

brother, a distiller in the South of Ireland, whose death followed shortly upon the losses resulting from the "Temperance" crusade. Yet this man, and other branches of the family, though extensively connected with the wine and spirit trade, not only bore their losses without a murmur, but even supplied Father Mathew with large sums of money for the prosecution of his work."

From the *Prohibitionist*.

EDITOR OF THE LONDON "TIMES."

John T. Delane, Esq., the Managing Editor of the London *Times*, was in Albany, in the month of October last. One or two interviews were held with him by the President of the New York State Temperance Society, in which he urged upon the editor the claims of Temperance and Prohibition, recounting the history of the movement, elucidating some of the principles on which it is based, and affirming the certainty of its triumph both in England and America. Copies of the *Prohibitionist*, and other publications of the New York State Temperance Society, were sent to Mr. Delane, and which he promised to read. It shows, notwithstanding all the great things which have been done by Temperance Reformers, what a mighty work has still to be performed, in the way of public enlightenment, that not merely an editor, but the most eminent and powerful editor in the world, avowed his belief, as late as October last, in the healthfulness and innocence of the "moderate use" of intoxicating liquors.

THE WORD AND WORKS OF DEITY.

"I meditate on all thy words; I muse on the work of thy hands."—PSALM CXLIII, 27.

If we have but a spark of spiritual life, we know that impure feelings are not cherished as we survey God's glorious works, but that all grossness, and littleness, and selfishness then seem inconsistent with the scene; and the soul shakes herself free from the petty cares and vexations of life, and soars on wings of devotion toward the throne of the Eternal. Sometimes, when I have gazed on a secluded valley in a mountain region, when the sun was pouring into it a flood of splendor, and the calm of a Sabbath morning prevailed, and the natural beauty of the scene was enough to make one fancy that it escaped the primal curse, or retained, at least, some trace of Eden's loveliness, I have thought, surely they must be holy men and women who dwell here—forgetting for the moment that to the darkened eye all things are dark, and that the seared heart is insensible to nature's most potent charms. When I have seen the cloud floating in the splendor of a summer sunset, I have likened it to an angel's chariot, and have sought to fit myself for intercourse with the holy ones who inhabit the spirit-land. When in the cloudy day the sun's rays, streaming through some narrow opening, have formed a visible pillar of light, I have been reminded of the ladder which rose above the patriarch in his dream, on which angels ascended and descended, and have prayed that there might always be such communication between my soul and heaven. When I see the trees on the hill-side, with their tapering tops standing out against the clear blue sky, they appear to me the fingers of nature pointing to God, and inviting men to worship and adore. The mountain reminds me, as I walk in its shadow, of the littleness of man, and appears to me a monument of nature, testifying that there is a God, for none but God could rear a structure so sublime. It is in such moments,

that I can best see the beauty, and drink into the spirit, of those glorious lines of the poet:

"Ye ice falls! ye that from the mountains brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amidst their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, ye piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder God!"

And, O! if in this world there be scenes so fitted to inspire devotion, what will that world be which God prepares for the habitation of his redeemed and glorified ones! May it not be a temple as well as a palace a grand cathedral in which devotion is embodied, every scene and every sound of which will bear the soul on high, and reflecting in all its parts the image of its great Creator?—*Ladies' Repository*.

THE DANCE AT MOSCOW.

"A time to dance; a time to die."—ECL. III, 2-4.

During the occupancy of the city of Moscow by the French army, a party of officers and soldiers determined to have a military levee, and for this purpose chose the deserted palace of a nobleman, in the vault of which a large quantity of powder had been deposited. That night the city was set on fire. As the sun went down they began to assemble. The females who followed the fortunes of the French forces, were decorated for the occasion. The gayest and noblest of the army were there, and merriment reigned over the crowd. During the dance the fire rapidly approached them; they saw it coming, but felt no fear. At length the building next to the one which they occupied was on fire. Coming to the windows, they gazed upon the billows of fire which swept upon their fortress, and then returned to their amusement. Again and again they left their pleasure to watch the progress of the flames. At length the dance ceased, and the necessity of leaving the scene of merriment became apparent to all. They were enveloped in a flood of fire, and gazed on with deep and awful solemnity. At length the fire, communicating to their own building, caused them to prepare for flight, when a brave young officer, named Carnot, waved his jeweled glove above his head, and exclaimed, "One dance more, and defiance to the flames." All caught the enthusiasm of the moment, and, "one dance more, and defiance to the flames," burst from the lips of all. The dance commenced; louder and louder grew the sound of music, and faster and faster fell the pattering footsteps of dancing men and women, when suddenly they heard a cry, "The fire has reached the magazine! fly! fly for life!" One moment they stood transfixed with horror; they did not know the magazine was there, and ere they recovered from their stupor, the vault exploded; the building was shattered to pieces, and the dancers were hurried into a fearful eternity.

Thus will it be in the final day. Men will be as careless as these ill-fated revelers. Methinks the hour has come, and I stand upon an eminence, from which I behold the vices and amusements of earth. I warn them and tell them that in such an hour as they think not, the Son of Man cometh. With jeering laugh they ask, "Where is the promise of his coming?" I bid them prepare to meet their God. They reply, "Pleasure is our God." I tell them of the awful judgment; a miserable eternity; and crying,