

scribed him so strict abstinence as he could not undergo; and so they agreed in the issue; when one judged him incurable because intemperate and the other curable if he would be temperate. Thou that *feelest the drink to do thee good*, dost little think how the devil hath a design in it, not only to have *thy soul*, but to have it *quickly*.

OBJECTION.—*But I wrong nobody in my drink, the hurt is my own.*

ANSWER.—No thanks to thee if thou wrong nobody. But read over the former aggravations, and then justify thyself in this if thou canst. It seems thou makest nothing of wronging God by disobedience. But suppose it be no one's hurt but thy own; dost thou hate thyself? Is thy *own hurt* nothing to thee? What! dost make nothing of the damning of thy own soul? Whom wilt thou love, if thou hate thyself? It is the aggravation of this sin, that it is against *your own bodies*, and much more as against *your own souls*.

OBJECTION.—*But, I was but merry, I was not drunken.*

ANSWER.—It were well for you if God would stand to your names and definitions, and take none for a sinner that taketh not himself for one. There are several degrees of drunkenness short of the highest degree. And if your reason was not disturbed, yet the excess of drink only, and tipping and gulosity will prove a greater sin than you suppose.

### Water.

"How many glorious virtues reside in pure water after all. The very look of it is healthy. Its touch is appeasing. It cleans the surface, softening the scurf-skin, and opening the pores, were it only by washing away the saline and organic residue of the perspirations. It saves the thirsty, revives the weary, and compases the hungry a little longer. It helps digestion, and promotes absorption in the adult and aged. It is necessary for the comfort of old and young in sultry weather, and in fever—that sultry weather of the body itself. Take it sitting in a cool room, and you shall find it operate as a diuretic, lying under a load of blankets, and you shall sweat; follow it with steady, but not violent exercise, and you shall have an ounce of senna, thubarb, or some purgative drug. Its liquid and all embracing fold gives it great advantages as a means of modifying the temperature, either of the surface or the whole body of the sickly. In a word, it is not difficult for the special advocate of the water-cure to show how his favorite element may be so applied, internally or externally, locally or generally, cold or hot, briefly or long, in rest or in motion, in this way, that way, and the other way, as to play the part of a tonic, a stimulant, a sedative, a demulcent, a diuretic, a diaphoretic, a counter irritant, a solvent, a diluent, a laxative, an antispasmodic, or an anything."—*Westminster Review*, April, 1852.

"Water performs undoubtedly a most important part in creation. It occupies much more of the surface of the globe than land; it is diffused, too, throughout the atmosphere; it enters largely into all our food, and is the chief element of all our drink. Essential to vegetation, it is the nutriment of all living things. It is the basis of the blood and all fluids. Widely diffused, and performing so many important parts, susceptible of such a number of transformations, it may be described as one of the chief emanations of Divinity."—*The Economist*, May 15, 1852.

"Notwithstanding the very great abundance of cold water in this watery climate, we have yet but a limited idea of its manifold uses as a preservative of health and promoter of human comfort. We regard it very much in the light of a nuisance,—as a thing to be kept out,—out of our houses, out of our streets, out of our dress; and we defend ourselves against it by slated roofs, water-proof cloaks, umbrellas, and impervious galoshes. We are not fond of drinking it, except mixed with something stronger. We have rather an aversion to its coming in contact with our skin, except where it is unclotted. Our face and hands may know water familiarly, but that part of the skin which is clothed knows too little of it. The bath is not habitual to us as a people. Public baths and wash-houses have done something to familiarize the popular mind with the necessity of a more frequent use of cold water as a general abluent; and we are glad to see that bathing is going on in those establishments throughout London, at the rate of 700,000 a-year. But this is less than one bath annually for every second person. It is to be feared that our people, without exception of class (for the rich are as neglectful as the poor in this respect) are to all intents and purposes 'the great unwashed.' Our towns

are, with very few exceptions, badly supplied with water. What a lesson the Romans set us in their magnificent aqueducts, which throw the works of our peddling water companies entirely into the shade! Even comparatively barbarous and rude people set a higher value on the use of cold water as an abluent than we do with all our civilization."—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

### Temperance Revival in Kentucky.

We have been favored with a letter from a distinguished friend of temperance in Kentucky, giving a most affecting and thrilling account of a Temperance Revival in the village where the writer resides.

Some years ago there was established in the village of F—, a large and flourishing distillery. Some of the people were delighted at the prospect of a fine market for the produce of their orchards, &c. But it happened in this case as it has always happened before, that the expective prosperity had proved delusive. On the contrary, the place waxed poorer; drinking and carousing took the place of peace and quiet; the church was thinly attended; the school-house forsaken; farms were under heavy mortgages, and vice and improvidence ruled the scene. Shark and Grabem, money lenders at enormous rates, were the only men who seemed to thrive, and even they had got nearly all the securities in their hands they could hope for.

Things were in this state, when the village was startled as from a deep sleep, by the tidings that Mr. D—, one of the most esteemed and beloved citizens of the place, was dying with *mania a potu*. This had the effect of bringing the villagers together. One of them seized the occasion to comment upon the ruin which the distillery had brought upon their town. While the men were thus counselling together, the women whose sons, brothers, and husbands had been corrupted by the rum fiend, also met, and solemnly resolved that if their neighbor died, the still house should be burned, and whether he lived or died, the hateful fires of the concern should be put out.

Their resolve was made known to one of the men, and he at once set to work to establish a Division of the Sons. The needful steps were taken and a charter obtained. The owner of the distillery, Mr. S., hearing of what was going on, appeared in the meeting and desired to be heard. Some objection was made, but finally yielded, when to their utter amazement Mr. S. began by saying, that he had long been convinced he was pursuing an unrighteous business, and though at first he had found it very profitable, and though it was still a source of large income, yet no consideration would induce him to follow it any longer. Already, he said, his first born son was a drunkard, and he was fearful of the result upon himself if he continued to tempt his fate. He therefore had three requests to make of the meeting: One was that he might be allowed to sign the application for the charter; the second was, that all persons indebted to him for liquor would come forward and receive a receipt in full; and the third was, that the Division should be organized in the Old Still House. A shout of joy followed the speech, granting its requests of course.

Great was the joy in the village when these things were made known. The news flew to the sick bed of poor D—, and so revived him that the village doctor told him his services were no longer needed, and that he, too, would be a Son in a few days, which, sure enough, took place. The charter had now arrived, and the Deputy for the District came to institute the Division. They met in the Still house. It had been cleaned and fitted for the occasion. The Division was regularly organized, and Mr. S. was duly elected its Worthy Patriarch. After thanking the brethren for the honor they had done him, he informed them that he had provided in another house belonging to him a suitable place for their meetings hereafter. There was yet another act to the drama of the evening to make it complete, and he felt it was incumbent upon him to see that it was properly carried out. He had accordingly invited the whole village, men, women, and children to be present, and they were now assembling without, with the village fiddler at their head. He proposed, therefore, that they now adjourn to meet them outside, which was done.

Shortly after the last of the brethren had passed out of the Still House, a bright light shot up in many parts of the distillery. It was on fire. The torch had been applied by direction of the owner. Brighter and brighter grew the light, higher and higher rose the flames, while the young men and maidens were seen