nothing like hunger to take the been many an army defeated not been many an army defeated not for lack of an amunition as for lack. It was that fact that took the fire its young man of the text. Storm sure will wear out any man's life in honger makes quick work. The it cry over heard on earth is the all cry ever heard on earth is the read. A traveler tells us that in or there are trees which bear fruit ery much like the long bean of our is called the carob. Once in awhile reduced to destitution, would eat obs, but generally the carobs—the oken of here in the text—were ally to the swine, and they crunched in great avidity. But this young my text could not even get them stealing them. So one day, amid trought, he begins to solilou ze.

"These are no clothes for a rich to wear. This is no kind of busing be to be engaged in, feeding Jew to be engaged in, feeding Jew to be engaged in, feeding to home. I'll go home, I will

go to my father." there are a great many people who ow a fascination, a romance, a sin; but, notwithstanding all that and George Sand have said in t, it is a mean, low, contemptible and putting food and fodder into a herd of iniquities that root via the soul of man is a very poor r men and women intended to be to-day, and he promises all luxmoluments if we will only serve down with thee to the pit! "The is death," Oh, the young man was wise when he utterrd the res-will arise and go to my father," of Mary, the persecutor, a perse-to a Christian woman who had er house for the Lord's sake one ervants, and the persecutor said, hat heretic?" The Christian wo-"You open that trunk, and you e heretic." The persecutor opened and on the top of the linen of the aw a glass. He said, "There is no re." "Ah" she said, "You look and you will see the heretic."
up the mirror of God's word to

d that instead of seeing the prodtext we might see ourselves-our wandering, our sin, our lost conwandering, during the las wise as this a was and say, "I will arise and father." The resolution of this present If this young man had been set to culturing flowers, or over an arbor, or keeping an a pork market, or overseeing the would not have thought of n good, sound, robust health, begin to talk about medicines, much better this medicine is some other medicine than medicine, and talk about this nd that physician. After awhile set tired, and you would say: o hear about medicines. Why me of physicians? I never But suppose I come into nedicines that will cure you, and hysician who is skillful enough ase. You say: "Bring on all sick, and I want help." If I aick, and I want help." If I and you feel you are all right tall right in mind, and all right have need of nothing, but suprsuaded you that the leprosy you, the worst of all sickness,

say, "Bring me that balm of ring me that divine medicaeither by the statements of men atement of God, Which shall it "Let us have the statement of ell. He says in one place, "The ceitful above all things and desperked." He says in another place, man that he should be clean, and is born of woman that he should ous?" He says in another e." He says in another place, man sin entered into the world, h by sin, and so death passed upon for that all had sinned." "Well." "I am willing to acknowledge that, should I take the particular rescue propose?" This is the reason: "Exa be born again he cannot see the of God." This is the reason: This is the reason: one name given under heaven n whereby they may be saved." are a thousand voices here ready Well, I am ready to accept this gospel. I would like to have well, I would like to have e gospel. I would like to have cure. How shall I go to work?" g that a mere whim, an undefined that a mere whim, an undefined 12" "Oh," says some man, "you where I have been. You don't want I have wandered. You talk that way to me if you knew juities I have committed." What tter among the angels of God?

ingels can their joy contain, kindle with new fire. uner lost is found, they sing,

At horseman running with quick It is news! It is news! Christ

strike the sounding lyre. oleon talked of going into Italy,

my text was founded in sorhavior. It was not mere It was grief that he had so mailreate a father. It is a sad thing after a father I done everything for a child to have that did ungrateful.

per than a serpent's tooth it is thankless child.

How sh To have akespeare, "A foolish son is the his mother," That is the Bible, will arise and go to my father."

Nell arise and go to my father."

