

THE WORM OF THE STILL.

It requires not the learning of Greece or of Rome
To picture out Satan, or point out his home.
Into serpents, of old, crept the author of ill;
But the arch-fiend dwells now in the worm of the still.
Assuming that shape, he persuades men to take
A temperate dram for their poor stomach's sake;
Till, by little and little, they're bent to his will,
And man is overcome by the worm of the still.
'Tis his pride to transform by his pestilent breath,
The most nourishing food to the essence of death,
And give us, in place of the sweet, bubbling rill,
A river of fire from the worm of the still.
In the art of corrupting and cursing our grain,
To famish his victim, and madden his brain,
No demon of death ever equalled his skill,
Or replenished the graves like the worm of the still.
With temperate drams drunkards always begin;
But unquenchable fire is soon kindled within,
And quickly they fall from the brow of the hill,
To grovel in dust with the worm of the still.
What is it, I pray, that is wont to transmute
Pure gold to base metal—a man to a brute?
What causes the hand of the murderer to spill
The blood of a brother? The worm of the still.

—Temperance Reader.

THE LESSON OF THE MATS

"I was admiring those fascinating mats," Mrs. Bruce, before you came down," remarked the pretty caller, leaning back rather listlessly in the arm chair.
"Yes, they're odd, aren't they?" replied the older lady, hurriedly adding, "Have you done much Christmas work?" The story of those lace mats was not for every one's ears.
"No," sighed Mrs. Myers. "I used to, but I keep on the go too much. I've got so into the habit of it that I can't bear to stay at home."
"Really? Why, I'm surprised. I supposed you spent half your time playing with that bewitching baby," laughed Mrs. Bruce.
"Oh, she is a dear, but I don't seem to get much time with her."
"And how is your mother? She's always so cheery and interesting."
"I don't think mother's very well lately. Her blindness cuts her off from so much; and I dare say she gets lonely sometimes," replied Mrs. Myers.
"I suppose she does," assented Mrs. Bruce, casting a swift glance from her soft brown eyes at the young woman. She took but an absent-minded part in the conversation as it drifted from one subject to another, and presently she picked up one of the crocheted mats, saying:
"You were speaking of these a few moments ago. Perhaps you'll be interested to hear their story, and why I consider them one of my treasures. Don't tell Mr. Bruce, for 'twas he who made them."
"What, that exquisite lace!" exclaimed her friend. "I knew Professor Bruce was once a naval officer and that now he's professor; but I never dreamed crocheting was one of his accomplishments."
"Perhaps you'll say 'twas more than that. It was during his second year in college, and his family was scattered for the first time, leaving his mother alone in the homestead at Woodford. She developed what was in those days a strange nervous trouble. She refused to see friends, and seemed on the verge of melancholia. Of course it was before we could hire nurses to care for our dear ones, and there seemed to be no one to stay with the mother we adored."
"Finally Edward left college, and for that whole winter devoted himself to his mother, walking, driving with her, and

doing deftly many little services. When he could rouse her interest in no other way, he used to sit by her side for hours, allowing her to teach him these intricate patterns of lace."
"No wonder you love them," said Mrs. Myers, gently, as she laid one of the mats back on the table. Then she rose to go.
Not for several months did Mrs. Bruce see her young friend again. When the June roses were in bloom, she appeared one morning with a bunch of them, saying:
"I came to thank you and Professor Bruce for one of the happiest winters I ever had. It was the story of his mats, you know. It made me seem so selfish I couldn't forget it," she went on, choking a little, "and it made things look different. Mother and I have had such happy times together with our work and books, and she's grown younger every day; and the children and Mr. Myers and I have had such fun! I just wanted to tell you and—and to thank you.—Selected.

THE DEACON AND HIS DAUGHTER NANNIE.

