YOU CHEERED ME ON. To you, dear friend, I owe a debt

- To you, dear friend, lowe a dost
  I never can repay;
  The memory of it lingers yet,
  And brightess all life's way;
  For when oppressed with gleomy fears,
  With hope and courage gone,
  I came to you; you dried my teers.
  And sweetly cheered me on.
- When others mocked my lack of skill With eloquence of soors,
  Or frowned at my attempts, until
  I wished I'd ne'er been born,
- With kind, judicious words, that seethed The tender heart thus flayed, You cheered me on, the pathway smoothed, And all my fears allayed.
- When others sought to clip the wings With which I tried to sour, And bade me think of other things To profit me the more, You hade me doff the sable plume,
- And brighter colors don, And raised me from the depths of gloom And nobly cheered me on. O blest the friends that lift us up
- On arms of love each day,
  Who put some sweetness in life's cup,
  And help us on our way;
- Who in our efforts sympathize
  Nor foibles dwell upon,
  And whisper: "That way honor lies!"
  And kindly cheer us on.

  —Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger,

## LONE HOLLOW:

Or. The Peril of the Penroys.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story of Love and Adventure.

BY JAMES M. MERRILL, AUTHOR OF "BOGUS BILL" "FISHER JOE" AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER XXX-CONTINUED. The house was gloomy, and the sound of his feet sent a cold chill over him.

He passed out and walked to the edge of the gulch, a little way off. The depths were shadowed and gloomy. Autumnal frosts had changed the leaves to brown and yellow in places, and the air that sighed through the trees was chill and uncomfortable. There seemed premonition of an early winter in its breath.

While he stood there with the grim shadows of the short afternoon lengthening into the gloom of night, Captain Starbright thought of the past, of the year gone in which his brain had schemed and plotted for self-aggrandizement.

"It is more than two years now since I struck the first blow for the Vandible millamid the hills of California," he muttered, inaudibly, while his thoughts ran on. Then came the sudden death of the other, and my coming to Lone Hollow to win the friendship of an easily-duped old man. I pretended to be the friend of his idolized though erratic brother, and brought him a memento from the far-off land of irresolute; then, seeming to remember thousand years. It may, therefore, be congold. I told how I had ministered to the something, he sped to the rear of the old sidered as invariable, and is consequently dying, and completely won old Morgan Van-dible's heart. Karl, his youngest brother, the idolized. He would have made him his heir had he lived. This the old millionaire told me in confidence. It seems that the blow that sent Karl over the predpice in

the gold range did not kill.

"My treachery might have been discovered, for Karl Vandible lived, but he came seck from that fall a crased being. I sup-posed I had nothing to fear, and yet he scoognized me that night in front of Lone Hollow, when he fired with murderous in-tention. It is well that I made sure work of the old man at last. The pool will never yield up its secret to mortal man."

The mention of the pool seemed to

the Captain strongly. He straightened suddenly and began

walking away from the edge of the gulch. Soon his form was lost to view in the gathering gloom. He gained a position near the bank of the

How cold and forbidding looked the black water. There was not a ripple on its surface, and the silence that rested over every thing was oppressive.

An uncanny place," muttered the Captain. "Much like a tomb, indeed. No secret can come forth from thy depths, old pool. How much safer than the Califorguich. You reveal no secrets, that guich

Then he walked completely around the sool, scanning the water from every point. It was a solemn place, and the time one to bring gloomy thoughts to the brain of the ione man who stood thoughtfully regarding

the calm water.
Swiftly the minutes passed.
Right's curtain dropped from the skies and wrapped its folds softly over bush, and

Not a sound but the faint murmur of the evening breeze through gold-brown troe-tops. And Captain Starbright allowed his boughts full sway.

He had once been the pride of a kind mother's heart—his father he never knew. and he recalled the time now when his hands were free from stain, his soul untarnished by blood guiltine

"I have gone too far to retrace my steps now," he cried aloud, as though holding argument with his inner self.
"Teo far!"

