UTY OF RELIGION.

R. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

ish Excuses Made By Persons Keeping Out of Churches.

"*And they all with one consent make excuse.*"—Luke xiv., 18.

e invitations to a levee are sent out s come in. One man apologizes tendance on one ground, another ground. The most of the regrets d on prior engagements. So in great banquet was spread, the in- were circulated, and now the re- e in. The one gives an agricultu- , the other a stock dealer's reason, a domestic reason—all poor rea- e agricultural reason being that had bought a farm and wanted to uld he not see it the next day? dealer's reason being that he had e yoke of oxen, and he wanted to ove them. He had no business to until he knew what they were. hat a man who can own five yoke in command his own time. Be he might have yoked two of them and driven them on the way to uet, for locomotion was not then as now. The man who the domestic reason said he married. He ought to have wife with him. The fact was they want to go. "And they all with one began to make excuse." So now is a great banquet; it is the gospel and the table reaches across the hem- and the invitations go out and mu- me and sit down and drink out of es of God's love, while other mu- decline coming—he one giving this and the other giving that apology. they all with one consent began to excuse." I propose this morning, so God may help me, to examine the s which men make for not entering ristian life.

gy too first: I am not sure there is g valuable in the Christian re- It is clear that there are so many ions in this day—so many things em to be real are sham. A gilded may have a hollow inside. There is h quackery in physics, in ethics, in that men come to the habit of in- y, and after awhile they allow that ny to collide with our holy re-

my friends, I think religion has made y good record in the world. How wounds it has salved; how many pil- fire it has lifted in the midnight ess; how many simoon struck Sa- t hath turned into the gardens of the how it hath stilled the chopped sea! rosy light it hath sent streaming h the rift of the storm cloud wrack; pools of cool water it hath gathered sty Hagar and Ishmael; what manna than coriander seed it hath dropped round the camp of hardly bestead pil- what promises it hath sent out like ngineers to keep the lamps burning death beds! Through the darkness wers into the sepulcure, what flames rrection morn.

es that, this religion has made so heroes. It brought Summerfield, the dist, across the Atlantic Ocean with er trumpet to blow the acceptable the Lord, until it seemed as if all erican cities would take the king- heaven by violence. It sent Je- man into Africa alone, in a conti- make barbarians, to lift the stan- of civilization and Christianity. It John Milton among poets, Raphael painters, Christopher Wren among cts, Thorwaldsen among sculptors, among musicians, Dupont among commanders, and to give new to the imagination, and better bal- the judgment, and more determina- to the will, and greater usefulness life, and grander nobility to the soul, nothing in all the earth like our ian religion.

ing in religion! Why, then, all Christians were deceived when in their moment they thought they saw the of the blessed; and your child, that nutterable agony you put away into ave—you will never see him again, ar his sweet voice, nor feel the throb young heart? There is nothing in re- Sickness will come upon you. Roll turn on your pillow. No relief. The ne may be bitter, the night may be the pain may be sharp. No relief, never comes to the sick room. Let ain stay. Let the fever burn. Curse die. There is nothing in religion! awhile death will come. You will the pawing of the pale horse on the old. The spirit will be breaking away the body, and it will take flight— her, whither? There is no God, no ering angels to conduct, no Christ, no n, no home. Nothing in religion! you are not willing to adopt a dismal theory. And yet rld is full of skeptics. And let me here is no class of people for I have a warmer sympathy than for . We do not know how to treat We deride them, we caricature We, instead of taking them by the and of Christian love, clutch them he iron pincers of ecclesiasticism. Oh, knew how those men had fallen away Christianity and become skeptics you not be so rough on them. Some brought up in homes where religion versions. The most wretched day in ife was Sunday. Religion was driven em with a triphammer. They had a of prayer meetings. They were and cudgeled with catechisms. They told by their parents that they were orst children that ever lived because liked to ride down hill better than to "Pilgrim's Progress." They never their parents talk of religion but with orners of their mouths drawn down e eyes rolled up.

ers went into skepticism through mal- ent on the part of some who pro- religion. There is a man who says, partner in business was voluble in r meeting, and he was officious in all us circles, but he cheated me out of and I don't want any of that re-

re are others who got into skepticism by a natural persistence in asking questions —why or how. How can God be one being in three persons? They cannot understand it. Neither can I. How can God be a com- plete sovereign and yet man a free agent? They cannot understand it. Neither can I. They cannot understand why a holy God sin come into the world. Neither can I. They say: "Here is a great mystery. Here is a disciple of fashion, frivolous and gos- siping all her days—she lives on to be an octo- genarian. Here is a Christian mother train- ing her children for God and for heaven, unoffending, Christlike, indispensable to the happiness of that household—she takes the fever and dies." The skeptic says, "I can't see in that." Neither can I.

