

out, disdains him and shuns his presence. He is under the ban. He feels ashamed and disgraced

in his soberer moments, and resorts to his drams that he may forget his dishonor. Or, if he attempts

he expected, and he is led, socially, into company,

will society give to him a warm heart and welcome

over him. Two years of sobriety passed away. I visited him in his last illness. He died a sober man, and there is reason to hope, a Christian.

VI. HE IS AN ACCOUNTABLE BEING. I WAS once sitting in my study, when a man staggered through the open door, and dropped himself into a chair. He was a soldier on a furlough. He made himself quiet at home, saying that he wished "to talk on religion." I let him talk, supposing it almost useless to talk to him, while he was not sober, if I was not. "Stranger," said he at length, "I ended at my father's funeral last week. The minister said that 'we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ.' I knew that was true, for it is in the Bible. I believe the Bible, sir, and that is what gives me trouble." My reply was, "If you obey his teachings, it will give you peace, holiness, and happiness."

"The preacher said: 'Prepare to meet thy God. I am not prepared.' The way of salvation was pointed out to him. He thanked me, shook my hand three different times and went his way. The next day I went to his home, but his wife reported him 'sick and asleep,' the meaning of which was clear enough. The day following he called again, gurgulous with strong drink. 'I am going back into the army,' said he. 'I will have to be sober there. I'll think on what you have told me. You have been very plain, but you are right. I know that I must give an account to God, and I fear one it may be! Good-by.' I gave him my hands with a kind word of advice. 'Let me kiss you,' said he. I gave him my cheek. It received the sinner of his lips. Was he sincere? Were his convictions real? Perhaps not; but if not, the fact of his accountability is the more fearful. Ever

The spirit of Bismarck and his genius ruled the battle-field. While the Austrians were hesitating the Prussians were already in the act of attacking. The Prussians in sight from the right seemed from the valley below as if the earth yielded them. They filed the whole back-ground of the awful picture of which Klam was the centre. They pressed down on the left of the Prague-road. In square, in column, deployed or wheeling hither and thither—everywhere pouring in showers of deadly precision—penetrating the whole line of the Austrians, still they could not force victory stubborn enemy to fly. On a sudden they met brave and unflinching resistance. The Prussians were hurled back at the side of the Prague-road the fight went on with incredible vehemence. The Austrians had still an immense force of artillery, and although it was concentrated fire swept the ground before it, its effect was lost in some degree by reason of the rain.

Still going onwards, the military correspondent of the *Times* with the Prussian army writes:—"The army marches in several columns, and from every base can be seen the different lines creeping like long serpents over the country. Dipping two hollows into the forest, the army, coming among trees, appears and disappears through the foliage, and then they stretch for many a long mile from front to rear. Again to-day we have marched through a country rich and abundant in supplies, and from which the natives have not fled away; and again the march lay through country lanes, in some places shawed in by fruit-trees, in others leading over breezy uplands where the limestone rocks dropped up close to the forest, and the ground, being so fertile, nourish the grass, which grows thick upon it. Here and there the rocks crop out of the ground and rise up some twenty feet high, forming grotesquely shaped natural grottoes, around which clumps of tall silver fir cluster, and at the foot of the trees grow in wild profusion all roses, sweet briar, foxglove, and nightshade. The farm-houses and cottages are built of brick, and the walls are of a white plaster, and the roofs are tiled with blue tiles. The houses with a steeply rammed by the large globe-like roof, which seems peculiar to Slavonic countries. No wooden cottages are seen here, for the people are richer than those north of the Elbe, and we left behind us when we crossed that river the pine-wood hut, so many of which have been lately destroyed by the flames kindled by the fire of artillery. The houses are built of stone, and the windows are of iron; the furniture is of plain deal, without paint, secured to a whiteness which is unknown in northern Bohemia; the brass bands of drawers and the steel and iron round the fireplaces shine bright from mud-

In the absence of the preacher appointed and his alternate, Rev. Dr. Crawley preached the introductory sermon from Phil. iii. 13; "This one thing I do." His subject was religious progress which of course

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