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The Social Game.

Don't go, girls, don't, said a silver-haired friend of my mother's, who visited us occasionally, when we were talking about attending a card-party.

Don't go, girls, don't, she repeated.

Why, aunt Mattie, we asked, why not go? Do you think card-playing just for amusement wrong?

I do think so.

Why, everybody plays now. Just a few evenings ago we were at Professor Ball's; cards were brought, and we all played. The professor's son and daughter both engaged in the amusement, and all the best families do the same.

Even if all those you speak of permit and help in card-playing, does that alone make it right?

No; but if such families think it right, I would not like to set myself up as a pattern of goodness, and refuse their invitations, and thus tell them that I thought their actions wrong, I answered impatiently.

Aunt Mattie's face flushed a little, and I noticed her thin, white hand tremble as she brushed back a silver lock from her forehead. She looked at me a moment with a blending of pain and tenderness; then she said:

Mina, if you will listen I will tell you something of my past life.

I told her I would be glad to listen, for she was a pleasant talker and I loved her society. She continued:

A long time ago I was the mother of a darling little boy. My husband died when my child was but three years of age. After that, all my care, all my ambition was for that boy. I tried to teach him to be manly, to be honest, to do right under every circumstance. I had means sufficient to give him every advantage he needed for education and position. At the age of twenty one he had graduated in a university of standing, was a large, fine-looking man. I looked upon him with feelings of motherly pride and deep affection. I expected to see him rise and fill some honorable and useful position.

Then, as now, it was the habit of some to play cards for amusement. I tried to persuade Joe not to play, for I always had a strong aversion to that kind of a pastime. For a time he heeded my wishes. But one evening a young lady whose society he loved, and who had a strong influence over him, persuaded him to play his first game with her. What a pity that woman's hand should ever lead astray! He, like many others, thought there was no wrong in it, and that it could never in any way do him any harm. But cards had a strong fascination for him. In those parlor games where prizes were offered he was usually successful; the fact stimulated him to play in other places and for money. In less than a year from the time he played his first parlor game he was a confirmed gambler.

One night, playing, he lost, and lost heavily. He lost not only all his own money, but some he held in trust. When the last dollar was gone, being wild from his loss and heated with wine, he arose from the table, drew a knife, and buried it in the body of his antagonist. He was sent to prison for life. For ten long, dark years I was the mother of a murderer; then a change came. He was taken sick; he tossed on a bed of pain for many long weeks. One night he stepped out from his prison bed, and went into the great unknown future. For long years the grass has been growing upon his grave, but no time can make me forget my great sorrow nor the cause of it.

Now, girls, don't go to card-parties. Don't engage in that kind of amusement. Don't be the means of giving to some young boy a knowledge which may lead to ruin. Women should lead to purity and good. She will never do it by card-playing.—Western Advocate.

Active and General Members.

How much do you really care for the weekly meeting of your society, anyway? Do you care enough to plan for it, to think of it through the week, to help swell its numbers, to see ways in which you can add to the general interest when the hour comes? Or do you leave this to others? Are you an active member, or are you simply a general member?

There is a great difference between the two. The general member leaves the weekly meeting to others; the active members thinks of it and prays for it and watches over it from the time the meeting of one week closes to the time the next week's meeting begins. The active member is generally found in either the leader's chair, or in some one of the front row of seats; the general member is found in the back rows. The active member has found out all about the topic before he came; the general member is likely to ask his seat mate, What is the topic for to night? The active member is so well acquainted with the hymn book that he is able to find the song to be sung before the leader more than half announces it, and he sings as though the words were his own; had he composed them they could not come more directly from his heart. The general member sings when he likes the song, but when certain pieces are announced he tosses the book into his lap with an air that says very plainly, I don't think much of that song.

The active member's face is a speaking one; it tells of thoughts back of it. Looking into such a face one is helped in a way he can hardly give a reason for. Upon the general member's face is quite often found a look of indifference, if not of endurance. He is seen to turn now and then to glance at the clock, or if he has a watch to take it out occasionally and then replace it with a bored look.

It is our opinion that there are more societies hindered in their work by the general member than by any other one thing. Look closely into your heart this week, and see where you stand.—Young People's Weekly.

Happy Land.

Father, do look up, and do speak to me, said a pleading voice. And a tiny hand was thrust between the big clasped ones, on which her father's head was bowed.

He lifted up a white face, and said to his little daughter, What is it, darling?

I'm so frightened, daddie, she answered. Do come and sit on the sofa with me. The house is so still, and I can't find mother: I've just come back from auntie's, you know. When I asken nurse where mother was, she told me to ask you. Where is she?

She's gone on a long journey, answered her father in a broken voice. She's gone far, far away from here, and——

Has she gone to happy land, far, far away? asked his little daughter eagerly; to the happy land she taught me to sing about?

Yes, May, that's where she's gone, said her father, relieved at her suggestion.

