A CONFESSION.

I - ou remember, little wife, vears ago we two together Et winnight but love illumine life In summy 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 c'eared 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: Her, simply, passing in the hall, We'd stop to smile and kiss again? Do you remember how I sat

and, reading, held your hand in mine, C. ssing it with gentle pat-One pat for every blessed line? To you recall how at the play Through hours of agony we tarried?

Ch, 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. .

The lovers' griefs brought us dismay;

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 fig 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 mountaineer, tall and do fer anybody else." could not pay; yet he often cut up a fat | butter." 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. Peralong the dusty high-road the women some girl. smiled at each other and said: "I guess we'll hev some fresh meat to morrow."

with a team of high-stepping, smoothcoated horses attached to his rusty old about him, stroking the glossy necks, examining the white teeth, but no one in th's little Mormon settlement ever the snow comes." thought of inquiring where he got them. record. He would be lynched promptly if he should ever return to Montana; he | my wite." 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 "Ole Dick wuz mighty lively with his pistols when he got 'nuif wh 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 | in town." lazily happy, and there was not a merrier set of little ones. The mother was a | this time, and she d d not propose to fair-haired, blue-eyed woman, and the children all looked like her.

me," she would say, with an amiable in no kind o' music," and she told him smile; "awl of 'em 'cept Caddie, and I guess she looks more like her pa."

"You kin jest bet I do, and I'm mighty glad I haven't no tow-head like these here young 'uns," Caddie would answer. She was a remarkably handuage were heard, Of course, this enerchildren.

Caddie had dreams of something different from the vagrant life that satissmall front garden, with current bushes, | me, like your pa wants you to." strawberry vines, and flourishing vegewaving fields of grain stretching away to the paper." the dark mountains that bound these Western valleys.

She confided these visions to her mother once.

"I tell yer what, maw," she said, "when I git married I hain't a goin' to this here. It'll hev to be a log house, and well plastered an' whitewashed inside an' out. An' there'll be the purtiest kitchen, too. An' I'll hev a likely colt milk au' butter, an' yer bet yer life I'il be boss o' the hull ranch."

mother: "an' ef yew marries Bishop | threw it into the stove. He sprang for-Burns, like yew're pa wants yew tew, maybe he'l! giv' yew a big house, but yew knew well enuff that Dan Williams | she was gone. can't do no sech thing fer ye."

bull-headed ole Burns ever comes in 'is jaw 'll make him see stars, or else my name hain't Cad Johnson."

"Wall, I guess he'd better not risk it, then," said the woman, with a feeble laugh. Yew're pa's a hitchin' up the hosses, Caddie, an' I reckon yew'd better an' mebbe ole Burns ull give yew some shoes fer it ef yew're real nice tew him."

"All right," answered Caddie. "Look a-here, you Tom, I'll kick you into the | air a-gittin' rusty fer want o' use.' middle of next week if you don't stop tryin' to lasso that there pig. Come along here now, an' git yer face washed. We're goin' to the 'Co-op.,' an' mebbe you'll git some candy ef you'll behave

vourselves." There was only one seat in the wagon, and on it sat Dick Johnson and his wife, who held the baby in their arms. Caddie sat on the box in the back of the wagon, and the children rolled around

store and the man was drinking at the

The road ran along the bank of a river, whose gleaming breadths, seen at intervals through the overhanging willows, together with the long sweep of green and brown and gold bunch-grass that bowed its tasseled heads as the breeze passed over it, waving like a manycolored sea, away to the dark mountains with their snowy tops, formed a picture almost sublime in its perfect loveliness.

"That there grass is e'en a most ready to cut," remarked old Dick. "I guess I'll borry the Bishop's hay-rick tomorrer, an' go after a load o' hay, an' you youngsters kin come along an' help stamp it, ef you want to."

The children set up a joyful shout, for this was a treat to them, as it would be to any one, to tumble about in the long grass, to fish for minnows in the cool, gurgling creek, to wade into it knee-deep for watercress, to pick tart, wild strawberries, and to eat all these delicacies country butter. And after this delightsweet-smelling hay, with the breezes | man was a scamp an' needed killin'." cooling their sun-burned cheeks during the long ride home.

The wagon drew up at last in front of good deal of forcible persuasion.