What was that? An echo of his ow thoughts? His words had been lightly ut-tered. He trembled and gazed about him in the shadows. The words were not repeated, but his eyes became riveted on one spot on the further shore of the pool. Slow-ly a human figure rose and stood facing him. A glimmer of starlight touched the face. It was ghastly white. There was a rope about the neck, a clinging stone, drip-ping wet! Starbright gazed in silent horror at his murdered victim. It was the fac of the dead man of the pool! The blood reseized him, and, tossing up his arms, Clinton Starbright fell fainting to the ground.

> CHAPTER XXXI. CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

" Found at last!" Impenetrable gloom surrounded the per-on who uttered these words, save for the small circle of light made by a strongelling tallow dip, that sputtered and

Weird shadows danced along the rafters and played hide and seek among queer little nooks. A young man knelt on the rough boards of the garret at Lone Hollow, with an old, battered, hair-covered trunk spen before him. That which brought from his tips the words opening this chapter he held up to the light in his hand—a folded

ing man who held up the felded mor read on one side these words:

Lest will and testament of Morgan Van-

"Found at last!" again ejaculated the "Alene?" uttered Lura.

young man. "My search has not been in "Wait."

This was all. The doctor gianced at Captain Starbright, then at the girl. He at the girl his at thing of life from the bottom of second account to find her in male attire, agist when we need it most.

A sound below cut short the young man's speech. He concealed the precious paper, extinguished the light, and hurriedly made his exit from the close air of the garret.

When he gained the hall below, which was dimly lighted by bracket-lamps, the man's face stood surveyed and are recommended.

man's face stood revealed, and we recognise him as the genial hunter, Louis Fin gal. He passed to the end of the hall, lifted window and peered out into the night

listening intently.
"I hear no sound of wheels," he muttered. "I hope Dr. Colton and his patient will not disappoint me to-night. To watch that villain, and guard a precious life, without making a balk, is tiresome and dangerous. It must be time, too, for that infamous Captain to come nosing about. I heard him tell Lucy that she need not look for him in several days, but I judge that to be a blind. Possibly, however, he may have taken the alarm. He was out until late last night, and seemed pale and agi-tated when he returned."

The reader can readily guess why the Captain was agntated on the previous night. The apparition at the pool had completely unnerved him for a time. On the morning following he had driven away toward Stonefield, assuring both Lura and Lucy that he intended to be absent several days. Fingal had been where he overheard this,

but he had not believed it. After listening a minute Fingal close the window and turned his steps toward Grace's room. He tound the door closed, and at once applied his hard to the knob. It refused to yield.

Dropping to the floor Fingal attempted to peer into the room through the keyhole. No light glimmered there, and then the young hunter seemed to realize for the first time that something was wrong inside the sick chamber. He thrust a small reed that he picked from the floor into the keyhole.

He then made a discovery. The hole had been stoutly plugged! Something surely was wrong. He grasped the knob and shook the door.

No answer from within A chill shot to the heart of Fingal. He called the name of Lucy and of Grace, but received no answer. A terrible fear op-pressed the young hunter's heart as he turned from the door and hurried to the stairs. He sped down these, three steps at a time, and came near landing in the arms of the colored maid.

"Lucy, you here?" demanded Fingal, hoarsely. "Who is with Grace?"

"Miss Lura, I 'spect."
"I do not believe it." "But I left her dar"

"Something is wrong," interrupted Fingal, seizing and shaking the maid furiously.
"You haven't been faithful, girl. The door to Grace's room is locked. Have you the

"Deed, marse, I basn't." Fingal stood irresolute for one mom then sprang to the outer door, opened it and passed out into the night. He hast-ened to the side of the building, to a spot where a light glimmered from an upper window, the window of Grace Penroy's

For an instant the young man stood bearing in his hands a ladder. It was but short work to place this up against the side of the house.

