THE EARTHQUAKE.

ONE WAY OF ESCAPE IS OPEN A Midnight Scene in a Prison and

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TEXT: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shall be saved."—Acts xvi., 31.

Jalls are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places

Jalls are dark dull damp, loathsome places even now; but they were worse in the aposecon in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not ing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not ing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groan of feel the chill? Bo you not hear the groan of feel the chill? Bo you not hear the groan of seen the smallight, and the deep sigh and mourn over their wasted estate? Listen and mourn over their wasted estate? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in the nightmare the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great herror. You listen again and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over a culprit, his chains there is another sound in the prison. It is a song of joy and gladness. What's that? What's that? He was a his prison. It is a song of paul and Silas. They It is the song of Paul and Silas. They lie flat on the roll of your structure of the paul who have they cannot sieep. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clobs for Joha Wesdey. An anathema for Philip Melanethon. A dungeon of Philip Melanethon. A dungeon of Paul and Silas. But while we are standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob and grean and biasphemy and hallelujah, suddea dely an earthquake! The iron bars of the plant wist, the pillars crack off, the solid masony begins to heave and all the doors some open. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and believing, in his pagan ignorance, suicide to be honorable—since Bratus killed himself, and Cassius killed himself, and cassius killed himself—puts his sword to his own heart, respecting with one strong, been thrust to with one strong, keen thrust to proposing with one strong, teen thrust to put an end to his excrimenent and agitation. But Paul cries out: "Stop! Stop! Do thy-self no harm. We are all here." Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do? Who? ers, crying one; on har shall the shall it do?" Did Paul answer: "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; get handcuffs and hopples on these other prisoners, lost they get away?" No word of that kind. His compact, thrilling, tremendous answer, answer memorable all through earth and heaven, was: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Well, we have all heard of the earthquake in Lisbon, is Lima, in Aleppo, and in Caraccas, but we live in a latitude where severe volcanic disturbances are rare. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the mency market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying the money market was feit in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself:
"Now I am free and safe from "all possible perturbation." But in 1837, or in 1857, or in 1857, or a national panie strikes the foundations of the commercial world, and crash! goes all that magnificent business establishment. Here is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life honest, temperate and pure.
When the evening lights are struck there is a
happy and unbroken family circle. But
there has been an accident down at Long there has been an accident down at Long Branch. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundation of that beautiful home. under the foundation of that beautiful home. The plano closed; the curtains dropped; the langhter hushed. Crash! go all those domestic hopes and prospects and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did: "What shall I do?" The same roply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shall be saved."

There are some documents of so little im-

There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any even your initials; but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Jesus."

and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Christ;" but that there might be no mistake about this passage, all three names come to-gether—"The Lord Jesus Christ."

Now, who is this being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I cannot trust them. There is come distributed in their back them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what continence in a man until you know what staff he is made of, and am I unreasonable to-day when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to frast in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected. No, you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago ft was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made and what it is. When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me He was a very attractive research. this is you want me to trust in, you tell me He was a very attractive person. Contem-porary writers describe His whole appear-ance as being resplendent. There was no need for Christ to tell the children to come to Him. "Suffer little children to come unto Me," was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the disciples. The children came readily enough without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones Jumped from their mother's arms, an

ones Jamped from their mother's arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into His lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on His bosom; John could not help but put his head there. I suppose to look at Christ was to love Him. Oh, how attractive His manner. Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalds as quick as they could, and brought them out that He might look at them. There was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in as they could, and brought them out that He might look at them. There was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything "4e did, in His very look. When these sick ones were brought out, did He say: "Do not bring Me these sores; do not trouble Me with these leprosics?" No, ac; there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from Him.

away from Him.
In addition to this softness of character, there was a flery momentum. How the kings of the earth turned pale. Here is a plain man with a few sailors at his back, coming off the sea of Galilea, going up to the palace of the Cæsars, making that palace quake to

the foundations, and uttering a word of marcy and kindness which throbs through all the earth, and through all the heavens, and through all access Oh. He was a leving Christ. through all ages. Oh, He was a loving Christ through all ages. Oh, He was a loving Christ But it was not effeminacy or insinkility of character; it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realize His carnestness, this Christ mounts the cream mounts the cross.

mounts the cross.