I can not show how men reason themselves into skepticism. With burning feet I have felt that blistering way. I know what it is to have a hundred nights poured into one night. There are men in this audience who would give their thousands of dollars if they could get back to the old religion of their mothers. Such men are not to be caricatured, but helped, and not through their heads, but through their hearts. When such men really do come into the kingdom of God, they will be worth far more to the cause of Christ than those who never existed the evidences of Christianity. Thomas Chalmers once a skeptic; Robert Hall once a skeptic; Christmas Evans once a skeptic, but when they did lay hold of the Christian warrior, how they made it speed for God!

Wherefore I stand this morning before you men and women who have drifted away into skepticism I throw out no scoff. I offer no implied [illegible] memory of those good old times when you knelt at your mother's knee and said your evening prayer, and those other days of sickness when she watched all night and gave you the medicines at just the right time and turned the pillow when it was hot, and with hand long ago turned to dust soothed your pains, and with that voice you will never hear again unless you join her in the better country told you never mind—you would be better by and by, and by that dying couch, where she talked so slowly, catching her breath between the words—by all those memories I ask you to come and take the same religion. It was good enough for her—it is good enough for you.

Aye, I make a better plea by the wounds and the death throes of the Son of God, who approaches you this morning with torn brow and lacerated hands and whipped back crying: "Come unto Me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because of the incorrigibility of their temper. Now, we admit it is harder for some people to become Christians than for others, but the grace of God never came to a mountain that it could not climb, or to an abyss that it could not fathom, or to a bondage that it could not break. The wildest horse that ever trod Arabian sands has been broken to bit and trace. The maddest torrent tumbling from mountain shelving has been harnessed to the mill-wheel and the factory band, setting a thousand shuttles all a-buzz and a-clatter, and the wildest, the haughtiest, the most ungovernable man ever created by the grace of God may be subdued and sent out on ministry of kindness, as God sends an August thunderstorm to water the wild flowers down in the grass.

God regeneration, reformatory effort, will not offset the change. It takes a mightier arm and a mightier hand to bend evil habits than the hand that bent the bow of Ulysses, and it takes a stronger lasso than ever head the buffalo on the prairie. A man cannot go forth with any human weapons and contend successfully against these Titans armed with untorn mountains. But you have known men into whose spirit the influence of the gospel of Christ came until their disposition was entirely changed. So it was with two merchants in New York. They were very antagonistic. They had done all they could to injure each other. They were in the same line of business. One of the merchants was converted to God. Having been converted, he asked the Lord to teach him how to bear himself toward that business antagonist, and he was impressed with the fact that it was his duty when a customer asked for a certain kind of goods which he had not, but which he knew his opponent had, to recommend him to go to that store. I suppose that is about the hardest thing the man could do, but being thoroughly converted to God he resolved to do that very thing, and being asked for a certain kind of goods which he had not he said, "You go to such and such a store and you will get it." After awhile merchant No. 2 found these customers coming so sent, and he found also that merchant No. 1 had been brought to God, and he sought the same religion. Now they are good friends and good neighbors, the grace of God entirely changing their disposition.

"Oh," says some one, "I have a rough, jagged, impetuous nature, and religion can't do anything for me." Do you know that Martin Luther and Robert Newton and Richard Baxter were impetuous, all consuming natures, yet the grace of God turned them into the mightiest usefulness? Oh, how many who have been pugnacious and hard to please and irascible and more bothered about the mote in their neighbor's eye than about the beam like unto timber in their own eye have been entirely changed by the grace of God and have found out that "godliness is profitable for the life that now is as well as for the life which is to come!"