"How de do, Sister Johnson," said the storekeeper, who was also the Mormon Bishop; 'well, Caddie, I see you're as fat and sarsy as you ever was."

Caddie stared at him scornfully, not because she was offended at his free language, she was quite used to that; but this uncouth creature had as much natural coquetry as any other 15-year old

"How much be you pain' fer tip-top butter now?" she asked; "Ill let you hev' this here, ef you'll giv' me six bits a roll fer it."

"Oh, come now," he said, "you don't want to do me out of all my profits like that. Seein' it's you, I'll let ye hev two bits a pound fer it, and that's more'n I'd

strong, and he looked on honest labor as "Well," said the girl, "I guess I'll quite beneath him. His word was his jest look at some shoes, and if I kin see bond; he contracted no debts that he a pa'r I like, I'll jest take 'em for the

Caddie's mother had gone with her numerous offspring to visit a friend, and Caddie was left alone to do her trading. Her elderly admirer took advantage of haps they knew. When a herd passed | this fact to plead his case with the hand-

"You've got a purty face fer a gal of your size," he said, as she tried on a pair Sometimes he would drive into town of calfskin shoes, declining all help

"Huh!" said the lady, too engrossed buckboard. Then his friends crowded | with her task to notice the compliment: "these here shoes fits kinder slick, but I don't b'lieve they'll hold water when

"Oh, they'll hold water fast enough," Frick Johnson was the kindest of men | he answered; "but they ain't half nice to his friends and family, yet he had his | enough fer such a handsome gal. Now here's a pa'r o' kid shoes I'm savin' fer

"Well," asked Caddie, sharply, "then why don't you give um to her? She needs um bad enuff."

"Now look a here, Cad," he said, 'that's tom-foolishness, an' you know t; Mirandy don't want fer nothin', an' she don't care about fineries, but most girls does, an' I tell you what, my second'll hev the nicest duds o' any woman

Caddie had put on her shoes again by listen to h m any longer. It would not be wise to quarrel with the Bishop, but "The children mostly awl look like she had no desire "to play second fiddle

"Haw, haw, haw," he laughed, "I guess not. I kin jest see the way my ole woman 'll hev to step around when you air Mrs. Burns. See here, Caddie," he added, as she turned to go, "I want some girl, and people who admired her to talk to you, an' you might jest as delicate, dark face, were always shocked well listen now as enny other time. You when her coarse voice and coarser lang- | know your pa went prospectin' last year, an' I furnished the grub fer the trip. getic girl ruled the whole family; the | Well, he found a putty good claim, an' man, who, in spite of his strength and , now an eastern company's sent an expert ferec ty was as tender-hearted and simple- out here to look at it, an' like as not minded as a child, the indolent, amiable they'il buy it. Well, one night yer pa woman, and the swarm of tow-headed got purty full here in town, and I got him to sign a bill o' sale of the mine. Now he don't know nothin' 'bout the company, an' he don't know that the fled the rest of the family. Sometimes | paper he signed wuz a bill o' sale. I've she saw herself a busy wife and mother, | got a grubbin' on the mine, ennyway, an' moving about the two or three rooms of ! I've got mines o' my own an' money, too, a log farm house, with a few hardy an' I wouldn't mind givin' this bill o' flowers struggling for existence in the sale to you if you'd be sensible an' marry

"I don't b'lieve you've got no bill o' tables surrounding the house, and with sale," said the girl quietly; "show me

Her face was dark with anger. She looked very pretty as she sat there in the dingy little store on a long packing box; her glorious brown hair had been of a large force of responsible clerks, blown loose by the wind, her ragged sunbonnet hung by its strings around her neck, her blue eyes were bright with exhev no sech a ferlorn 'doby shanty ez | neck, her blue eyes were bright with excitement, and her brown cheeks glowed. | train were to make the slightest error in The Bishop looked at her admiringly as | the numbers of the cars in his train or a he returned with the paper. She rose description of them, it would be detected rag carpet on the front room floor you | to her feet, and her slight, round figure | and the conductor called up to rectify ever see, an' a good board floor in the showed, even through the clumsy pink it. If a car is reported missing in any calico, its graceful curves. She moved part of the country one of these clerk by to ride, an' some cows, so's to hev lots of round between him and the open door referring to his books can test at what of the stove, in which a wood fire burned, point the particular car should be at the for the evenings are cold in these moun- time and when it should be returned. It "Yew've always hed fine idees in tain villages, and then, as he read aloud, is a great department." yew're head, Caddie" drawled her she suddenly snatched the paper and ward with an oath, but it was too late, and when he turned to look for the girl