It just reached the window-sill. A moment later the young hunter was mounting swiftly upward. He soon gained the top and although the curtains were drawn he found a crevice through which he could peer into the room.

What he saw caused him to start and nearly fall from the ladder. His hands shed the stone still until the blood ned ready to burst from beneath the

In the center of the room stood Captain Starbright, with a look on his face that was actually terrifying. It was only with the utmost effort that Fingal held himself

The Captain's hat lay on the floor. His ost was off, his arms bare to the elbows, and he was evidently meditating som errible deed. Fingal saw him move toward the bed, gaze for one moment at the placid face of the apparently sleeping girl, then bend forward with the look of a flend, and wine his fingers about the throat of his

"Great heaven! he would strangle her!" rasped Fingal, hoarsely, almost losing his hold in the intensity of his horror. With a the sash, lifted it swiftly and plunged head-

long into the room. The noise and the unexpected a the hunter startled the would-be sin from his work, and he at once turne an instant in evident alarm, then, with an ion, sprang at the youth as he came to his feet.

"Murderer!" cried Fingal. "Ha! the infernal hunter sneak. I'll throttle you for this!" and Captain Starbright, evidently completely mastered by rage and fear, sprang with the fury of a madman at the throat of his unwelcome

struggle for the mastery. At the same time a wild scream filled the room. Grace, wakened by the combat, was terribly frightened, and it was her voice that filled the old house with its piercing notes of

Fingal struggled desperately, but seemed to be no match for the infuriated Captain.

"I'll throttle you?" hissed Starbright.

"You have meddled with me and my affairs

for the last time." At this moment the long black hair or Fingal's head came into the clutches of Starbright, another moment and his locks were free from the head of his antagonist With a great cry Captain Starbright came to his feet, quickly followed by the hunter A hand tried the door, and a voice withou manded admittance. Unheeding this the Captain stood staring at Fingal. His astoundment seemed too full for words.

Before him stood, in the person of Fingal, mother person entirely. There was no mis-aking that face, the pug nose, with mus-ache brushed aside, that dancing, red

"Lura Joues, as I live!" excisi

The girl regarded hir wish folded ar breathing short, her wes flashing, her white teeth gleaming. She felt herself mistress of the cituation. Her hand shot forward suddenly, a bright object gleam-

ing at the end. "Your race is run, Captain Starbright," she uttered lowly yet flercely. "Straide, I wish to open the door."

He seemed to have no desire to thwart her wishes while a cocked revolver was pointed toward his breast, and so he obeyed without a word. He glanced at the bed to note the fact that Grace had fainted.

With some difficulty Lura turned the key and admitted Dr. Arthur Colton. "Alme?" uttered Lura.

this old chest. Your course is well nigh and Lura fancied she saw a look of semi run, Clinton Starbright, falsely dubbed disgust on his grave face. disgust on his grave face.

"I can explain, Arthur-" "It doesn't matter," he uttered, shortly "My business is with Clinton Starbright. I suppose you recognize me, Captain?"
Starbright had recovered his composure and stood with folded arms regarding the

doctor from under frowning brows. "I suppose I do. You are the gentleman who pretends to a knowledge of medicine-Dr. Colton."

"The same-" "But let me tell you," grated the Captain, with angry vehemence, "I have permitted your interference here to the cost of a life. Look vonder at your work. You shall suffer for this-this murde-He pointed to the bed.

Quickly Dr. Colton stepped to the side of Grace and bent over the wasted form. A moment thus, then he faced the inmates of the room once more. "She has fainted. It is better so for the present. Should spedie you will have another murder to answer for. I know that you have been systematically poisoning this girl-"

"That is false!" "Don't interrupt me," said the doctor, with strange calmness, no trace of emotion on his grave face. "I made a discovery not long since that startled and shocked me hoyond measure. You had the reputation of being a generous gentleman, with few bad habits, and all your acquaintances looked upon you as an honorable man."

