

A Night in the Police Station.

A FACT.

It was a forlorn sight.

A drunken father, blear-eyed and bloated, to whose hand a child of five years old clung with a tenacious grasp.

"What's this man brought in for?" asked the police sergeant.

"Disorderly conduct, throwing stones at people, cursing and swearing," was the reply.

"Very well, put him into the cell. But stop! there's the child!"

The little fellow was an exceptionally beautiful boy. He had grave blue eyes, so large and so pitiful that their glance appealed to the sergeant's stout heart. His complexion, where it was not discolored by dirt and tears, was the finest and fairest. His lips were like cherries. His yellow hair, curled thickly over a noble-shaped forehead.

"That man has seen better days," says the sergeant to himself. "Come, my boy, your father must go in the cell. We'll find a place for you, somewhere."

"No, no, sir; oh, no," cried the boy in a terrified voice. "I go with father. Oh! please don't take me from my father."

"But, child, you must. See here, Colbert, you must take the child away."

Easier said, than done. The little fellow caught his father's hands, clung to his body, which staggered at his touch, all the time screaming in heartbroken tones that he must, he would, go with his father.

"I'm alone," said the man, seeming to come out of his stupor for a moment. "Don't ye see, he's got nobody but me? I'm alone."

"I can't allow the child to go into the cell," said the sergeant, "but I can't bear to hear his cries. I suppose there is nothing else to do. He must go. Put them in together, Colbert."

So they were put in together in the dark, stifling den, and the door was shut. The little fellow cuddled himself against the half-insensible form, and laid his head upon his father's bosom. So they slept together.

The faint light looked in through the grimy bars when on the following morning the father awoke and bestirred himself. Of course, as is usually the case, he wondered where he was and how he came there. The last thing he remembered, he had gone into a public house alone and drank a few glasses, and then recollection ceased. Where was his hat? Where was his coat? And looking around, he cried out in agony:

"Oh, God, forgive me! There's little Benny!"

Yes; there was little Benny, the pure, fair child, the idol of a broken-hearted mother. There was little Benny, and he had spent the night in this hole.

The man beat his breast as he looked down on the bright, curly head.

"Husband and child both," he muttered bitterly. "Too bad, too bad!"

At that moment the blue eyes of the boy opened. He raised himself in wonder, but he met his father's gaze, and he smiled like an angel.

"The bad man put you in here, father, but I wouldn't let him take me. You didn't know anything, father, when I found you in the street. You lost your hat—I suppose the wind took it—and the boys were all laughing. You was sick, wasn't you, father? And when the bad man took you off I came too. Now let's go home and tell mother all about it. Let's tell her we was stole!" and the dear, unconscious little fellow laughed merrily over the brilliant idea.

But that father! His heart was touched as it never had been before. He could not speak—could scarcely think. What was the mother suffering that moment. And this awful sin that had led him into its toils—it

never had looked as it looked to him now, within the unsightly cell, the faint light lying on the curls of his innocent boy.

And when they went out, there stood the mother, who, half distracted, had been wandering and searching all night. Oh! what a sight for her gentle, loving eyes! With a wild cry she fell upon the neck of the child, and drawing him away, sank to the floor with him, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Such are the sad scenes that God sees, and which policemen see from day to day. Poor maniacs! poor wives! poor children! who shall protect you from this deadly curse? Who shall deliver you from this dark and terrible thrall?—*Censor.*

More Thorough Education.

The propriety of teaching every young person some useful occupation while attending school, or at least during school years, is again attracting attention. Young men who grow up in cities and villages are afforded excellent opportunities of acquiring a book education. But that alone does not qualify them to earn an independent living and become useful citizens. The many thousands of boys now attending school in cities and villages cannot all find employment as clerks, salesmen, merchants, lawyers and physicians.

Every young man, regardless of the pecuniary circumstances of his parents, should be trained to some useful occupation—should be qualified to earn a living with his hands if necessary. The public, however, cannot make provision for giving instruction in manual labor, in the mechanic arts, or in agriculture. That is something that the parents or the boys themselves must look after; and every school-boy who tries can readily find an instructor in some branch of handicraft.

Boys from 14 to 20, who attend school, should spend from four to six months a year in learning a trade or in work on a farm. They should not expect to be paid for their work, at least during the first and second years. City parents, who can afford to, should send their sons to the country during vacations, both winter and summer, where they will be instructed in handling horses, feeding stock, and in the cultivation of the earth; and, above all, where they will be afforded opportunities to think—opportunities which boys reared exclusively in cities seldom enjoy.