You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let him take some deadly potion and lie on a couch in some bright and beautiful bome? If He must die, let Him expire amid all kindly intentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death rattie of the sufferer. The world must feel His warm blood dropping on each cheek, while it looks

up into the face of His anguish. And so the cross must be lifted and a hole dug on the top of Calvary. It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through nerve and muscle and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand, and then they shake His right hand to see if it is fast, and they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross in the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of His body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross upright, others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard. Oh, plant that tree well and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore. Why did Christ endure it? He could have taken those rocks and with them crushed His crucifiers. He could have tembled them into perdition. But no; He was to die. He must die. His life for your life. In a European city a young man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after the mother of this young man was dying and the priest came in and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer and not her son; in a moment of angar she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother, you say: "It was wonderful that he never exposed her." But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for His mother, nor for His Father, but for His sworn enemies. Oh, such a Christ as that—so loving, so patient, so self-sacrificing—can you not trust Him? I think there are many under the influence of the Spirit of God who are saying: "I will trust Him if you will only tell me how:" and the great question asked by thousands is: "How? How?" And while I answer your tast t

away." "What!" you say, "before I pray any more? Before I read my Bible asy more? Before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ, ever did, then give them the preference; but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then deal with Him as fairly. "Oh," says some one in a light way: "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that ite died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper and you read how Capt, Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say, "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserve very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and side of the country." You fold the newspaper and side of the country." You fold the newspaper and side of the country." You fold the newspaper and side of the country." You fold the newspaper and side of the country." You fold the newspaper and side of the country." You fold the newspaper and side of the country." You fold the newspaper and side of the country." You fold the newspaper and side of the country." You fold the newspaper and side of the country." You fold the newspaper and side of the country." You fold the newspaper and side of the country." You fold the newspaper and side of the country." You fold the newspaper and side of the country." You fold the newspaper and side of the newspaper and side of the country."

his passengers. You say, "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserve very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith.

But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and you are awakened by the shrick of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cry: "No hope! no hope! We are lost! we are lost!" The sail puts out its wings of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wrecks hisses in the wave, and on the hurricans deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the lifeboats!" cries the captain. "Down with the lifeboats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain. Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain? The captain says: "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Captain Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot believe it with love, with tears, with hot continued exclamations. with griof at his loss, and joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; aye, the salvation of your immertal soul. You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built that bridge, you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it and walk over it and ask no questions. And heart is no reached lattless better. tions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Age." And built by the architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on and you stop, and you fall back, and you experiment. You say: "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, ask-ing no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you. Oh, was there ever a prize proffered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that, "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." you? For how much? A million dollars

to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel can tell you. But I can hint at it. For my text bring me up to this point, "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and a blassful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God and He is bound to see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come are mine. Yea, further than that—it means a peaceful death, Mrs. Hennans Mrs. Signapore, Dr. Vongs and all mans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young, and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing around about us. Death is loathsomeness and midnight, and the wringing of the heart until the tendriis snap and curl in the torture, unless Christ shall be with us. I confess to you an infinite fear, a consuming horror of death, unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts of a jungle of reptiles than into the grave, unrather go down into a cave of wild beasts of a jungle of reptiles than into the grave, un-iese Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home and put away in the darkness? I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lighted, and the further on in life I get the more I like to have my friends round about me

about me.

And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place with no one to speak to? When the holidays come and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas," or the "Happy New

Year? Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place. Unless there be some supernatural illumination I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way isclear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright, for I know that if my life is consistent when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent, and these eyes are closed, and those hands, with which I beg for your eternal salvation to-day, are folded over the still heart, that then I shall only begin to live. What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirt of His own garment? What darkness can fall upon my cyclids thea amid the heavenly daybreak? O Death, I will not fear thee then. Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly! thou despoiler of families. With this battle ax I how thee in twain from helmet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and shrough the heavens. On Death, I will he Christ sounding all over the earth and through the heavens: "O Death, I will be thy plague. O Grave, I will be thy destruc-

tion."