"Really," sneered the Captain, "you do me proud, Dr. Colton." "You may feel less so before I am through with a little history I propose to relate." "I pray you, don't put yourself out on my

account, doctor." "No, but on several accounts I will pro ceed. Some years ago you fell in with Mr. Penroy, Grace's father, and became very intimate with him. He trusted you fully, and to his cost. The time came when that man was brought home dead, with his skull crushed, said to have been caused by the kick of a herse. I believe, however, that it was done by a club, and that it was a part of a plot formulated in California to gain ssion of a million dollars."

"Indeed!" sneered the Captain. "I am getting ahead of my story, however," proceeded the doctor, as Captain Starbright coolly assumed a chair. The doctor and Lura remained standing, how-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE EARTH'S MOTIONS. The Procession of the Equinoxes and Oth

er Astronomical Pho The earth revolves on her axis in twen ty-three hours, fifty-six minutes and four seconds. This time is required for one rotation from a star round to the same star again. The revolution is therefore called a sidereal day. While the earth has been turning on her axis she has been advancing in her orbit, and it will take her four minutes on the average to come to the sam position in regard to the sun; thus, adding four minutes to the length of the sideres day, gives twenty-four hours for the solar

The time of the axial rotation has not varied the hundredth part of a second in two

nomical measurement. The earth revolves in her orbit around the sun in 365.26 days, giving another standard measure of time, the length of the year. The velocity of the earth in her orbit is almost incomprehensible, for the huge sphere spins along at the average rate of eighteen miles in a second. The earth's orbital revolution and the inclination of her axis to the clane of the ecliptic cause the changes of the seasons and the varying length of day

and night. The earth has a more complicated motion known as the procession of the equinoxes. It consists of a wabbling motion of the pole of the heavens around the pole of the ecliptic in a small circle requiring twentyfive thousand years to complete. It is cause by the attraction of the sun and moon upos the earth at the equator. Consequently, ecliptic and equator do not cross at the same point, but the equinoctial falls back each year fifty seconds of a degree.

One effect of this movement is to change the polar star, for to whatever part of the heavens the pole points, the nearest star to that point is the polar star. The present polar star will no longer enjoy that dis-tinction three thousand years hence, and the brilliant Vega will be the polar star

twelve thousand years hence. The earth is moving through space. sun, carrying with him the planets, satel-lites, comets and meteoric bodies following in his train, is hastening towards a point in the constellation Hercules at the rapid pace

of twenty thousand miles an hour. It might seem that, traveling at this rate. the goal must soon be reached. Such, how-ever, is the inconceivable distance of the stars that more than a million years must pass before our sun and his family, at their present rate of travel, have spanned the depths of space that intervene between their present position and the shining suns of Hercules.—Youth's Companion.

Victoria's First Hoop-Skirt.

The following anecdote is told to illus trate the readiness with which Parisian fashions are adopted, even by the most rigidly patriotic of Princesses. At the spoch of the arrival of Queen Victoria in Paris in 1856, on a visit to the Emperor and Empress, the latter had just brought hooped skirts into vogue. The Queen forthwith sent her a messenger to purchase one for her, and on her next approach before her Imperial host and hostess her skirts were nded into the new and fashio amplitude. But her Majesty had not comprehended the necessary methods of tying the tapes that held the hoops in place, and her crinoline presented an extraordinary and shapeless aspect. It was the Emperor himself who, with his own imperial hands, set the rebellious petticoats to rights, and gave his royal guest a lesson as to the proper method of donning the new-fash-ioned adjunct of feminine costume.