Peter, with nature tempestuous as the sea that he once tried to walk, at one look of Christ went out and wept bitterly. Rich harvests of grace may grow on the tiptop of the jagged steep, and flocks of Christian graces may find pasturage in fields of bramble and rock. Though your disposition may be all a-bristle with fretfulness, though you have a temper a-gleam with quick lightnings, though your avarice be like that of the horse-leech, crying, "Give!" though damnable impurities have wrapped you in all consuming fire, God can drive that devil out of your soul, and over the chaos and the darkness He can say, "Let there be light."

Converting grace has lifted the drunkard from the ditch and snatched the knife from the hand of the assassin and the false keys from the burglar, and in the pestiferous lanes of the city put the daughter of sin under the dim lamplight and scattered her sorrow and her guilt with the words, "Thy sins are forgiven—go and sin no more." For scarlet sin a scarlet atonement.

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because of the inconsistencies of those who profess religion. There are thousands of poor farmers. They do not know the nature of soil nor the proper rotation of crops. Their corn is shorter in the stalk and smaller in the ear. They have ten less bushels to the acre than their neighbors. But who declines being a farmer because there are so many poor farmers.

There are thousands of incompetent merchants. They buy at the wrong time. They get cheated in the sale of their goods. Every bale of goods is to them disaster. They fail after a while and go out of business. But who declines to be a merchant because there are so many incompetent merchants. There are thousands of poor lawyers. They cannot draw a declaration that will stand the test. They cannot recover just damages. They cannot help a defendant escape from the injustice of his persecutors. They are the worst evidence against any case in which they are retained. But who declines to be a lawyer because there are so many incompetent lawyers? Yet there are tens of thousands of people who decline being religious because there are so many unworthy Christians. Now, I say it is illogical. Poor lawyers are nothing against jurisprudence, poor physicians are nothing against medicine, poor farmers are nothing against agriculture, and mean, contemptible professors of religion are nothing against our glorious Christianity.

Sometimes you have been riding along on a summer night by a swamp, and you have seen lights that kindled over decayed vegetation—lights which are called jack-o'-lantern or will-o'-the-wisp. These lights are merely poisonous miasmata. My friend, on your way to heaven you will want a better light than the will-o'-the-wisps which dance on the rotten character of dead Christians. Exudations from poisonous trees in our neighbor's garden will make a very poor balm for our wounds.

Sickness will come, and we will be pushed out toward the Red Sea which divides this world from the next, and not the inconsistency of Christians but the rod of faith will wave back the waters as a commander wheels his host. The judgment will come with its thunders and solemnities, attended by bursting mountains and the deep laugh of earthquake, and suns will fly before the feet of God like sparks from the anvil, and 10,000 burning worlds shall blaze like banners in the track of God omnipotent. Oh, then we will stop and say, "There was a mean Christian, there was a cowardly Christian; there was an impure Christian." In that day as now, "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself, but if thou scornest thou alone shalt bear it." Why, my brother, the inconsistency of Christians so far from being an argument to keep you away from God ought to be an argument to drive you to Him. The best place for a skillful doctor is a neighborhood where they are all poor doctors; the best place for an enterprising merchant to open his store is in a place where the bargain makers do not understand their business, and the best place for you who want to become the illustrious and complete Christians—the best place for you is to come right down among us who are so incompetent and so inconsistent sometimes.

Other persons apologize for not becoming Christians because they lack time, as though religion muddled the brain of the accountant, or tripped the pen of the author, or thickened the tongue of the orator, or weakened the arm of the mechanic, or scattered the briefs of the lawyer, or interrupted the sales of the merchant. They bolt their store doors against it and fight it back with trowels and with yard sticks and cry, "Away with your religion from our store, our office, our factory!"

They do not understand that religion in this workaday world will help you to do anything you ought to do. It can lay a keel, it can sail a ship, it can buy a cargo, it can work a pulley, it can pave a street, it can fit a wristband, it can write a constitution, it can marshal a host. It is as appropriate to the astronomer as his telescope, to the chemist as his laboratory, to the mason as his plumbline, to the carpenter as his plane, to the child as his marbles, to the grandfather as his staff.

