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GREAT REMEDY FOR

SUMPTION,

COMPLAINTS.

By many prominent physicians to be

able Preparation ever introduced

RELIEF AND CURE OF ALL

Croup, Bronchitis, Influenza,

Cough, Hoarseness, Pain or

in the Chest and Side,

aching in the Lungs,

and all Complaints, etc.

Success has attended the applica-

tion in all cases of

ONARY COMPLAINTS

of which the Cherry Balm is the

best remedy.

It is a

valuable

remedy

for

all

cases

of

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Poetry

THE PAST.

The Past, has passed, we never can recall it.
By taxing genius to its utmost power,
Vain the attempt, no art can e'er restore it,
Or snatch one moment from the by-gone hour.

The past has passed, and our young days de-
parted,
Old Time keeps wheeling on his round of
years,

Headless of those who linger broken hearted,
Wandering alone in this wide vale of tears.

The past has passed, and life hath many troubles,
Yet still this life must end and we no more,
We'll pass away like one of Ocean's bubbles,
That pass in sunder on the sea girt shore.

The past has passed, yet who e'er thinks upon it,
The present, is to us our only theme,
The future will absorb the past and present,
And all will vanish like a summer's dream.

The Past has passed, the Future we must meet it
The Present we can only call our own;
Let's use it so that we in Faith may greet it,
The last dread trump that calls us to His throne.

A. J. M.

[From Wood's Household Magazine.]

THE WAY OF ESCAPE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(Continued.)

A few weeks afterwards I was present when
a gentleman of large wealth and good stand-
ing, both in church and society, said to him—
"I didn't see you at my house last evening."
No, was the rather curt reply: It is safer
for me to keep off of the devil's ground.

I don't understand you, sir! replied the
gentleman, a flush of sudden anger in his
eyes, for he felt the remark as a covert insult.
Martin's face grew sober, and he answered
with a calm impressiveness that caused the
anger to go out of his listener's eyes, and a
thoughtful concern to take its place.

I am fighting the devil, he said, and must
not give him the smallest advantage. Just
now I am the victor and hold him at bay. He
has his masked batteries, his enchanted
grounds, his mines and pitfalls, his gins and
miry sloughs; and I am learning to know
the signs of hidden danger. If I fall into any
of his snares, I am in peril of destruction;
and though I struggle, or fight my way out,
I am weak or wounded, and so the less able
to meet the shock of battle when he rushes upon
me as I stand on guard, ready in God's name,
for the conflict.

His enchanted ground is a social company,
where wine flows freely. I speak of what it
is to me, and call it, so far as I am concerned,
the devil's ground. He caught me there not
long ago, and me at his own advantage. But
I will not again set foot thereon. If you,
good citizens, make of your homes, in mis-
taken hospitality, places where the young find
temptation, and the weak, stumbling block-
men, such as I am, must shun them as the
gates of hell.

His manner had grown more and more im-
pressive.

It is so bad as that? remarked the gentle-
man, in a voice that showed both surprise and
pity.

Just so bad, Martin answered, impressively;
I believe R. Igar's oldest son was at your
house?

Yes.

It was the devil's ground for him? An
hour or two ago I saw him coming out of a
saloon, so drunk that he could not walk
straight! And only three days ago, his father
told a friend that his boy had, certainly re-
formed, and that he had more confidence
in his future than he had felt for a long
time.

You cannot mean what you say? The
gentleman exclaimed in visible agitation.
I have told you only the sad and solemn
truth, was Martin's answer; and if I had ac-
cepted your invitation, I might now be lying
at a depth of misery and degradation, the bare
thought of which makes me shudder!

The gentleman stood for a little while as if
stunned.

This is fearful to think of, he said, and I
am glad to hear of it.

It is the last time, he added, after a pause
—the last time that any man shall go out
of my house weaker and more degraded than
when he came in. If my offering of wine
cause my brother to offend, then I get of
fer it again while the world stands.

Ah, sir! answered Martin, if many, many
more of our good citizens would so resolve,
hundreds of young men now drifting out into
the current of intemperance, might be drawn
back into safer waters; and hundreds of others
who are striving to make head against it,

saved from destruction. I speak feelingly,
for I am one of those who are struggling for
life in this fatal current.

The way of safety for a man like Martin,
is very narrow and straight. If he steps
aside into any of the pleasant paths that open
on the right hand and on the left, he is in the
midst of peril. If he grow confident in his
own strength, and less dependant on that which
is given from above, the danger of falling be-
comes imminent.

Martin fell again. Alas! that this should
have to be told.