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon earth how happy He made every house He went into, and when He brings us up to His house in Heaven, how great shall be our glee. His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratories of eternity.

Talk not about banks dashed with efforcescence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sem-

cence. Jeaus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. Oh, I want to stand in eternity with Him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that harbor I steer.

et the cross. Oh, I want to stand in eternity with Him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness.

Oh, broken hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all of your hardships and bereavements and losses into the loving ear of Christ, and then have Him explain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be perseented, and why it was best for you to be perseented, and why it was best for you to be tried, and have Him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude here, saying: "You suffered with me on earth, come up now and be glorified with Me in heaven." Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble, and said to the woman there: "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said, "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All." "All dead?" "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the loneliness, and said: "Oh, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave." And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavements of life. I point you to-day to the eternal balm of heaven. Are there any here that I am missing this morning? Oh, you poor waiting maid! your heart's sorrow poured in no human ear, lonely and said! How glad you will be when Christ shall disband all your sorrows and crown you queen unto God and the Lamb forever! Aged men and women, fed by His love and warmed by His grace for three-score years and ten! will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a hart when you come to look face to face upon Him whom having not seen you love? That will be the Good to look face to face upon Him whom having not seen you love? That will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lamp reclining on the sunit hill. That will be the captain of our salvation, not amid the roar and crash and boom of battle, but amid His disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the Church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon His arm, while He looks down into her face, and says; "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair!" and boom of battle, but amid His disbanded

### RELIGIOUS.

LIVING THE CHRIST LIFE.

What is your idea of Christianity? If you are mistaken on that point, every thing else will be wrong. If a man thinks that Christianity consists in feeling happy, he will be wholly at the mercy of circumstances. If his liver is sound, and he is comfortable in himself, he will think that all is right because he feels happy; but if he has neuralgia he will feel unhappy, and will imagine the devil has got hold of him, and that he is a lost man. The man who judges of his Christianity by his feelings, builds on the shifting sand. There is nothing that will shifting sand. There is nothing that will help us but this one point—that Jesus Christ has called and made me a Christian that He may live in me His life over again. It is not by telleving this ting or that thing that I and dwelling in me. He wants me to live
His life in the office, in the workshop, behind
the counter, for when people see a Christian
living a Christ-like life, they will believe in Christianity. There is only one work on the evidences of Christianity worth having—a work I have met with here and there. It is rather scarce but thank God some new editions are coming out. It is bound in cloth-from five to six feet of humanity living a Christ-like life. It is no use arguing with Christ-like life. It is no use arguing with people to prove the existence of a Creator only. Downright out-and-out goodness and simple every day Christlikeness can win the Are you going to be witnesses for Christ,

or while your fellows look upon you as Christian, are you going to be angry, and mean, and barsh? If so, people will shrug their shoulders and shake their heads, and say: "Ah, there's your Christianity!" If religion does not govern your temper and cure your meanness what's the good of it?

See! here is a man who is brought before n judge under suspicious circumstances, and whether he is acquitted or not depends upon my evidence. I am called as a witness, I am asked what I know. I bungle in my speech, and am careless. I put in what I ought to have left out, and leave unsaid what I ought to have said. The judge shakes his head counsel for prosecution rubs his hands and sits down smiling. The counsel for the de-fence looks aghast, the jury whisper together, and my p or friends turn pleadingly to me, as if to say: "Is that the best you can do for me?" So Jesus Christ, whom we love, stands in us at the bar of public opinion, and whether He shall be excepted or rejected depends upon our evidence every

day, and hour by hour.

Will you not then give yourselves right up to Jesus Christ, and quietly, earnestly and resolutely live His life? Kneel down in His presence and say, "Lord, I can think of no greater ambition than to make the world think well of Thes. I don't want to be great, but I want so to live that men cannot help help wing in Thee." He doesn't not help believing in Thee," He doesn't want splendid gifts or sparkling genius, but earnest, thorough, out-and-out men in whom He can live His life over again. What bet-ter thing caust thou do than give thyself wholly to Him?