"Yes," said the deacon, "there's many a man that calls himself honest that's never so much as inquired what amount of debts heaven's books are going to show against him. I've learned that. There were years in my life when I hardly gave a cent to the Lord without begrudging it, and I've wondered since what I'd ever have talked about if I'd gone to Heaven in those days, for I couldn't talk about anything but bargains and money-getting here, and those wouldn't have been suitable subjects up yonder."
"Well, in those years I was telling you about, it was dreadful how I cheated the Lord out of his due. Once in a long while I paid a little to our church, but I didn't give a cent to anything else. Foreign Mission Sabbath was my rheumatic day, regular, and I didn't go to church. Home Mission day was headache day with me allers, and I stayed away from meetin'. Bible Society day I'd generally like going out, and I stayed at home. Tract Society day I'd begin to feel I was going to be deaf, and I oughtn't to be out in the wind, so I stayed indoors; and on the Sabbath for helping the Publication Society, likely as not my corns were unusual troublesome, and I didn't feel able to get out."
"Wife wanted to take a religious paper once, but I wouldn't hear to't. Told her that was nonsense. I didn't believe any of the apostles took religious papers. The Bible was enough for them, and it ought to be enough for other folks."
"And yet, I never even thought I wasn't doin' right. I'd come into it sort of gradual, and I didn't think much about giving, anyhow, except as a sort of losing business."
"Well, my little girl Nannie was about eight years old then, and I was dreadfully proud of her, for she was a smart little thing. One Sabbath night we were sitting by the fire, and Nannie'd been saying her catechism, and by-and-by she got kinder quiet and sober, and all of a sudden she turned to me, and says she, 'Pa, will we have to pay rent in heaven?'"
"What?" says I, looking down at her kind of astonished like.
"Will we have to pay rent in Heaven?" says she again.
"Why, no," says I. "What made you think of that?"
Well, I couldn't get out of her for a time what she did mean. Nannie didn't know much about rent, anyway, for we never had to pay any, livin' in our own house. But at last I found out that she'd heard some men talking about me and one of them said, 'Well, he's bound to be awful poor in the next world, I reckon. There aint much of his riches laid up in heaven.' And as the only real poor folks that Nannie'd ever known were some folks down at the village that had been turned out of doors because they couldn't pay their rent, that's what put it into Nannie's head that maybe I'd have to pay rent in heaven.
"Well, wife went on and talked to Nannie, and explained to her about the 'many mansions in our Father's house,' you know, but I didn't listen much. I was mad to think that Seth Brown dared to talk about me in that way; right before Nannie, too.
"I fixed up some pretty bitter things to say to Seth the next time I met him, and I wasn't very sorry to see him the

next day in his cart. I began at him right off. He listeded to everything that I sputtered out and then he said, 'Well Deacon, if you think the bank of heaven's got anything in it for you, I'm glad of it but I've never seen you make any deposits and then he drove off.
"Well, I walked over to my blackberry patch and sat down and thought, and the more I thought the worse I felt. I was angry at first, but I got cooler, and I thought of Foreign Missions and the rheumatiz, and Home Mission Sabbath and the healache, and the Bible Society day and the neuralgy, and Tract day and the corns, till it just seemed to me I couldn't stand it any longer; and I knelt down there in the blackberry patch and said, 'O, Lord, I've been a stingy man if ever there was one, and if ever I do get to heaven I deserve to have to pay rent, sure enough. Help me to give myself and whatever I've got back to Thee.'
"And I believe He's helped me ever since. 'Twas pretty hard work at first, getting to giving. I did feel pretty sore over that first dollar I slipped into the collection plate, but I've learned better now; and I mean to keep on giving 'as unto the Lord' till I go to that heaven where Nannie's been twenty years."