Keep Your Eye-Sight. Dr. F. Park Lewis spoke recently, says Dr. F. Park Lewis spoke recently, says the Buffalo Courier, upon weak eyes and near-sighted people. He stated that while people with near-sighted eyes might show no loss of sight for years, still near-sighted eyes should be tre ated with care. The best light for the eyes was similar. A good light must be strong, white and stendy. The heat of artificial light was then considered. Sunlight has the least heat mys; electric light came next; hereceme and case electric light came next; beresene and gas were last and so the worst for the eyes. He closed by stating that in reading the back should be to the light, the eyes should be shaded, and never be used when tired. One should not read with an uncertain light nor

ALEXANDER NASMYTH, the las inter, once planted an inacco on the estate of the Duke of Athol by sh ing tree seeds out of a small or pt was a decided success and the tre

Par says we never have a moon in a

SIN'S AWFUL WORK.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Warns the People Against Moral Poisons.

The Caldrons of Sin and Death-Hor Influences For Good or Bad-Indole the Caldron of Iniquity-Advice to Young Men.

In a recent sermon at Brooklyn Dr. Talmage took for his subject "A Poisoned Dinner," and his text was from 2 Kings iv. 40: "So they poured out for the men to eat. And it came to pass, as they were eating of the pottage, that they cried out, and said, O, thou man of God, there is death in the pot. And they could not eat

Elisha had gone down to lecture to the students in the theological seminary at Gilgal. He found the students hungry, as students are apt to be. It i very seldom the world makes large provision for those who give themselves to intellectual toil. In order that these students may be prepared to hear what Elisha says, he first feeds their hunger. He knows very well it is useless to talk, to preach, to lecture to hungry men.

So Elisha, recognizing this common sense principle, which every Christian ought to recognize, sends servants out to get food for these hungry students. They pick up some good healthful herbs, but they happen to pick up also some coloquintida, a bitter, poisonous, deathful herb. They bring all these herbs, they put them into the boiling pot, they stir them up and then a portion of this food is brought to the students and their professors. Seated at the table, one of the hungry students begins immediately to eat, and he happens to get hold of some of the coloquintida. He knew it by the taste. He cried out: "Poison, poison! O thou man of God, there is death in the pot!" Consternation is thrown over the whole group. What a fortunate thing it was that this student so early found the coloquintida in the mixture at the table! You will by reference find this story is precisely as I have mentioned it.

Well, in our day there are great caldrons of sin and death. Coloquintida of mighty temptation is pressed into it. Some dip it out and taste, and reject it and live. Others dip it out, taste it, keep on and die. And it is the business of every minister of religion and every man who wishes well to the human race, and who wants to keep the world back from its follies and its sufferings, to cry out: "Beware! poison, poison! Look out for this caldron! Stand back! Beware!"

Sin has done an awful work in our world. It has gone out through all the ages, it has mixed up a great caldron of trouble and suffering and pain, and the whole race is poisoned—poisoned in body, poisoned in mind, poisoned in soul. But pleased be God that the gospel of Jesus Christ is the antidote, and where there was sin there shall be pardon, and where there was suffering there shall be comfort land where there was death there

Some time ago, you will remember, I persuaded you of the importance of being charitable in judgment of others. At the same time I said to you briefly what this morning I wish to say with great emphasis, that while we sympathize with the sinner we must denounce the sin, that while we pity the unfortunate we must be vehement against transgression. Bin is a jagged thing that needs to be roughly handled. You have no right to garland it with fine phrases or lustrous rhetoric. You can not catch a buffalo with a silken

region. The next day a wild beast comes down from the mountain and carries off one of the children. .The next day a wild beast comes down from the mountain and carries off another child. Forthwith all the neighbors band together, and they go out with torch in one hand and gun in the other to hunt those monsters down, to find their hiding place, to light up and ransack the caverns and destroy the invaders of their houses. So we want now not merely to talk about the sins and follies of the world, we want to go behind them, back of them. Down into the caveras where they hide we need to go with the torch of God's word in one hand and the sword of God's eternal spirit in the other to bunt out and slay these iniquities in their hiding places. Or, to come back to the figure suggested by my text, we want to find what are the caldrons of sin and death from which the iniquities of

society are dipped out. First-In the first place, I remark, that mhappy and undisciplined homes are the aldrons of great iniquity. Parents harsh and cruel on the one hand, or on the other hand loose in their government, wickedly loose in their government, are raising up a eneration of vipers. A home where scolding and fretfulness is dominant is blood relation to the gallows and the penitentiary! Petulance is a serpent that crawls up into the family nursery and destroys every thing. Why, there are parents who even make religion disgusting to their children. They scold them for not loving Christ. They have an exasperating way of doing their duty. The house is full of the war whoop of contention, and from such a place husband and sons go out to die.