Is nothing like hunger to take the of a man. A hungry man can rewith pen nor hand nor foot, been many an army defeated not r lack of ammanition as for lack it was that fact that took the fire a young man of the text. Storm ire will wear out any man's life in hunger makes quick work. The lary ever heard on earth is the ead. A traveler tells us that in the the are trees which bear fruit remarks the long bean of our would not have been so wonderful—our been so wonderful—our would not have been so wonderful—our been so wenterful—our would not have been so wonderful—our been so wenterful—our would not have been so wonderful—our been so wenterful—our been so wenterful been so w would no have been so wonderful-our treatment of Him-but He is a Father, so loving, so ind, and yet how many of us for our wands ings have never apologized! If we say are hing that hurts our friend's feelwe say affiling that hurts our friend's feelings, if wedo anything that hurts the feelings of those in whom we are interested, how quickly we apologize! We can searcely wait until we get pen and paper to write a letter of apology. How easy is it for any one who is intelligent, righ; hearted, to write an apology or make an apology! We apologize for wrongs done to our fellows, but some of us perhaps have committed ten thousand times ten thousand wrongs against God and never apologized.

times ten fuousand wrongs against God and never apologized.

I remark still further that this resolution of the text was founded in a feeling of homesickness. I do not know how long this young man, how many months, how many years, he had been away from his father's house, but there is something about the reading of my took that reading of my text that makes me think he was homesick. Some of you know what that feeling is. Far away from home somethis young man resolved to go as a very wise thing for him to do, ity question is whether we will follow and he pinches them with hunger, bey start out to do better he sets all the bloodhounds of hell. Satary to the control of the blood of hell. Satary to the control of the blood of hell. Satary to the control of the blood of hell. Satary to the control of the blood of hell. Satary to the control of the blood of hell. Satary to the control of the blood of hell. Satary to the control of the blood of hell. Satary to the control of the blood of the blood of hell. Satary the control of the blood of t sick for his father's house. I have no doubt when he thought of his father's house he said, "Now perhaps father may not be living." We read nothing in this story—this parable—founded on everyday life; we read nothing about the mother. It says nothing about going home to her. I think she was dead. I think she had died of a broken neart at his wanderings, or perhaps he had gone into dissipation from the fact that he could not remember a loving and sympathetic mother. A man never yets over sympathetic mother. A man nev r gets over having lost his mother. Nothing said about her, but he is homesick for his father's house. He thought he would just like to go and walk around the old place. He thought he would just like to go and see if things were as they used to be. Many a man after having been off a long while has gone home and knocked at the door, and a stranger has some. It is the old homestead, but a stranger comes to the door. He finds out father is gone, and mother is gone, and brothers and sisters are all gone. I think this young man of the text said to himself, "Perhaps father may be dead." Still, he starts to find out. He is homesick. Are there any here to-day homesick for God, homesick for heaven?

A satior, after having been long on the sea, returned to his father's house, and his mother tried to persuade him not to go away again. She said: "Now, you had better stay at home. Don't go away. We don't want you to go. You will have it a great deal better here," But it made him angry. the had had his pockets full deal better here." But it made him angry, the had been able to say: 'I have of my own. What's the use of he heard his mother praying in the next ack to my father's house? Do model to my father's house? Do my father's house. Do my father's house? Do my father's house. Do my father's house? Do my father's house. Do my father I won't go home. There is no I should go home. I have plenty of pleasant surroundings, let yo home? Ab, it was his it was his biggary! He had to some man coles and says to me; you talk about the ruined state of meaning the progress of the nineteenth progress of the nineteenth and the some who may have the memory of a talk if you talk about the ruined state of meaning the progress of the nineteenth progress of the nineteent talk it something more talk it something more father's petition or a mother's prayer pressing mightily upon the soul, and that this neverwants the gospel unhour they may make the same resolution I that in my text, saying, "I will arise and go to my father."

