

hand to the plough, but press onward with the animated hope of either being rewarded by success, or by the consciousness that we have done all in our power to obtain it. And we shall do this if we possess much of the power of love," for its order is such, that many waters cannot quench it;" it is of such a nature, the greater the difficulty the more will its margins increase. It is like a well constructed arch, the greater the weight it has to sustain, the more firm and consolidated it becomes. "Who is he that will harm you," said the Apostle, "if ye be followers of that which is good?" R. B.

A Page for Young Folks at Home.

The Love of Money.

Of all the propensities to which human nature is subject, there is no one so general, so insinuating, so corruptive, and so obstinate, as the love of money. It begins to operate early, and it continues to the end of life. One of the first lessons which children learn, and one which old men never forget, is the value of money. The covetous seek and guard it for its own sake, and the prodigal himself must first be avaricious before he can be profuse.—This, of all our passions, is best able to fortify itself by reason. It most unremittently engages the attention, and calls into their fullest exertion all our powers of body and mind. Ambition and pride, those powerful motives of human conduct, are but ministering servants to avarice. Reputation and power are pursued chiefly as the means of procuring wealth; and all the fierce contentions which have distracted the world, and deluged it with blood, may be traced up to an eager desire to obtain the territory, or the treasure of another. Age, which blunts all our other appetites, only whets this; and after the heart is dead to every other joy, it lives to the dear, the inextinguishable delight of saving and hoarding. In exact proportion to their incapacity and disinclination to make use of money, is the violence of men's thirst to possess it; and on the threshold of eternity it cleaves to them as if life were just beginning. Philosophy combats, satire exposes, religion condemns it in vain; it yields neither to argument, nor ridicule, nor conscience. Like the lean kine in Pharaoh's dream, it devours all that comes near it, and yet continues as hungry and meagre as ever. If a representation of the odiousness, criminality and danger of this vile affection can be of any use, it must be to those whose consciences are not yet blinded by habits of indulgence in it; for if it has once gotten possession of the mind, you might as easily reinvigorate feeble age by a discourse on the advantages and joys of youth, or restore a constitution wasted through consumption by an elaborate declamation on the blessing of health. Avarice, like the deaf adder, "will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely."—*Hunter's Sacred Biography.*

Tempting Men to Sin.

"There is nothing makes one so like the Devil as tempting people to sin."

Temptation is the Devil's peculiar business—his constant employment. He has practised it a long time; he is a shrewd and experienced tactician—a renowned adept in the work of human destruction. Millions of our unhappy race have been drawn aside by him to their everlasting ruin!

Rum-sellers approximate closely to his character: they tempt their fellow-men to sin! Their motive for such wickedness is the love of gain; their means—depraved appetite fostered by themselves. They expose temptation to men to form habits of intemperance: to become tipplers—then hard drinkers—then confirmed sots. They open tippling-houses and dram-shops in the most public places, and keep their liquor-bars in their most public rooms. They

display rows of colored bottles to the inquisitive glance of the young and inexperienced; they exhibit them to the gloating gaze of the old and confirmed. If one of their victims struggles out of their grasp and determines to reform, they leave no means untold to entice him back to the path of ruin. Satan himself, their great exemplar in the work of temptation, scarcely showed as much skill in Eve's seduction as some of his accomplished disciples do in luring the reformed inebriate back to destruction!

Those wicked rulers, Jeroboam, Baasha, and Ahab, in an age when duty was not as clearly discernible as now, erected idols in the groves and high places of Israel. By thus exposing temptation to the people "they made Israel to sin," and were consequently denounced by the prophets, and fearfully punished by the retributive judgments of Heaven. How then can the liquor-seller, in the greater light of these times, be adjudged innocent, who exposes temptation to men to commit the sin of drunkenness; and panders to their depraved appetites until he has kindled in their bosoms a raging and uncontrollable thirst for the intoxicating draught? Surely it will be a thousand times more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for them!—*N. J. Reformer.*

Vividly portrayed are the effects of Alcoholic beverages in the following lines from the *American Courier*, and yet, graphic as is the picture, the coloring is so faint to even approach the reality. Imagination cannot reach or pen trace in remotest outline the deep and damning blight of Intemperance.

Alcohol.

There walketh a Fiend o'er the glad green earth
By the side of the road, & Death;
He dazzles alike with the glow of mirth,
Or quenches the light of the household hearth,
With his foul and withering breath.

He stalks abroad with his hydra head,
And there gathereth in his train,
The failing foot and the strong man's tread
The restless living—the ghastly dead,
And Misery, Want, and Pain.

He nerves the arm of relentless Hate
With his goblet's head-d foam;
He lurks in the halls of the rich and great,
In the beggar's moan, at the place gate—
And curses the poor man's home.

He barters the wealth of a spotless name
For the wine cup's subtle glow;
And seethers the pillars of deathless Fame,
Till they droop with their burden of Guilt and shame,
'Mid its dregs of sin and woe.

And there seemeth over a sorrowing wail,
In the pain of his blighting tread;
And childhood's cheek grows wan and pale,
And its heart is faint, and its footsteps fail,
For the gruelth the poor their bread.

Grudgeth the poor their daily bread,
And fillets the drunkard's bowl
With Want and Woe—Remorse and Dread,
With a nerveless hand and a falling head,
And a curse on his deathless soul.

And beauty and manhood—love with mirth,
Still turn to the languishing wine,
But the blighted house and the darkened hearth,
And the tears of the sorrowing ones of earth,
Lie deep in its gloom and shrine.

And the fiend still watcheth with thresome will,
For the wail and the woe way tread,
For us doth with the Wine, with his subtle skill,
Shall gather alike the good and ill,
'Neath the curse of his iron tread.