O! is there a Hager leading away Ishmael into the desert to be smitten of the thirst and parched of the sand? In the solemn birth hour a voice fell to thee from the throne of God, saying: "Take this child and nurse it for me and I will give thee thy wages." At even time, when the angels of God hover over that home, do they hear the children lisping the name of Jesus? O! travelers for eternity, your little ones gathered under your robes, are you leading them on the right road, or are you taking them out on the dangerous winding bridle path, off of which their inexperienced feet may slip and up which comes the howling of the wolf and the sound of lossened ledge and tumbling avalenche? Blessed is the family alter at which the children kneel. Blessed is the cradle in which the Christian mother rocks the Christian child. Blessed is the song the little one sings at nightfall when sleep is closing the eyes and loosening the hand from the toy on the pillow. Blessed is that mother whose every heart throb is a prayer for her chiliron's welfare.

The world grows old, and the stars will cease to illuminate it, and the waters to refresh it, and the mountains to guard it, and the heavens to overspan it, and its long story of sin and shame and its glory of triumph will soon turn to ashes, but influences that started in this early home roll on and roll up through all eternity blooming in all the joy, waving in all the triumph, exulting in all the song or shrinking back into all the darkness.

papers out, but he forgot to ask until it when the earth shall melt with fervent heat, and the mountains shall blaze, and the ceas shall blase, and the earth shall blaze, will your children be safe? Will your children be safe? Unhappy and undisciplined homes are the source of much of the wretchedness and sin of the world.

I know there are exceptions to it so times. From a bright and beautiful Christian home a husband or a son will go out to die. O. how long you had that boy in your prayers! He does not know how many sleepless nights you have spent over him. He does not understand how many tears you have shed for his wavwardness. Or, it is hard after you have toiled for a child and given him every advantage and every kindness to have him pay you back in ingratitude! As one Sab-bath morning a father came to the foot of the pulpit as I stepped out of it and said: "O, my son, my son, my son!" There is many a young man proud of his mother. who would strike to the dust any man who would insult her, who at this moment himself, by his evil doing and his bad habits. is sharpening a dagger to plunge through that mother's heart. A telegram brought him from afar. He went bloated and carred into the room and he stood by the ifeless form of his mother

Her hair gray; it had turned gray in sorrow. Those eyes had wept floods of tears over his wandering. That still white hand had done him many a kindness and written many a loving invitation and good counsel. He had broken her old heart. He came into the room and threw himself on the casket and he sobbed outright: "Mother! Mother!" but those lips that had kissed him in infancy and uttered so many kind words spoke not; they were sealed. Rather than to have such a memory come to my soul, I would prefer to have rolled over me the Alps and the Himalayas.

But while sometimes there are sons who turn out very badly coming from good homes. I want to tell you for your encouragement it is a great exception. Yet an unhappy and undisciplined home is the poisonous caldron from which a vast multitude drink their death.

Second-I remark that another caldron of iniquity is an indolent life. All the rail trains down the Hudson river yesterday, all the rail trains on the Pennsylvania route, all the trains on the Long men to begin commercial life. Some of them are here this morning, I doubt not. Do you know what one of your great temptations is going to be? It is the ex-ample of indolent people in our cities. They dress better than some who are industrious. They have access to all places of amusement-plenty of money, and yet idle. They hang around our great hotels -the Fifth Avenue, the Windsor, the Brunswick, the Stuyvesant, the Gilsey House-all our beautiful hotels, you will find them around there any day-men who drudge and toil in bank and shop and ofwhen these men get along so well and do not work?