The next day Dick Johnson rode up to "Huh!" observed Caddie. "Ef that the saloon, and gravely announced to the loungers there that he meant to a-shinin' 'round me he'll get sech a crack | shoot old Burns on sight, and that the said Burns had better have his gun handy. Then the injured man began to fortily himself with whisky for the ap-

proaching duel. "What's the matter with Burns?" asked one of the crowd; "I allus thought pack that there bit o' butter in a box, that you wur on the best kind o' terms

with the Bishop." "Ch, he's lived long enough, that's all," answered old Dick; "an' my arms

His enemy had been warned Dick was drunk enough to be dangerous, and so he thought there was no reason for waiting any longer, and rising he slipped quietly out of the saloon and walked

over to the "Co-op." Arriving there he stood near the door watching the proprietor, until the latter turned, when the hands of both men flew to their ready pistols, and the shots rang was a dead shot, stood calmly looking her in the hay that was always taken at his victim. The murdered man's wife along for the horses to eat while the out. The Bishop fell, and Dick, who on the enterprise successfully,

women were trading in the Co-operative | 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 si ently at the bleeding corpse and at the poor wife, who mourned the dead man as sincerely as though he had been the kindest of hus-

bands 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 with the sweet home-made bread and reg'lar, an' there hain't no call fer hard feelin's ag n me. I'm sorry for her, but ful day, how pleasant it was to roll in the | you know it ain't my fault because her

His revolvers helped him to make his peace. These men were not cowards, but they knew they could not take him the village store, and the girl marshaled | alive armed in that way, and, besides, the children into the "Co-op." with a they thought his conduct quite proper, so he was promptly acquitted by this informal jury and he went quietly home.

Thus was rude justice done. Thus, too, was it that Caddie did not marry a Bishop, but became Dan Williams's bride. - San Francisco Argonaut.

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, has been already taken up by all the regiments-that is, the strapping of the overcoat round the knapsack instead of over the shoulders and across the body. This has the great advantage of allowing the man to breathe more freely and to open his coat if he wishes. The knapsack itself has been changed and is of a longer shape than before. It consists of two parts, the knapsack proper and the pocket, the former containing the soldier's linen, the latter the famous | "pease-sausage" and bacon. The belt is, in the new outfit, all important, and serves to make the whole equipment fast. rom it, on the left, hangs the bayonet, which has been so shortened that it is ong; while in front two pouches are at. Her father declared afterward that every tached, each containing thirty cartridges one went through h m like an arrow. the non-commissioned officers have smaller pouches holding only fifteen each). Behind is a third pouch, which so if some others would; and as a result, two pasteboard cases. These are a reserve, and were formerly kep; in the knap ack. By this change the soldier carries twenty cartridges more than formerly. On the right hangs the breadwallet, which is larger than the old patbut hangs directly from the sword belt, tiask is hooked on the bread-wallet. The | will!" paunikin used to be fastened in the middle of the knapsack, but is now laid flat on the top with the forage-cap, which sack, below it. The combined result is that the soldier's chest is almost quite free, and that the air can circulate between the knapsack and his back. He can also by merely undoing his belt take off the whole of his accoutrements. The trenching tool is not carried on the soldier's back, but hangs at his left side with the bayonet. -St. James's Gazette,

## The Lost-Car Tracer.

"Were it not for the constant vigilance of the great railroad companies in keeping watch of their freight car 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 re-

"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 'searchers' 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 busin ss, improved methods are constantly introduced.

"At last our great trunk line road has dispensed with the car searcher in favor with te egraph and telephone as auxilia-

## Mollie Stark.

or Mollie's Stark's a widow." His wife, the daughter of Caleb Page, of Starksnamed Elizabeth, and though there is fluenced woodsmen." much discussion about the matter, it is probable, that the legend is correctly not less a peril even in the wilderness. given by Rev. J. P. Rodman in his centennial poem of the "Battle of Beunington:"

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.

