

around her in view of that exhibition of silent anguish. Let me draw a veil over the scene.

Years have passed over the head of the poor demented Janette. He revels in riches, but enduring a Hell more exquisite in its torments than the fiercest flames of the infernal regions. For does poor Janette wander to the place where her lover often many an hour she sits upon his door-stone?—He could die, and her sad song of blighted love—alone and sings to herself, not the grave of her lover, but the grave of her own and crushed affections. She knows [Reader?]—He could—'tis better that she does not.

Like others I deal in facts, and to this day is often seen the poor wanderer I have spoken of, a harmless inoffensive being, a wreck of the once beautiful and affectionate Janette. The names are changed, but the incidents are true, and may well furnish a tale, the moral to which, is applicable to others as well as to the one that I have called Ralph.]—*Temperance Telegraph.*

### Integrity the Road to Respectability.

From the earliest dawn to the final transit of reason, there is exhibited in mankind a proneness to set out on the rough highway to fortune without duly fortifying the heart against the intrusion of dishonesty. Stimulated by the incentives of an ambitious nature, or, captivated with the prospect of acquiring distinction and wealth, the path of probity is often evaded, and the nice point between right and wrong, as recognised by the moral faculties, is rendered obtuse, through an apathy generated by the agency of an excessive self-love.

Shrouded in the dark mist of ignorance, a large portion of the human family are deprived of the stronger influences conducive to a life of integrity and virtue; and, groping their way amid the obstructions of misfortune without the patient influence of knowledge to excite the intellect, they easily become slaves to the sensualities of a depraved nature. Without the moral restraints that education confers upon her votaries, they are left more exposed to the allurements and fascination of sublunary vanities and they neglect to develop the latent powers which subserve to render acute the sense of accountability, they are soon found wading in the miry slough of disgrace, inhaling the poisonous miasma of vice.

Whatever may be the inherited lot of man—whatever may be the position which he occupies in society, or his association in life—whatever may be the object of his actions, or the modus operandi by which he attempts to acquire this object—the temptation to collusion is ever present to folk, in his unguarded moments, every effort to retain the respect of his fellows. Does he engage in the pursuit of wealth, that he may escape the bills of penury: Avarice promotes to deeds that clash with the principles of Integrity. Does he serve obedience to the monitions of his bosom? If so, he must cautiously adapt his conduct to the teachings of morality, lest, in his wanderings in quest of leisure, he should become an alien from the path of probity, or a sojourner in the wild, thorny wilderness of Fraud and Parsimony. Is he ambitious? He struggles with a laudable perseverance against the storms of misfortune till the ardent longings of his soul are apparently gratified. But has he thus been prosperous in his course without having sacrificed an honesty of purpose? Then an enduring name has been won. If not, the reward of a life spent in arduous toil is forfeited; and, ere he can profit by the dear-bought lesson of experience, age hath robbed him of his own folly, he slinks, with tottering step, into the grave—a moral mendicant—an intellectual beggar.

The politician enters the expansive field of governmental philosophy; and, in order to carry, with better success, the scheme of party, is prone to resort to intrigue and deceit. Greedy of the fame of a statesman, and applause of the multitude, he will often become the advocate of fallacious dogmas, hoping thereby to win an immortal name. But, when he anticipates nothing but the envenoms of an acclamating populace, he is liable to suddenly fall beneath the asperity of a fluctuating public opinion, or sink into the depths of seclusion, hidden under the dark cloud of opprobrium; when, by a tenacious adherence to justice and sincerity, he might have won a name more lasting than the age-furrowed rocks of his native soil.

Ambitious to bear the palm of superiority, the student delves deeply into the hidden wonders of art, and treads the ample field of metaphysics, clothes his expanding intellect with the panoply of science, and verges to the fountain of universal knowledge, to

drink of its invigorating waters, that, with greater ease and accelerated speed, he may ascend the acclivitous height of fame. But how few are the number of intellectual aspirants who pursue the noble career in search of knowledge, without becoming the victim of a corrupting passion; or, lulled by the euphonic song of mirth, engage in some futile pursuit, soon to recline on the lulling bed of indifference—a certain precursor of idleness and dissipation; the man is actuated by motives of selfishness and vanity, when,

"Dressed in a little brief authority,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven  
As make the angels weep."

Or, he may flourish for a season in a mendacious course, and excite the admiration of the multitude, till the air is rent with deafening huzzas at the sound of his name. But the star of his greatness rapidly hastens to its wane—the fragile thread of life speedily shortens—Death calls, and he must doff his ill-gotten honors, and repair to the home of the dead.—Admiring friends must raise the chiselled marble o'er his dust, lest he be forgotten. The whited monument must lift its apex to the sky, to remind the passer-by that he once had an existence.

The man of strict integrity may never wear the wreath of worldly honor. The golden crown of state may never deck his brow, nor, at his death, will monuments be reared to perpetuate his memory; yet his sepulchre, however secluded, will be sought by the virtuous, and the remembrance of his virtues cherished when his form shall have mingled with "the clods of the valley."

Moral science discloses the road to lasting respect, nor need we attempt to probe the hidden depths, or investigate the dark abstrusities, of ethics, to bear the palm of virtuous deeds. With Reason, Truth, and Conscience for our guide, enduring respect will forever rest a circumambient aureola around our names.—*Waverly Magazine.*

### Remarks on the Order of the Sons of Temperance.

We recommend the following observations to the consideration of the members of our Order, as they are peculiarly adapted to correct faults in Divisions. We take them from the New York Organ:—

"It is a mistaken notion that, provided Sons of Temperance are faithful to the pledge of total abstinence, their peculiar obligations are discharged. It seems to be supposed that nothing is required beyond this and the regular payment of dues to constitute an exemplary member. We wish to correct this impression. We maintain that the theory and spirit of the Order demand of its members a good moral character in all respects, and that he cannot be a good Son who is not an upright, honest and generally exemplary man. Licentiousness, profanity, falsehood, fraud, slander, and all other vices, are as inconsistent in a true Son of Temperance as they would be in a Church member, and the injury done to our cause by all such irregularities, is incalculable. The power of the Order and of each Division and of every member, is a moral power—it is the power which uprightness, honesty and general purity of character confer. Let us never lose sight of this. For our part we have no desire to see our organization increased by any other material than that which will bear the strictest scrutiny and the severest moral tests.

When our enemies can point to our membership and justly accuse them of any open vice, we are compelled to blush. If our members are careless about paying their debts, or are otherwise unjust in their dealings; if they are habitual violators of any law of God or man though they may not break their pledge, they are a blot and a stumbling block. O, if our membership of more than three hundred thousand men would but present a uniformly high and irreproachable moral character, what a mighty and irresistible influence would the Order exert!

Let us pass to another topic. One of our great objects, as announced at every initiation and the opening of every Division meeting, is Brotherly Love. We aim to promote this spirit of fraternal fellowship and affection. We salute each other as brothers—we strive to deepen the feeling of mutual love. How important, then, that we meet, to the fullest extent, the claims of fraternal obligation. We see, perhaps, some serious fault in a brother. The spirit of fraternity forbids us to comment upon that