Was that Martin who passed us? asked a
friend with whom I was walking.
No, I answered in a positive voice; and
yet, as I said the word my heart gave a throb
of fear—the man was so like him.

It was I, I am sure. Poor wretch! He
tries hard to reform; but that cursed appe-
tite is too much for him. I'm afraid there is
no help. He'll die a drunkard.

I turned back quickly and without a re-
sponse, following the man we had passed.
Just as I came up to him, he had stopped at
the door of a drinking saloon, and was hold-
ing a brief parley with awakened appetite.

In God's name, no! I said, laying my hand
upon him.

He started in a frightened kind of way,
turning on me a haggard face and blood shot
eyes. I drew my arm within his, and led
him away, passive as a child. Not a word
was spoken by either, until we were in his of-
fice, which was not far distant, and the door
shut and locked. He dropped into a chair,
with a slight groan, his head sinking upon his
chest. He was the picture of abject wretch-
edness.

"He leaveth the ninety and nine that are
safely folded, I said, speaking in a low, tender
voice, and goeth out into the wilderness to
seek that which is astray."

He did not answer.

You have looked to the strong for strength,
you have prayed to him for succor, and he
has come very near to you and helped you.
Because you again went out of the fold, his
love has failed. He has found you out in the
wilderness and brought you back to a
place of safety. Only trust in him, and all
will be well. He is the friend that sticketh
closer than a brother. His is a love that
never fails.

I waited for him to reply, but he kept si-
lence.

It must have been no ordinary temptation,
I said.

Still he was silent.

The enemy must have come on you un-
awares, I added, after a brief pause. The
bolt must have fallen ere you saw the warn-
ing flash.

I was taken at a disadvantage; but I had
time to know my enemy, and should have
given battle in God's name, instead of yield-
ing like a coward.

Such was his reply. It gave me hope.

Tell me the whole story, I said.

He raised himself to a firmer attitude; and
I saw lights beginning to flash in his dull
eyes.

Wounded again in the house of a friend, he
replied.

What friend?

One on whom God has laid the special duty
of saving human souls—our minister!

Not Mr. L.—

Yes.

I was confounded.

I went to him for help, continued Martin,
and instead of the counsel and support I then
so much needed, for my old enemy, appetite,
was gathering up his strength, and setting his
hoof in battle array, I was tempted and be-
trayed! I should have gone to God, and not
to man. With his Divine Word in my
thought, and prayer in my heart, I should
have opposed the awakening enticement of
desire, as I have so often done and prevailed.

Tell me how it happened, I said.

As I have just told you, he replied, I was
not feeling very strong. That old reckless-
ness of which I have spoken, had come back
upon me, and I knew what it meant. So, I
said to my wife, I think, Mary, that I'll step
around and see Mr. L.— I'd like to talk
with him. She looked at me with a slight
shadow of concern in her face; for she had
learned to know the signs of a coming hour
of darkness, when the powers of hell repel their
diabolical assaults upon my soul. He, she answered;
and I went.

I found Mr. L.— in his library, but not
alone. Mr. E.— the banker, had called in
to have a talk with the minister about a col-
lege for theological students, in which both
felt considerable interest. Funds were want-
ing in order to give the Institution the required
efficiency; and the ways and means of get-
ting funds were earnestly discussed by Mr.
L.— and the capitalist. After an hour's
talk, and the arrangement of a plan for secur-
ing the object in view, Mr. L.— rang a bell.

To the servant who came in, he said some-
thing in a low voice, that I did not hear. The
servant retired, but came back in a few min-
utes, bearing, to my surprise and momentary
consternation, a tray with wine and glasses.

I saw a pleased light in the banker's eyes, as
they rested on the amber-colored wine.

Some fine old sherry, said Mr. L.—, sent
me by a friend abroad. I want you to taste
it. And he filled the three glasses that were
on the tray, handing one to his guest and
another to me. In myself—my poor weak
self—I was not strong enough to refuse. If
I had looked up to God, instantly, and prayed
for strength to do the right, strength would
I know, have come. But I did not. I took the
glass, not meaning to drink, but to gain time
for thought. To have refused, would have
been, I then felt, to set myself up as a rebuker
of these men; and that I had not the courage
to do. No, I did not mean to taste the wine;
but, as they lifted their glasses, drank and
praised the fruity juice, I, in a kind of mes-
meric lapse of rational self-control, raised my
glass and sipped. A wild, fierce thirst
possessed me instantly, and I drained the glass
to the bottom!