There is a marked difference between the W. C. T. Union in China and Japan. The officers and workers in the former are American missionaries, while in the latter, the native women take full control-preside, lecture, write and publish leaflets, and carry

## TEMPERANCE.

Who is Thy Neighbor? Thy neighbor? it is he whom thou Hast power to aid and bless: Whose aching heart or burning brow Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'tis the fainting poor Whose eye with want is dim, Whom hunger sends from door to door" Go thou and succor him.

Thy neighbor? 'tis that drunken man, Whose years are at the brim, Bent low with poverty and pain; Go thou and rescue him.

Thy neighbor! 'tis his wife, bereft Of every earthly gem: This wife and children helpless left; Go thou and shelter tnem

Where e'er thou meet'st a human form 'Aeath drunkenness bent down, Remember 'tis thy neighbor worms Thy brother, or thy sen.

Pas: not, oh pass not heedless by, erhaps thou canst redeem, Himself and his from misery; Go reason, plead with him.

G. W. Cook, in "Battle-Aue of Temperance."

A Child's Work

A few months ago a cosy little chapel w dedicated as the Third Lutheran Church an Ohio city. Very bappy were the two older churches to welcome the young sister. and very wonderful did the biessing seem. Five years before there was only one Lutheran Church in the town, and it seemed like only yesterday that the parent church had bidden "Godspeed" to a little company as they left to form the second church. And now there are three. How God has blessed them and multiplied their numbers! And to think that it has all, under God, come about by a little five-year-old maiden coaxing her drunken father to go to Sundayschool with her!

It happened in this wise: About forty years ago, in a little mountain town in an Eastern State, a boy was led astray by evil companions, and learned to drink and smoke, and to become a dissipated youth. His parents moved at last to Ohio, and for a while he began to grow steadier, and married a brave little woman. But, alas! evil influence again gained their hold upon him, and he became a drunken sot, given up to all

kinds of evil and sin. One day when he happened to be moderately sober, his little five-year-old daughter came in, and climbed up on his lap. Putting her arms around his neck, she exclaimed: "My dear little drunken daddy!"

It seemed as though a knife had cut into his very soul. With a questioning look he turned to h s 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. Francis Murphy came to the town soon after; and one day Lttle Nell came dancing which has been so shortened that it is up to her papa, with a dozen or so little blue temperance badges pinned all over her hat.

A few days after, a fellow-drinker, who had already signed the pledge, came and asked him to sign it also. He agreed to do contains forty cartridges, made up in | nearly thirty of the lowest men in the town were rescued from the power of strong drink. A little time passed, and Nell started to the Lutheran Sunday-school; and very soon came the pleading little voice: "Papa, won't

you go to Sunday-school whith me next Sunday? He could not resist the little one, and went with her. The sweet singing pleased him, and he went again. After his second tern. It has no longer a belt of its own, visit, he hunted up an old associate, now a sober man, and hailed him with: "Say. thus relieving the chest. The water- Johnson, if you'll go to Sunday-school, I

Johnson laughed and scoffed a little, but finally agreed to try it. He, too, pleased; and they, after a while, got a dozen more rough men like themselves, and formed was formerly under the flap of the knap- | a Bible class. They discussed the lessons, often with ridicule and unbelief; and by and by the Holy Spirit began to work in the midst, and some of them were converted, among them little Neli's papa. The class began to grow-to twenty-five, fifty, seventyfive, one hundred, one hundred and fifty all men, and all interested in the lesson

> In the meantime all this was having its influence with the school proper, and its number increased from four hundred to nine bundred 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. Humanly speaking, this has come from the seed sown by a little girl.

