

FOR THE HOME.

Tell Them No!

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thee not."—Proverbs 1:10.

Somebody asked me to take a drink, What did I tell him? What do you think? I told him—No!

Somebody asked me one day to play A game of cards. And what did I say? I told him—No!

Somebody laughs that I will not swear, And lie and steal, but I do not care, I tell him—No!

Somebody asked me to take a sail Upon the Lord's day; 'twas of no avail. I told him—No!

"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not," My Bible says, and so on the spot I told him—No!

—SEL.

Lie Never.

Not long ago, on board an English steamer four days out from Liverpool, a small boy was found hid away behind the cargo. He had neither father or mother, brother or sister, friend or protector among either the passengers or crew. Who was he? Where did he come from? Where going? Only nine years old, the poor little stranger, with ragged clothes but a beautiful face, full of innocence and truth. Of course he was carried before the first mate.

"How came you to steal a passage on board this ship?" said the mate sharply.

"My step-father put me in," answered the boy. "He said he could not afford to keep me or pay my way to Halifax, where my aunt lives. I want to go to my aunt."

The mate did not believe the story. He had often enough been deceived by stowaways. Almost every ship bound to this country finds, one or two days out to sea, men or boys concealed among the cargo, trying to get a passage across the water without paying for it. And this is often troublesome as well as expensive.

The mate suspected that some of the sailors had a hand in the little boy's escape, and he treated him pretty roughly. Day after day he questioned him about his coming, and it was always the same story—nothing less, nothing more.

At last the mate got out of patience, as mates will, and, seizing him by the collar, told him unless he confessed the truth in ten minutes he would hang him on the yard arm.

A frightful threat, indeed. Poor child, with not a friend to stand by him. Around were the passengers and sailors of the midway watch, and before him the stern first officer, with his watch in hand, counting the tick, tick of the minutes as they swiftly went.

There he stood, pale and sorrowful, his head erect, and tears in his eyes; but afraid—no, not a bit.

Eight minutes were already gone. "Only two more minutes to live," cried the mate; "speak the truth and save your life, boy."

"May I pray?" asked the child, looking up into the hard man's face.

The officer nodded his head but said nothing. The brave boy then knelt down on the deck, with hands clasped and eyes raised to heaven, repeated the Lord's prayer, and then prayed the Lord Jesus to take him to heaven. He could die, but lie—never.

The mate could hold out no longer. He sprung to the boy, took him in his arms, kissed him, and told him he believed his story—every word of it. A nobler sight never took place on a ship's deck than this—a poor unfriended child willing to face death for truth's sake.

He could die, but lie—never. God bless him. Yes, God stands by those who stand by him. And the rest of the voyage, you may think, he had friends enough. Nobody owned him before; now everybody was ready to do him a kindness. And everybody who reads this will be strengthened to do right, come what will, by the noble conduct of this dear child.

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The Child And The Infidel.

A speaker in the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting said that he went from a Brooklyn mission-school to a far-off home in Missouri. He went with several boys, who were placed in good Christian families. When one of them, named Tommy, left the mission-school in Brooklyn, it was peculiarly hard to part with him, for he was a good boy. Tommy shed many bitter tears at the thought of going

so far away. There God had met him in mercy, and had given him a new heart, and instilled into it an earnest desire for the salvation of others. Living in the same town was an old GREY-HEADED INFIDEL. He had been many years in the place, and had grown up with it. He was a man who never went to church, and paid no heed to religious things whatever.

When this little boy, who was only twelve years old, became a Christian, he felt very anxious for the salvation of this poor old infidel. So he went to him and asked him to go to meeting with him. "No, no," said the old man, "I have not been inside a church for twenty years, and I do not wish to go." "Oh, come with me," said the young disciple, "come with me. It will do you no harm, and it may do you some good." "No, no," the infidel replied, "you do not catch me going there. I know better. I am not going to begin now, after staying away from church for twenty years. No, no, you don't catch old birds with chaff."