No time to be religious here! You have no time not to be religious. You might as well have no clerks in your store, no books in your library, no compass on your ship, no rifle in the battle, no hat for your head, no coat for your back, no shoes for your feet. Better travel on toward eternity bare headed and bare footed, and houseless and homeless, and friendless, than go through life without religion.

Did religion make Raleigh any less of a statesman, or Havelock any less of a soldier, or Grinnell any less of a merchant, or West any less of a painter? Religion is the best security in every bargain, it is the sweetest note in every coronet. No time to be religious! Why, you will have to take time to be sick, to be troubled, to die. Our world is only the wharf from which we are to embark for heaven. No time to secure the friendship of Christ. No time to buy a lamp and trim it for that walk through the darkness which otherwise will be illumined only by the whiteness of the tombstones. No time to educate the eye for heavenly splendors, or the hand for choral harps, or the ear for everlasting songs, or the soul for honor, glory and immortality. One would think we had time for nothing else.

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because it is time enough yet. That is very like those persons who send their regrets and say: "I will come in perhaps at 11 or 12 o'clock. I will not be there at the opening of the banquet, but I will be there at the close." Not yet! Not yet!

Now, I do not give any doleful view of this life. There is nothing in my nature, nothing in the grace of God, that tends toward a doleful view of human life. I have not much sympathy with Addison's description of the "Vision of Mirza," where he represents human life as being a bridge of a hundred arches, and both ends of the bridge covered with clouds, and the race coming on, the most of them falling down through the first span, and all of them falling down through the last span. It is a very dismal picture. I have not much sympathy with the Spanish proverb which say, "The sky is good, and the earth is good—just what is bad is between the earth and the sky."

But while we Christian people are found to take a cheerful view of life we must also confess that life is a great uncertainty, and that man who says, "I can't become a Christian because there is time enough yet," is running a risk infinite. You do not perhaps realize the fact that this descending grade of sin gets steeper and steeper, and that you are gathering up a rush and velocity which after awhile may not answer to the brakes. Oh, my friends, be not among those who give their whole life to the world and then give their corpse to God. It does not seem fair while our pulses are in full play of health that we serve ourselves and serve the world and then make God at last the present of a coffin. It does not seem right that we run our ship from coast to coast, carrying cargoes for ourselves, and then when the ship is crushed on the rocks give to God the shivered timbers. It is a great thing for a man on his dying pillow to repent—better than never at all—but how much better, how much more generous, it would have been if he had repented fifty years before! My friends, you will never get over these procrastinations.

Here is a delusion. People think, "I can go on in sin and worldliness, but after awhile I will repent, and then it will be as though I had come at the very start." That is a delusion. No one ever gets fully over procrastination. If you give your soul to God, some other time than this, you will enter heaven with only half the capacity for enjoyment and knowledge you might have had. There will be heights of blessedness you might have attained, you will never reach; thrones of glory on which you might have been seated, but which you will never climb. We will never get over procrastination, neither in time nor in eternity. We have started on a march from which there is no retreat. The shadows of eternity gather on our pathway. How insignificant is time compared with the vast eternity! I was thinking of this while coming down over the Alleghany Mountains at noon, by that wonderful place which you have all heard described as the Horseshoe—a depression in the side of the mountain where the train almost turns back again upon itself, and you see how appropriate is the description of the Horseshoe—and thinking on this very theme and preparing this very sermon it seemed to me as if the great courser of eternity speeding along had just struck the mountain with one hoof and gone into thousands more. So short is time, so insignificant is earth compared with the vast eternity!

This morning we can roll down the sky, and all the worlds of light are ready to rejoice at your disenthrallment. Rush not into the presence of the King ragged with sin when you may have the robe of righteousness. Dash not your foot to pieces against the throne of a crucified Christ. Throw not your crown of life off the battlements. All the scribes of God are this moment ready with volumes of living light to record the news of your soul emancipated.

Transfusion of Blood Not New.