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 Caristian 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 ve steadfast and unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; torasmuch 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, "Augusta," 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 sec usions of nature for the sake of dissipation, and that many a party whose professed aim is to shoot, seldom hit anything except a bottle during their stay in the woods, and come out more shaky than they went in. Such men do much to demoralize all of our pleasure resorts, but their influence here is most unfortunate upon young sportsmen, and especially upon the guides. Upon the intelligence, self-control and sobriety of these guides not only the pleasure of the traveler, but often his life depends. Sudden gusts of wind come down upon the lakes, requiring the watchfulness and prompt action on the part of the man who manages the frail canos in which you travel; in the wilder districts a man needs to have all his senses awake to avoid losing the or to meet unexpected emergencies, and the guide who is addicted to the whisky bottle, as some of them are, is a most unsafe pilot or woodsman. There have been some dreadful outbreaks of passion growing out of this habit of drinking. A guide, who deliberately shot a man in a quarrel this summer, is now roaming about in Hamilton and Franklin Counties, while a reward of one thousand dollars for his capture is posted in the holes and public places. Since the murder he has come into some of The speech popularly attributed to the inns with his gun cocked, demanded General John Stark on going into the food, received it, and been allowed to depart. battle of Bennington, August 16, 1777, In general the guides are trusty, good-temwas: "Boys, we hold that field to night, pered, and laborious; but the tendency of association in large hotels with a dissipated crowd, or in camps with those who have come here to avoid social restrictions, is town, now Dumbarton, N. H., was most injurious to these simple and easily in-Thus it will be seen that the whisky, which causes such havor in large cities, is

The Vineyard and the Vine. Dr. John Ellis, in the New Christia vity, 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 preserved without 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 cruel venom of asps!' which fills man both physically and spiritually, as we well know, with all manner of uncleanliness and impurity! Oh, how can Christians use or countenance the use of such a wine?"

Not less than eighteen bills relating to in-toxicating liquors were before the British House of Commons during its late session.

Navigation and Liquor-Selling.

The United States Supreme Court, through Justice Harlan, has recently rendered another decision of much importance to the cause of temperance. The captain of a steamer, licensed as such by the laws of the United States, and engaged in interstate commerce on the Monongahela and Uh o Rivers, was arrested for violating the excess law of Pennsylvania by selling liquor without license. It was argued on the trial that a vestel engaged in interstate commerce was not legally amenable to the laws of Pennsylvania, even when lying within its terriicrial limits. This plea was overruled, and Justice Harlan declared that a Federal acense to ran a steamboat gave no authority to violate the police laws of a State when those laws offered no obstruction to the right of public navigation. This is a judicial precedent of much value. Had the ruling of the U. S. Supreme Court been otherwise, then all vessels navigating the waters within the jurisdiction of probinatory States, could lety their laws in the matter of liquorselling with entire impunity -National Advocate.

The Legacy of Liquor. The evil of strong drink would be of comparatively small magnitude if only those addicted to its use were involved in the deplorable consequences. The editor of the Northwestern Lancet, in a suggestive article on "The Med cal Aspect of Inebriety," says: The cicee relationship of insanity, epilepsy, and inel nety is strongly shown by the remarkable manner in which, through heredity, one form of disease may pass into another, as where drunkenness in one generation is followed by epilepsy or insanity in the succeed ng generations." It is this inevitable nerve or brain deterioration on the part of these of a previous generation who indulged in alcoholis beverages, and became parents, which undoubtedly would, if careful investigation should be made, account for the presence therein of many at the present time of those by whom our insane asylums and hospitals are overcrowded. The drink evil involves not only those immedi-

A Message From Africa.

and incompetency to future generations.

ately connected with the drinker here and

now, but leaves a fearful legacy of suffering

Bishop Crowther, of the Niger Mission, has eceived from the Mohammedan Emir of Nupe, West Africa, this message: "It is not a long matter; it is about tarasa (rum). Barasa, barasa, barasa! It has ruined our country; it has ruined our people very much; it has made our people mad. I beg you, Malam Kipo, don't forget this writing, because we all beg that they should beg the English Queen to prevent bringing barasa into this land."

Temperance News and Notes. There is in East Delhi, N. Y., a temperance school with about 50 pupils.

One hundred and sixty-five drunkards dia every day. That was Horace Greeley's estimate twenty years ago.

Ten of the Baptist Associations of Pennsylvania declared last year for prohibition by constitutional amendment.

One of the special features of the International Temperance Convention to be held in temperance journalistic literature from all parts of the world.