The boy began to shed tears. He could not help it. The old man, seeing this, said that he thought he would go just to please his little friend, for he did not know when any one had manifested such anxiety for him. The next night Tommy went to the old man again, and with some persuasion he got him to go a second time. That night the old man got an arrow in his heart. The third night there was no trouble in getting the infidel to go to the meeting. The fourth night he went of his own accord. That old infidel was awakened, convicted and converted; and he often now, in the prayer-meetings, speaks of his experience, and says, "What would have become of me if it had not been for Tommy's tears and entreaties?"—Selected.

Neatness.

I wonder if the mother when training her boy with a helpful, useful manhood in view ever thinks of the possible and very probable wife whom her son some day may have.

As the mother sows so will the wife reap. Inculcate, if possible, habits of neatness; do not allow him when he comes into the house to throw his coat upon one chair, his hat upon another; it may be easy for you to pick it up after him, but maybe in the years to come it will be less easy for the young wife, and "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

I know a young wife who takes great pride in doing the work of her little home, but whose duties are doubled by a careless, untidy husband—muddy rubbers worn into the house, collars and ties thrown upon the sideboard, overcoat dropped upon the most convenient chair or couch. When his wife asks him to be more careful he says, laughingly and thoughtlessly, "Mother always picked up after me; why can't you?" It is selfish in a man, but the real fault goes farther back; for, as he says, "Mother always picked up after me"; and, as the old saying is, "It's hard to teach an old dog new tricks."

If that mother had been more mindful of her duty toward the boy whose early training had been intrusted to her—if she had been less thoughtless of the grave responsibility resting upon her—he would have been a different man. He would have grown up with a love for order and tidiness; he would have been more thoughtful and considerate, and throughout his life he would have conducted himself in a manner to cause the least possible trouble to others.

Teach your son to be thoughtful and tender toward yourself as well as others; teach him to respect and reverence womankind, knowing that these seeds sown in his heart will grow and bear good fruit years hence.—Grace Yule Ball in Woman's Home Companion.

How to Help Your Pastor.

A minister who is worthy of the name can stand an empty purse better than an empty pew or an empty prayer meeting. It is a disgrace to a church that failure to pay an honest salary should straiten a pastor's purse, but the spiritual emptiness afflicts his heart the most keenly. Perhaps your pastor is wondering what has become of you on the evenings of the devotional meetings. The better man or woman you are, the more you are missed; the worse you are, the more you need to go. It may be that your pastor is dis-

heartened by the emptiness of your pew on the Sabbath. He has carefully prepared a discourse for your benefit, you have lost it; both he and you suffer from that absence. For one I am ready to confess that I have never made any converts to the Truth in an empty pew, and never had delivered a sermon loud enough to awaken a parishioner who was dozing at home, or strolled off to some other church. If a good reason keeps you at home, try to send a substitute; invite some friend who seldom hears the Gospel, to go and occupy your seat; your minister gets a hearer, and the hearer may get what will save his soul. Church members sometimes complain that their minister does not "draw" a larger congregation; yet they do nothing to draw outsiders to the house of God by a cordial invitation to come. Help your pastor to fill the house.—Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler.

Keeping Sweet Under Trials.

A tourist writes of a spring as sweet as any that ever gushed from sunny hillside, which one day he found by the sea, when the tide had ebbed away. Taking his cup he tasted of the water, and it was clear and sweet. Soon the tide came in again, and poured its bitter surf over the little spring, hiding it out of sight. When the tide ebbed away again, the tourist stood once more by the spring to see if the brackish waves had left their bitterness in its water; but they were flowing sweet as ever.

So it may be in the heart of the Christian when floods of bitter trial and sorrow roll over his life. From secret wells the sweet waters flow, crystal and fresh as ever.—Sel.

How They Have Not Succeeded.

Voltaire boasted that in one hundred years, and as a result of his efforts, Christianity would be wiped from the face of the earth. He has been dead one hundred and nine years, and today there are a thousand Christians in the world to one at the time of his death. Colonel Ingersoll, about twelve years ago, announced that he "proposed to devote his energies to the utter destruction of the Christian religion." Since then he has been very active, has given many lectures at one dollar per listener; but has Christianity waned? Have his Herculean blows made any perceptible impression that looks like the destruction of Christianity? According to the course of nature he cannot have more than a decade or two more to devote to this his great undertaking. In view of the utter failure of his efforts thus far, can he hope to succeed? True, his efforts have given special pleasure to the drunkard, the lawless, the gamblers, and the dangerous classes; but they have not gladdened the heart of one praying father or devout mother, nor have they inspired any ambitious young men or lovely young women with higher ideals and nobler purposes of self-denial and usefulness. That his efforts are doomed to failure as signal as the failure of the efforts of Voltaire is already a foregone conclusion.—Religious Telescope.