Some of them hang aroung the city halls of our great cities, toothpick in their mouth, waiting for some crumb to fall them hang around the city hall for the city van bringing criminals from the stabouses. They stand there and gloat over it-really enjoy the disgrace and suffering of those poor creatures as they get out of the city van and go into the courts.

Where do they get their money? That is what you ask. That is what I ask. Only four ways of getting money-only four; by inheritance, by earning it, by begging it, by stealing it; and there are a vast multitude among us who get their living not by inheritance, nor by earning it, nor by begging it. I do not like to take the responsibility of saying how they

get it! Now, these men are a constant tempta tion. Why should I toil and wear myself out in the bank, or the office, or the store, or the factory? These men have nothing to do. They get along a great deal better and that is the temptation under which a great many young men fall. They begin to consort with these men, these idlers, and they go down the same awful steem The number of men in our cities who are trying to get their living by their wits and by sleight of hand is all the time increas-

ing.

A New York merchant saw a young man one of his clerks, in half disguise, going into a very low place of amusement. The merchant said to himself: "I must look out for that clerk; he is going in bad company and going in bad places; I must look out for him." A few months passed on and one morning the merchant entered his store and his clerk of whom I have been speaking came up in assumed con-sternation and said: "O, sir, the store has been on fire; I have put out the fire, but there are a great many goods lost, we have had a great crowd of people coming and going." Then the merchant took the clerk by the collar and said: "I have had enough of this; you can not deceive me; where are those goods you stole?" The young man instantly confessed his vil-

cities who are trying to get their living not honestly! And they are a mighty temptation to the industrious young man who can not understand it. While these others have it so easy they have it so hard. Horatius of olden time was told that he could have just as much ground as he could plow around with a yoke of oxen in one day. He hooked up the oxen to the plow and he cut a very large circle and plowed until he came to the same point where he had started, and all that prop-erty was his. But I have to tell you to-day that just so much financial, just so much moral, just so much spiritual possessio you will have as you compass with your own industries, and just so much as from the morning of your life to the evening of your life you can plow around with your own hard work. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise." One of the most awful caldrons of death to-day is an indolent life. Thank God that you have to work.

Third-Once more I remark, that the dramshop is a great caldron of iniquity in our time. Anacharsis said that the vine bore three grapes—the first was Pleasure, the next was Drunkenness and the next Misery. Every saloon above ground is fountain of iniquity. It may have alicense and it may go along quite respecta-ble for awhile, but after awhile the cover will fall off and the color of iniquity will

ing your children?

A house took fire and the owner was very careful to get all the furniture out. He got all his books out, and he got all his the first time he was Chancelor of the Ex.

pictures out, and he got all his valuable chequer-when men engaged in the ruinous traffic came to him and said their busine was too late: "Are my children safe?" O, ought to have more consideration from the fact that it paid such a large revenue to the English Government. Mr. Gladstone said: "Gentlemen, don't worry yourselves about the revenue; give me 30,000,000 of sober people and we'll have revenue enough and a surplus."

We might in this country-this traffic perished—have less revenue, but we would have more happy homes and we would have more peace and we would have fewer people in the penitentiary, and these would be tens of thousands of men who are now on the road to hell who would start on the road to Heaven.

But the financial ruin is a very small part of it. This iniquity of which I speak takes every thing that is sacred out of the family, every thing that is infinite in the soul and tramples it under foot. The marriage day has come. The twain are at the altar. Lights flash. Music sounds. Gay feet go up and down the drawingroom Did ever vessel launch on such a bright and beautiful sea? The scene changes. Dingy garret. No fire. On a broken chair a sorrowful wife. Last hope gone. Poor, forsaken, trodden under foot, she knows ali the sorrow of being a drunkard's wife. "O," she says, "he was so noble, he was so good! God never made a grander man than he was, but the drink did it, the drink did it." Some day she will press her hand against her temples and cry, "O, my brain, my brain!" or she will go out on the abutment of the bridge some moonlight night and look down on the glassy surface and wonder if under that classy surface there is not some rest for a broken heart.