Transfusion of blood as practiced in surgery is by no means a recent development in science. Medical records show it to have been known to the Egyptians, Syrians and Persians. The Pittsburg Dispatch regards it as even possible that the ancients were more successful than the physicians of recent periods. In the Seventeenth Century so many attempts were made in France, accompanied by so many failures and fatalities, that the Parliament of Paris declared against its legality. The experiments continued, however, calf's blood being substituted for the human. The results were not encouraging, the physicians not being aware that the blood of animals injected into the veins of another belonging to a different species acted as a poison. For 200 years the experiments were discontinued, and then one day, some years ago, the story of the death of a young medical student named Romain le Goff, while trying to save the life of a friend with his own blood, created a great sensation. A street in Paris, named after le Goff, commemorates his brave act. By this time the medical men had learned that to be successful the blood must neither be allowed to coagulate, nor air suffered to enter the veins with it. Doctor Roussel, of Geneva, invented an apparatus which overcame both the above difficulties. Since that time the experiments have been continued with remarkable success. Many lives have been undoubtedly saved by it. An old employe of the Theatre Francais in Paris, named Dupuitch, has given up his blood several times to those in need of it, for which he has been awarded a magnificent gold medal by the French Government.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, APRIL 28

"Job's Confession and Restoration," Job xlii, 1-10 Golden Text: James v, 11. Commentary.

1. "Then Job answered the Lord and said." After a time the three men ceased to answer Job, because he was righteous in his own eyes and justified himself rather than God (chapter xxxii., 1, 2). Then to the end of chapter xxxvii we have the wise and weighty words of Elihu (the name signifies "God Himself") speaking on God's behalf (xxxvi., 2), to which Job makes no reply. From xxxviii., 1, to xli., 34, Jehovah speaks, and now for the first time since the three friends stopped, with the exception of chapter xl., 3-5, Job makes reply, but we shall hear him as an entirely different man from the one who made reply to Eliphaz and the others, giving them as good as they gave him.

2. "I know Thou canst do everything, and that no thought can be withholden from Thee." It is a good and helpful thing to believe that God can do everything, and that nothing is too hard or wonderful for Him (Jer. xxxii., 17). Sarah stumbled here and so did Moses and the ten spies and hosts of others (Gen. xviii., 13, 14; Num. xi., 21-23). Let us also believe that no purpose of God can be frustrated (Ps. xxxiii., 11; Isa. xvi., 24), and since His ways and thoughts are as far above ours as heaven is above the earth (Isa. lv., 8, 9) let us away with ours, however attractive to ourselves, and be filled with His, which are sure of accomplishment.

3. "Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge? Therefore have I uttered that I understood not; things too wonderful for me that I knew not." The words of Jehovah had taken hold of him (chapter xxxviii., 2, 3) and laid him low, exposing his folly. Elihu had spoken wisely when he said, "We cannot order our speech by reason of darkness" (chapter xxxvii., 19). And the Holy Spirit through Paul assures us that "in us—that is, our flesh—dwelleth no good thing," and "we are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves" (Rom. vii., 18; II Cor. iii., 5).

4. "Hear, I beseech Thee, and I will speak. I will demand of Thee, and declare Thou unto me." Job had talked thus foolishly (xiii., 22), and God had given him back his own words (xxxviii., 3; xl., 7), and it would seem that Job now quotes them in deep humility and self condemnation, for he had already said: "I will lay mine hand upon my mouth. Once have I spoken, but I will not answer. Yea, twice, but I will proceed no further" (xl., 4, 5).

5. "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee." It is to be feared that much hearing of the Gospel is merely a hearing by the ear. In fact, He who is perfect in knowledge (xxxvi., 4) told us in the parable of the sower that it would be so. The question for us is, "How do I hear?" For the Saviour teaches us to "take heed how we hear and what we hear" (Mark iv., 24; Luke viii., 18). As to seeing God, it is written, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God" (Matt. v., 8). But God said to Moses, "There shall no man see Me and live" (Ex. xxxiii., 20). And yet again it is said, "They saw God and did eat and drink" (Ex. xxiv., 11). The key to these sayings is probably found in John i., 18.

