

strength of a new manhood to do his work in life.

Satan, in going to and fro and up and down in the earth, inspired one of his emissaries to establish a distillery so near that the fumes of his poison reached the lungs, and killed the feeble efforts at reform, of these wrecked "gentlemen."

"Ruin" is written on the dwelling; for everything but nature and the mother's love has fallen to decay there. Money and land are melting away like snow beneath the sun; and when this poor woman shall fall into the rest of the grave, her husband and sons will very soon be paupers.

Can the dens of poverty and ignorance show a deeper degradation than this? Is there no danger for men of wealth and culture, and for their children? Is it not time that the churches of God—the mightiest power in the land—rise strong in the might of their great Leader, and lay this foe of humanity in the dust?

Let us get help from politicians, if we can, but let us not rely on it in this warfare; for there are politicians, not a few, who would sell a soul for every vote. But let us rely on our power with the God of battles, and call mightily on him to crush this foul foe of humanity, and to break his power in high as well as in low places.—National Temperance Society and Publishing House.

THE SALE OF POISONS.

For a very long time, when reading the accounts of the horrible crimes committed under the influence of drink (alcoholic poison), I have been struck with the peculiar administration of the law, which punishes one set of tradesmen severely, while another set almost invariably escape, although guilty of the same act. If an apothecary sells poison without complying with the very stringent (and properly so) provisions of the Act of Parliament which applies to his trade, a very severe fine (£20) is inflicted; and if fatal results occur, the coroner and a jury quickly take the matter in hand: and the social ruin of the tradesman who so carelessly supplies the poisonous article is the inevitable consequence of his carelessness. Again, if a medical man, in the course of his practice, accidentally causes death by the careless or mistaken administration of poison, he too is soon brought to a severe reckoning; and if he escapes legal punishment, his future prospects and practice suffer. Why, then, should the publican escape when death overtakes his victim? Parliament also surrounded his trade with restrictions;—those valuable safeguards are almost universally disregarded. Why? Is the publican so "respectable" a tradesman that his respectability renders the law inoperative? Or is the law powerless to reach him, on account of the laxity of its administrators? Does not his license (license forsooth!) expressly state that he is not to supply his commodity to drunken persons, or in sufficient quantity to cause drunkenness? The harrowing accounts so persistently published in all the newspapers show clearly enough that the law is continually broken by the very "respectable" tradesman and his servants; but punishment rarely overtakes the law-breakers in this direction. Why? When the man at Camberwell murdered his wife in his drunken fury, and was duly executed for his act, although the evidence proved that he had been drinking "heavily" in a "neighboring public-house," no effort was made to reach the publican so far as I am aware. Why? The other day at Leeds, when a man drank nineteen glasses of rum and was poisoned by the act, after some considerable delay the vendor of the poison was fined the ridiculously inadequate sum of £10; but I have not yet learned that his license was "endorsed," so he may again enjoy the luxury of supplying poison sufficient to cause death if he is prepared to pay the trifling penalty of £10 for the pleasure and profit.

Only last week accounts were printed in the daily papers of a boy of fifteen being taken into custody by the police, charged with being "drunk and incapable." This juvenile was, I think, below the age the act permits a publican to supply drink. But the magistrate had no word of reprobation for the drinkseller. Why? Another account records the death of a man caused by the same poisonous fluid so kindly vended for his use. Is the vendor to escape the consequence of his crime? and thus another illustration be given of the one-sidedness of the administration of the law. Again, a case is narrated of a man in the Waterloo-road, London, who was arrested by the police in a fearful state of drunken fury—his immediate offence being the attempt to cut his children's throats, and a threat of suicide. The evidence before the magistrate showed that he was continually drunk; therefore there could, I presume, be little difficulty in discovering where he got the drink; but the drinker only was punished (which involves punishment to the wife and children and the ratepayers as well) with, I think, "six months;" but no word was said as to punishing the seller of the drink which caused the misery. Why?

My desire is to call attention to a crying evil. I have been so much impressed, more especially of late, by this anomaly that at the risk of being troublesome I could no longer refrain from asking you, sir, to permit me to utter my feeble protest against a practice which has grown into a system, and will, I fear, long continue unless public opinion be aroused on the matter, and the existing law, until some better one be enacted, be brought to bear upon every tradesman impartially, and no loophole of escape be any longer permitted to exist, by which the publican, and the publican alone, is allowed to reap all the benefit, and the public at large to pay the penalty in increased demoralization, increased poverty, increased taxation, and increased horror.—H. P. Gibson, in Alliance News.