A sudden terror and great darkness fell upon
me. I saw the awful glow on whose brink I
stood. I will go home, I said to myself; and
rising, I bade the two men an abrupt good
night and left them. But I did not go direct-
ly home, alas for me! There were too many
enticements by the way. Indeed, I don't
know how or when I got home.

Of the shame, the anguish, the despair of
this morning, I cannot speak. You don't
know what it means—have no plummet by
which to sound its depths of bitterness. I
left home for my office, feebly resolved to keep
away from temptation; how feebly you know!

If the good Lord who is trying to save me,
had not sent you to my rescue, I would now
be—oh, I cannot speak the frightful word!

"He never leaves us nor forsakes us," I
answered. He is always going out upon the
bleak mountains, to the hot desert, and into
the wilderness of wild beasts, seeking his lost
and wandering sheep. If they hear his voice,
and follow him, he will bring them into his
fold, where is peace and safety.

Good Shepherd of souls, my friend said
audibly, lifting upward his eyes, that were full
of tears, save me from the wolves! I have
not sent you to my rescue, I would now
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[From the Pall Mall Gazette.]
The Power of Declaring War.

It scarcely requires argument to prove that
anything by which a nation is made to reflect
before it engages in war, is of inestimable va-
lue to itself and to humanity. It is extreme-
ly remarkable, however, that although nearly
all European States have now written consti-
tutions, not one of them makes express pro-
vision in its fundamental law for securing to the
people, or even to the Legislature, a voice in
declarations of hostilities. Each of these con-
stitutions adopts, as it were a first principle
or ordinance of nature, the rule that the war-
making and peace making powers belong as
of right to executive rulers. We think it
quite clear that this rule tends, and will con-
tinue to tend, to multiply and facilitate wars.

It is true that wars would not always be pre-
vented by compelling executive rulers to take
by some means or other the opinion of the
Legislature or of the citizens. The people do
not always suffer because the kings go mad to-
gether; and, with all deference to M. Louis
Blanc, we must say we cannot acquit the
French nation of complicity in the contest
which is ending so disastrously. All the or-
gans of opinion of which a foreigner can take
notice—the executive chief, the Senate or no-
mines, the Chamber elected by universal suf-
frage, the press, and the mob of Paris—pro-
moted or connived at the precipitate attack on
Germany; and though no doubt exertions
must be made from the weight to be attached
to some of these formal representatives of opi-
nion, enough remains to outweigh the asser-
tion, which is quite incapable of verification,
that war was unpopular with large classes of
Frenchmen. But the Mexican war and the
war against Austria in 1859 were unquestion-
ably begun by the Emperor Napoleon without
the smallest reason for supposing that his sub-
jects wished for them; and in one case it is
certain that the French people would have
prevented the war if it had had the power;

in the other, it is at least doubtful whether
they would have consented to it. The Prus-
sians are free from all shadow of blame for
the commencement of the present conflict; but
the war of Sadowa would never have been
waged if the war making power had not been
exclusively in the hands of King William.

We are not speaking of the moral justification
of any of these wars or of their political re-
sults. We merely say that it is on the whole
plainly for the interest of the world that wars
should not be waged, or that, if waged, they
should be engaged in with the minimum of ir-
reflection and with the maximum of delibera-
tion. Any constitutional rule which fails to
satisfy these conditions is at once placed on its
defence and can only be justified by the most
convincing reasoning.

Is there really anything to be said for com-
mitting the power of making peace and war
exclusively to the executive? In the first
place, it contravenes the principle upon which
written constitutions are founded. The main
object of these constitutions on the Continent
is not to give the nation a share in the law-
making power, for in communities which have
once placed their laws in order by means of
codes the power of amending them is of no
great importance, and is but infrequently ex-
ercised. A European Sovereign who has
once submitted to a constitution is well aware
that he has surrendered much of the control
of executive policy, and, to some extent, the
selection of the men by whom it is to be car-
ried out. But in the case before us the situa-
tion is not the same. It is a case in which Great
Britain, the "mother of Parliaments," has pro-
pagated a mischievous error through the fictions
of an imaginary system. The one part of it
which foreigners of more than average ability
find it difficult to understand is the relation
of the Cabinet to the Legislature. The com-
mon continental notion is that Parliament
dictates its policy to the Crown through its
power over the taxes. This no doubt is the
formal way of stating the constitutional doc-
trine even in England; but, though for some
reasons for which we do not often state the
whole truth, we all of us know that only half
of it is expressed in the constitutional common-
places. Mr. Hagelst was, we believe, the first
writer who laid down in distinct and uncon-
promising language that the Executive Gov-
ernment of England is a committee of the two
Houses of Parliament. The process of ap-
pointing this committee is perfectly well un-
derstood by every educated Englishman. The
House of Commons, by a declaration of rule,
a rule as clear as a vote after a division, no-
minates a Minister, and this Minister selects
the rest of the Executive Government from the
House of Commons and the House of Lords.