That alone is Christ's idea of Christianity men and women given up to Him, that they may be filled with His power. Now, what are you going to do? I don't want you what are you going to do? I don't want you to put strain and agony upon yourself, to make great resolutions and splendid promises—they are just blown away by a puff of wind; but I do want you to say, "Lord, I give myself to Thee; Thou shalt live Thy life over again in me: I hold myself as Thy own." Ler. Mark Gun Pearce. own."-Rev. Mark Guy Pearce.

He is doubly a conqueror who, when a conqueror, can conquer himself. Modera-tion and mercy shed over the laurels of the conqueror the luxre of true glory.

The Bible may be in the hand or home, and not in the heart. Food is not effectual for our nourishment until it reaches the blood. The bread of life, too, must reach the heart, the very source of life, before the tissues of the soul can receive spiritual life and growth. When Grimshaw first found and growth. When Grimshaw first found Christ, he told a friend that "if God had sent to him another Bible, it could not have been newer to him." Yet the only difference was between the word in the hand and the word in the heart; but how wide and won-

# SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR AUGUST 11.

Lesson? Text: "Samuel's Farewell Address," I Sam. xii., 1-15-Golden Text: I Sam. xii., 24 - Commentary.

After the servant passed on leaving Saul and Samuel alone, Samuel took a vial of oil and annointed Saul captain over the Lord's inheritance, at the same time telling him of several events which would happen to him as he returned home; all of which signs came to him that day. Soon after that Saul was publicly elected and ordained as king, the Lord ordering the lot. In the instruction of Samuel to Saul that memorable day there is one sentence which I believe it is the privilege of every true follower of Jesus to appropriate and enjoy, and yet I find but few have noticed it; it is in chapter x., 7: "Do as occasion serve thee, for God is with thee." It is a helpful precept, and I find great comfort in it. May every reader appropriate it.

1. "And Samuel said unto all Israel." The place of to-day's lesson is Gilgal, the first camping ground of Israel in the premised land, after they crossed the Jordan, where the twelve stones from Jordan were set up, the people circumcised and the reproach of Egypt rolled away, the passover kept, and Joshua's headquarters from which he set out.

Egypt rolled away, the passover kept, and Joshua's headquarters from which he set out and to which he returned as he subdued the land; where, also, they had just now been offering sacrifice and renewing the kingdom.

(Chap, xi., 14, 15.)

2. "And now, behold, the king walketh before you." When Samuel says in the first verse that he had hearkened unto their voice and made them a king he was speaking as God's representative, for in verse 13 he says:

"The Lord bath set a king the was speaking as god's representative, for in verse 13 he says:

God's representative, for in verse 13 he says;
"The Lord hath set a king over you;" and
whatever Samuel did he did as God's servant
and as in His sight; if the new king would do
likewise all might yet be well.

"I have walked before you from my childhood until this day." There are two sides to
your life and mine as well as to that of Samuel, that which is seen of men and that which
is seen only by God. The outward words and
acts and the motives back of all; happy the
man whose first thought always is, "What man whose first thought always is, "What does God think of this?" and governs himself

accordingly.

3. "Witness against me before the Lord."
With all his life from his youth up lived before the people, he now asks them to testify if they have ever known him to defraud, or oppress or take a bribe; he places himself be-fore the Lord and asks their closest scrutiny, ready to make anything right which they

may say has been wrong.

4. "Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken aught of any man's hand." Surely here is a righteous man, one against whom, like Daniel trey could find none occasion nor fault; for as much as he was faithful, neither was there any error of fault found in him (Dan. vi., 4); any error of fault found in him (Dan. vi., 4); and this life he began to live as a child, and any boy or girl may begin to-day to live the same righteous life and live it all their days on the earth, for the same Holy Spirit who lived this life in Samuel and Daniel, and in many others, is ready to live it accelerate.

many others, is ready to live it again in any one who is willing to let Him.