A lad at Liverpool went out to bathe; went out into the sea, went out too far, got be-yond his depth, and he floated far away. A ship bound for Dublin came along and took him on board. Sailors are generally very generous fellows, and one gave him a cap, and another gave him a jacket, and another gav him shoes. A gentleman passing along on the beach at Liverpool found the lad's clothes and took them home, and the father was beartbroken, the mother was heart-broken, at the loss of their child. They had heard nothing from him day after day, and they ordered the usual mourning for the sad event. But the lad took ship from Dublio and arrived in Liverpool the very day the mourning arrived. He knocked at the door, mouraing arrived. He knocked at the door,
The father was overjoyed and the mother
was overjoyed at the return of their lost son.
Oh, my friends, have you waded out too
deep: Have you waded down into sin? Have
you waded from the shore? Will you
come back? When you come back, will you
come robed in the Saviour's righteousness.
I believe the latter. me Jesus Christ.

ays some one in the audience, on know that we are in a ruined I believe the latter. Go home to your God to-day. He is waiting for you. Go home to-day. He is waiting for you. Go home to-day. But I remark the characteristic of this resolution was, it was immediately put into execution. The context says, "He arose and came to his father." The trouble in nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thou-

sand is that our resolutions amount to noth-ing because we make them for some distant time. If I resolve to become a Christian next year, that amounts to nothing at all. If I reolve at the service this day to necome a Christian, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve after I go home to-day to yield my heart to God, that amounts to nothing at all. The only kind of resolution that amounts to anything is the resolution that is immediate-

ly put into execution.

There is a man who had the typhoid fever. He said "Oh, if I could get over this terri-ble distress, if this fever should depart, if I could be restored to health, I would all the rest of my life serve God." The lever de-parted. He got well enough to walk around parted. He got well enough to walk around the block. He got well enough to go over to business. He is well to-lay—as well as he ever was. Where is the broken yow! There is a man who said long ago, "If I could live to the year 1896, by that time I will have my business matters all arranged, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will be y that a mere whim, an undefined amounts to nothing. You must out, a fremendous resolution like g man of the text when he said, "I ami go to my father." "Oh," says a good, therough, consecrated Christian." The year 1896 has come. January, February, do I know if I go back I would where is your broken vow? "Oh," says some man, "You don't you can man, "I'll attend to that when I can now give get my character fixed up, when I can get over my evil habits. I am now given to strong drink." Or, says the man, am given to uncleanliness." Or, says

am given to uncleanliness." Or, says the man, "I am given to dishonesty. When I get over my present habits, then I'll be a thorough Christian." My brother, you will get worse and worse until Christ takes you in hand. "Not the righteous, sinners Jesus came to call." Oh, but you say, "I agree with you in all that, but I must put it off a little longer." Do you know there were many who came just as near as you are to the kingdom of God and never entered it? I was at Easthampton, and I went into the

these twelve men lay at the foot of the pulpit, and he read over them the funeral service. They came very near shore—within shouting distance of the shore—yet did not arrive on solid land. There are some men who come almost to the shore of God's mercy, but not quite, not quite. To be almost saved is to be lost.

I will tell you of two profigals—the one that got back and the other that did not get back. In Richmond there is a very prosperback. In Richmond there is a very prosper-ous and beautiful home in many respects. A young man wandered off from that home, He wandered very far into sin. They heard of him after, but he was always on the wrong track. He would not go home. At the door of that beautiful home one night there was a great outery. The young man of the house ran down to onen the door to there was a great outery. The young man of the house ran down to open the door to see what was the matter. It was midnight. The rest of the family were askeep. There were the wife and children of this predigal young man. The fact was he had come home and driven them out. He said: "Out of this house' Away with these children! I will dash their brains out! Out into the storm." The mother gathered them up and fled. The next morning the brother, the young man who had staid at home, went out to find this produgal brother and sen, and he came to where he was and saw the young man wandering up and down in front of the place where he had been staying, and the young where he had been staying, and the young man who had kept his integrity said to the older brother: "Here, what does all this mean? What is the matter with you? Why do you act in this way?" The producal looked at him and said. "Who am I? Who do you take me to be?" He said, "You are my brother.' "No, I am not. I am a brute, "Have you seen anything of tay wife and chilmy brother." "No, I am not. I am a brute, Have you seen anything of my wife and children? Are they dead? I drove them out last night in the storm. I am a brute. John, do you think I will ever get over this life of dissipation?" He said, "John, there is one thing that will stop this." The predigal ran bis finger across his throat and said: "Fint will stop it and I will stop it before a print." finger across his throat and said: "That will stop it, and I will stop it before night. Oh, my brain! I can stand it no longer." That predigal never got nome. But I will tell you of a prodigal that did get home. In England two young men started from their father's house and went down to Portsmouth—I have been there—a beautiful scaport. Some of you have been there. The father could not pursue his children—for some reason he could not leave home—and so he wrote a letter down to Mr. Griffin, saying: on he could not leave home—and so be oute a letter down to Mr. Griffin, saying: "Mr. Griffin, I wish you would go and my two sons. They have arrived Portsmouth, and they are going to the Fortsmooth, and they are going to take ship and going away from home. I wish you would persuade them back.