The walks of a professional life are already overcrowded. There are about three times as many competent clerks as there are clerkships, and competent salesmen are almost as numerous as customers. But, no matter what may be the prospects, aims or expectations of a young man, his education is never complete so long as he is incapable of earning a living with his hands. Young men should note the fact that, almost without exception, eminent and successful physicians, lawyers, college professors, bankers, merchants and statesmen are skilled workers as agriculturists, or in some branch of mechanism.—*Ohio State Journal.*

—In the bitterness of old age, George Sand wrote to a relative: "My life seems to me to-day like a painful dream; severe, but full of useful teachings." Some such epitome as this is all that many a life can offer; and too often, as was apparently the case with George Sand, the "useful teachings" are for one's successors, and are not made available for one's own behoof, even in the dreary years of old age. Is it quite enough to live for,—to make one's life a mere example of error and evil, whereby others may take warning?—*S. S. Times.*

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Think While You Read.

The *Teacher's Journal*, in an article on methods of study, reminds the student that the first essential to successful study is the power of concentration of thought. This power is largely a matter of habit and cultivation. Read five pages of history in a lackadaisical manner. Close the book and write out all you can remember. Then compare your production with the printed matter, and you will be able to judge of your proficiency. Read five pages more with fixed attention and a resolution to retain the subject, and compare as before. You will find a marked improvement. If your memory is treacherous read but very little, and always write out the subject. When you hear a sermon or address, hear it, and afterward reduce it to writing. Read no novels, and do not read aloud to please others unless you care (nothing) for the article yourself. A practiced reader can read aloud for hours and carry on an independent train of thought all the time. This ruins the faculty of study as well as the memory. Dismiss all other subjects but the one in hand. Let the ear be deaf to all sounds, and the eye blind to all sights. Let the sense of touch sleep, and smell and taste be as though they were not. A lesson learned in this state of mind will stay with you, and will not need to be "crammed" again; the night before examination. It will be like lines carved deep into the rock, or chiseled on the Rosetta stone. The other method is the dim tracing of obscure letters in the sand, which the next wave obliterates.—*Ec.*

Autobiography of a Pin.

At the first I was a very small part of a large stick of brass. The brass was heated almost red hot, and rolled between rollers, and I found myself a part of a long, bright coil of wire.

I was suddenly clipped off the coil of wire and one end of me held against a wheel till that end was sharp. Then something knocked me suddenly on the head, and dropped me in a box, a bright, new pin. Now I and a great many other pins were rolled in a barrel of sawdust. Then we were put in a kettle, with acid and some pieces of tin, and heated, and taken off the fire and rolled again.

Then I and all the other pins were stuck in green paper and done up in boxes. After awhile I began to get acquainted with my neighbors. We all thought the black pins were not very pretty, as they thought the same of us. My next neighbor was very ambitious. He said he meant to fasten the dress of a duchess. As for myself, I did not care where I went so long as I got out of the box.

We were sold to a little girl who had black hair and eyes. The very next day my neighbor and myself were used to pin the little girl's scarf. I dropped out very soon and a little beggar girl picked me up, and carried me to her home, such as it was. I was taken to a small room, filled with rags and very dirty. There I was stuck in the window frame, and for a long time forgotten. But one day another pin was stuck in beside me, and I was surprised to find that it was the pin that had wanted to belong to a duchess.

"Ah," I said, "this don't look much like your dreams—a beggar's room, and forgotten at that." We had no more time to talk, for the girl who had picked me up from the street took us to fasten her dress. When she reached the street I dropped out again, and I expect I will have to stay there now an old bent pin of no use to anybody.—*By MIRA, 11 years old, in Congregationalist.*

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No Middle Place.

There is no middle place between heaven and hell. Men go to the one or to the other, according as their character and hearts on earth have been.

There is no compromise between God and the devil, and so there can be no neutrality respecting them. God is forever and supremely at variance with the devil.

There is no middle party between God and the devil. All men are divided in their allegiance between these two. Either a man is on God's side or he is on the side of the devil. He cannot be on both sides at the same time; he can not be on neither side.

In men's service they are either subject to God or they are subject to the devil. No one can serve two masters. No one can call both God and the devil lord.

There is no middle place between a sinful and a regenerate state. A man is either regenerated or he is not. He is either a sinner or he is not.

