

fit, inasmuch as it kills all the foolish girls, and leaves the wise ones to grow to be women.

### Immorality.

The friend of suffering humanity, cannot but look with an eye of pity, on the miserable beings who daily intercept him in our streets. But to what cause are we to attribute their misery? Are they consuming by the lingering hand of famine? are they the wretched victims of a devouring pestilence? No! It is a lamentable fact, that our eyes are pained at the sight of the degraded victims of their own imprudence—at the sight of men, who have reduced themselves in a moral point of view below the beasts that perish. They are the deluded votaries of Bacchus, who sacrifice their health, happiness, respectability and worldly prosperity at his shrine. Their palates are tickled with the inebriating draught; but they find that, at the last, "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." And did its sting cause them alone to suffer, it would not be a subject so much to be regretted by the reflecting part of the community, as it is when they consider that each individual is connected with others, to whom his deviation from the path of rectitude brings trouble and sorrow, in proportion to the nearness of the ties which bind them to each other. O ye youth, who are just stepping upon the threshold of vice, pause before you enter her polluted temple! or you will involve yourselves in a labyrinth more intricate than was that of Crete, and from the windings of which, your extrication will be as hopeless; because having once entered its bewildering passages, even should some fair one help you out, probably your infatuation would be such, that you would again return, and become more deeply entangled in its mazes than before. Nevertheless, let those, if any there be, who are making attempts to return from the perplexing road of vice, to the straight and narrow way of virtue, persevere in their laudable undertaking; for some have had the courage and perseverance to retrace their steps after wandering long in her forbidden paths. Therefore let none despair, and because the instances are few let none presume. Let us look into the temple of vice and view her followers. Behold that miserable mass of a man, bloated by intemperance! his limbs totter as he walks, his trembling hands almost refuse to lift the poisoned goblet to his lips; it is the once handsome and sprightly —. Only a few years have passed, since the bright glow of health mantled on his cheek—since strength and elasticity characterized his every movement. He began the world with the most flattering prospects, in profitable business, wedded to a prudent and affectionate young wife. Had he regarded the words of her whom he had sworn to love and cherish, he

might still have continued a happy and respectable member of society; whereas, now he is sunk to the lowest state of degradation, from which none but an Almighty hand can raise him. Should we look again through its dark vista, upon the dread mansion of vice, we might see thousands of pictures, as appalling as the one we have been contemplating; but one will suffice for our present purpose, which is, by an exposure of the baleful effects of the vice of intemperance on its miserable victims, to induce young men to pause before they precipitate themselves headlong into irreparable misery and ruin!

### Water—pure, clear, Cold Water.

Of drinks, I know but one which nature owns, As wholly suited to her several wants;— And this is WATER. Cold and unconcoct With heat or other mixture, I would give It fresh and sparkling from its crystal font To quench the thirst of everything that lives.

All other forms of liquid aliment, So called absurdly, can be good for man No further than the water they contain. Why mix it then with drugs of foreign growth, Coffee and tea, and other stimulants? Why roam the world for base ingredients To mix with that which God has made so good; Unless to give the stomach harder toil And labor of digestion,—or unless To plant the germs of malady and death?

The drinks called tea, coffee, and cocoa, are water with some solid vegetable matter put into it. Soda-water and ginger-pop are water, with different solid roots and salts put into it. Soups and broths are water, with some animal and vegetable substances suspended in it; and so of the rest. Disguise it how you will, you are, or you ought to be, a water drinker? Even the juice of fruits has no liquid but water; there may be, and in the grape, apple, pear, pine, orange, lemon, and others, are some rich, nourishing, vegetable substances; but these are for meat—it is the water that affords the drink.

In hot weather we want more moisture than we can get from fruits; we want water to be constantly going through our system; and God has made it for us; there it is, to be had for fetching, clear, cool, pure, fresh, *sparkling* from the spring!

Mark, we say *sparkling*: yes, God has mixed with it some fresh air to be carried into our bodies along with it, where fresh air is wanted, as well as fresh water.

Now, *don't spoil your water*. You will if you boil it for tea, or coffee, or any such things: boiling drives off the air; and your drink is *flat*. You will spoil it if you mix it with alcohol, as it is in beer, wine, cider, spirits, or any other intoxicating drink. If alcohol go along with the water, that spirit will vex and irritate and heat every atom it touches; and kindle up a fire in the veins, that you