6. "Wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." This is a wondrous change from chapter xxix., where in replying to Bildad and singing his own praises he uses the pronouns I, Me, My about 50 times. In the presence of God the holiest men are made to feel ashamed. Isaiah said, "Woe is me, for I am a man of unclean lips." Daniel said, "All my comeliness was turned to corruption in me." And even John fell on his face as one dead (Isa. vi., 5; Dan. x., viii.; Rev. xviii.). The righteousness of Christ makes ours to appear as dross and filthy rags (Phil. iii., 8; Isa. xxiv., 6, while the serving of Christ makes ours to appear as not worthy of mention. The language of the self emptied man will be in the line of this verse, or that of Paul, when he says: "Not I, but Christ, who liveth in me." "Not I, but the grace of God, which was with me" (Gal. ii., 20; I Cor. xv., 10). It is God who worketh in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure, and it is our place to let Him, yielding ourselves fully to Him (Phil. ii., 13; Heb. xiii., 20, 21).

7. "And it was so that, after the Lord had spoken these words unto Job, the Lord said to Eliphaz the Temanite, My wrath is kindled against thee and against thy two friends, for ye have not spoken of Me right, as My servant Job." We are to give an account of our words, and if for our words we honor God He will honor us (Matt. xii., 37; I Sam. ii., 30). What a word is here to every teacher and preacher—to say not what is right of God? Do we honor Him, telling of His salvation from sin to lay? Is it His righteousness and this only that we preach? Do we magnify His grace and in every way by word and deed exalt the Lord Jesus Christ.

8. "Therefore take unto you now seven bullocks and seven rams, and go to My servant Job and offer up for yourselves a burnt offering, and My servant Job shall pray for you." There is no forgiveness of sin without the shedding of blood, for it is the blood that maketh atonement for the soul (Heb. ix., 22; Lev. xvii., 11). But, blessed be God, there is forgiveness for all who come in true penitence. Not by the blood of bulls and goats, but by His own blood. He hath obtained eternal redemption for us (Heb. ix., 12). Observe also how He links with those who touch His servants—they must seek forgiveness from God, and they must also be humbled before those servants of His whom they have touched. Let the afflicted and persecuted rejoice in Isa. liv., 17, and in great quietness and confidence commit their case to God and let Him see to it.

9. "So Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite went and did according as the Lord commanded them. The Lord also accepted Job." Note the grace of God to these men and how He made known to them the way of the forgiveness of sins. But it would have availed nothing if they had not taken it as commanded. Many know the way of life who do not accept that life, and many more who are true servants of God, as Job was, waste much precious time in fruitless toils.

10. "And the Lord turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends, and the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before." The rest of the chapter is the detailed statement of which this is a summary. One hundred and forty years of life, twice the allotted span (Ps. xc., 10), the same number of sons and daughters (number 3, 5, which, those gone before, would make the double? As to all his cattle, they were literally doubled. Then see in verse 11 how all his relations and acquaintances brought him presents and comforted him. So living that he came forth as gold. His latter end was blessed more than his beginning is suggestive of heaven's latter day glory.—Lesson Helper.

UNSEEN POWERS.

In a sermon on the feeding of the five thousand by our Lord a minister once spoke of the lad who brought the barley loaves and the woman who made them. Little did she think as she pounded the grain and mixed the dough and leavened the loaf of the oven that her loaves were to feed the gathered companies who sat down in orderly ranks upon the green grass, and were refreshed by a meal provided over by Christ. As little do we know wherunto our little acts of ours may grow. The obscure spots in this world are often stronger than those who are seen.—Selected.

Perchance in heaven, one day, to me
Some blessed saint will come and say,
"All hail, beloved! but for thee
My soul to death had been a prey."
And ah, what rapture in the thought
"One soul to glory to have brought!"

TEMPERANCE.

THE DRINKER'S ALPHABET.

A is for Alcohol—curse of mankind;
B is its Bars, with tu' Arch Tempter behind.
C is the Crimes that its victims commit;
D is its Drunkards that die in a fit.
E is the Ease which the stuff may be had;
F is its Families, starving and sad.
G is the Graves and the Gutters it fills;
H is the Homes that are wrecked by its ills.
I is the Ignorance caused by its use;
J is the Jim-Jams it's sure to induce.
K is the Kicks that a drinker must take;
L is the Loafers it's certain to make.
M is the Money it robs from the poor;
N's the red Noses that nothing can cure.
O is the Offsprings it throws on the street;
P is its Prisons and Poorhouse complete.
Q is its Quarrels that murders produce;
R's the Remorse in the hangman's bad noose.
S is the Shame, Sin and Sorrow it makes;
T is its Thirst that, once formed, never slakes.
U's the Unfortunates—trying "Gold Cures;"
V is the Vileness a drinker endures.
W's the Wives that it causes to weep;
X their Xcess is of misery deep.
Y is the Youth who begins on "just sip;"
Z is his Zebra-striped suit when in jail.
& let us remark that the only sure way
Of escaping the death of a drunkard some day
After sharing his life of shame, sorrow and sin
Is not "leaving off." It is—NEVER BEGIN.

