

RELIGIOUS READING.

A Sabbath in the Mountains. After from the sound of the Sabbath bell, Whose voice lay in worship swell...

Living Close to God. The Rev. Dr. L. L. Cuyler, in the New York Evangelist, says: "If you ask me what I gain by living close to God, I would answer that we gain fresh supplies of strength..."

Both Sides—Which is Yours? "What a tedious prayer-meeting," said John Brent to his wife at half-past eight on a recent Tuesday evening...

Light Breaking. "Like a mighty army, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading Where the angels have trod..."

Navigation and Liquor-Setting.

The United States Supreme Court, through Justice Harlan, has recently rendered another decision of much importance to the cause of temperance...

The Legacy of Liquor. The evil of strong drink would be comparatively small magnitude if only those addicted to its use were involved in the deplorable consequences...

A Message From Africa. Bishop Crowther, of the Niger Mission, has received from the Mohammedan Emir of Nupe, West Africa, this message: "It is not a long matter, it is about barasa (rum)..."

Temperance News and Notes. There is in East Delhi, N. X., a temperance school with about 50 pupils. One hundred and sixty-five drunkards die every day...

The petition prepared by the temperance women of England, for presentation to the Queen, asking that the bar-rooms be closed, has already received nearly seven hundred names...

In 1836 as many as 23,334 soldiers in the British army were fined for drunkenness, about half of them being fined more than once. In addition, 149 men were punished by court-martial for being drunk on duty...

The fourth week of November is set apart by the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Good Templars as Missionary Week throughout the order. Each lodge is urged to hold an open meeting and to do all in its power to advance the interests of the organization.

WISE WORDS.

Envy is blind. Least said, soonest mended. Those who excel will succeed. Upright walking is sure walking. Method will teach you to win time. Imagination never disturbs existing facts.

TEMPERANCE.

Who is Thy Neighbor? Thy neighbor! 'tis he whom thou lovest, who is as thyself...

A Child's Work. A few months ago a cosy little chapel was dedicated as the Third Lutheran Church in an Ohio city. A very happy party of the older churches to welcome the young sister...

The German Soldier's Equipment. A new outfit is being rapidly introduced throughout the whole German army. One, indeed, of the alterations, as it does not involve any new equipment...

It happened in this wise: About forty years ago, in a little mountain town in an Eastern State, a very happy party of the older churches to welcome the young sister...

It seemed as though a knife had cut into his very soul. With a questioning look he turned to his wife. "No, I did not tell her; she has heard it somewhere else," was her answer. It startled and roused him; for, wretch as he was, he loved the innocent little child.

Johnson laughed and scoffed a little, but finally agreed to try it. He, too, was pleased; and they, after a while, got a dozen more copies of the "Bible class"...

In the meantime all this was having its influence on the school prayer, and the number increased from four hundred to nine hundred in a very short time. The church also caught enthusiasm, and at last grew so in numbers that it divided and formed the second church—and now a third...

All this happened about ten years ago. Nell's father is an honored and respected business man, and his elegant home speaks of his prosperity. He is an earnest, God-fearing worker, a devoted temperance man, and an active prohibitionist.

Is it not wonderful! With Christ multiplying power, a very tiny effort may become mighty in its influence. "Be steadfast and unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."—Sunday School Times.

Whisky in the Woods.

In the New York Observer, "Augustus," writing from "Among the Lakes," and of "Whisky in the Woods," says: "Some come to the woods for other purposes than those of health or sport. It is a sad fact that many parties seek the seclusion of nature for the sake of dissipation..."

The Vineyard and the Vine.

Dr. John Ellis, in the New Christian (N. Y.), in a suggestive article, entitled "The Vineyard and the Vine," writes: "How wonderful the distinction between the life-and-health-giving product of the vine in the grape, and as pressed from the grape and pressed into the fermentation of which our Lord and Master said: 'Drink ye all of it, and the wine that maketh drunken, which is likened, in other passages in the Word, to the poison of dragons and the wrath of men, which fills man with both physically and spiritually, as we well know, of all manner of uncleanness and impurity! Oh, how can Christians use or 'chance' the use of such a wine!"

can in from her rooms behind the store and flung herself down beside the body with a heart-rending shriek. Then the men from the saloon rushed in and stood looking silently at the bleeding corpse and at the poor wife, who mourned the dead man as sincerely as though he had been the kindest of husbands to her.

Her pitiful sobbing aroused the sympathies of the rough crowd, and they began to look angrily at the victor. One man pointed significantly to a coil of rope lying on the counter, but the rest looked at the revolver still grasped in the fallen man's hand, and they shook their heads. Dick Johnson saw and understood and he quietly backed up against the wall, drew another six-shooter, and proceeded to make his defence. He told the story of the bill of sale: "You see, boys, he swindled me. Now, you know, a man ain't a-goin' to be cheated like that an' not try to git revenge for it. I give him fair warnin', he had his chance at me: I done it all up reg'lar, an' there hain't no call for hard feelin' ag'n me. I'm sorry for her, but you know it ain't my fault because her man was a scamp an' needed killin'."