A young man, through the intercessio of metropolitan friends, gets a place in a bank or store. He is going to leave his country home. That morning they are up early in the old homestead. The trunk is on the wagon. Mother says: "My son, I put a Bible in the trunk, I hope you will read it often." She wipes the tears away with her apron. "O," he says, "come, don't you be worried, I know how to take care of myself. Don't be worried about me." The father says: 'My son, be a good toy and write home often, your mother will be anxious to hear from you." Crack! goes the whip and over the hills goes the wagon. Five years have passed on and a dissipated life has done its work for that young man. There is a hearse coming up in tront of the old homestead. The young men of Island road brought to these cities young the neighborhood who have stayed on the farm come and sav: "Is it possible? Why, he doesn't look natural, does he? Is that the fair brow we used to know? Is that the healthy cheek we used to know? It can't be possible that is him."
The parents stand looking at the gash in the forehead from which the life oozed out and they lift their hands and say: \*O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom; would God I had died for thee,

O Absalom, my son, my son!"

Lorenzi de Medici was very sick and some of his superstitious friends thought do nothing, never earn any thing, yet well dressed, having plenty. Why should I work? Why should you work? Why ease. So they went around and they could find and they dissolved them in a cup and the sick man drank them. O it was an expensive draught. But I tell you of a more expensive draught than that. Drunkenness puts into its cup the pearl of physical health, the pearl of domestic happiness, the pearl of respectapearl of an everlasting Heaven and presses

it to the hot lips. I tell you the dram shop is the gate of hell. The trouble is they do not put up the right kind of a sign. They have a great many different kinds of signs now on places where strong drink is sold. One is called the "restaurant," and another is called the "saloon," and another is called the "hotel," and another is called the "sample room," What a name to give one of those places! A "sample room!" I saw a man on the steps of one of those "sample rooms" the other day dead drunk. I said to myself: "I suppose this is a sample!" I tell you it is the gate of

indulgent to my family, I am right in many respects, I am very generous, and I have too grand and generous a moral nature to be everthrown in that way." Let me say that the persons who are in the most peril have the lightest hearts, the best education, the brightest prospects. This sin chooses the fattest lambs for its sacrifice. The brightest garlands are by this carbancled hand of drunkenness torn off the brow of the post and the orator. Charles Lamb, answer! Thomas Hood, answer! Sheridan, the English orator, answer! Edgar A. Poe, answer! Junius Brutus Booth, answer.

O, come and look over into it while I draw off the cover-hang over it and look down into it and see the seething, boiling, loathsome, smoking, agonizing, blaspheming hell of the drunkard. Young man be master of your appetites and passions. There are hundreds—might I not say thousands? of young men in this house this morning-young men of fair pros-pects. Put your trust in the Lord God and all is well. But you will be tempted. Perhaps you may this moment be addressed on the first Sabbath of your coming to the great city, and I give you this brotherly counsel. I speak not in the perfunctory way. I speak as an older brother talks to a younger brother. I but my hand on your shoulder this day and commend you to Jesus Christ, who himself was a young man and died while yet a young man, and has sympathy for all young men. O, be master, by the grace of God, of your appetites and passions!

I close with a peroration. Ministers and speakers are very apt to close with a pergrand imagery to express what they have to say. I close with a percration mightier than was ever uttered by iips. Two quotations. The first is this: "Who hath woo? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." This is the other quotation. Make up your mind as to which is the more impressive. I think the last is the mighter: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk thou in the sight of thine eyes; but know that for all these things God will bring thee into judg-ment."

-A Harlem parent lately induced a eroupy youngster to make a hearty meal of buckwheat cakes and maple be displayed.

"O,"says some one, "you ought to be easier molasses," but the latter proved to be a nice dose of squills, The boy said