

## Streams from Temperance Springs.

Thus, through each successive number of the *Advocate*, for more than a year, we have aimed at contributing to the benefit of our readers by drawing from clear springs of temperance, streams from which we doubt not many have been refreshed. It has been our effort throughout to please and profit, and we are confident these streams have been the choicest page of our paper. They have been selected with great care, and have afforded us an opportunity of presenting various specimens of temperance literature. We shall adopt a similar course through another volume, and in concluding this series of elegant extracts, we invite an attentive perusal of an article from *The Scottish Temperance Review*, entitled "Sowing the Wind." It will be found well worth the space it occupies. The writer says,—

To whatever point we trace the civilization of mankind, and in whatever age, one necessary condition of its existence ever appears,—the labors of the husbandman. Whether the idea of sowing and reaping the cereal and other products of the field originated with man, or came by a superhuman invention, the fact of the spade and the plough in the hands of the civilized is as patent as the page of history. So that thus what was originally a part of the doom of evil, 'in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' became in part a sign and in part a cause of the elevation of men above the state of mere savagery. If the cultivation of the field is but a rude and unskilled device,—the mere abrasion of the surface and casting in of a few seeds, and then the stolid awaiting of a few suns and a few showers,—the upward advance is but slow, meagre, and imperceptible in the path of civilization. But in proportion as the intelligent head and the diligent hand are applied to the education out of the soil, of the all-prolific beneficence of nature, so will it appear that society advances in the career of ordained amelioration. 'The profit of the earth is for all; the king himself is served by the field.'

A process so obvious and so necessary to the well-being of our race as that of sowing and reaping, and especially as connected with its obvious ratio of labor and produce, of diligence and retribution, and of kind for kind, could not escape the reflective meditation of the wise. Hence the analogical application of husbandry in urging or delineating the culture of the mind, in pointing to the issue of human conduct, in showing the fruits of evil or of good in the social activity of mankind. Ever as men sow they reap. Ever as they use their faculties, these become bright and burnished. Ever as they arise to diligence in the pursuit of the good, the true, and the holy, they advance in the pathway of virtue, intelligence, and goodness, just as surely as the seedtime and harvest greet the eye, and the ear, and the hand of husbandry.

But in a state so mixed as that in which humanity is at present developed, the analogy of agricultural labor does not hold, unfortunately, in respect merely of what is good. If there is a sowing to virtue, there is a sowing to vice. If there is a sowing to what is fitted to raise men above the sensual and the mean, there is a sowing also to what is fitted to sink men beneath the level of irrational natures. If intelligence grows and reigns, ignorance grows and reigns as well. If conscience commands, appetite commands; and if there are those that labor to lift up and purify human thought, feeling, and conduct, there are those who labor to debase, deteriorate, and destroy. If there are those that sow the seeds of immortal virtue and immortal well-being, there are those that sow the seeds of evil, and are preparing to reap the harvest of everlasting shame and everlasting contempt. These latter sow the wind, and in the end shall undoubtedly reap the whirlwind.

This last expression, in reference to those whose ways are evil, is peculiarly felicitous. As if the sower went forth to sow; and on he has built up high in air a pile of bags immensely extended away of the laborious husbandman, he gathers the wind in his fists and scatters it over the field. From morning to night he seems empty nothing. But as the palmy breezes grow, and multiply, and wax mightier in wind, the ultimate issue of his seemingly adrift husbandry is the wild and terrific career of the

unbridled whirlwind. Every seed of air has taken root; every germinating breeze has grown and puffed itself into stormy dimensions; every young blast has swollen and burst forth with tempestuous power. In sowing the wind, the laws of nature were not suspended. The seed did not die and pass away in the seeming nothingness of its origin. The law held good: 'Whosoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.' He hath sown the wind, he shall reap the whirlwind.

The matter concerned, in respect of this puffed and reckless sower, may all be matter of mere fancy. His bags of air, his fields of air, his airy gait, and his tumultuously airy harvest, may all be of the mould and lineage of 'long-winded verse.' But he stands a symbol and sign of nature's stern decrees. As he sows, so are his wages; as he seeks, so does he find; as he sows, so fashions his being. He is not permitted to weave the airy and unwrapt in the consequent garment. He is not permitted to drug the feast, and pass away without a viand. He is not allowed to poison the well, and then not drink of the flowing fountain. As surely as thought gives issue to thought, or night follows the day, so surely does evil work issue in evil work, or the violation of the right, the true, and the good demand its penalty under the government and throne of the Supreme Virtue.

Perhaps, in no point of view does the sowing of the wind meet the eye of the thoughtful observer more vividly and more alarmingly than it does in the existence of what is called *public-house property*. It is well known that the amount of property of the description named, found in the United Kingdom, is exceedingly great. In the city of Glasgow itself, nearly two thousand places of business are found devoted to the sale of intoxicating liquors. The rental derived from such places cannot be less than from £50,000 to £100,000 a year—passing, of course, into the hands of reputable Christian landlords. There cannot be less, in proportion to this, than from five to ten hundred thousand pounds turned over in these public-houses—passing, too, of course, into the hands of respectable Christian vendors. We need not stay to avouch the gallons of weak or strong alcohol liquor indicated by all this in its progress towards the throats and down the esophagus of all manner of drinkers. It is a stream, wide, deep, boiling, and fiery enough in all conscience. The two thousand publicans, the corresponding body of landlords, the cash clutched by either, and the drink devoured by neither, stand there a sowing merely of the wind.

It is not enough to say, the thing is a mere negation; as to virtue, it stands at zero. It has no fertility, no principle of life, no tendency to bud, and flourish, and fructify. It woud do merely to wink at the gilded blinds and the burnished corridors, or to pass along as if the thing were not there, or if there, nothing. Two thousand public-houses—to keep by a special case—refuse to be shut out from the great laws that affect human life and human progress, refuse to be treated as a mere bubble on the stream. Religious, sanitary, educational, or other reforms may pass by on the other side. But the thing is there, imbedded in the social state, and as surely tending to fruit as the sun to the noon of day or to the noon of night. Two thousand places opened for the sale and enjoyment of spirituous liquors speak of thousands and tens of thousands who gather no harvest of virtue there. The sign-board flaming in letters of gold, walls spangled with azure and silver, and the brazen implements of Bacchanalian worship, all conceal the inevitable issue of all these steaming haunts of alcoholic indulgence. To name one social or domestic advantage to which they minister a sure and certain existence, has never been done, and never can be done. But the opposite,—how fearful the array of dark and dismal issues! The fruits of two thousand vomitories of alcohol, ever pouring forth the torrent that inebriates, are gathered in the filth of dirty dwellings, the filth of dirty language, thoughts, deeds, and debased intercourse. The fruits come up as surely in the annual round of civic and social existence as do the seasons which crown the year.

Could any thing, in the social condition of a Christian people, be pointed to more emphatically illustrative of the sowing of the wind? If an emissary host, from some foul dominion, antagonistically taken possession of the city, had planted their means of defeating the Christian influences put forth to train and induct the people, and had so disguised their ultimate expectation, that even the virtuous became ensnared—what device more marvellously complete, more thoroughly efficient, than two thou-