Mr. Griffin went and tried to persuade them back. He persuaded one to go. He went with very easy persuasion, because he was very homesick already. The other young man said: "I will not go, I have had mouth of home. I'll never on home." enough of home. Uit never go home."
"Welt," said Mr. Griffin, "then if you won't
go home, I'il get you a respectable position
on a respectable ship," "No, you won't,"
said the prodigat. "No, you won't. I am going as a private sailor, as a common sailor, that will plague my father most, and what will do most to tantaize and worry him will please me best." Years passed on, and Mr. Griffin was scatch in his stury one lay when a messenger came to him, saving the dock—a young man condemned to death—who wished to see this elergyman. Mr. Griffin went down to the dock and went on shipboard. The young man said to him "You don't know me, do you?" "No," is said, "I don't know you." "Why, don' you remember that young man you tried to persuade to go home and he wouldn't go?" "On, yes," said Mr. Griffin. "Are you that man?" "Yes, I am that man," said the other, "I would like to have you pray for me I have committed murder, and I must die, But I don't want to go out of the world until some one prays for me. You are my father's friend, and I would like to have you.

judicial authority to get that young man's pardon. He slept not night nor day. He went from influential person to influential arsen until in some way he got that y mag man's pardon. He came down on the dock, nau's pardon. and as he arrived on the dock with the parsion the father came. He had heard that his son, under a disguised name, had been committing crime and was going to be put to death. So Mr. Griffin and the father went on ship's deck, and at the very moment Mr. Griffin offered the pardon to the young man the old father threw his arms around the son's neck, and the son said: "Father, I sol's neck, and the son said: "Father, I have done very wrong, and I am very sorry."

I wish I had never broken your heart. I am very sorry!" "Oh," said the father, "don't mention it, it won't make any difference now. It is all over. I forgive you, my son," And he kissed him and kissed him and kissed him. To-day I offer you the pardon of the gospei-ful pardon, free parion, I do not care what your crime has been. Though you say you have committed a crime Though you say you have committed a crim-

against God, against your own soul, against your fellow man, against your family, against the day of judgment, against the been, here is pardon, full pardon, and the very moment you take that pardon and the very moment you take that pardon your Heavenly Father throws His arms round about you and says: "My son, I forgive you. It is all right. You are as much in My favor now as if you had never sinked." Oh, there is joy on earth and joy in heaven. Who will take the Father's problems. take the Futher's embrace?

FIGHT BETWEEN BUFFALOES.

The National Zoological Park Loses the Oldest Bison in Its Herd.

The National Zoological Park, in the suburbs of Washington, has lost one of its valuable herd of six buffalces, the animal havon the period six outsides, the animal having been killed in a desperate fight with one of its companions. The "Zoo's" herd of buffaio is one of the finest in the country, and great regret is felt at the killing of one of them, as it will be hard to replace it. The buffato that was killed was one of the largest and oldest in the berd, and for a time was the tyrant and monarch of all the others at the "Zoo," A year or two ago he had a very desperate fight with a younger buh, and since that time has been kept away from the rest of the herd and confined in a pen in which there was also a young bull, who apparently was entirely peaceful. On the day of the light the old fellow amused himself by teasing the younger bull and poking at him as they walked around the pen. The young builded not like this and began to show fight. startled the other animals and brought to the enclosure all the keepers, who endeavored to separate them, but without success. The

