

Satan?" However this may be, it is certain that the agonies accompanying, and seemingly resulting from, this peculiar form of insanity, can scarcely be surpassed by anything the human imagination can picture of the horrors of the second death.

I have placed an interrogation point after the word "imagine" in a preceding paragraph. I had a purpose in so doing. With me it is a question whether this be the work of imagination. It is well known that insane persons very often experience an exaltation, or exaggeration, of some or more of the faculties of mind or body. What startling displays of muscular strength are sometimes witnessed. The case of the demoniac of Gadara, by whose hands "chains had been plucked asunder, and fetters broken in pieces," is by no means the only instance of the kind. How often do persons, laboring under some of the various forms of mental derangement, experience a preternatural sharpening of the sense of sight or hearing! What marvellous feats of memory or imagination are sometimes observed among the insane!

Now to come back to the victim of delirium tremens. Observe with what uniformity—a uniformity that to me seems terribly suggestive—they see serpents and devils swarming about them. Is this *all* imaginary? Or is there in it some reality? Is it not possible (as I once heard it eloquently expressed), that by some "tremendous recoil of abused nature the door of the pit has been burst open prematurely and the demons let loose upon their prey?" Who dare deny that these things which we have believed creations of a disordered brain, are dread realities, to which his eyes are open, while ours are in mercy holden?

However this may be, there can be no question that the sufferings are real. The agony and anguish are not imaginary. Is there anything very unreasonable in supposing that like states of mind and like consequent sufferings, may be continued in the next world? And that they might be increased to any degree which infinite wisdom may deem proper in the execution of the retributive wrath of God?

If we accept these views as probable, then we see at once what terrible realities are hidden under such figures of speech as the lake of fire and brimstone—the quenchless fire and the undying worm!—*Evangelist*

"OWES ME A LIVING."

It is among men who try to get a living by some shift or trick of laziness that we hear the familiar words, "The world owes me a living." A loafer who never did a useful thing in his life; who dresses at the expense of the tailor, and drinks at the cost of his friends, always insists that "the world owes me a living," and declares his intention to secure the debt.—I should like to know how it is that a man who owes the world for every mouthful he ever ate, and every garment he ever put on, should be so heavy a creditor in account with the world. The loafer lies about it. The world owes him nothing but a very rough coffin, and a retired and otherwise useless place to put it in.

The world owes a living to those who are not able to earn one—to children, to the sick, to the disabled and the aged—to all who, in course of nature or by force of circumstances are dependent; and it was mainly for the supply of the wants of these, that men were endowed with the power to produce more than enough for themselves. To a genuine shirk the world owes nothing; and when he tells me with a whine that the world owes him a living, I am assured that he has the disposition of a highway-robber, and lacks only his courage and his enterprise.—*J. G. Holland.*