

One man came with his untutored wife and two girls. He came to be taught. He said he wanted to learn most of all about Christ. He made steady progress. His wife, too, learned to read and to sew, and was becoming quite civilized. The man so far improved as to appreciate a towel as a Christmas gift, and the wife an apron.

These far-off people are in many ways curiosities to us, but we in turn are the same to them. Our two little girls who were with us at the Lake, and wore their hair long, excited their curiosity a good deal, and their belief about their long hair was that I fastened cows' tails to the back of their heads.—'Missionary Chronicle.'

Why Betting is Vicious.

(Professor Marcus Dods, D.D., in 'Good Words.')

(Condensed.)

With the large majority of those who habitually bet, sheer greed is the incentive. They are lazy, and have little or no interest in work; perhaps they resent and loathe it. They seek a straight and easy way to wealth. They hear of large sums won on races, of immense fortunes made on the Stock Exchange, and they wish to share in this delightfully simple method of acquiring wealth. They would shrink from appropriating by theft or fraud the money earned by other men, but here is a method by which they can, without the condemnation of society, and without labor, get possession of other men's money. If men were neither lazy nor greedy, if they found sufficient stimulus and reward in forwarding the work of the world, there would be no betting. It has its roots in the lower parts of human nature, in morbid and selfish views of life.

It can, I think, be shown that betting is ungentlemanly, unsportsmanlike, foolish, productive of crime, and a violation of the fundamental law of society.

1. It is ungentlemanly. To those who are not beguiled by custom, it is difficult to understand how of two friends one can put his hand in the other's pocket, and stoop to be profited by the other's loss. Be it a half-crown or five thousand pounds, it is equally incomprehensible how a gentleman can receive it from his friend. If the sum is small, there is a meanness in being indebted for it; if it is large, there is a meanness in depriving his friend of it. There is a pleasure in receiving a gift from a friend as the expression of his remembrance and affection; none in winning from him money which he is compelled to pay. The small trader who would scorn to put money in his till for which he had not given an equivalent is, forsooth, looked down upon by the so-called gentlemen who with equanimity pocket what makes their friend poorer, and which they have done nothing to earn. Nothing is more likely to damage the character, and eat out the other qualities which are associated with the title of 'gentleman,' than the practice of betting. There is no getting past the words of Chas. Kingsley:—'Betting is wrong, because it is wrong to take your neighbor's money without giving him anything in return. . . . If you and he bet on any event, you think that your horse will win; he thinks that his will. In plain English, you think that you know more about the matter than he; you try to take advantage of his ignorance, and so to conjure money out of his pocket into yours—a very noble and friendly attitude to stand to your neighbor, truly. That is

the plain English of it; and, look at it upwards, downwards, sideways, inside out, you will never make anything out of betting save this—that it is taking advantage of your neighbor's supposed ignorance. But, says some one, "That is all fair; he is trying to do as much by me." Just so; and that again is a very noble and friendly attitude for two men who have no spite against each other—a state of mutual distrust and unmercifulness, looking each selfishly to his own gain, regardless of the interest of the other.'

2. It spoils sport. Popularly it is supposed to be the very life of sport. The betting man is supposed to be the true sportsman. The very opposite is true. There can be no whole-hearted love of sport where there is betting. To a man who habitually bets, there is no attraction in a game of whist or billiards, or in a horse-race, on which no money depends. Notoriously it is the betting which draws crowds to the race-course, and keeps the crowds anxiously awaiting the result in remote parts of the country. And there are many eager and constant whist players for whom all interest in the game lapses if they cannot play for money. Sport in itself ceases to be of interest to the man who has staked a large amount upon the issue. He is absorbed in the issue for himself, and has no room for any pleasure in the sport. It becomes deadly earnest to him. It is, therefore, not sport that is fostered by the betting men who gather around the contest; it is money-getting under such circumstances as taints the gains. Between the man who plays for play's sake, and the man who plays, or watches play, for a money stake, there can surely be no question which is the truer sportsman.

A Story from the Alps.