Sold His Boy.

A farmer drove up to the scales with a load of corn and asked to have it weighed. He had on the load of corn with him, his ten-year-old boy. The load was weighed and the weight recorded and the farmer drove away and sold and unloaded the corn; then he sent his boy off on an errand while he went back and weighed his wagon. The public weigher did not observe that the boy was not on the wagon when it was weighed the second time and so the farmer got the pay for the weight of his boy. He drove away home in the evening chuckling to himself over the smart game he had played; he had sold his boy for corn. The public weigher had not observed it; the man who bought the corn knew nothing about it; his neighbors were all ignorant of what had happened; he had played his little trick successfully, and no one knew a thing about it but himself and his boy. He had sold his boy. He only got about fifty cents for him to be sure, and then it was such a sharp trick, and the farmer laughed aloud, ha! ha! ha! He would a little rather the boy had not known about it, "but then," he said "he is young and will soon forget it." Twelve years passed, and one day a criminal stood up in court and received

sentence of a long term in the penitentiary. He had committed a burglary and in attempting to avoid arrest had wounded a man almost to death. Just behind the criminal, sat his aged father, his head bowed in shame and his heart almost breaking with grief. After the sentence was pronounced, the criminal turned to his father and said, "Father, twelve years ago, when I was but a mere boy, you put me on a load of corn and deliberately sold me. You thought you were selling me to the corn merchant but really you sold me to the devil; I, of course, consented to the wickedness you taught me that day, and I have felt ever since that I belonged to the devil and have been his faithful servant. Father, you sold your boy to the devil for the paltry sum of fifty cents; you are responsible for my ruin."

Ah, how many parents have sold their boys; sometimes for a mug of beer or a glass of whiskey; sometimes for the fiendish pleasure of showing how infant lips can be taught to profane the name of God. Alas, they have sold their boys to the devil, and after a few years, the devil has come to claim his purchase, and they have gone to destruction.—Sel.

A Story.

One bright afternoon, when the sun seemed to be doing its very best to burn up everything, two children, a brother and sister, started off to the woods to find shelter from the scorching sun, and play with their toy-boats in the stream.

The little girl lost her balance in reaching for her boat and fell into the water. The brother tried to reach her, but as it was just at the bend of the stream, and quite swift, he had to jump in, and caught her by the hair and dress and dragged her to the bank.

When asked if he did not feel afraid to jump into the water he said, "No, because I loved sister and wanted to save her."

This illustrates God's love towards us. There was no way to reach or save us but through the gift of his Son, and this he did, because he desired that everyone should be saved.

Knowing this, we should trust our Father, accept his gift and strive to do whatever Christ would like to have us do.—Our Young Folks.

A Foul Thing.

What a black, foul thing is immorality! Painted in many a picture, glossed over in many a book, taught in many a novel, made public in many a newspaper, pandered to by professedly good men, insinuating itself into the very life of our youth, sapping up the life tissues of multitudes. Its influence is confined to no class or kind, it is everywhere, it is sweet to the touch of the weak, and attractive to the simple, but black and terrible as the darkness of hell. How few hands are lifted amongst us against this evil! How few are the voices of warning uttered in pleading with our youth! What if, by our neglect, they become victims to this horrible thing?—Sel.

FAULTS.

While it is not a sign that we are not sanctified because we have faults, I believe that we ought to watch and pray that we may overcome them, for from several years careful observation I am thoroughly convinced that they do much harm to the cause of holiness. There are many persons who cannot understand how professors of holiness can have such glaring faults. I am acquainted with one sister who is now enjoying entire sanctification who was kept out of the experience several years largely by these things. Holiness people ought to be considerate of others' feelings, prompt to do favors, early at meetings, careful of everybody's comfort. If worldly people, (many of them) are straight on these lines how much more should we be, and may we not expect people to stumble over us if we are not careful. "Confess your faults one to another," Jas. 5:16, and labor to have a conscience void of offence.—Advocate.

