

one evening, I found the household in great sorrow. My wife led me to the room of our boy. There prone upon the bed he lay, covered with mud, filth and blood, and within him a thousand demons were coursing through his veins, in the shape of rum. A doctor had been summoned and now arrived. He dressed the wounds and went his way. All night wife and I watched with our boy. All night his cries could be heard throughout the house. All night he ceased not to play cards, curse and blaspheme God in his delirium. All that night and far into the next day we prayed God to spare our boy. But no, on the morrow he must be summoned to a higher court, to deal with the just and righteous judge. He passed away with curses on his lips into an unknown world, and I pray God to forgive me for having with my vote allowed such places to exist that will send manhood and youth in all their strength and vigor to an endless hell.

Oh that I could recall my vote in favor of the License system. Oh! that I might have stayed the hand that gave my boy to drink! Oh! that I could have stayed the judgment of death, but all is over. The past will be past still, and we will meet with our God where we will receive a just recompense. But now I want to say to every father in the land, "*don't vote for the license system, don't vote for the license system.*" For the remainder of my life I will guard and protect my one remaining boy, and I will do all in my power to guard and protect my neighbors boy by helping to rid our land from the accursed traffic in intoxicating liquors. I am now for God and Home and Native Land. And night and morning while I live I will pray God to bless every temperance society and every association of the *Women's Christian Temperance Union*.—*Sel*

THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.

Have you ever studied the art of self-defence?" said a young fellow to a man of magnificent physique and noble bearing.

The elder man looked at his questioner with a quiet smile, and then answered thoughtfully:

"Yes, I have both studied and practiced it."

"Ah!" said the other eagerly. "Whose system did you adopt—Sutton's or Sayers'?"

"Solomon's," was the reply; "and as I have now been in training for some time on his principles, I can confidently recommend his system."

Somewhat abashed, the youth stammered out:

"Solomon's! And what is the special point of his system of training?"

"Briefly this," replied the other: "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

For a moment the young man felt an inclination to laugh, and looked at his friend anxiously, to see whether he was serious.

But a glance at the accomplished athlete was enough; and soon a very different set of feelings came over the youth, as his muscular companion added, with solemn emphasis, "Try it!"

The recommendation is worthy of every one's serious consideration. There must be times in the lives of all when we need a system of self-defence; and to go into training on Solomon's method will avert many a painful conflict. "He that is slow so anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." The tongue is fire, a world iniquity; and precisely because "the tongue can no man tame," so it is well to watch and discipline it constantly, lest by a single hasty utterance we commit ourselves, doing to ourselves more discredit with our own lips than all the loquacity of friends and foes combined. Fuller quaintly says: "Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks' silence." In the presence of detraction, defamation, insinuation or prejudice, we shall do well to remember the example of the Lord Jesus Christ, of whom we read, "He opened not his mouth." If in the conduct of life we are accustomed to throw ourselves upon God, then in moments of temptation or irritation we shall not seek to play a regular sonata, of words, but to await, like the Solian harp, the inspiration of the passing breeze. As Shakespeare truly says:

The silence of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

HOW DR. GUTHRIE PREPARED FOR THE PULPIT.

I used the simplest, plainest terms, avoiding anything vulgar, but always, where possible, employing the Saxon tongue—the mother tongue of my hearers. I studied the style of the addresses which the ancient and inspired prophets delivered to the people of Israel, and saw how, differing from dry disquisitions or a naked statement of truths, they abounded in metaphors, figures and illustrations. I turned to the Gospels, and found out that He who knew what was in man, what could best illuminate a subject, win the attention and move the heart, used parable or illustrations, stories, comparisons drawn from the scene of nature and familiar life, to a large extent in His teachings, in regard to which a woman—type of the masses—said: "The parts of the Bible I like best are the 'likes.'"