills it, and flies to other victories. Often the sword-fish has not time to avoid the fall of the whale, and content itself with presenting its sharp saw to the flank of the gigantic animal which is about to crush it. It then dies like Maccus, smothered beneath the weight of the elephant of the ocean. Finally the whale gives a few last bounds into the air, dragging its assassin in its flight, and perishes as it kills the monster of which it was the victim.

COST OF BRINGING UP A BOY.
A CLERGYMAN who has been discoursing about boys has devoted considerable attention to the cost of these somewhat necessary individuals; and he estimates the expense of bringing a good boy—with all the advantages of city life—to the age of fifteen, at about \$5,000. These figures are about doubled by the time the boy is of age, if he goes through college. A bad boy, arrived at the age mentioned, costs fully as much, even if he has not been to college, and the computation, as the reverend gentleman suggests, does not include the value of the mother's tears and the father's gray hairs. Most men who have brought up boys will agree that the estimate is not too high.

ABOUT QUICKSILVER.

ONE of the most curious properties of quicksilver is its capability of dissolving or of forming amalgams, with other metals. A sheet of gold foil dropped into quicksilver disappears almost as quickly as a snow-flake when it drops into water. It has the power of separating or of readily dissolving these refractory metals which are not acted upon by our most powerful acids. The gold and silver miners pour it into their machines holding the powdered gold-bearing quartz, and although no human eye can detect a trace of the precious substance, so fine are the particles, yet the liquid metal will hunt them out and incorporate them into its mass. By subsequent distillation it yields the precious metal into the hands of the miners in a state of virgin purity. Several years ago, while lecturing on chemistry before a class of ladies, we had occasion to purify some quicksilver by forcing it through chamois-leather. The leather remained on the table after the lecture; and an old lady, thinking it would be very nice to wrap her gold spectacles in, according appropriated it to this purpose. The next morning she came to us in great alarm, stating that the gold had mysteriously disappeared, and that nothing was left in the parcel but the glasses. Sure enough, the quicksilver remaining in the pores of the leather had amalgamated with the gold and entirely destroyed the spectacle frames. It was a mystery which we never could explain to the old lady's satisfaction.—*Fireside Science*.

THE DRUNKARD.

HAVE you seen the drunkard reeling along the street with a slouchy look and rumred eyes? He has spent all his wages for that which is destroying his body, and which will at last damn his soul. He is going home to make his wretched family still more wretched. He is the servant of a hard master; and his wages are rags, ruin, and remorse. His reward for good service in the ranks of King Alcohol are bruises and a broken head. Yes, no doubt you have seen him. Every boy has seen the drunkard stagger past; for nearly every town and village in the land has its drunkards. All of these drunkards that you have and all that you have not seen were once, like yourself, boys with never a thought in their pure souls of growing up into the most debasing of all God's creatures, drunkards. There was a time in the life of each when he took the first dram; and this was the very time when he crossed the danger-line and went over into the enemy's country. How much better would it have been if they each had seen the danger right then and there, and beat a hasty retreat over into the ranks of the cold-water army, where they would have been safe. There is no safety for a boy who does not wait us to become a swaggering sot but in the total-abstinence plan. This is the Bible plan: "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing." The spending of five cents per day for tobacco would amount in twenty-five years to \$1,001.25. In fifty years it would be \$5,298.50, with lawful interest.

MY NEEDS.

MY Saviour dear, In mercy hear!
I need thy light;
For here 'tis night.
I need thy thought
With mercy fraught.
I need thy blood—
A cleansing flood.
I need thy voice
To help my choice.
I need thy power
In each dark hour.
I need thine arm
To shield from harm.
I need thy care
To foil each snare.
I need thy love
On earth, above!
I need thy joy—
My tongue's employ.
I need thy hand
To make me stand.
For these my needs
My faith e'er pleads!
Thy light impart
To cheer my heart.
Thy pardon give,
And bid me live!
This love from thee
Gives life to me!
For thou in love
Canst from above.
Thou diedst for me
On Calvary's tree.
Since thou didst bleed,
From sin I'm freed.
Accept my praise
Throughout my days!

A SON'S PRIDE.

THOMAS CARLYLE had a very humble origin. His father was a stone mason and worked as a day-laborer. But he was honest and upright and impressed his sturdy character upon his children. Though he had not had the advantages of an education, he decided that Thomas should attend school. So he sent him away to study, against the advice of his neighbors, who prophesied that when he became learned he would despise and forget his humble parents. These sinister predictions were far from being realized. How abundantly the son honored his father! He writes, "Ought I not to rejoice that God has given me such a father? Let me learn of him. Let me write my books as he built his houses, and walk as blamelessly through this shadow world, if God so will, to rejoin him at last." Of his mother too, a plain, quiet Scotch woman, he invariably speaks with the tenderest love. Calls her "his incomparable mother," and no words seem too emphatic to express his devotion. Oh, her patience with me! Oh, her never-tiring love! Blessed be poverty which was never indigence in any form, and which has made all that ten-fold more dear and sacred to me! Such sentiments of affection are more powerful than his intellectual attainments to "keep the memory green" of the "Sage of Chelsea." Weigh thy words in a balance, and make a door and a bar for thy mouth.