We have noticed that the people who are always complaining that nobody cares for them are usually those who act themselves as if they cared for no one. The cry, "No one cares for me," quite often comes from a selfish heart.

TEMPERANCE.

A powerful sermon was preached the other day in a police station in Brooklyn. A woman of sixty years of age was picked up in the street helplessly intoxicated, and taken to a police station. She was allowed to remain unconscious in a cell for five hours, where she soon died. The woman was the widow of a hotel-keeper in Philadelphia, and had been a hard drinker for twenty years, a frequent inmate of the almshouse, and the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. If that was not an eloquent temperance sermon, we do not know what telling preaching is.—Independent.

A correspondent to The Voice states that within two blocks from either side of the campus of Yale University and the "green" are sixty-six rum shops. All but three or four are ordinary saloons; the others are liquor-selling stores or college clubs which hold regular licenses. They embrace every sort of grog selling, from the sumptuous "cafe" at Traeger's to the foul dives frequented by women of the baser sort. All these resorts are patronized by students more or less, but many are practically sustained by the college boys' trade.

The Rev. Charles Garret tells the following story:

A little fellow who had been brought up a staunch teetotaler, was about to be apprenticed. The foreman offered him a glass of beer. The little boy said, "I never touch that stuff." "Hello, youngster," said the foreman, "we never have teetotalers here." "If you have me you'll have one," returned the boy. The foreman said: "There's only one master here. You'll either have this glass of beer inside or outside." The boy said: "You can please yourself; I brought my clean jacket with me and a good character; you may spoil my jacket, but you shan't spoil my character."

One Gallon of Rum.

A youth who owned a jack-knife, traded it for a gallon of rum. That he retailed, and then bought two gallons; and afterward a barrel, and so on until he became rich. He died leaving eighty thousand dollars. His children were guilty of every folly and extravagance, and all but one died in dissipation and poverty. This one lived for years dependent upon charity. At last he died suddenly, all alone in a barn, where he had lain down in a drunken sleep. In his pockets were all his possessions, a bit of string and a jack-knife.

Revolution.

The greatest moral movement of this generation is the Anti-liquor movement. In every nation the agitation is going on. No where so fiercely or successfully as in the United States. The manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors of all kinds as a beverage is doomed in America. In a few short years England will follow and other nations too. Some heathen nations cry out against the horror now. In India the devil has so many missionaries and other church people drinking, the general public suppose it must be God's good creature of some kind. But a day is coming when no man of God will imbibe as a beverage that which will intoxicate and poison. Drink is the most costly and deadly curse of this century, and it is the twin and boon-companion of the arch-demon Lust.—C. B. Ward in Vanguard.

Taking The Responsibility.

A young man of great capability, fascination and power had a passion for brandy which nothing could control. Often a friend remonstrated with him, but in vain; as often in turn would he urge his friend to take a social glass. On one occasion the latter agreed to yield to him, and they walked up to the bar. The keeper said: "Gentlemen, what will you have?" "Wine, sir." The glasses were filled and the friends stood ready to pledge each other in the renewed and eternal friendship when the young man paused, and said to his intemperate friend, "Now, if I drink this glass and become a drunkard, will you take the responsibility?"

The drunkard said, "Set down that glass!" It was set down and the two walked away. And if every liquor dealer who asks for a license to traffic in the souls of men was asked, as he pays his money, "Are you willing to assume the responsibility, the ruin of health, the broken hearts, the loss of life, the waste of property, the breaking up of families, the blighting of hope and damnation of hell, that waits upon the traffic of strong drink?" Are there not some who would say, "Take back the license; let me rather live a life of poverty and toil, than win the wealth and comforts of this world by spreading ruin and desolation among my fellow men."

When we get filled with the Holy Spirit, the heart and tongue burns to tell it out to others, that they may share in the joys of the same fullness of blessing.