Mrs. Leavitt, who is now in Ceylon, writes there has been much more temperance work done in that country than in most places in India. Bands of Hope are common and there are some total abstinence societies of The petition being prepared by the tem-

perance women of England, for presentation to the Queen, asking that the bar-rooms be closed on Sunday, already weighs several hundred pounds, and contains nearly a million signatures. In 1886 as many as 23,324 soldiers in the British army were fined for drunkenness,

about half of them being fined more than once. In addition, 1419 men were punished by court-martial for being drunk on duty, and 1772 for simple drunkenness. "The saloonkeeper is alcohol's soldier; he is America's danger and disgrace. Do not, I pray you, go oif into the regions of the abstract, and dream of the possible saloonkeeper-the law abiding citizen, engaged in

dealings with his customers. Study him in actual life."-Bishop Irelandk Mr. Lang, for thirty years jailer of Simcoe county, Ontario, in a long letter detailing his experience, states that ninetenths of the inmates of the jail found their

licit bartering, honest and honorable in his

way there through the u.e.of intoxicants. 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

There is no virtue in a promise until it is redeemed. Many weaknesses of human nature are

distorted virtues. The wisest fe lows we think are thos who agree with us. Contentment does not demand condi-

tions, it makes them. Now is always the very best time if we will only make it so. As you learn, teach; as you get, give

as you receive, distribute. Whistling doesn't make the locome tive go, it is the silent steam. The ups and downs of life are bette:

than being down all the time. A little knowledge wisely used is better than all knowledge disused.

To be really yourself you must be different from those around you. Excessive labor is wrong, but judi-

cious labor is the safety valve of life. Man may growl, grumble and fight, but it has no effect upon natural right.

Falsehood can make the best spurt, but truth can do the steadiest trottine. Fashion is only gold front jewelry, it may appear well, but the value is not

there. Slander is a slime which envious people throw on others better than themselves.

It is good to put a bother away over night. It all straightens out in the morning.

Knowledge, like money, increases our responsibility in proportion to the amount obtained. Help somebody worse off than your-

selves, and you will find you are better off than you fancied. If a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy

by cutting them shorter. What a careless, even deportment hath our borrower! What contempt for money, accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross!

Every attempt to make others happy, every sin left behind, every temptation trampled under foot, every step forward in the cause of what is good, is a step nearer to heaven.

# RELIGIOUS READING.

A Sabbath in the Mountains. Afar from the sound of the Subbath bell. Afar from the Sabbath throng,

Whose voices today in worship swell With jubilant notes of song, Alone on a lofty Aloine height. Bathed in a flood of resplendent light, With the glittering peaks of snow in sight, We gather for morning prayer, Thou; h small may our congregation be, Scarcely exceeding the "two or three," The master nimself is there.

No pealing organ proclaims our praise, No preacher's voice is heard, Our chorister's peakn on this pearl of days Is that of the happy bird; Our music the sound of the rushing rills, Pouring down from the snowy hills As each its appointed work fulfils Leaping down through the flowery dell; And the wonderful works of our Father

More than the wisest and best could preach Or the tongue of the learned tell. Though they seem in eternal might arrayed There was once a day, we know, When the hill's foundations firs, were laid And first they were crowned with soon;

All that is evil must pass away, Do we not hope that the mountains gray May delight our awakening eyes! Emblem of all that is pure and bright, Pointing up to a world of light, And a glory that never diss.

But when in fire at the last great day

Elving Close to God.

The Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler, in the New York Evangelist, says: "It you ask what we gain by living close to God, I would answer that we gain fresh supplies of strength. To strength of yesterday will not suffice for today, any more than yesterday's food will sustain me if I neglected to eat my brakfist this morning. God means that we shall be kept in constant dependence, therefore He metes out 'strength equal to the day." The manna must fail fresh every morning. Lord, give us day by day our daily bread, No Christian can live on an old experience or an old promise made to God in years gone by, or on the Divine help that was furnished to him is a past emergency. A new carflet requires a new and immediate interpolition of the Divine and. The Caristians of Lucili cea may once have been healthy and happy; they ceased to live near to God, and He 'spew-d them out of His mouth.'