ONLY ONE DAY.

BY MRS. SUSAN E. GRAVES.

"Where are you bound, Will?" said Thomas Lester, as, on one fair Sabbath morning, these friends were passing each other on Broadway. "Down to Staten Island, on a fishing excursion, with some friends of mine," replied the light hearted and thoughtless William Preston, as he proceeded on his way to join his friends at the boat. Thomas Lester and William Preston were young men of about the same age, employed by the same firm, and both were sons of pious women, who were widows and almost entirely dependent upon these young men for support. While alike in many respects, yet in others they were entirely dissimilar, and in no particular was this more observable than in the manner in which each spent the Sabbath day. Young Lester proceeded to church, where, after listening to the services, he attended the Bible class, and thus, and at home with his mother, the day closed over him in peace and quiet. Not so with William Preston. With the jolly party—made jollier by frequent intercourse with several bottles which they had stowed away in their fishing baskets—they pursued their course to the retired stream which was to be the scene of their piscatory exploits. Soon, a wet, slippery stone, and young Preston lay on his back, undergoing the excruciating pain of a sprained ankle. Nervous himself up with more of the contents of the black bottle, and assisted by others, he reached the boat, and in a short time they were landed at the Battery. But here trouble arose. He had drunk so much that it had crazed his brain, and his friends, who were also considerably exhilarated from the same cause, could do nothing with him, so that a policeman took him in charge, and he passed the night in the Station-house. When brought before the judge, in the morning, he attempted to explain, but the judge cut him short by saying, "I am determined to put a stop to this Sunday debauchery—\$10 and costs; take him away, officer." Later in the day, after being liberated by the action of friends, he reached home, where he was soon after the recipient of the following note:

No.—BROADWAY,—, 1874.

MR. WILLIAM PRESTON: SIR—Your services will be no longer required in our establishment. Find enclosed check for balance due you to date.

M. T. & Co.

—N. Y. Witness.

ACCIDENTS TO BEER-DRINKERS.—The worst patients in the Metropolitan Hospital are the London draymen. Though they are apparently models of health and strength, yet, if one of them receives a serious injury, it is nearly always necessary to amputate, in order to give him the most distant chance of life. The draymen have the unlimited privilege of the brewery cellar. Sir Ashley Cooper was called to a drayman. He was a powerful, fresh-colored, healthy-looking man, who had suffered an injury in his finger, from a small splinter of a stove. The wound, though trifling, suppurated. He opened the small abscess with his lancet. He found, on retiring, he had left his lancet. Returning for it, he found the man in a dying condition. The man died in a short time. Dr. Gordon says, "The moment beer-drinkers are attacked with acute diseases, they are not able to bear depletion, and die." Dr. Edwards says of beer-drinkers, "Their diseases are always of a dangerous character, and, in case of accident, they can never undergo even the most trifling operation with the security of the temperate. They most invariably die under it." Dr. Buchan says, "Malt liquors render the blood sily and unfit for circulation: hence proceeds obstructions and inflammations of the lungs. There are few great beer-drinkers who are not phthisical, brought on by the glutinous and indigestible nature of ale and porter." "These liquors inflame the blood, and tear the tender vessels of the lungs to pieces." Dr. Maxson says, "intoxicating drinks, whether taken in the form of fermented or distilled liquors, are a very frequent predisposing cause of disease."—W. Hargreaves, M. D.

AN INSIDIOUS REMEDY.—It seems as if the natural depravity of the race is ever alert to induce it to turn every blessing into a curse. Not long ago the medical profession introduced the practice of injecting morphine into the veins in order to allay nervous excitement. But who could have supposed that the little syringe applied as an injector could be made to minister to the passions, as the Chinese eat opium! But this is already the case. To many people the soothing of nervous irritation in this way exerts a kind of charm, and without the intoxication of opium administered in this way they can hardly exist. The evil effects are about the same as those that curse opium-eaters, namely, trembling limbs and an ashy-gray complexion. It is found extremely difficult to cure the evil. A story is told of a young physician, to whom the practice became such a passion that it was necessary to confine him in a hospital, and there carefully examine his whole body every day, to be assured that he had not secretly injected his veins with the poison. In another city an account is given of an old lady who killed herself by yielding to this temptation, and in the last year of her life she used up about ninety dollars worth of morphine in this way. It seems almost impossible to eradicate the habit when once formed.—Advocate.