The Lost-Car Tracer.

"Were it not for the constant vigilance of the great railroad companies in keeping watch of their freight cars, the loss of rolling stock and damage resulting from delays and mistakes would prove a source of serious financial loss to all concerned," said a prominent railroad official to a New York Telegram reporter. "Nearly all the great roads employ a corps of what are known as 'lost-car searchers or tracers.' Every freight car is numbered and used for a certain purpose, and whether it be a 'gondola' or flat open car, or a box car, it can be traced from one end of the country to the other. The tracers will follow a clew to San Francisco if necessary, and see that the car is returned to its proper station. The 'car searcher' has been a most a-tive agent of the railroads for many years past, but, as in every other business, improved methods are constantly introduced. 'At last our great trunk line road has dispensed with the car searcher in favor of a large force of responsible clerks, with telegraph and telephone auxiliaries. So systematically is their work done that if the conductor of a freight train were to make the slightest error in the numbers of the cars in his train or a description of them, it would be detected and the conductor called up to rectify it. If a car is reported missing in any part of the country one of these clerks by referring to his books can tell at what point the particular car should be at the time and when it should be returned. It is a great department."

Mollie Stark.

The speech popularly attributed to General John Stark on going into the battle of Bennington, August 16, 1777, was: "Boys, we hold that field to-night, or Mollie Stark's a widow." His wife, the daughter of Caleb Page, of Starks-town, now Dumbarton, N. H., was named Eli-abeth, and though there is much discussion about the matter, it is probable, that the legend is correctly given by Rev. J. P. Rodman in his centennial poem of the "Battle of Bennington." The morning came—there stood the foe; Stark eyed them as they stood; Few words he spoke—'twas not a time For moralizing mood. "See there the enemy, my boys! Now, strong in valor's might, Beat them, or Betty Stark will sleep In widowhood to-night."—Washington Star.

A CONFESSION.

Do you remember, little wife, Two years ago we two together Saw aught but love illumine life In many days or winter weather? Do you recall in younger years To part a day was bitter pain? Love's light was hid in clouds of tears Till meeting cleared the sky again. Do you remember how we two Would stare into each other's eyes, Till all the earth grew heavenly blue And speech was lost in happy sighs? Do you another thing recall, That used to happen often then: How, simply, tassing in the hall, We'd stop to smile and kiss again? Do you remember how I sat And, reading, held your hand in mine, Crossing it with gentle pat— One pat for every blessed line? Do you recall how at the play Through hours of agony we farried? The lovers' grief brought us dismay, Oh, we rejoiced when they were married. And then walked homeward arm in arm, Beneath the crescent moonlet new, That smiled on us with silent charm; So glad that we were married too. Ah me, 't was years and years ago When all this happened that I sing, And many a time the winter snow Has slipped from olive slopes of spring. And now—oh, nonsense! let us tell; A fit for laugh of maids or men! You'll hide your blushes; I'll not. Well— We're ten times worse than we were then. —W. J. Henderson, in the Century.

DICK JOHNSON'S REVENGE.

A SKETCH OF MORMON LIFE. They were the most contented family in the world. The father was by turns a prospector, a trapper, or a rancher, but he never succeeded in making a good living any way. He was a remarkably handsome man, tall and strong, and he looked on honest labor as quite beneath him. His word was his bond; he contracted no debts that he could not pay; yet he often cut up a fatter steer and divided the meat among his neighbors, who sent him vegetables and groceries in return, and never asked where the fat steer had come from. Perhaps they knew. When a herd passed along the dusty high-road the women smiled at each other and said: "I guess we'll hev some fresh meat to-morrow." Sometimes he would drive into town with a team of high-stepping, smooth-coated horses attached to his rusty old buckboard. Then his friends crowded about him, stroking the glossy necks, examining the white teeth, but no one in this little Mormon settlement ever thought of inquiring where he got them. Dick Johnson was the kindest of men to his friends and family, yet he had his record. He would be lynched promptly if he should ever return to Montana; he had shot a bridgekeeper who demanded toll of him, and, altogether, the deaths of half a dozen men were caused by the well-known fact that "Old Dick wuz mighty lively with his pistols when he got 'nuff wif sky aboard."

His wife did not always have a good print dress to wear to town, the children were seldom provided with shoes, but she always seemed contented and lazily happy, and there was not a merrier set of little ones. The mother was a fair-haired, blue-eyed woman, and the children all looked like her. "The children mostly awl look like me," she would say, with an amiable smile; "awl of 'em 'cept Caddie, and I guess she looks more like her pa."

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