

well that she was soulless once more; that he, too, had fallen in fight, and she mourned his death. She was newly bereaved by his loss.

He died not without God, nor without hope. He had learned to call on God.—He had learned that He was his father, tender, loving, caring for him always—that Christ was his elder brother. He had received his words—"Whosoever shall do the will of my father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."—*Selected*

AN ELOQUENT APOSTROPHE TO COLD WATER.

Colonel Watt Fornan exclaimed, in a sneering voice, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised us not only a good barbeque, but better liquor. Where is the liquor?"

"There!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the matchless Double Spring, gushing up in two columns, with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet, like a convicted culprit. "There is the liquor which God, the eternal, brews for all his children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water; but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play. There God brews it; and down—down in the deep valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high on the tall mountain-tops, where the native granite gitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunder-tones crash; and away far out on the wide, wide sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, 'sweeping the march of God,' there he brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty—gleaming in the dew-drop, singing in the summer rain, shining in the ice-gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in the hail-shower; folding its bright snow-curtains softly about the wintry world, and weaving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful, that blessed ice-water! No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its clear depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of despair! Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol?" A shout like the roaring of a tempest answered "No."

Critics need never tell me again that backwoodsmen are dead to the Divine voice of eloquence; for I saw at that moment the missionary held the hearts of the multitude, as it were, in his hand.

DIGNIFIED ENTERPRISE.

An enterprise like ours may well be thus dignified; we may well advocate it in such a place as this. An enterprise that has fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, and healed the sick, and taught the ignorant, and elevated the degraded, and gladdened the sorrowful, and led to the cross multitudes that had been wandering far away; an enterprise that has gathered again the fortune that had been scattered, and built again the home that had been ruined, and raised again the character that had been blasted, and bound up again the heart that had been broken; an enterprise that has given peace where there was discord, and gladness where there had been woe; that has broken open many a prison door, and restored to his right mind many a maniac; an enterprise that has prevented many a suicide, and that has robbed of the gallows many a victim that would otherwise have been there; an enterprise that has thinned the work-house, and the hospital, and the gaol, but that has helped to fill the school, and the lecture-room, and the industrial exhibition; an enterprise that has turned into useful citizens those that were the pests of society—one of the best educators of the masses, one of the very chief pioneers of the Gospel; an enterprise which is not Christ, but which is as one of the holy angels that go upon his mission. Like some fair spirit from another world, our great enterprise has trodden the wilderness, and flowers of beauty have sprung up upon her track. She has looked around, gladdening all on whom her smiles have fallen; she has touched the captive, and his fetters have fallen off; she has spoken, and the countenance of despair has been lighted up with hope; she has waved her magic wand, and the wilderness has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. Like the fabled Orpheus, she has warbled her song of mercy, and wild beasts, losing their ferocity, have followed gladly and gratefully to her train. She has raised up those that have been worse than dead, sepulchred in sin, and she has led multitudes to the living waters of salvation—multitudes! many of whom are going on their way, rejoicing in the hope of heaven, and multitudes who this night are before the throne of God, praising the Lamb who bought them with His blood, and therefore, we say, 'Not unto us, not unto us, but to Thy name, Oh God, be the glory and praise. Amen.'—*Rev. Newman Hall.*

LIBERTY.—The 'Razor Strop Man' says: "When first I got acquainted with strong drink, it promised to do a great many things for me. It promised me LIBERTY—and I got liberty. I had the liberty to see my toes poke out of my boots—the water had the liberty to go in at the toes and go out at the heels—my knees had the liberty to come out of my pants—my elbows had the liberty to come out of my coat—I had the liberty to lift the crown of my hat and scratch my head without taking my hat off. Not only liberty I got, but I got music. When I walked along on a windy day, the crown of

"My hat would go flipper flap,
And the wind whistle 'how do you do?'"

THE RUMSELLER AND THE MOSQUITO.

A red-nosed rumseller was reclining one day by a brook of water, musing on the "inalienable rights" of his craft, and cursing temperance men, when "Buzz, buzz!" said a mosquito, who had been "doing all day in a crevice of a rock; "I am hungry and thirsty for a drop of blood," at the same time alighting on the rumseller's hand. There he walked about for some time, surveying the fields which were found spread out on the back of his hand.

"What are you about there?" said the man.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the mosquito; "I am looking for a convenient spot to insert my bill."

"What! do you intend to suck out my blood?"

"O, don't be alarmed; you will have plenty left. Why, that jugular vein, which I see begins to swell out so much that I could soon fill my sack, contains enough to drown me and all my kindred."

"But, thief, what right have you to suck my blood?"

"Right! verily, that is a strange question. Don't you know that we mosquitoes have an inalienable right to suck blood?" Here the mosquito drew out a nicely polished spear, and rubbed it with his right fore foot. "Mr. Rumseller, the world owes us a living, and we intend to have it."

"But you ought to get your living in an honest way. You neither regard law nor conscience."

"There, sir, you mistake. We are all warm friends of the license law, passed by the great council of grave and wise mosquitoes, which meet on the first warm day in May. This law gives to every one the privilege of bleeding men when he gets the chance. Every mosquito will defend this at the point of his lance. But any law opposed to this we hate as rumsellers hate the Maine Law. As to conscience, every mosquito, sir, has a conscience just as long as his sucker, and beyond this he never goes."

"Well, I would not regard the loss of a little blood, if you did not poison me every time you insert your pump."

"Poison, indeed?" exclaimed the mosquito, holding up both his hind feet at once. "Why, Mr Rumseller, into how many veins have you poured poison! You poison the fountain of domestic peace and public morals. Blame me for sucking a drop of blood, while you suck away the time, and the money, and the reputation, and the life of your fellow-men; at the time you pour poison into their hearts, and the hearts of their wives and children. If the biography of every mosquito were written, from his wiggletailhook to his death, you would not find one guilty of such meanness."

Here the Rumseller lifted his hand to crush the mosquito; but he saw over and as he did so, he pointed one of his fingers at the man, and cast upon him a look of loathing and disgust. The seller, for the first time in

his life, felt a pang of shame.—*Tr*