5. "The Lord is witness against you."
Their testimony to Samuel's faithfulness was their own condemnation; his faithfulness tes-tified against their unfaithfulness; their ac-knowledgment of his righteousness was their own evidence against their unrighteousness; to believe God is to condemn self, and to re-ject the counsel of God against self, as did the lawyers in the time of Christ (Luke vii., 39), is to condemn God and confess ourselves His enemies.

6. "It is the Lord that advanced tap-pointed, R. V.) Moses and Aaron, and that brought your fathers out of the land of Egypt." Samuel would not keep them face. Egypt. Samuel would not keep them face to face with God and remind them of His love to them and His gracious dealings with them, as when Paul tells us in Acts xvii., 24-28, that it is God who giveth to all life and breath, and all things, and that in Him we live and move and have our being; or as when Daniel said to Delshazzar; "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified." (Dan.

v., 23.)
7. "Now, therefore, stand still, that I may reason with you before the Lord of all the righteous acts of the Lord." Or as in verse 24, consider how great things He hath done

for you, and therefore fear the Lord, and sorve Him in truth with all your heart. 8. "Your fathers cried unto the Lord, then the Lord sent Moses and Aaron." Samuel re-minds them first how God heard the cry from the fron furnace of Egypt and This great deliverance from cruel bondage honey ought to have been enough to bind them forever to such a deliverer in the most loving and grateful service, but alss for human logratitude; and are not Christians to-day just as bad, when so many who profess to have received the forgiveness of sins and deliverance from the bondage of Satan se so ungrateful that, instead of serving the Lord constantly and wholly, they do not even seem to acknowledge Him as their Lord, or think their deliverance worth mentioning.

9-11. "They forgat the Lord their God."

• \* they cried unto the Lord; the Lord sent and delivered." Ti the history of the nation for about 450 years, or from the first of the judges until Samuel (Acts xiii. 20), when not withstanding their oft repeated transgressions, forsakings and idolatry, as soon as they truly repented and cried anto the Lord, He sent them judges who delivered them and caused them to dwell in safety. How sail that they should forsake forget and grieve such a gracious God, but now wonderful that He should again and again forgive them and shower His mercies

upon them.
12, 13. "Now, therefore, behold the king whom ye have chosen, whom ye have desired." God had given them the desire of their hearts and they now had a king like other nations, but it was on their part a departure from a sole reliance upon God and a putting of a man in His place. sin is manifest now when the people of God in any way lean on an arm of flesh rather than on the almighty arm of the unseen but ever present Lord Jesus Christ.

14, 15, "Continue following the Lord your God." Although they have sinned, and God has given them their desire, yet here is a way of blessing still left to them. If they and their king will fear the Lord as Samuel did. and serve Him and obey His voice, and not rebel against Him, then the hand of the Lord will still be upon them for good; but if not, His hand will be against them as in the days of the judges .- Lesson Helper.

## "After Your Boy."

During the Christian Endeavor Conven-tion at Chicago, one of the delegates, a young business man dressed in a natty rough and ready suit, overy movement alert and eager and telling of bottled energy within, came suddenly upon a red-faced citizen who evidently had been patronizing the hotel bar, Buttonnoling the delegate a trifle unceremoniously, the latter said:

"What are you fellows trying to do down at the Battery! You are not on temperance.

I see by the papers. Do you think you could make a temperance man of me?"
"No." replied the delegate, looking him over from head to foot with a keen glancs slightly contemptuous, "we evidently slightly contemptuous, "we evidently couldn't do much with you, but we are after Your boy."
At this unexpected retort the man dropped
At this unexpected retort the man dropped

At this unexpected retort the man dropped his jocular tone and said seriously: "Well, I guess you have got the right of it there. It somebody had been after me when I was a boy I should be a better man to-day."

The young man gave in a nutshell the sum and substance of the Christian Endeavor. movement. - The Outlook.

A Senator asked Mrs. Sallie Cnapin wny women did not leave the temperance work to men, to make the laws; they would be responsible and take the consequences. "Because," she answered, "you do the work now, and women take the consequences."

## TEMPERANCE.

The Young Corporal.