A dozen times the beasts rushed at each er and came together with shocks that fence around the enclosure was completely ruined, although the boards kept together sufficiently to prevent the animals from es-caping. The buffaloes fought until both of them were so nearly exhausted that they could hardly stand. Then the young one was driven away and the old one entitled into the buffalo house, where the surgeon in charge of the "Zoo" and his assistants labored to save his life. The last blow that he had received from the young buffalo, however, had done its work, and the animal livel but a little time after the fight was over. The post mortem showed that he was frightfully gored and nearly all the bones of his body broken. It is matter of surprise to the surgeons that he stood up and fought as long as he did. The young buffalo was not seriously

many who came just as near as you are to the kingdom of God and never entered it? I was at Easthampton, and I went into the cemetery to look around, and in that cemetery to look around, and in the vesters at the burd.

It all the years since—to work's Population.

Dr. Roger S. Traey, Register of Vital Statistics, has made the olowing estimate

THE SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR APRIL 12.

Lesson Text . "Parable of the Great Supper," Luke xiv., 15-24-Golden Text : Luke xiv., 17-Commentary.

15. "And when one of them that sat at meat with Him heard these things he said anto Him. Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God." Jesus was dining with one of the chief Pharisees on the Subanth day (verse 1), and, although He knew that they only invited Him in order to watch Him with evil intent, yet He accepted the invitation. He had no fear of man. He lived only to glorify God. He never said anything in secret, but always openly (John viii., 29). In this house He healed a man who had the dropsy. He then taught humility to those who leved the best places. Afterward He advised His hest to do good to those who could not return the compliment rather than to those who could, for thus he would be recompened at the resurrection of the just—that is, of course, if he was a just man and would take part in that resurrection. This led to the remark of one of the guests as re-corded in this verse. See this kingdom and caring and drinking referred to in chapter xxii. 29, 30, 16, 18; also see Rev. xix., 2;

xxii. 29, 30, 16, 18; also see Rev. xix., 2; xx., 6.

16. "Then said He unto him, a certain man made a great supper and bade many." In Math. xxii. 2, which is probably a parallel illustration, He said, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain king which made a marriage for his son." In Isa. xxv., 6, the abundant provision for the future, which may well be suggestive of the present, is spoken of as "a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined." The many who are hidden are comprehended in the "waosocvers" of John iii., 16; Rom. The many who are hidden are comprehended in the "wnosovers" of John iti., 16; Rom. x., 11; Rev xxii., 17. But how shall they hear of the supper, and its abundant prevision, and the great King, and His dear Son, and His great love, unless some one shall bear the tidings? Are we thinking of the hundreds of millions whose invitations are in our hands? And we are taking our own time to pass them on, and a very long time it is, and we do not seem to be in the least bit of a hurry about it.

17. "And sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come, for all things are now ready." An invited guest would think it strange to be required to help prepare the feast to which he had been invited, yet sinners seem to think that they must

vited, yet sinners seem to think that they must dosomewhat toward their own salvation. This is all wrong, for it is as a feast fully prepared. Our Lord Jesus Christ has by His life and death and resurrection, without the least help from any man, wrought out a com-plete redemption for all who will accept Him, and He Himself is made unto all such "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption" (I Cor. i., 30.) The great word for us to cry is "Come." See Isa. i., 18; lv.,

1, 3. Math. xi., 28. Rev. xxii., 17.
18. "And they all, with one consent, began to make excuse." I saw an illustration of this in connection with the opening of a misthis in connection with the opening of a mis-sion half in a certain city which the Lord gave me the money to build. It was for the lost and the outcast from all society. We had a nice tea, with and abundance of good things for about 100 people. Free tickets had been given to as many women of the street (for it was specially for them), and they had promised to some, but when the hour had come and all things were ready, not one woman appeared. I then made a not one woman appeared. I then made a tour of the houses and saleons, and by lov-ing entreaty obtained some; a second tour crained some men, and a third visit some can never forget it.

