

enough in all conscience. The two thousand publicans, the corresponding body of landlords, the cash clutched by either and the drink devoured by neither, stand there a sowing merely of the wind.

It is not enough to say, the thing is a mere negation; as to virtue, it stands at zero. It has no fertility, no principle of life, no tendency to bud, and flourish, and fructify. It wont do merely to wink at the gilded blinds and the burnished corridors, or to pass along as if the thing were not there, or if there, nothing. Two thousand public-houses—to keep by a special case—refuse to be shut out from the great laws that affect human life and human progress, refuse to be treated as a mere bubble on the stream. Religious, sanitary, educational, or other reforms may pass by on the other side. But the thing is there, imbedded in the social state, and as surely tending to fruit as the sun to the noon of day or to the noon of night. Two thousand places opened for the sale and enjoyment of spirituous liquors speak of thousands and tens of thousands who gather no harvest of virtue there. The sign board flaming in letters of gold, walls spangled with azure and silver, and the brazen implements of Bacchanalian worship, ill conceal the inevitable issue of all these steaming haunts of alcoholic indulgence. To name one social or domestic advantage to which they minister a sure and certain existence, has never been done, and never can be done. But the opposite.—how fearful the array of dark and dismal issues! The fruits of two thousand vomitories of alcohol, ever pouring forth the torrent that inebriates, are gathered in the filth of dirty dwellings, the filth of dirty language, thoughts, deeds, and debased intercourse. The fruits come up as surely in the annual round of civic and social existence as do the seasons which crown the year.

Could anything, in the social condition of a christian people, be pointed to more emphatically illustrative of the sowing of the wind? If an emissary host, from some soul dominion, antagonistic to all that the christian faith tolerates or demands, had violently taken possession of the city, had planted their means of defeating the christian influences put forth to train and indoctrinate the people, and had so disguised their ultimate expectation, that even the virtuous became ensnared—what device more marvellously complete, more thoroughly efficient than two thousand public-houses could have been devised? For every teacher of youth, for every messenger of mercy, for preacher of virtue and well-being, twenty emissaries of evil arise and ply the instrumentalities fitted to make man ignorant, vicious, criminal, and unbelieving. And yet on the part of the labourers in the field of human enlightenment and improvement, whether moral or religious, it is scarcely, as a general state of feeling, imagined that here there is any antagonism at all. The two thousand labourers in the high walks of inebriation ply their calling almost hand in hand with the men who train our youth, expound our bibles, and mourn for the perishing heathen of other lands. At all events, if not directly lighting up a countenance of approval, if not bidding heaven speed the publican's vocation, they lift at least no united, plain, and vigorous warning, that in a christian city, in the midst of christian men, and on the part of christians themselves, such things ought not so to be.

Nay, so impervious is the general mind, and that even on the part of those whose special business is to train according to the highest standard of virtue—so impervious is it to the obvious bearing of these two thousand strongholds of evil, that they are looked upon as almost a necessary part of the social state, ministering to the inevitable wants of our common nature. Publican and corn-factor, publican and apothecary, publican and cheese-monger, publican and meat-vender—why, these are as true yoke-fellows as are to be found in the civilized state of men. And no more would it be deemed a part of virtuous warning and virtuous rule to

guard the young as to these snares of vice, than it would be to warn them against any time-sanctioned, time-honoured institution of our country. Hence this all but universal sowing of the wind on the part of a christian people; and hence, too, the corresponding harvest of woe, misery, and death constantly reaped and proclaimed as the issue of our vast, magnificent, resplendent public-house property.—*From the Scottish Temperance Review.*

### Wanted, at this Office.

The Pennsylvania Olive Branch wants a single good reason for continuing the licensed sale of intoxicating drinks.

We have looked, and waited, and watched for a single argument in favor of the grog-shop system, but thus far in vain. The only thing that is urged in behalf of it is, that those engaged in it sometimes make money—a great deal, it may be—by it. But this is no more a reason for grog-selling, than for doing any other thing by which a man may obtain more money than he had before. It will justify theft, murder, burglary—crime of any and all kinds, just as much as it will justify grog-selling. The question to be asked in reference to anything proposed to be done, is not “Can money be made by it?”—but, “Is it right?” If it be not right, then it matters not how much money may be made by the operation—the law has no power to justify it.

But, is our grog-shop business right? No! The common sense of a man with intellect enough to entitle him to our respect, is insulted by asking him such a question. Right! Can that be right which does wrong, wrong only, wrong all the time—wrong to the State, to society, to individuals engaged in it? No! It is not right—has not the first element of right about it.

### Water.

Some four-fifths of the weight of the human body are nothing but water. The blood is just a solution of the body in a vast excess of water—as saliva, mucous, milk, gall, urine, sweat, and tears are the local and partial infusions effected by that liquid. All the soft, solid parts of the frame may be considered as ever temporary precipitates, or crystallizations (to use the word but loosely) from the blood, that mother-liquor to the whole body; always being precipitated or suffered to become solid, and always being redissolved, the forms remaining, but the matter never the same for more than a moment, so that the flesh is only a vanishing solid, as fluent as the blood itself. It has also to be observed, that every part of the body, melting again into the river of life continually as it does, is also kept perpetually drenched in blood by means of the blood-vessels, and more than nine-tenths of that wonderful current is pure water. Water plays as great a part, indeed, in the economy of that little world, the body of a man, as it still more evidently does in the phenomenal life of the world at large. Three-fourths of the surface of the earth is ocean; the dry ground is dotted with lakes, its mountain-crests are covered with snow and ice, its surface is irrigated by rivers and streams, its edges are eaten by the sea; and aqueous vapour is unceasingly ascending from the ocean and inland surfaces through the yielding air, only to descend in portions and at intervals in dews and rains, hail, and snows. Water is not only the basis of the juices of all the plants and animals in the world; it is the very blood of nature, it is well known to all the terrestrial sciences; and old Thales, the earliest of European speculators, pronounced it the mother-liquid of the universe. In the later systems of the Greeks, indeed, it was reduced to the inferior dignity of being only one of the four parental natures—fire, air, earth, and water; but water was the highest in rank.—*Westminster Review.*