

unsafe companions. There is nothing more common than to see girls going in twos and threes, and sometimes singly, into the ice cream saloons, unaccompanied by a gentleman, and sitting down and calling for oysters, or whatever else they want, like men. This, of itself, is utterly destructive of female modesty and propriety, even if the atmosphere were not tainted with vice; but when we recollect that there is scarcely a moment, day or night, during which these saloons are open, that women of the worst character are not to be found in them, the idea of virtuous females going there unprotected is horrible. Again you will see a giddy but still pure-minded girl conducted by her beau from the theatre to these saloons, and there that purity and modesty which are the safeguard and the barrier of virtue are overthrown, and the victim of this fashionable folly becomes the easy prey of some designing villain. Little do parents often know the precipice on which their daughters are treading when they enter these splendid halls. They find it out when it is too late, and when their families are broken up, and their peace of mind is destroyed forever in this world. If, by a kind of miracle, none of the consequences we have adverted to should flow from this always dangerous and too often fatal practice, there can be no doubt that it begets habits of expense, and intemperance, and dissipation in the family circle, which are ruinous to health and character, and to prosperity in business.—*New York Herald.*

Cheapness of Philanthropy.

It is an interesting fact, that all philanthropic or benevolent principles involve in their broad acceptance and adoption, a cheapness which must make them as attractive to the cold utilitarian as their high moral beauty does to the real lover of his kind. Thus a degraded, depressed, and brutalized population will be a far greater burden on the riches of a State, than one which has been elevated in physical comfort, and endowed with the means of moral advancement. Treat the people as serfs, and you convert multitudes into paupers, and have to maintain them at the public expense. Look with scorn and contempt on the humble, and prepare, at the same time, to pay for the privilege. This is a truth as beautiful as it is just. It pervades the whole body politic and social. Improve the sanitary condition and the money expended in the erection of baths, gymnasiums, and sewers, will come back with large interest in a decrease of pauperism and crime, increase of industry and forethought amongst the industrial classes, and a generally higher tone of morality and religion. Remove the wretched wanderers and vagrants from the streets into asylums of education and kindness, and you may sleep more securely, at night, trust your sons and daughters more safely in public thoroughfares, and pay a lower country rate for the prosecution and maintenance of criminals. Abolish painful imprisonments and punishment of death, and have less crime as a consequence. Build schools and places of recreation for the poor, and suffer less from the deprivations of depravity and ignorance. In fact, extend benevolence and good-feeling on every side, abolish the distinctions of caste and social position which separate man and woman from each other, and have, as a result, a state more secure, prosperous, and wealthy. Shrink not from the work of the "good Samaritan," for whether thou art a lover of thy race, or only a lover of thyself, remember benevolence is cheap!

Temperance and Avarice.

The Apostle declares the love of money to be the root of all evil. This passion inspired Achan to disregard an express command, and thus it brought ruin on himself and his family. It inspired him to become guilty of the meanness, ingratitude, and crime of betraying Christ for a small sum. It has sounded the onset of armies, which, thirsting for gold, have ravaged nations and kingdoms, and soaked the earth with human gore. It is this passion, aided by others, which has given courage to the midnight assassin; and when the deed of horror has been committed, the same passion for money has betrayed its dupes to justice and the scaffold. It has tenanted our prisons with robbers, and adorned our gibbets with murderers. It has been one of the most active and successful enemies to friendship, casting its firebrands into the midst of its friends, and burning asunder the tenderest ties of nature and affection. This passion has ever produced such

well matured fruit, that fathers have been known to murder their sons, and sons their fathers,—inasmuch that oftentimes natural affection has proved no barrier to its progress.

Avarice breeds dishonest speculations, steals and sells men, perpetrates highway robbery, and piracy on the high seas. The thing has been known that avarice has led to quarrels among children over the grave of their father just buried. Avarice is the demon pimp for those dens of perdition in which youth and innocence are offered, wholesale and retail, to the highest bidder. And last of all, but not by any means least, avarice stands at the rum barrel of the twopenny grog seller in his "doggery"—to use a western phrase—in the plain bar of the country inn, and behind the counters of those gorgeous saloons, in which men are slaughtered who have money enough to be sacrificed in a fashionable way. In fact, when we trace the crimes of men to their origin, what one can we select which is not in some way in close league with this universal passion? But pre-eminently in this passion seen in the origin, the increase, and the perpetuation of intemperance.—On no other hypothesis can we interpret the conduct of those who sell intoxicating liquor. They know that a large proportion of those to whom they deal out these beverages are losing property, respectability, health; that they are bringing the saddest evils on their families, and themselves rapidly to ruin for this world and that to come. They know that the rum barrel is the source of robbery, murder, pauperism, beggary, in this world, and perdition in the next. They are not ignorant of these things; but being behind the scenes, and the chief actors in them, are eminently skilled in this kind of learning.

To show the power of this lust for money, let me record an incident. In a small country village a young man commenced the business of selling rum in as small a quantity as the law allowed. An acquaintance, one day, remonstrated with him, and made this supposition:—

"Suppose my oldest boy had contracted this habit of drinking. In all other respects he is all I could desire. But by this habit he has destroyed my comfort, and his mother looks heart-broken.—There, look at him, he is staggering at the steps. My God, can that bloated, blossomed thing be my son? He staggers in where his mother is! Can you measure her anguish, as she sees her firstborn a sot? Well, now let me suppose that some kind friend has reached his heart, and he gives up his cups. All is gladness in our house. He is once more all that we could desire in our son. But some companion excites his lust for drink. The appetite craves them with the power of an untamed demon. They come to your counter and ask for rum. You know the consequence—that he will become twofold more the child of hell than before, and that my family will again be plunged into the deepest grief. Would you sell him rum under these circumstances?" The reply of that rumseller is too peculiar to stand even in the same paragraph with the words of other men, and I will let them stand alone, in their full stature, cruelty and heartlessness.

"Yes, I would, if he had the money to pay for it."

"Then you are a scoundrel of the first water, and deserve a halter," was the reply of his antagonist, and there is an instinctive feeling in the heart which says 'Amen' to the apparently severe words. We can easily see that a man who had such a love of money as that, would not find it an unpleasant task to taunt a wife who came to remonstrate with him about selling rum to her husband, when that husband was so bereft of reason and love, by rum there obtained, as to strike his wife on the head with the very rum bottle which had been there lately replenished.

In one of our country villages was a young man of more than ordinary gifts, who had become intemperate. He was reformed, but by some means the appetite was revived. He went to a person who sold him intoxicating liquors, which made him so cruel and beastly that his wife fled from him. In a short time he was dead, and he had died a drunkard. At his funeral a minister was found, who had the honesty to relate the sad history of the deceased. This sad relation was not a little emphasized by the fact that that person who sold him the liquor sat close by the coffin itself! And when the minister said, "can you say that you are innocent of this man's death?" it was not wonderful that the whole assembly should shudder. And yet all the inducement to the deed which laid that young man in a drunkard's grave, was the small trifle of a few pence!—*Old Oaken Bucket.*

Punch says that nothing great ever yet succeeded that was not at first hissed at by something very small.