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal,
South Africa, Oct. 1st, 1907.
Dear Highway,—Let me tell you a little about the outpost work. On Sept. 1st our new Evangelist a Finiosi Nkosi came and entered into his new work. Here is an account of his round of duties. Monday is his day off when he does small odd jobs about the M. S. and late in the afternoon cooks his food for Tuesday. This may be sweet potatoes boiled or, more often a hard corn meal porridge. Tuesday bright and early Finiosi is off with his food and books in a bag slung over his shoulder. Arriving at a kraal he first greets those he meets and finding the head man inquires if he wishes to be a christian. Of course, generally he is answered in the negative. His next move is to see if this headman has any objections to his people believing if they want to do so. If this man consents our evangelist seeks to find even only one who may desire either to learn to read or to be a Christian. After talking with any such for a time he passes on to the next kraal, or village repeating the above program. It may be he comes upon quite a number of people and has a short meeting with them. He starts early so as to get the people when they are at home for now they are planting and are away all day save time to cook their food. If night comes upon him, or he happens to be at a kraal at meal time he partakes of their hospitality preaching the word as he finds opportunity.
Wednesday he goes over the ground of Tuesday and has a small class of students to teach, if he has been successful in finding such. He returns home in time for our class meeting when he brings in his report.
Thursday he is off in another direction repeating the process of Tuesday only among different people and Friday he teaches all he can find returning Friday evening and gives in his 2nd report for the week.
Saturday the place for Sunday's meeting being chosen before hand, Finiosi is off to call all the people within reach to come on the following day to the service. Here he is joined by one or more of our Christians, who help him with the meeting.
Sunday night he brings in his third report. His is one of four districts, practically speaking. Aloni is another very promising young man but he gives only one day of the week to his district as he has a little family and is not so free as Finiosi who is paid from the funds raised by St. John church.
Samuel has another district and gives some time to calling the people to whom he speaks on Sunday.
Then there is Peter's district which has really little help just now as he is away and the man we have to take his place is sickly and does not do much work. Furthermore it is a large field and two or more men could be kept as constantly busy as Finiosi is in his field.
Yours in Jesus,
MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

A TEMPERANCE SPEECH

Ladies and Gentlemen.—I propose to consider the Temperance cause—
How it has run
What it has done,
Where it is known,
What is its tone,
Why has it flourished,
How has it run?
It has run steadily,
It has run merrily,
What has it done?
Arrested the mad,
Reformed the bad,
Refreshed the sad,
Improved the glad,
Cooled many a lip,
Saved many a ship.
Where is it known?
In every zone.
What is its tone?
Its tone is inviting,
Its tone is delighting.
Look at our Loyal Temperance Legion! See how happy the children are! See what delight they give to their parents! See the happy families it makes! See the reformed drunkard's wife as her husband, in his right mind comes home! See his children as they go to Sunday School and see the change in himself!
Why has it flourished?
Because it is nourished.
How is it nourished?
By lectures and orations,
By books and illustrations,
By subscriptions and donations,
By glorious expectations.
—Temperance Advocate.

THE MEN THAT ARE WANTED.

"The lines are closing up against the man who drinks. Employers everywhere are realizing that the employee who gives a part of himself over to slavery of liquor is not the man they want. They want a full man, not part of one, not one who is a man only part of the time; but one who is a whole man with his full senses all the time.
This has become more and more imperative every year that the man who has services to sell should recognize these facts. The school of experience is a hard one, but it teaches thoroughly. And herein we shall find a valuable ally in advancing the reform:
Suppose a great many good men and women went to Pennsylvania to preach against temperance among miners. They might convert temporarily a few. The temperate men would listen to them kindly. The intemperate men would probably never hear them. But when the mine owners, acting in accord with the unions and with the unions' support, refuse to employ an intemperate miner—then temperance work in the mines begins in earnest.
You may tell a man that his drinking ruins his family and himself. He knows it, but still he drinks. When the companies and his fellow-workmen realize that the drunken miner, through his carelessness, endangers all other—then the laws of life step in, and reform begins. The intemperate miner may not listen to the preacher, but he has got to listen to the man that takes his name off the payroll and tells him he can't get on again until he stops drinking.
And so it is in Chicago, where many employers have agreed not to keep on their payrolls young men clerks and others that drink excessively, smoke cigarettes or gamble on the races.
Good men and women may use up their voices in telling the young clerk that the gambler is a fool and must lose, that the cigarette in time is a certain poison, that whiskey cheats the brain and ruins life. This talking and writing by the good is not without effect. It saves some men strong in character and open to argument. But it only calls out the self-confident smile or sneer of the average young clerk who thinks that he can take care of himself.
When that young clerk is told that he will not be needed after next Saturday because he bets on the races, because he smokes cigarettes, because he is seen drunk in doubtful company, and because the employer does not care for that type of man—THEN the young clerk's superior smile vanishes. When he draws his pay, and goes home without work, he actually KNOWS that gambling and whiskey and