A lad, a corporal in the French army, when drunk, struck his superior officer. He was tried by a court-martial and sentenced to be shot, and cast into prison to await the execution of his sentence. There was an effort made to secure his pardon, but without success. The Colonel, however, was much attached to him, and was unremitting in his efforts to secure a pardon, which he at length succeeded in doing, on condition that if ever known to be drunk again he should be shot dead. The Colonel went to the prison to inform the young corporal of his pardon.

"Ab, Colonel," said the unhappy young man as the officer entered, "see what my folly has brought me to."

"Suppose," said the Colonel, "that I should tell you that on condition that you never in your life drink again a pardon is extended to you." A gleam of hope brightened the young man's tace. "Your life to be the forfeit if you ever taste liquor again," added the Colonel.

"Impossible!" said the near lad. "I can."

"Impossible!" said the poor lad. "I can-not live and not drink. Must I never drink! Never.

The poor young fellow relapsed into hops-

The poor young lends rought. It would be impossible to keep the condition."

"I want your word and pledge of honor as a soldier," said the Colonel, appealing to the military spirit and high sense of honor he so tell knew the youth to possess.

The lad's soul kindled within him. The lad's wought the effect intended.

The lad's soul kindled within him. The appeal wrought the effect intended.

"See, Colonel," cried the young soldier.

"See here and now," and he lifted his arm toward heaven, "that never with the help of God, will I put liquor to my lips again."

That lad became commander of the Imperial Guard whose very name became such a power, and he kept the pledge in the same spirit that characterized his memorable utterance: "The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders."

Now you see how much that sting of the

Now you see how much that sting of the Now you see how much that sting of the liquor serpent costs. It came very near costing that brave young corporal his life. It is a very costly thing to the country in dollars and cents. It costs us three hundred and sixty times as much as it does to pay the salaries of all the ministers of the gospal. The salaries of our ministers amount to sixty millions of dollars. And it costs twenty-two hundred millions of dollars to keep the higher traffic, and keep the sting of the liquor serpent doing its work. pent doing its work.

Damages for a Drunkard's Death When William McCarthy went home at the end of his day's work he was sober. After suppor he went to Wella's saloon, draminagless full of whisky," stayed there half an hour and left partly intexicated. He drank at several other places during the evening, and by ten oclock was so intexicated that "he appeared unable to walk and was in charge of two men who had hold of him, one on each side, and were en-

of him, one on each side, and were en-couraging him to try to walk." He was not seen alive after that. His body was found

seen alive after that. His body was found in a mill-race, where he had been drowned in about three feet of water.

This was in Oneida County, N. Y.
His widow such Wells under the Civil Demage act of 1875, which provides that—
Every husband, wife, child, parent, guardian, employer or other person who shall be injured in person, property or means of support by an intoxicated person, or in consequence of the intoxication, habitual or otherwise, of any person, shall have a right of action against any person or have a right of action against any person, shall have a right of action against any person of persons who shall, by selling or giving away intoxicating liquor, have caused the intoxication in whole or in part.

Mrs. McCarthy won her case on trial and got a vertice for damages from the jury. Wells insisted that he was not liable for

Wells insisted that he was not hable for McCarthy's death and appealed to the General Term of the Supreme Court. That tribunal has decided against him. "We are of opinion," says dustice Martin, "that the opinion," says dustice Martin, "that the in finding that the death of the plaintiff in linding that the death of the plaintiff's husband was caused by his intextication, and that his intextication was caused in whole or in part by liquor furnished him by the defendant."—New York Herald.

### How?

All true temperance workers are striving for the final and complete overthrow of the bosts of rum; but the question comes: "what can we do in that direction now?" In our work there are two things so intimately consected that to accomplish the second we must accomplish the first, and by accomplishing the first we work toward the accomplishment of the second. The one is the enforcement of the present liquor laws, and the other of the traffic. What we should do now is to enforce the existing laws, and by doing this we will work toward and up to doing this we will work toward and up to total prohibition. How strict the law in re-gard to Sunday selling to minors and to habitual drunkards! And yet here in our own town how openly are the laws violated. Al-most under the shadow of our churches and places where the work of Go1 is proclaimed to we find the damning stuff dealt out Sun-day after Sunday. True, there was an effort made not long ago to enforce the Sun-day law, and with some success, but is the matter to drop here? Shall the public officers and others interested in the enforcement of the law put their hands to the plow and then turn back. A good beginning was half the buttle, but not all. If after a good be-ginning the warfare is abandoned, the enemy are the victors. Let us not desist, but rather light to the death and overcome through Lord of Hoste, who is sorely on our side.