19, 20. "I pray thee have me excused," or, "Therefore I cannot come," was the reply from each, "I'm train the reasons! A piece of ground to be seen, some oxen to be proved, or a wife to be admired. It is not likely that a man would buy a piece of ground without first seeing it, or some oxen without first proving them, so that there seems to have been some lying back of these excuses. As to the wife, why could be not bring her with him, for a man and his wife are one, and he would be a poor speci-men of a man who would accept an invitation to any piace where his wife was not wanted? He is also a poor specimen of a Christian who can go where his Saviour is not wanted. An honest reply from these ac-cusers, who evidently did not like the man who made the supper, would have been, "No; I do not care to go." They illustrate the fact that "the carnal mind is enmity against God,

21. "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the balt, and the blind." The servant's responsibility is to poor, and the matured, and the half, and the blind." The servant's responsibility is to deliver his Master's message plainly, faithfully and lovingly: then rell his Master and leave results to Hun. We read that the spestles told Jesus all things, both what they had done and what they had faught (Mark vi., 30). Let this be our custom, relying upon His assurance that His word will a complish that which He pleases (Isa. lv., 11). But now notice that the servant is sent to a new lot of heavers, and are we to be ever innew lot of hearers, and are we to be ever in-viting the same rebellious people, or speed the invitation to these who have not yet heard? In view of the command, "Preach the gospel to every creature;" what think

22. "And the servant said, Lord, it is done as Thou hast commanded, and yet there is room. The people possessing this world's goods having refused the invitation, it was next given to those who had no possessions, the poor of this world, etc., but white some of these came there was yet room, for "with the Lord there is plenteous relemption"

(Ps. exxx., 7). 23 "And the Lord said unto the servant, go out into the highways and beings and compet them to come in that My house may be filled. "A yet wider range and a more urgent call. Does it not seem as if He was now urging us more than ever to enter the open doors on every side, and at least com-pel people to hear the gad tidings that so all whom the Father has given to Him may come to Him, and the time of the kingdom come? The portion of the chapter following our lesson teaches us now to be His true dis-ciples. All who truly accept Him are saved by Him, but we are saved in order to become His witnesses and fellow laborers (Acts 1, 8; I Cor. iii., 5), and this can be accomplished only on the lines of verses 26, 27, 33. 24. "For I say unto you that none of those

men which were bidden shall taste of My supper.' Compare chapter xiii., 28 and see Job xxxvi., 18. This does not leave any room for a possibility of another chance after death. While there is life on the earth in this mortal body whosever will may come, but the soul that dies rejecting Christ cuts itself off from all hope. "Now is the accepted time."-Lesson Helper.

A TEERIBLE POWER.

The French Academy of Medicine recently adopted a series of resolutions becaring that the drink evil has become a permanent dan-ger attacking "the very life and force of the country" and laying stress on the fact that even the purest alsohol is "always and funeven the purest alsohol is "aiways and fun-damentally a poison." Speaking of legal restrictions M. Roehard, a member of the 1'-lustrious scientific body, sair: "I know that this is difficult to accomplish. Alsohol is a terrible power. The professional hierarchy (the manufacturers and dealers) holds the country enlace I in the meshes of a net of un-avoidable self-interest without pity."

AT THE BOTTOM OF ALL POYERTY. Liquor is at the bottom of all our poverty. If the tax for it were lifted there would not need to be a man, woman or child without bread. There cannot be a more pittful or contemptible sight than a man quarrelling over and bemoaning his taxes while tickling his palate and burning up his stomach and his substance with glass after glass of whisky.—J. G. Holland. If the tax for it were lifted there would not

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LIVE TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

STRIKE THE DEMON DOWN, Would you like to see the drunkard

Soffed, sank below the brute— Burst his shackles and step forward. Into free-lom absolute:

Ere he force his hapless victims O'er perdition's learful brink; With a self-denying contage,

And a manly torittude.

March forward in the battle a front Till this demon is subdued, O strike this mighty demon

With all your strength and skill, With all your power of intellect, With all your forces will. Would you like the outeast shildren From our city's squalld slums. All taken in and cared for well --

As a land like ours becomes?
Then rouse you from indifference
And fight the denon drink.
Let Fatherhood and Matherhood

Their strongest forces link In one united effort, This demon to o'erturow

And free the path the chabtren tread, From its curse and blight and wee, O strike this mighty den With all your strength and skill,

With all your power of intellect, With all your loree of will. Would you like your fellow-workman To be betterhoused and 1817 and the purper from the workhouse

In a crisht, song home instead.
Then reuse you from indifference.
And light the demon drink
With all the subtle forces
Of which your mind can thenk.