"Security depends upon living close to Jesus. The soldier who ke pa in the ranks on the march, and behind the ramp rts durmg the as-ault, is commonly safe; the straggiers are apt to be picked no by the enemy, To this latter class, in our courches belong the easualties and disgraceful desertions which so often shock and shame us. Among this class of backsliders are the really sigtims of the tempter-the men who tetray pecuniary tousts, and the weak-kneed timeservers who succumb in time of hard presure, and those deserters slip away from God's w God's worship through broken Subbatus, and all the vctaries of self-indulgence, who are mostly found in the haunts of 'Vanity Fair,' Drifting away from God, they fall into the bands of the Adversary. Need a Christian ever slip or stumble? Need he ever walk in the dark, or lose the roll of his assurance! No; not if he lives close to Christ, so close that the Sher hand's eye is ever on him, and the light of Christ's countenance illumines his path, and the Almighty arm is over within reach. Brother, if you or I ever less Christ it is not because He has driven us away, or hidd n Himself from us it is be-

Both Sides-Which is Yours?

cause we have been drawn away from Him."

"What a terious prayer-meeting," said John Brent to his wife at half past eight one ecent Thursday evening. "I'm glad to get back to my own little cheerful fireside. The minister's remarks were as long as the moral law. Dencon Paul went over the same ground, with a few prosy variations, Mr. Langdon stammered and blund-red till is was a relief when he sat down. Mrs. Childs said the same thing she has said for the last twenty-five years; at least I suprose she did. I couldn't hear it all. Mrs. Brown uttered a few prima stiff words, just as though she thought she must. The young church members kent up a continual silence. The sings were the same old draggy ones, sung helterskelter, anywhere, without any soul or mus c to them. The pauses were the most in quent part of the meeting and I believs on my soul they were the most impressive. If we are to have a prayer-meeting, why not have

one? I don't like so much talk." "Now, John," said Mrs. Brent, "how differently we look at thingsi. I thought it was one of the best prayer meetings we ever attended. The min ster's talk was just what I needed. I had been worried all the week, and what he told us about trusting in God in little things fitted my case. I was sorry when he closed his Bible and said. The

meeting is open for others." "Deacon Paul's remarks on the same subject interested me exceedingly, for I knew be had many trials and could speck from experience. As to Brother Langdon, he seemed so much in earnest that I did not notice whether he blundered ar not. I was thinking of my own shortcomings. "The songs were old, to be sure, but for

that very reason they touched my heart never enjoyed singing 'He leadeth me' as I did tonight. Perhaps I helped to make it draggy,' but the music was in my soul for all that. As to the young people I never saw them so attentive and quiet. Many of them repeated verses which seemed to me very fitting. One of them told me after church that he had decided this night to become a Christian. On, it has been a good meeting to me!"—Golden Rula.

> Light Breaking. Like a mighty army, Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod We are not divided, All one tody we,

One in hope, in dostrine, One in Charity. The midnight has passed! The dawning it at hand. The long undisturbed saumber of the Church is broken. Signals have sounded that have called dreamers to become work ers. All through the camp there is a stir of

We have heard a Chaplain tell of having biwouacked with his brigade upon no cost field, each soldier wrapped in his blankel, but with nothing over him but the cold, cloudy sky. Early the next morning be arose, and all over the field were little mounds like new-made graves, each cover d with a drapery of freey snow, which had fallen two or three inches deep during the night, and covered every sleeping soldier, as if in the winding sheet of death. Directly, while he was gazing upon the strange spec tacle, here and there a man would stir, rise, shake himself, and stand forta in momentary amaz ment at the sight. It was like a resurrection-scome, and failed not to make its

impression upon the beholder. So the Churches have been camping. slumbering amid the frosts of worldliness that have well nigh filled them to the beart, and the world has seen more snow-covered

graves than beacon fires! But now-thank God!-the day come's. An alarm has sounded all along the line. The sleepers bestir themselves! National Camp-Meetings, Higher-li'e Literature, Ho-liness Conventions, Union Evangelistic offorts, and Consecration meetings, are beating a reveille to which multitudes are re-

spending in a resurrection-life of devotion and tireless energy. Reader—our God is marching onl Will you join the aggres-ive campaign that will by and by turn to a triumphal procession in honor of the King of Kings? Awake-arouse thyself! No room for dreamers in a world that is to be conquered for Emmanuel. One prayer for help; one all-embracing gift to God; one act of appropriation of the spirit and the life of your Captain,—and light breaks to thee,—{Rev. S. H. Piatt, A. M.