

to work and school. A little after eleven o'clock she was heard singing to her baby, and soon there was a heavy fall, and a neighbour in the next room went in and found her dying. She was very near her confinement with her eleventh child, and had been washing, and in hanging some clothes on a line she slipped from the chair on which she was standing, and fell on the upright post of an iron bedstead. The fearful injuries she sustained, and the shock to her system in her condition caused her death in a comparatively few minutes, for she was gone before twelve o'clock. A better wife or mother it would be difficult to find; her home was always nice, and, to use a neighbour's expression, "she kept her children like princes," though she washed, cooked, made, and mended for seven out of her eight children living, and trained them all in nice and orderly habits; yet she had to be father as well as mother to them, for her husband being a stonemason, is almost continually away from home for many months at a time, working in various parts of the country. One of her boys works for my dear husband, and during this sad week I have been giving him his tea, and have been struck with the nice way in which he takes it, taking off his cap and saying his grace in a way very different from most errand-boys. He is always clean, neat, and respectable, all showing the good training of the mother. Indeed, she was a pattern to all, always well and suitably dressed, no unnecessary flounces and trimmings, no long, dirty draggletail, sweeping the floors and dirty streets, but always plain and neatly dressed. Very provident and careful, too, was she; she was a member of the mothers' meeting at the Mission Hall opposite, and had there laid by £5 towards her coming time of need, little dreaming, poor dear, that that money would be used in helping to pay for her funeral. Hers was a short and sharp passage to the other world, singing to the baby, her only little girl, and within the hour, I trust, safe home with Jesus. Let it be a warning to all not to put off seeking Christ to a time of sickness, or a deathbed; you may have no time given you then. Now is the only time of which you may be sure. Now is the accepted time, let it be the time of your salvation. Flee to Christ at once for pardon and acceptance, that you may enjoy the three birthdays He wishes all to have. That I may meet you all in the better world, and share with you the glorious endless birthday in the presence of Jesus, is the earnest desire of

Your sincere well-wisher,

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#### THE PLEASURE, AND THEN THE STING.

Young men often ask what harm there can be in a social, moderate glass of wine. It is certainly, they claim, a very agreeable way of passing a leisure hour. Undoubtedly they find the exhilaration of wine and jovial intercourse very agreeable, and it is upon this admitted fact that the counsel of my text is based—"Look not thou at the wine when it giveth its colour in the cup; at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Not at the first. Did it bite at the first, who would tamper with it? Did the sting come at the beginning of the indulgence, who would be led astray? But the pleasure comes at the first, and the sting at the last, and herein lies the danger of looking on the wine. At

the first it excites mirth and song, at the last it produces sorrow and curses. At the first it is an affair of good feeling and fellowship; at the last it is an affair of feuds, fighting, and murder. At the first it may kindle up the countenance to a more animated expression; at the last it gives redness of eyes and bloat and deformity to the visage. At the first it may quicken the intellect to unwonted activity, and impart a captivating brilliancy to the conversation; at the last it emasculates the mind of every element of strength, and degrades the conversation to the merest stammering of idiotic gibberish. At the first it may stimulate the body to an unnatural vigour; at the last it breaks down the strongest frame, and sends weakness into the limbs, and trembling into the flesh. At the first there may be health enough to resist the pernicious tendency of intoxication, so that with all the pleasures there are few of the pains of indulgence; at the last they become victims of manifold, inveterate, loathsome, and distressing diseases. In the beginning they count themselves of all men most happy; in the end they confess themselves of all men most miserable. In the beginning we have a company of fine young gentlemen; in the end we have a group of dilapidated and vulgar old sots. At the commencement of their career they have free access to respectable society; at its close few are willing to be seen in their company. At the first they have no small pride of character; at the last all regard for reputation is overwhelmed in the lust for drink. At the first it is a cup of exhilaration in the hands of the thoughtless youth; at the last it is a "cup of fearful trembling in the hand of an offended God." At the first it is the wine of pleasant fellowship; at the last it is the "wine of the wrath of Almighty God, poured out without mixture." At the first it is the agreeable excitement of an evening; at the last it is the long-drawn agony of an endless perdition. At the first it is the grateful stimulus of an hour; at the last it is "the worm that never dies, and the fire that never shall be quenched."

#### WHAT MEN OF SCIENCE SAY ABOUT TOBACCO.

"With pleasure I hasten to answer your inquiries with regard to my experience in the use of tobacco.

"In the autumn of 1817, I commenced, I know not why, the use of tobacco. It was not until the spring of 1825 that I experienced any ill effects from it, except now and then, heartburn, acid eructations, and occasional fits of melancholy. At that time I became dyspeptic. My food gave me much uneasiness; I had a sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach, wandering pains about the limbs, especially by night, disturbed sleep, loss of appetite, great difficulty of breathing from slight exercise, debility, emaciation, depression of spirits. Such have been my symptoms the last seven years; and in that time I have had two attacks of hæmoptysis (spitting of blood), which I attribute solely to the relaxing effects of this narcotic.

"The various remedies for dyspepsia were all tried in my case, without the least benefit. About the 1st of December last, I gave up the use of tobacco, and, to my astonishment, within the first twenty-four hours my appetite returned, food gave no uneasiness, and strength returned. I have been generally gaining flesh, so that