

DRINK PRODUCTIVE OF GREAT FUN.

What fun they must have had near Vienna, Austria, this week. Members of the Royal family under the influence of strong drink meet a funeral procession, stop it, take the corpse out of the coffin, lay it in the road and then leap their horses over it—the news of this delightful sport coming to us by ocean telegraph.

At the same time this week (third in April), in Chicago, a company of men sent a boy to get them a pail of beer, and after he brought it they drank it, sent him for more, put in it a decoction of tobacco-juice and then compel the boy to drink it, and he falling asleep under its influence, the men frighten him awake with such horrible sounds and demonstrations that the boy loses his reason, and the doctors say he will never regain it.

So you see that on both sides the Atlantic strong drink is productive of great fun. Surely such an exhilarating beverage ought to have especial privilege and especial defence. Other articles of food and drink must not be sold on Sunday, but alcoholism ought to have free course on all the days of the week, for a liquid inspiration that will help the Royal family to stop a funeral procession of common people, and on horseback leap a corpse, or put a boy sound asleep and then scare him into an insane asylum for life, ought to be the pet of all legislators and politicians.

O blessed rum-jug, how can men so roughly de'ame thee, thou inspirer of Royal families and of the common people. What a blessing hast thou been in all the ages. What would the world have been without thee! To whom but thee can be ascribed the architectural triumphs seen in prisons and asylums! But for thee the eloquence of criminal courts would never have been kindled. What profitless office that of Coroner if thou hadst not helped the engineer run the train off the track, or taken the steamer on the rocks at midnight. What dull things the elections if thou hadst not presided at the caucus and counted the votes to please thyself after the returns came in.

Down with the Prohibitionists. No mercy for the Temperance fanatics. Give us rum in all shapes. Long live the demijohn and decanter. Three cheers for delirium tremens!—*From Dr. Talmage's Friday Night Talk.*

BISHOP TAYLOR'S OPERATIONS.

Bishop Taylor, who has already begun two chains of missions across Africa, hopes to start two more during the present year. He enters into a unique agreement with chief and people, by which on his part, he engages to select and import good preachers and teachers from America, to pay their passages to their destination and to pay for tools and machinery required in founding an industrial school. But, assuming that the people are not beggars, he exacts from the chief and people these conditions. 1. To procure a good tract of about one thousand acres of land for a school farm. 2. To clear and plant a few acres of said farm immediately, to provide early subsistence for the school workers. 3. To build houses for the residence of the preachers and teachers of the institution. 4. To build a good house or shed for the school, and for "God plaver." 5. To do all these things for the benefit of the great chief and his people, without any pay from me. 6. To pay a small fee for the tuition of day scholars. 7. That boys and girls coming for a full course be allowed to remain in school at least five years, and that all the boys and girls who cheerfully do the work assigned them shall be fed from the products of the school-farm and their own industry, and pay no money for their tuition.

DO NOT LOAF.

Charles Dickens says that "the first external revelation of the dry-rot in men is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street-corners without intelligible reason." If this be so, a good many young fellows in all of our towns and cities show the first symptoms. They had better get rid of them by not lounging where there is nothing for them to do. The worst of it is that the dry-rot is often a step in the road to *wet-rot*, for the usual lounging-place is at the corner where liquor is sold, and nothing is easier than to drop in at the "saloon" or the "grocery" for a drink. Do not loaf.

The English Presbyterian Mission in China, which has now been at work forty years, has two Presbyteries formed of native pastors and elders, and a third is about to be formed in Formosa. There are 5,000 adult communicants.