—H. C. Dodge, in Chicago Sun.

GAINING GROUND.

Terence V. Powderly, who as the official head of the Knights of Labor, has done much to interest workingmen in the temperance reform, says:

"Ten years ago the cause of temperance was not as respectable as it is to-day, because there were not so many respectable men and women advocating it. It has gained ground, it is gaining ground, and all because men and women who believe in it could not be browbeaten or frightened. Neither the hissing of geese nor the throwing of rotten eggs has stopped or even delayed the march of temperance among the workers."

A DOCTOR ON DRUNKENNESS.

Dr. Kerr, the President of the Society for the Study of Inebriety, who is also medical officer of the Marriage Home, in giving evidence regarding the death of a charwoman recently, made some valuable observations. Every organ of the charwoman's body was diseased through drink, and the poor woman died of alcoholic poisoning. Upon the other hand, the laundry matron of the Cripplegate Home bore witness that the woman had worked for her during the last fourteen years, and never in that long space of time had she betrayed a sign of drunkenness. Dr. Kerr adduced a few of his experiences. "Some people get drunk in the legs, others in the temper, and others, again, in the brain." Publicans are rebuked occasionally for serving intoxicated persons, where no doctor could recognize their condition. Dr. Kerr is acquainted with a Canadian statesman, "who, the more drunk he is, the better and more eloquently he speaks; but then he has to be kept up on a back seat, lest he should fall."

SOCIETY IMPOSTORS.

The London Queen has found out that the reason the heroines of the old-fashioned romances used to faint upon every slight provocation was because ladies in real life behaved in the same way, and the reason that they so behaved was that in those times both men and women were much more ungoverned than they are now. In a burst of rage "men used to kick their valets, ladies to beat their maids; but now one cannot enjoy that luxury." Another reason is found in the fact that people in good society drink much less wine and are sober and sober figures than they used to, and are consequently clearer-headed and less emotional than they were then. In short, "we have learned to control our tempers and to refrain—the men from rages, and the women from fainting," and our stories now-a-days so reflect this improved temper, that it is a rare thing for the hero or heroine to knock down another man, or for the latter to faint over a sweet.

ALCOHOLIC DELUSIONS.

Dr. W. S. Dale, Chicago, says: "It was taught, like all others, to use alcohol as a tonic when patients were sick, to hasten their recovery and increase their strength, yet it does not take much experience to find out more and more every day that no one who would use wine only, or any kind of alcoholic drink, unless prescribed, just as quinine—one by doctor—and with whom to get the prescription is almost as hard as to get a medicine order, or more. What was the comparative [illegible] My patients who recovered, had less trouble to recover from their sickness when convalescence came. Here was the clear-cut evidence. I could not see how the [illegible] could be helped by alcohol, and I could see how it could be harmful. I could not see how the recovery of [illegible]

"A little alcohol and it immediately [illegible] the body begins to feel light, and the [illegible] of the new weight. In this way there [illegible] the impression to drink and not to [illegible] longer [illegible]. It is only the transition from the first beginning to [illegible] some accustomed way to begin to use the sense of [illegible] and call on it when we [illegible] were in [illegible] and [illegible]."

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

[illegible] Sunday, February 5, [illegible] 2,500,000.

The war against the saloon is another expression of [illegible].

A saloon keeper's [illegible] is a [illegible] of his business.

Forty-five hundred gals are [illegible] by Salvation Army [illegible].

The town of Sapporo in Japan is a total abstinence place, and it is said that more [illegible] a month on the [illegible] than all things [illegible] produced.

What shall we call the position of [illegible] advocating "[illegible] local" [illegible] [illegible] for the [illegible] against [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]