cigarettes are bad things. And he finds it out in time to reform, if he has brains enough to reform. What the average young man needs is a failure, a peremptory discharge, to make him think seriously before it is too late for thinking to do him any good.—National Advocate.

WHAT A BOY COSTS

Somebody has figured out that the average boy who is dependent upon his parents for a livelihood until the age of twenty-one costs them \$4,000. On this basis of calculation, a brood, for instance, or six boys would represent an outlay of \$24,000 by the time they get away from the home roost. The question arises, Does it pay to raise boys, and are there no other crop that would prove more profitable? If a boy turns out to be a cigarette fiend, with a breath like a turkey buzzard and a laugh that would make the untutored donkey feel perfectly at home in his society, with an untrammelled and unconquerable desire to avoid work, it is safe to say that his parents might have invested their four thousand dollars to much better advantage. But if the boy grows up to manhood with the lesson well learned that wealth and success grow only on bushes watered by the sweat of one's brow, the parents need not begrudge whatever they have spent on him, for he will be a source of increasing pride and joy to their hearts, and when they grow old and their step is slow and faltering they will have two strong arms to lean upon and help them over all the rough places that lie in their twilight path.

"TRIED AND TRUE."

There is deep wisdom in the advice of the old teacher, Klenken, gave to D'Aubigne, who had come to him with his doubts: "Let Christ be to you really the Son of God the Savior, and his lights will dispel the darkness, and his Spirit lead you into all truth."
"Assurance," says Thomas Watson, is the manna in the golden pot, the white stone. It is God's smile upon his children; the sun rising out of his cloudy bed. It is like the mariner's lantern on the deck, which gives light in the darkness of the night.
An old lady had a Bible which was marked in many places with the letters, "T. P." On being asked the meaning of the letters, she replied, "Tried and proved." If we are simply willing to try God's words in our lives, God will abundantly prove it to the salvation and satisfaction of our souls.—Sel.

THE CIGARETTE SMOKER

Elbert Hubbard is unquestionably correct in pronouncing against the use of cigarettes, especially by the young. In a late number of the Philistine he says:
"As a close observer and employer of labor for over twenty-five years, I give you this: Never advance the pay of a cigarette smoker; never promote him; never trust him to carry a roll to Garcia, unless you do not care for Garcia and are willing to lose the roll. Cigarette smoking begins with an effort to be smart. It soon becomes a pleasure, a satisfaction, and serves to bridge over a moment of nervousness or embarrassment. Next it becomes a necessity of life, a fixed habit. This last stage soon evolves into a third condition, a stage of fever and unrestful, wandering mind, accompanied by loss of moral and mental control."
Inevitably cigarette smoking impairs health, lessens usefulness and jeopardizes happiness, and all without compensation worthy of the name. All smokers are not affected to the same degree, but there are none who would not be better off without the habit.
Go through the public schools of our land to-day and look over the teacher's rank books, and then look over the school and it can be easily traced why the low rank, why the stupidity of the intellect.
Meantime what of those who sell the roll of poison? What is the law on our statute books regarding the selling of the cigarette?—Exchange.