

moral debasement, and only moral debasement continually, shall we say of the same custom when elevated into the ranks of thrifty tradesmen, respectable merchants, or learned and religious men, it is innocent, it is harmless, if not entirely consonant with the maintenance and progress of the purest and most christian-like virtue? The diverse condition of the men and women in character, in rank, in education, and so forth, we never forget—we never confound. But whisky is whisky, gin is gin, wine is wine, and beer is beer, whether sold and devoured amid the devilism of St Giles's, or the palace-emulating mansions of Belgrave; the purlieus of the Grass-market and Cowgate, or the stately halls of Drummond Place or Herriot Row. The drinking-custom fails, in our eyes, to gain beauty, and propriety, and safety, by being lifted out of the nasty kennels and vermin-haunted abodes of costermongers and thieves, and made radiant with crimson-curtained walls sparkling with resplendent lustre, and crowned with a perfect galaxy of human beauty and refinement. The custom is ever the same; and the issue of the custom, graduatedly, ever the same. No doubt

'The usurer hangs the cozener:

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtle breaks;
Arm in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.'

But if the drinking usages are fairly convicted of the intemperance of the land—and if our movement is to put these usages down, by inducing our fellow-countrymen, far and near, to abandon them, then, wherever these drunkard-making customs do appear, 'through tattered clothes,' or 'robes and furred gowns,' plated with gold, or armed in rags—our advance against them must be one and the same. Our object does not lie with special classes of men—as if it were drunkards as a genus; or special classes of drunkards, as if found only among artisans or thieves: our object lies in the social customs, as ministering to habits which, in thousands and tens of thousands of instances, are daily leading to the formation of the drunkard's appetite and character; and wherever these customs reign, their exposure and condemnation, as a matter of course,—indeed, as a matter of consistent and impartial justice, must be uttered. Our unsectarianism binds us to attack no real philanthropy—no bona fide movement towards human redemption from evil—and as little does it bind us to wink at the prevalence of potation practices, however elevated, or opulent, or holy, the gradations in which they are found. Our movement is not against men, or against their associations, political, scientific, literary, or religious; but against the alcoholic customs of our country,—the drunkenness-creating and propagating usages which have found their way into all convivialities, and seat themselves with czar-like imperialism in the heart of society, and over a besotted seifdom of more than half-a-million of British and Irish drunkards. We confess to it; we have not the heart to sit and indite our wine with pious and respectable citizens amid domestic felicitations, or public carousals, and then to go forth and anathematise, or at all events, pour our oburgations on the labouring and artisan tipplers—or the multitudes that live in vice and sensual degradation. Nay, more, we cannot sympathise with any movement that does not deal fairly and impartially with drunkenness wherever found—drum-drinking by whosoever practised,—social alcohol usages wherever exhibited. As total abolition advocates, we have taken our stand against the drinking customs of this age; and the more these customs are seen in connexion with rank, and learning and opulence, and religion, the more do we deplore, and the more sadly and heartily are we ashamed. But, whether amid the more exalted or lowly, the more virtuous or vicious, the more religious or disbelieving—the drinking-usage infatuation can be met on our part, only with one front of uncon-

promising antagonism—'The entire disuse of all intoxicating liquors.'

Such then is our obvious unsectarianism. No association can plead that characteristic more freely, more fairly, more honestly. No philanthropic movement can ever regard ours otherwise than as an efficient ally; no rivalry, but in good doing; no hostility, but against a common foe. We welcome all who will lend assistance, in uprooting the deadliest upas that drinks up the life-blood of the United Kingdom. We go hand in hand with every virtuous citizen, who will help to crush the hydra-headed evil that devours so vast a multitude of our 'brethren according to the flesh.' Jealousy—mean, bigoted, sectarian jealousy, we have none. Hostility to 'the good and gentle,' engaged in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, teaching the ignorant, reclaiming the vicious, need we say? we have none. Nay, even for weakly, sickly, feeble, hesitating ambiguity, when trying to tune its reed in the ear of vice, and crime, and a nation's drunkenness, we have only tears and smiles. But, notwithstanding all this, with unsectarian simplicity we must ever continue to think and to say, black is black—drink is drink—custom is custom, and the devil is vile—whoever may hesitate to be so daring.—*Scottish Temperance Review.*

Reflection's Aids.

Be Wise to-day, 'tis Madness to defer.

Virtue is like a precious stone, best plain set.

True goodness is like the glowworm, in this, that it shines most when no eyes but those of Heaven are upon it. He who does evil that good may come, pays a toll to the devil to let him into heaven.

Too much magnifying of man and matter, doth irritate contraction, and produce envy and scorn.

The intellect of the wise is like glass: it admits the light of heaven, and reflects it.

A man that is young in years, may be old in hours, if he have lost no time.

Happy are they that bear their detractions, and can put them to mending.

Cunning has effect from the credulity of others, rather than from the abilities of those who are cunning; it requires no extraordinary intellect to lie and to deceive.

Order, distribution, and singling out of parts, are the life of dispatch.

To choose time is to save time; and an unseasonable motion is but beating the air.

Virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed, or crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

It is heaven on earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

The memory ought to be a store room. Many turn theirs rather into a lumber-room; nay, even stores grow mouldy, and spoil, unless aired and used betimes, and they too become lumber.

The proudest word in English, to judge by its way of carrying itself, is I. It is the least of monosyllables, if it be indeed a syllable; yet who in good society ever saw a little one?

To be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat, sleep, and exercise, is one of the best precepts of long living.

We see in needlework and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground; judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye.

It is wonderful how even the casualties of life seem to bow to a spirit that will not bow to them, and yield to sub-