With wit and sprightly himor,
With securge of withering as ro,
With securge of withering as ro,
With keen, surveyed richey,
Withfruth's most polyment therm,
O strike this mighty demon

With all your strength and said, With all your power of intellect, With all your force of will.

Would you like the best and falles.
To be saved and litted up?
And the wretched find true pleasure.
For son's bitter learning out?
Then reuse you from in missings.
And light the deman drink
With firm and resolution.

With firm, set resolution, And a nervo that will not shrink. With a real which knows no duration.

And a daring strong and bold;
With energy inflexible,
And love that grows not cold.
O strike this mighty denon
With all your strength and skill,

With all your power of intellest, With all your force of wiit.

-t'onstitution, WELL-RNOWS, WOMEN WHO ARE TEXTOTALEDS.

An interesting feature of the dinner re-cently given to President and Mrs. Cleveland by Secretary and Mrs. Carlisle, says the New York Sun, was the entire absence of wines and figures from the table. There were two glasses at each plate, one for Potomic water and the other for Appellinaris. Mrs. Cleve-land, Mrs. Lamont, Mrs. Carlisle, Miss Mor-ton and Mrs. Wilson of the Caluret ladies ton and Mrs. Wilson, of the Caburet ladies, are tectotalers and never touch wines on any occasion. Colonel Lamont says that he has never tasted whisky in his life, and it is well known that he never drink wine at dinwell known that he nover arms who actioned a glass of anything intoxicating since he en-tered the Cabinet. Mrs. Geveland and al-the ladies of the Cabinet, with the exception of Mrs. Caritele, serve wine at dinners and Mrs. Carlisle says that no wine or liquor of any kind has crossed the threshold of her home since the inauguration of President Cleveland.—Christian Statesman.

A NEW NAME FOR THE DRINK. A little girl in Manchester attended a Band of Hope meeting, and, on the speaker re-marking that the drink stripped homes of furniture and women and children of their clothes, she excitedly exclaimeds

"That's just what it does at our house." On reaching home her father insisted upon sending her to the public-house for drink.

Arrived there, she dashed the money upon
the counter and passionately asked for three
pennyworth of "strip-me-naked."

PIGHTING THE SALOON IN MICHIGAN, A novel plan of combating the saloons is being tried in a Michigan town. During each Saturday afternoon when farmers and traders come to town with their produce, the churches will keep open house. Music, light refreshments and non-alcoholic drinks will be offered the visitors in the hope of keeping them from the saloons,

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THE GREATEST WAR BY ACL. A London paper estimates that the cost of all the great wars of the world for twenty-five years, from 1852 to 1877, has been #29,-900,600,000. An American journal Signess out that the cost of infoxicants in the United States for the same period was at most \$15,-903,000,000. Perhaps the latter item should be included in the first category, as representing one of the "great wars" a paint the pence and welfare of the world.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. Abstinence is easy, moderation impossible,

The greatest remody for poverty and dis-case is the banishment of the saloon. When the saloon is bletted out it will not take long to renovate the face of the earth.

A liquor dealer doesn't open his hible onco in a hundred days, but he open bottle a hundred times a day.

A formerly intemperate man who had abstained for five years took a drink just to see how it would go. It went as formerly—to

It is not for the kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink, lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted.—Bible.

A recent investigation showed that 600 of the inmates of the State prison at Auburn, N. Y., were sent there for crimes committed while under the influence of strong drink.

Habitual users of strong drinks, one authority declares, shorten their lives by a third, if they do not sooner fall victims to disease and death brought on by their use of

But they also have treed through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the people have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine; err in vision, they stumble in judgment.

Uncouth, perhaps, but very expressive is this statement recently uttored by a temperance lecturer: "It is a mistake to suppose that you are filling yourself with happiness when you are filling yourself with whisky. You are simply entering into partnership with the devil to start a snake ranch,"

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