Oh, then, it's all right, answered May, because Jesus is there. She told me that some day soon she was going, and that you and I must be sure to go there after her. We will, won't we, father? she said, as she nestled close up to him. It's so still and sad without her, but I know she did so want to see Jesus. Tell me more about Him and happy land, please!

But though he kissed his child very tenderly, Hugh Carroll would say nothing on either subject, for he boasted that he was an infidel.

The solemn fact that he did not know the God his young wife in her long illness had learnt to love and serve came upon him with great force some twelve months later. He had gone to South Africa for change of scene and variety, and had set off up country to see an old schoolfellow, who he heard was at a distant store. On the way he was seized with fever, and suddenly found himself very ill in a lonely place, with only a few Kaffirs about.

Thoughts of his loved wife he would never see his little daughter again.

If I die, shall I go to my wife? he said to himself. No, I know nothing about that happy land where May loves to picture her.

He grew worse and became delirious, and day and night his cry was: How can I get to happy land? Tell me the way to the happy land. His Kaffirs to whom he had been a kind master, did all they could for him, but that question was beyond them. At last he rallied a little, and they determined to take him to a doctor. A bullock-waggon was the only means of conveyance, and the jolting brought on intense pain. Still his cry from half-unconscious lips was Tell me the way to happy land.

On the second day, the little procession halted for the night on a little plateau. Very soon afterwards, a tall Englishman on horseback, followed by several waggons, arrived at the same place, prepared to spend the night there. He dismounted, and, hearing of the sick man, was soon in the little tent where he lay, and he heard the feverish lips murmuring: Tell me the way to happy land. The speaker opened his eyes in surprise as a deep manly voice said, quietly—

Jesus said, I am the way.

Mechanically the invalid repeated the six words; and he did the same thing over and over again during the night. At daybreak the Englishman was again beside him, and saw that the simple remedies he had given him had greatly relieved him.

I hear, he said, that you are bound for Pietermaritzburg—so am I; but I am in no hurry. I propose that you rest here a day or two, and then that we travel on together. I can show your Kaffirs how to make a kind of hammock in which you can ride much more comfortably.

Why do you delay your journey and take so much trouble for a stranger? inquired the sick man.

Naturally one helps a fellow countryman in distress, answered James Moore, with a smile, and your delirious questions last night showed me that you are seeking the Saviour, and I thank God for the privilege of telling you about Him.

Oh, do, answered the invalid eagerly; I am utterly wretched. As I lie here I long to be ready to die, and to join my wife in heaven; but I see the sins of my life spread out before me. I am too sinful to hope to enter what my little daughter calls Happy Land. Besides, I don't know how to get there

Listen to God's words about this, said the traveler, as he took a small Bible from his pocket, and read some such texts as: Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners (1 Tim. I. 15); The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost (Luke xix. 10).

Sinners, lost, those words just fit me, murmured Hugh Carroll. And I have thought so much about your words, Jesus said, I am the Way. But can He, will He receive such a sinner as I am? Will He be the Way to me, and give me the eternal life you speak of, and that my dear wife used to talk about?

He said: Him that cometh to Me I will no wise cast out, answered James Moore, as he slipped away to leave the invalid to think over God's words, and to pray that the Holy Spirit would speak them with power to his heart

And abundantly was that prayer answered. Both travellers stayed for several days on the little plateau, and Hugh Carroll's health improved daily. But, best of all, as a little child he came to the Saviour. One day he said, with a glad smile to his fellow traveller:—

God has made it all clear to me now. I see that the Lord Jesus is, indeed, the Way. It is in Him that we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sin. And He has redeemed and forgiven me.

Let us praise Him together said his friend. And after prayer, both sang the Magnificat, and the sleepy Kaffirs outside heard a deep bass voice and a weak tenor one chanting, My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

Two months later, in his Master's strength, and in his Master's company, Hugh Carroll returned to England to serve and glorify his new-found Saviour.—Selected.

Prevailing Prayer.

A great deal has been said in the present day about prayer, both in attempt to prove it unphilosophical on the one hand, while, on the other, earnest, intelligent Christian people try to establish it on a scientific basis. The mass of everyday Christians feel less disturbed by these questions than is generally supposed. They have prayed and received answers to prayer, and are at no pains to inquire by what laws, or in defiance of what laws, or by what combination of forces their petitions were met. Facts are stubborn things and these facts remain.

It reminds us of a minister who was once asked by a friend whether he really believed God spoke to the old prophets.

Yes, he answered readily.

Oh, come, man, said his questioner, lay aside the priest with me. You cannot believe it.

Indeed, I do, persisted the minister, and what's more, I know it.

Know it? How can that be?

Because he has spoken to me, was the quiet reply.

There is no evidence of the truth of Christianity like internal evidence. There is no plea for prevailing prayer like answered prayer.

Out of the multiplicity of instances let me deduce one or two.

