

think that a man would abuse himself so. It always shames and grieves him to see a man making a beast of himself. It was wrong, altogether wrong. And yet, that same liquor vender had drawn poor Phil on, by setting before him the sparkling bait. He had impelled him in his downward course by liquor suasion. He had helped him in his first and last leap. But not a word has he said about that to-day.

Who would think of finding fault with Marks, who is said to keep the best public house in the country?—Doesn't everybody say he ought to have his license every year, because, as an inn-keeper, he is so orderly and reputable and obliging? Marks makes a conscience of disallowing everything mean and disorderly about the premises. No Pharisee ever made more of his self-righteousness than he of the fact that he kept a good house. He sells to gentlemen. He would not have a drunken person about him, not he. If you go in and look around, you will come away convinced that everything Marks does is in perfect order and according to law. What is it then that he does that distinguishes him from less respectable grogkeepers? *He poisons the stream a little farther up.*

Did you ever know a rumseller, when some one was found dead from the effects of rum, to come out frankly with the confession, like the sparrow that killed Cock Robin, saying "I, I killed him?" Never. *But he did kill him.* says a voice at my elbow. Not so fast there! These landlords have a better way of explaining the matter. Licensed, as they are, for the public good, that could not be. *But I say, as sure as the lightning hits when it strikes, he killed him.* Don't be so fast, I pray, nor so warm either. Don't say he killed him. It would be too hard if the courts which gave his license should make it out as bad as that. O no! Say in the language of the rumseller, or of the coroner's verdict, that he died by a visitation of Providence,—by exposure, or by debility, or that he froze to death or was drowned.

The following is related by an eye witness:—"A young man, who was a slave to intemperance, signed the pledge and kept it well for more than a year; and was a useful member of Society. He then went to live with a rumseller, where he was induced to drink. He was discharged for his drunkenness. *Delirium tremens* came upon him; all mankind seemed to be his enemies; all were pursuing him to kill him. Snakes and devils in all their horrid shapes seemed to trouble his imagination, and bring hell as it were, with all its damning torments up before his affrighted vision. He took to the fields, and there remained until death closed the awful drama. Did he die on a bed, with his friends around him to comfort and console him? No; he died in a brook under a bridge, where he probably crawled to escape from his demoniac pursuers; and there on his face, half buried in water, lay all that remained of him, who, a few weeks before, was useful. A coroner was called; a jury impanelled; the rumseller was foreman; they drew him from his watery grave, and brought in a verdict, '*Came to his death by exposure, while laboring under mental aberration.*' So they wrap it up.

A good round verdict that. It would have done honor to Cain had he been foreman of a jury on Abel.—The voice at my elbow declares that *Cain knew nothing of the terrors of a rumseller's conscience.* Hush, voice, Don't be so hard on John Barleycorn. John takes a warrant from the legislature to kill. Cain had none.

There was another innkeeper—and here too we describe a scene from life—who was a clever acquaintance, holding of course to the doctrine that it would be ungentlemanly and ungenerous to decline when invited to drink with a friend, and that he was a niggardly fellow who would stop on his way to rest or warm himself without taking something at the bar. Among his victims there was one who made an effort to reform, and for three months, to the great joy of his family, held out against appetite and temptation. But one day the landlord said 'Just one glass with me for old acquaintance' sake.—that was the first glass; and for three weeks was the wretched man in his bar-room, drunk day and night. He was forever ruined; but who would accuse the generous landlord of his ruin? These landlords are companionable men; they practice the social virtues; they will give you a glass for old acquaintance sake.

To say to these men "God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another," would be unfair unless we include with them the parties who license them "for the public good." And we must put along with them too all those people who about this time, with every rumseller, are very much afraid that by aiming at prohibition we shall retard the moral movement of temperance. Gentlemen we thank you for your zeal for temperance. The truth loves her friends, they say, and you shall be well remembered. Our word for it, the truth is perfectly charmed with you—she loves you all very dearly.—*N. J. Reformer.*

Ought Clergymen to favor the Temperance Movement?

The Total Abstinence Reform has powerful claims upon the sympathy and support of all classes in society. Its claims arise from the fact that it has been largely productive of good by stemming the progress of a dark and destructive vice, and rescuing human beings from an odious and oppressive slavery. The instances illustrating this good result are numerous and striking; yet these achievements do not constitute the highest claim which this cause exhibits. Its instrumentality in promoting, among the rising generation, the disuse of the element from which intemperance proceeds, is a circumstance entitling it, in a higher degree, to the favor of every one who desires the welfare of the human race.

But while these claims challenge the support of all good men, they call with peculiar force upon those who preach the Gospel of the Prince of Peace. That blessed Being came upon earth to elevate mankind from the pollution and misery of sin, and those who go forth as ambassadors in His name are sent upon the same mission,—a movement, therefore, which has for its object to deliver human beings from the dominion of a low and debasing appetite, may most appropriately look to them for aid and encouragement. For, in as far as it is successful in its object, every such enterprise is a co-worker with them; performing, as it were, the rough work for them, exhuming the living stones upon which they are to operate, from the mire and clay wherein many of them lie imbedded, and presenting them to the master workmen of the visible Church in the most convenient attitude to receive the fashioning that is to fit them for the great building. If the sober, temperate, rational man is in a more suitable position than the besotted drunkard to receive and profit by the ministra-