A man is not capable of being in a state between holiness and unholiness. He can be more or less sinful and guilty; he can not be more less holy or unholy. He cannot be half-holy and half-unholy.

A man is either on the way to heaven or on the way to hell. There is no middle road. No man can be on both highways at once.

There is no medium between pleasing God and displeasing Him. With all the good, and with all that is not good He is displeased. He is never indifferent. He is never pleased and displeased in the same relation.

We are either good or bad. We cannot be both. We cannot be partly good and partly bad. We are on one side of the line or we are on the other.

We have either the approbation or the curse of God upon us now and prospectively. He does not pass us by. He does not bless and curse at the same time.

In morals, things are radical. There is no resting place on the edge of the razor. There are no lingering moments between the past and the future. The present is not; there is only past and future. In the open heavens is no place for bodies to be at rest. Men cannot divide themselves morally.

The Bible teaches that there are two destinies for man—heaven or hell. To one or the other every man must go.

The Bible teaches that men are either for God or they are against Him; they either work with God or they work against Him.

The Bible teaches that men may deceive themselves and be lost. They may think they are for God and doing good service when they are in the ranks of the wicked one and destroying much good. They may think they are on the dividing line, when there is no such thing as a moral agent being in such a place—when there is no such place. And many that know they are not what they ought to be, expect to slip into heaven. This is not the way men get to heaven.—*Church Advocate.*

Birds with Whistles in their Tails.

That sounds funny, but it is true. The city of Pekin abounds with doves, which are profitable to the owners as food. To protect the doves from being preyed upon by vultures—which are also very numerous in that city—the Chinese contrived a small whistle that gives a shrill sound when held against the wind. These are fastened to the tails of the birds, just as they are ready to leave their nests. Fly which they may, the little organ-pipes scream lustily, without impeding the bearers; for, go as they like—the swifter the better for the whistle—they frighten away the vagabond vultures.—*Ec.*

Chinese Servants.

A lady gives in *Lippincott's Magazine* her experiences with Chinese servants. Among others, she mentions the following:

Ah Gim did his work in the deft, quick way that is characteristic of the Chinese servant, at the same time adding many little refinements of his own. He always kept a newly-plucked rose in a glass on the shelf of his kitchen sink, taking whiffs of its fragrance as he washed his dishes. The bowls of the kerosene lamps had rose leaves strewn in them, and all the vases in the house were kept filled with fresh flowers and water. Like most fine gentlemen, Ah Gim had superfine feelings which were easily wounded. Being too dignified to mention the fact, we had unwittingly injured his feelings, and yet desirous that we should not languish in ignorance, he had a curious custom, coming, sometimes at awkward seasons, of flattening his face against the wall and remaining rigid for a longer or shorter period. I said nothing at first, but waited till Ah Gim wanted to go to the city to do some shopping. As usual, he came to ask me to accompany him, at which I flattened myself against the wall and said nothing. The subject was dropped at once, and Ah Gim stole sheepishly away. After several days he took courage to speak again about going to the city, and again I promptly and silently took his position against the wall. This went on until he voluntarily promised to abstain from all flattening and sulks in the future, and I had no more trouble with him on that score.—*Ec.*

The Monotony of Life.

The general character of life is that of monotony. Whether we regard the life of man, or the life of beasts, we are struck by the same remarkable fact, that life, to all outward appearance, is a monotonous succession of scenes and movements—all but identical. We wonder how the interest is kept up. But we never tire of going to bed at night, and we are sorry when we tire of getting up in the morning. We never weary, except of regret, of breakfasting, dining and supping; and yet these actions are repeated incessantly three hundred and sixty-five times a year, with renewed excitement on every succeeding occasion. We take off our clothes once every day, and we put them on once every day. We do this at nearly the same hour, in daily succession; and when our health is good, the pleasure derived from so doing is not marred by the repetition of the act; for the ebbing and flowing of our bodily sensations prepare us, without any efforts on our part, for all the vicissitudes of our existence. When hungry, food is agreeable; when weary, sleep or rest is a treat; when warm, the cool air is agreeable; when cold, the pleasure derived from a cheerful fireside and a comfortable supper is delicious. The excitement is kept up by contrasts, and we purchase the enjoyment of our feeling by encouraging the reverse. With health, and youth, and prosperity, we should never be weary. It is age, and weakness, and poverty, that prepare us for death; and even that comes easy upon most men, at last, like a sleep, and the heaviness of heart gives even the last sleep a welcome.—*Evangel.*

Consumption Cured.

An old physician retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.