At one time I had immediate necessity for $25. I was a widow, with young children, had no relative who could aid, and no friend but God to whom to turn. In secret I laid the matter before him. A day or two afterwards, by the morning's mail, came a letter in an unknown handwriting. The post-mark was also strange; I knew no one in that part of the country. It contained a bank note for £5 ($25), in a blank sheet of paper. There was not a line to tell from whom it came, and I never received any intelligence respecting it. Some day I shall know the donor.

So much for the supply of temporal need. Now let us look at another for protection.

I was residing in a retired country place with my sister, also a widow, and her family. Their tastes were gayer than mine, and they went out to evening parties. On such occasions it was my custom to leave a window unfastened, by which my nephew, a strong young fellow, could enter, and then open the door for his mother and sisters. The neighbourhood was very quiet; no burglaries being on record.

One evening, when they had gone some distance to an entertainment, I retired as usual. I was awakened towards midnight by hearing the window in the dining room, which opened on the lawn, lifted. I raised myself in bed and listened intently, but no one seemed to enter. My first impulse was to go out on the landing and reconnoitre but with only little children and young female servants, out of call of neighbours, the entire helplessness of my position dawned upon me. What could I do? Pray!

I cried to God for protection. Realizing my own lack of proper precautions, I cast myself upon him who can over rule all our mistakes. The window was gently closed again. Then the words of a familiar hymn came to me:

"Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep,
Thou thy Father's flock dost keep,
Safe we wake and safe we sleep,
Guarded still by thee."

With these in my mind I lay down and fell asleep.

It was long past midnight when my sister returned. When putting up the horse, my nephew became aware that some one was in the stable. He spoke, but there was no answer. He was unarmed, but, putting his hand to his side, called out boldly, Speak, or I'll shoot you! With that a man dashed past him to the door, and was gone through the yard and fields in a flash.

What was his intent we could but conjecture. He had tried and found how the house might be entered. That God turned him back and led him to delay his purpose I was, and still am, sure.

Prayer should be definite, fervent, but in nowise dictatorial. God does not need our suggestions as to ways and means, and often overturns our plans. Still the end is reached; ometimes by what are called special providences, far beyond our ordering, and sometimes in the simplest and most natural way in the world. However the answer comes, the child of God never doubts the moving hand and faith needs no stronger confirmation.—Onward.

Pray ye; go ye; bring ye—a call to supplication, service, sacrifice.—L. D. Wishard.

God is not pledged to provide crowns for any martyrs except those of his own making.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.—Savonarola.

Doctrine without duty is a tree without fruits, but duty without doctrine is a tree without roots.

The constant duty of every man to his fellows is to ascertain his own powers and special gifts, and to strengthen them for the help of others.—John Ruskin.

While high thinking does not always prevent low living, it is also true that there can be no high and holy living without high and holy thinking.—Rev. James McLeod.

Tobacco Heart.

Mr. J. W. Judson, Curtis St., St. Thomas Ont., says: I had trouble with my heart for two years, caused by excessive use of Tobacco. I used one box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and have not suffered from palpitation since."

People with hair that is continually falling out, or those that are bald, can stop the falling, and get a good growth of hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat, lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

The Image of the Heavenly.

JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO, CAN.

Almighty God! in all Thy works display'd,
For man in Thine own image Thou hast made;
How should we, then, Thine every respect,
And mourn in dust and ashes if neglect
Of ours should once but mar that Image bright,
And, grieving Thee, turn sunshine into night.
Let not our hearts from Thee be turn'd aside,
But let Thy Holy Spirit with us 'bide;
Then shall our life be like the flowers in June,
Displaying sweetness, and our hearts in tune
To the pure melodies of heav'nly song,
Which to the ransom'd hosts of Heav'n belong;
Thus here below let glorious anthems rise
To mingle with the songs of Paradise.

A Fatal Spider-Web.

When a fly accidentally gets caught in a spider's web, the spider goes calmly about the work of securing his prey. He doesn't hurry particularly. He takes his time and binds first the fly's feet, and then his wings and his entire body.

That is the way with the dread enemy of mankind—consumption. It has a web—the web of trivial disorders neglected. When a man heedlessly stumbles into that web, consumption first attacks his stomach, then his blood, then his lungs, then every organ in his body. Many doctors assert that when a man is once in this deadly web there is no escape. That is a mistake. Thousands have testified to their recovery from this disease by the use of the right remedy. Many of their letters, together with their names, addresses and photographs, appear in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. The remedy that saved them was Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It cures the conditions that lead up to it. It is the great blood maker, flesh-builder and germ-ejector. Druggists sell it.

"Your 'Favorite Prescription' cured my little girl, seven years old, of St. Vitus's dance," writes Mrs. A. E. Loomis, of Walnut Grove, Redwood Co., Minn. "She could not feed herself, nor talk. That was fifteen years ago. I have always had great faith in your medicines ever since. I had a terrible cough, and my friends thought I had consumption. I took the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and it cured my cough, and now I do my housework. I have always praised your medicine and would like to have your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I enclose stamps."

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