The rule is not found stated in any law book,
or manual of parliamentary practice, or formal
analysis of the British Constitution; but it is
thoroughly established, and if it were voted in
any particular—if, for instance, the Queen
were to give the Premiership to Mr. Cardwell
instead of Mr. Gladstone, or to Mr. Hardy in-
stead of Mr. Disraeli—the press, by a curious
inversion of legal language, would instantly
denounce the selection as grossly unconstitu-
tional, and the House of Commons would
show its resentment by stopping the supplies.

Our perfectly conscious but unavowed con-
viction that we shall always be governed ex-
ecutively by a committee of Parliament has led
to many important results. One consequence
is our neglect, perfectly intelligible when the
reason is seen, to draw any clear or careful
distinction between executive and legislative
power. We allow text writers to lay down
principles which imply that the Queen might
undertake to govern, to establish the imperi-
al dynasty in France, and to rule to it the
Isle of Wight. According to their theory the
sole remedy of Parliament would be stopping
the supplies in the first case, and the impeach-
ment of the Ministers in the second. But so
comfortably secure do we feel against any such
main-ss of our Sovereigns that, on the whole,
we prefer to exaggerate than otherwise the in-
alienable prerogatives of the Crown. Such
exaggeration is occasionally found extremely
convenient by Parliament. Some things it
likes to do by direct action, but others it has
an unconquerable reluctance to undertaking,
and greatly prefers handing them over to the
executive committee of Ministers working un-
der its supervision and removable at its
pleasure. How startling is the contradiction
between the language and the truth may be
gathered from the unquestionable fact that
Parliament has handed over to the Executive
the whole power and duty of originating laws
—a duty, it may be observed, under which
the Executive is plainly breaking down.

But these fictions, which are sport to us,
are death to the copyists of our institutions.
With all the skill and sagacity of many of the
statesmen from whom the written constitu-
tions of Europe have proceeded, they have a
great deal too often taken English constitu-
tional writers at their word. Thus it comes
that they have reserved to the Executive the
exclusive control over war and peace. With
such a reservation it is not of the smallest con-
sequence, nor would it be to the smallest ad-
vantage if they would take it in its integrity, and
all.

The however, is not to be expected of
them. If they were to have a version, before
them of our Constitution exactly as it works,
they would probably regard it as a very ex-
treme solution of the question between king
and people; the Sovereign would certainly
take this view of it, and the citizens would
probably think it simpler and clearer to have
a republic at once. As, then, there is at pre-
sent very little chance of European countries
coming to be governed by Governments as
completely the creatures of the legislature as
is the English Cabinet, there is all the more
reason why they should moderate by express
provisions that disastrous liberty of the Ex-
ecutive which under the true English system
is no liberty at all. The Americans, the
only people who borrowed English institutions
with a real knowledge of their working, did
in fact attempt to limit the war making power.
We cannot say that the attempt has been
specially successful, but the same influences
which in the United States have all but swept
away all checks, the irresistible growth of de-
mocracy, would rather tend to strengthen
them in Europe. At all events the experi-
ment is worth trying and worth recommend-
ing in order that it may be tried. These irra-
tional immunities have led to at least two
wars; and wars in Europe propagate their
kind with a miserable fertility.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.—It was a custom in
Babylon five hundred years before the Christian
era, to have an annual auction of the unmarried
ladies. In every year on a certain day, each dis-
trict assembled all its virgins of marriageable age.
The most beautiful were set up first, and the man
who paid the highest gained possession of her.

The second in personal charms followed her, and
so on, that the bidders might follow their
with handsome wives according to the length of
their purses. When all the comely ones were
sold, the crier ordered the most deformed one to
stand up, and after demanding who would marry
her for a small sum, she was adjudged to him who
was satisfied with the least; and thus the money
raised from the sale of the handsome served as a
portion to those who were either of disagreeable
looks, or had any other imperfection.

A gentleman hearing of the death of another,
"I thought (said he to a person in company)
you told me that Tom Wilson's fever was gone
off?" Yes, replied the latter, "I did so, but I
forgot to mention that he was 'gone off' along
with it."

Why do wild foal go under water? For
divers reasons. Why do they come to the
surface again? For sundry purposes.

