

upon you with contempt, God will reward you with a smile.

"Recollect, *two wrongs never make one right.*" Though he has been guilty of an error another added will not redeem him. Then do not abuse the being before you, though you may imagine all would approve of your acts. We are peeping at you, and would ask you, in brotherly kindness, to think before you act.—*Templars Magazine*

To Seem and to Be.

The Scotch have a proverb to this effect—"Be the same that ye wad be ca'd." It condenses into a single line a word of good advice; and universal compliance with it would immediately inaugurate "the good time" that has been so long "coming, coming right along," but from some unexplained cause, has not yet arrived. There are few people, we apprehend, who would like to be *called* scoundrels, but, unfortunately, a great many who are willing to *be* such. So with tipplers. However bibulous they are the terms "drunkard," "intemperate," &c., grate harshly on their ears. They would *seem* to be strictly sober men, and feel outraged and insulted whenever it is intimated in their presence that their potations pass the line of strict moderation. That they impose upon themselves, is very probable: but it is seldom in this matter, that they impose upon anybody else. The truth is, it is difficult for any one to *seem* what he is unwilling, or will not take the trouble, *to be*. He may deceive a few into the notion that his bogus coin has the ring of the genuine metal, but even *their* delusion is conditioned upon general ignorance, and may be corrected by the contribution of an hour to their slender stock of knowledge. But to *seem* to be temperate, while habitually indulging in alcoholic stimulants, has its peculiar difficulties. The eye, kindling with an unnatural brightness, or gradually becoming dim and inflamed, betrays him. The nose that from its elevated position has witnessed the engulfing of innumerable "brandy smashers," makes its *inflammatory* appeal against him. His very breath turns traitor, and reveals his devotion to the cup. The "unruly member," tossing the half articulated sentences from its lip, for inextricably tangled in the meshes of its foolish talk, unconsciously proclaims his shame. He affects the serious, and is simply maudlin. He tries to be profound, and is only unintelligible. He aspires to be witty, and demonstrates his foolishness. His talk and his walk are both crooked, and his purpose as uncertain as his gait. He may fancy that he is winning the applause of his fellows, but he escapes their *decision* only by exciting their commiseration.

And yet it is not, ordinarily, a difficult matter for a man to appear sober. It is only to *be* so—and the world accepts him accordingly. But to *be* tipsy and *seem* sober, is an achievement to which few are equal, and none should attempt—for disappointment and sorrow lie in that path of shame, and remorse and ruin grimly sentinel its goal.—*Prohibitionist*.

A Fearful History.

What if the history of a distiller could be written out; so much rum for medicine, or real value so much for the arts, of real value. That would be one drop, I suppose, taken out, and shaken from the distillery.

Then, so much sold out to the Indians, to excite them to scalp one another; so much sent to the Africans, to be changed into slaves to rot in Cuba and Brazil; so much set to the heathens in Asia, and to the islands of the ocean, and so much used at home. Then if they tale of every drop could be written out; so much for pain; so much for redness of eyes; so much diminution of the productive powers in man; so many houses burnt; so many ships foundered and railway trains dashed to pieces; so many lives lost; so many widows made double widows, because their husbands still live; so many orphans their fathers still living, long dying on earth; what a tale it would be! Imagine that all the persons who had suffered from torments engendered on that plague spot, came together and sat on ridgepole and roof, and filled up the large hall of that distillery, and occupied the streets and lanes all about it, and told their tale of drunkenness, robbery, unchastity, murder, written on their faces and foreheads,—what a story it would be! the act stranger the fiction!—*Parker*.

Wanted, a Respectable Young Woman.

In the *Manchester Guardian* of July 12 appeared the following advertisement:—

"Wanted, a respectable young woman, to attend to a wine and spirit vault. One that has not been in the business before preferred.—Apply, &c."

Unlike its author's motives, this advertisement will bear a little examination. It shows, at any rate, that an apprenticeship to the spirit traffic is not found to be of service to the person who undergoes it: liquor-selling differing from all other trades in being a traffic for which length of service and experience are no recommendations. It seems that to have been long occupied in "attending to" a spirit vault is even considered as a positive disqualification for a re-engagement; and one "who has not been in the business before" will be preferred. The reason of this is confessed in this advertisement: for what is wanted is a "respectable young woman," and certainly, standing behind the counter of a gin-vault is not the best possible training for respectability. But what sort of a creature is this, who so pitilessly requests respectable young women to "apply at the printer's"! What a heart is the one in his bosom! What a fearfully seared state must his conscience be reduced to! The "respectable young woman" for whom he spreads his net is requested to "apply at the printer's"—for what? For an employment which, according to this man's own confession, will so injure and debase her, that she will never afterwards be competent to answer another such advertisement for "a respectable young woman."—*The Alliance*.

No man not a savage has a right to educate his children with a view simply to the passive enjoyment of life. This is wholly to mistake the end and meaning of life. Life was never meant to be a mere pleasure save to the brute. To higher natures, it has always been, and always will be, a school, a discipline, a journey, a march, a battle, a victory. The law is absolute and wholesome, growing out of the very divinity of man's source. No amount of fortune, therefore, can exempt a man from its operation. It leaves no one where it finds him. If it does not elevate him above the lambent stars, it makes him grovel in the dust of the earth.