THE ALCOHOLIC ATMOSPHERE.—Speaking of recent regulations with regard to Music Halls the Temperance League (English) says: The main lesson we wish to draw is to warn our young men in particular against countenancing these Music Halls, correct these indecorums as the Magistrate may. They are essentially enervating. Their entire atmosphere is vicious and vitiating. Wherever drink is going, there no reputable right-minded young man ought to be. As sure as alcohol is alcohol, it will more or less put him off his moral balance. It is of its very nature to stimulate the passions, blunt the moral sense, and pervert the will. To be one of a company inhaling an atmosphere of alcoholic and tobacco fumes, is already to feel on polluted or enchanted ground. The lion of indwelling animalism is already risen and ramping against its bars. It may be all very well for our authorities to banish gross indecency from the platform, and they may thereby, to some extent,

abate the force of the temptation, but they cannot materially alter the native tendency and influence of all such resorts. They are not in any sense a good. Physically, the vitiated air the frequenters breathe can bring them no true exhilaration. As a soothing influence after the hard duties of the day, they are a lying delusion, for they essentially excite; and as for anything in the direction of moralizing or refining tendency, their influence is notoriously all the other way.

A SUGGESTIVE LEGEND.—There is a suggestive moral in the following Grecian legend: When Bacchus was a boy he journeyed through Hellas to go to Naxia, and as the way was very long he grew very tired, and sat down upon a stone to rest. As he sat there, with his eyes upon the ground, he saw a little plant spring up between his feet, and was so much pleased with it that he determined to take it with him and plant it in Naxia. He took it up and carried it away with him; but, as the sun was very hot, he feared it might wither before he reached his destination. He found a bird's skeleton, into which he thrust it, and went on. But in his hand the plant sprouted so fast that it started out of the bones above and below. This gave him fresh fear of its withering, and he cast about for a remedy. He found a lion's bone, which was thicker than the bird's skeleton, and he stuck the skeleton with the plant in it into the bone of the lion. Ere long, however, the plant grew out of the lion's bone likewise. Then he found the bone of an ass, larger still than that of the lion, so he put it into the ass's bone; and thus he made his way to Naxia. When about to set the plant, he found that the roots had entwined themselves around the bird's skeleton and the lion's bone and the ass's bone; and as he could not take it out without damaging the roots, he planted it as it was, and it came up speedily, and bore, to his great joy, the most delicious grapes, from which he made the first wine, and gave it to men to drink. But behold a miracle! When the men first drank of it they sang like birds; next, after drinking a little more, they became vigorous and gallant like lions; but when they drank more still they began to behave like asses.

COME I TO THEE.

Words by BONAR.

Music by REV. R. ALDER TEMPLE, of Newport, N. H.

First musical score for 'Come I to Thee' with lyrics: 1. No; not des-pair-ing-ly Come I to Thee; 2. Ah! mine in-i-quity Crim-son has been; 3. Lord, I con-fess to Thee Sad-ly my sin; 4. Faith-ful and just art Thou, For-giv-ing all; 5. Then all is peace and light This soul with in;

Second musical score for 'Come I to Thee' with lyrics: No; not dis-trust-ing-ly Bend I the knee. In-fin-ite, In-fin-ite, Sin up-on sin: All I am, tell I Thee, All I have been. Lov-ing and kind art Thou, When poor ones call. Thus shall I walk with Thee, The loved un-seen.

Third musical score for 'Come I to Thee' with lyrics: Sin hath gone over me, Yet is this still my plea, Je-sus hath died. Sin of not lov-ing Thee, Sin of not trusting Thee, In-fin-ite sin. Purge Thou my sin a-way, Wash Thou my soul this day, Lord, make me clean. Lord, let the cleansing blood, Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul. Lean-ing on Thee, my God, Guid-ed a-long the road, Noth-ing be-tween.