## Child Drunkards in Whitechapel.

Child Drunkards in Whitechapel.

The Pall Mall Gristle publishes an adiress on temperance in London, by Lady Henry Somerset, in which she pictures the missry occasioned by strong orink in the Whitechapel district, wherein there have been the past year so many mysterious and shocking murdees of women, and referring to piventle drinking, she said: "How can I put before you the sin and misery of that scene! To see the children flocking out of those dens of sin! I state no exaggeration, no overdrawn picture. You have only to read the police reports. Last year you will find in London alone 500 children under ten years old were taken up dead drunk, and there were 1500 under fourteen, and 2850 under twenty-one." What a contrast indeed is the life of these exposed children in London compared with the eight-year-old Kandon compared with the eight-year-old Kan-sus boy who had never even seen a liquor saloon till he visited Pittsburg!

A Temple of Temp\*rance. A Temple of Temp\*rance.

The project of building a National Temperance Temple, twelve stories high and costing \$500,000, was at first but a dream of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. This dream, however, is fast taking shape as a very substantial and practical reality. Building stock to the amount of almost \$.00,000 has already been subscribed, and various methods are being employed to more than double this sum. Mrs. Mattida B. Carse, President of the Building Association, whose remarkable business ability, tireless energy Fresident of the Building Association, whose remarkable business ability, tircless energy and dauntless enthusiasm are wholly devoted to this work, is confident of ultimate and complete success. The building will be called the "Woman's Temple," and will be national headquarters for all philanthropic and liter-ary associations of women.

Drink Robs One of Precious Years A collective investigating committee on "Habits of Intemperance," appointed by the British Medical Association, have made a report, published in the British Medical Jour port, published in the British Medical Jour-aal, in which, as one of their conclusions, they say: "That of men who have passed the age of twenty-five, the strictly temperate on the average live at least ten years longer than those who have become decidedly in comperate." If their conclusion concerning the effect of intemperance upon the average the number of years thus sacrificed annually by the army of drunkards in our own and other countries, is in the aggregate enormously large.

At Knoxville, Tioga county, several days ago, a comple of pugilists engaged in an encounter with the sister of one of them as referee. An inoffensive citizen ndeavored t, stop the fight and was severely cuffed by the referce.



As the eigarette-makers are giving tway photographs as a bait for dudes, it wouldn't be a bad idea for the phoographers to adopt something like the above, and work the dude for all the is worth. —Chicago Ledger.



Der doctor says I dassent smoke Annelder eigarette.
R elsemy name is Mud. Der bloke! I'll give 'm soup, you bet

Der dry of feede! Wot's he know About der juice o' life? He's nut'n but a holy show, V Unner den n knife

I wouldn't be dat dry of ears Fur all der world end give!

Der an't nebody knows, but us

Young tellows, how to live!

-New York State Camp Journal.

### English Tips.

The complaint of the traveler against the English system of "tips" waxes every year more bitter. It has become impossible for persons of moderate means to visit at large establishments. no matter upon what footing they stand with the owners, because it costs so much to fee the servants.
"I came away from England without

going to see my sister," a gentleman said, recently, "because I will not submit to the tipping. Her hustand has a big establishment, and it would make all the servants think she had shabby relatives for me to go there and not do the conventional thing; and that I will not submit to. When they were here last year, they stayed with me three weeks, and when they were going away he wanted to fee the servants, and I told bim that that was an insult to me. I said that it was an intimation that I could not or would not have him properly served without his paying for it; and that in America it was a point of honor with us to see that our hospitality was not paid for by the guest. I don't think he liked the way I put it, but he could not think of anything to say. Boston Courier.

Clothes Make the Man.



The style of his city clothes.



And of his country outfit .- New York