There is a touching story told in the 'Temple Magazine' by the Rev. Dr. R. H. Conwell, of a visit to the Hospice St. Bernard, where are kept the wonderful St. Bernard dogs, of whose work of rescuing perishing travellers overtaken by the Alpine storms so many tales are familiar to all. 'One morning after a storm,' says Dr. Conwell, 'one of those great, honest creatures came struggling through the snow hampered greatly in his exhausted condition by the miniature barrel of brandy that hung to his collar. I waded deep in the drifts following the floundering old fellow around the hospice to the kennel, which was a room of considerable size. When the door was opened to the wanderer, the other dogs within set up a chorus of barks and whines, and fell over one another as they crowded about him and eagerly followed him around with wags of their tails and inquisitive looks in their eyes, which were just as intelligent questionings as so many interrogation points. But the crestfallen beast held his head and tail to the floor, and sneaked about from corner to corner, and finally lay down panting in a dark niche in the stone basement. He lay there with his eyes glancing out at the corners in a most shamefaced way. The young monk called the weary dog by name, and when the beast would not leave his shadowy retreat, the priest tried to induce him to come forth by showing him a dish containing scraps of meat. But, hungry as he was, he merely opened his eyes a little wider, rapped the floor once or twice lightly as he gave a feeble wag to his tail, and then shrank back and seemed not to hear or see the invitation. The impatient keeper turned away

with an angry gesture, and said that the dog would "get over his sulks very soon," and that the creature probably felt ashamed that he "had not found any one."

'The thoughtless remark shot into my deepest soul with a thrill. That noble old fellow seemed to have felt so bad, so ashamed, or so guilty because he had returned without saving any one, that he would not eat. It was not his fault that no benighted wanderer had been out benumbed and dying on the mountain road that awful night. He had grandly done his duty; but he was just dog enough not to reason so far, and just human enough to feel that it was his imperative duty to save some one. Grand old fellow! How he ought to put to shame many a human soul who knows there are travellers going down in the biting cold and the overwhelming storms on life's mountainous highways, and yet who never saved even one such!' —'Christian Work.'

The Training of a Surgeon.

One of the most skilled of Canadian surgeons has recounted his own sharp but salutary lessons. When but a little lad the bent of his nature was plainly shown, but the death of his father and the failure of a bank made all but a rudimentary education impossible. At the age of ten he was apprenticed to the village carpenter, in whose employ he remained for eight years. At the end of that time he had become a skilled mechanic, but, better still, he had acquired the sterling qualities of industry and endurance. One day an accident befell him, and for a whole year he was confined to his bed. The enforced invalidism was most irksome to one of his industrious habits, and one day in despair at his utter lack of occupation, he caught up his mother's sewing which lay upon the bed, and essayed his skill with the needle. His hands were so broadened and coarsened by the heavy shop work that he was almost unable to take a stitch. His awkwardness both provoked and amused him, and he persevered until he was able to sew both quickly and well, and could relieve his mother of a large portion of her work. About the time of his recovery a distant relative died, leaving him a couple of thousand dollars; and with many misgivings as to his qualifications, he entered upon his surgical training. Suddenly the meaning of his years of discipline unfolded itself. No nervous tremor ever disturbed him. In the carpenter's shop he had gained what no university could have given him—the workman's habit of thought. He never took a surgeon's tool into his hands without feeling that a workmanlike job was to be done. He was conscious neither of himself nor his patient. In the same way he amazed his professional brothers by his delicate stitching, the like of which was seldom seen, but they ceased to marvel when they learned that his master had been that tiny shaft of steel—his mother's needle. My friend's lessons in the school of experience were difficult to learn, but when I consider the benefits which his gifts conferred upon humanity, it gives faith to believe that many who are now shut in and hampered by adverse circumstances, are, unknown to themselves, working slowly and surely toward ultimate success.—J. R. Miller, in 'Forward.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN GALATIANS.

- Jan. 13, Sun.—God would justify the heathen by faith.
- Jan. 14, Mon.—The just shall live by faith.
- Jan. 15, Tues.—Christ hath redeemed us.
- Jan. 16, Wed.—Receive the promise of the Spirit through faith.
- Jan. 17, Thur.—The scripture hath concluded all under sin.
- Jan. 18, Fri.—The law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ.
- Jan. 19, Sat.—Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.

Every man in his humor. 'World Wide' is a collection of the best writing on the most interesting subjects.