

he called our friend; the other is half with us, and only awaits a little more light and a good deal more earnest and determined interrogation, to declare herself upon our side. Two great powers there be with which we still hold diplomatic relations; the existing political organizations, and the religious bodies. The former, at present, for the most part resemble neutral Russia in their attitude; in the latter, as a whole, we discern our Austria.

But our Sebastopol is not yet conquered; we have not yet got beyond Varna. Nevertheless, our progress has been astonishing. The first campaign which is about to close, has revealed to us with unexpected clearness our own strength and the weakness of our foe. During a year of political paralysis we, and we alone, have carried on an agitation that has not lain down and died in its cradle. Several attempts have been made to rear into vigour new and infant movements; in all cases, except in ours, the efforts have been made in vain. We have not only existed, but we have grown; and in numbers and influence we have continually been gaining, and are daily discovering how much more easily our enemy may be "crumpled up," than at the first we had thought possible.

But in this very fact, there lies somewhat of danger, to our cause. With this flower,—unexpected progress—we may possibly pluck the thorn of discouragement. So much has been done in our first year,—our realized degree of success has been so unlooked-for,—the small stones gathered up for us from the brook of public opinion have been so seemingly inadequate to go out with against the giant, and yet have gone so far to arm us to meet him with success,—that the danger is, lest our friends should underrate the value of their individual assistance in the conflict, and so rob us of some of that strength which we shall need for our second campaign. The fact that we have prospered with such unexpected rapidity so far, may in this manner be a cause of our discouragement.

Now, therefore, we earnestly take in our hands the trumpet of admonition, that we may sound a loud note in the ears of our friends. Our Sebastopol is not fallen. Intemperance is still strong, and his fleets yet ride haughtily on the Black Sea of human degradation and misery, bearing countless Sinope-massacres in their holds. In the Maine-law Alliance is the great hope of deliverance;—we entreat our friends not to let that hope be deferred by any inertness of theirs.

The second aggregate meetings of the General Council of our Alliance will be held in Manchester on the 25th of this month. Very much will depend upon that meeting. Whether we shall march two miles during the next year, for every mile of progress achieved in the past; or, on the other hand, merely sustain the position we have won, or even lag and be left far behind our anticipations, will be decided at that meeting. And it will be decided,—much less by those who attend the meeting or are represented by their subscriptions and donations,—than by those who stay away. Every member of the council who neglects to be present,—every friend of the movement who withholds his pecuniary encouragement to its persistence, adds an hour, or a day, or a week, or a month, or more, to the duration of the evils which we strive to annihilate.

Above all, let no one think himself too insignificant

to be of use, nor his subscription too small, if it is but as much as he can honestly spare. The sea is but a large basin or two of drops, and the earth itself only a heap of every insignificant particles. *We want all the help that can be given*, and our friends will pardon our ardour when we say **WE MUST HAVE IT**,—every least drop, every most trifling particle. No man is too weak to add something to the vigour of our movement, as no grain of sea-shore sand is too small, if well backed up, to help to baulk and stay the proud waves.

The conference will be held in the forenoon, and the president of the Alliance, Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Bart., will be in the chair. The general public meeting in the evening will be presided over by the Right Hon. the Earl of Harrington; and we entreat our friends (every one of whom can at least contribute his body towards filling of the room, and his right hand in support of the resolutions,) to take care that the meeting shall be as glorious an event in the history of the Alliance, as the taking of the Sebastopol is in the career of the Allies.—*The Alliance.*

"Peeping Behind the Curtain"

BY H. B. BASCOM.

"Kick him off the side-walk, boys;" he's no business lying here drunk. Drunken men deserve to be abused, and the inside of a prison for sixty days might benefit them, too!

Yes—kick him boys. He's a brute; *now*; don't attempt to make a man of him! Do not lift him up and whisper a kind word in his ear—you might be laughed at.

Kicking won't harm him, *his* blood don't flow as other men's; and then, if he should wake to-morrow upon a downy couch, and find a pair of anxious eyes watching over him, it might ruin his intellect—he might imagine it a dream and become insane at the thought that there was kindness in this lower world!

Listen, boys—young men, we will style you—that man's name is Harmon. He has, as you have, a kind mother, who often breathes a secret prayer for her erring child. Her locks are whitened by the frosts of many winters, her eyes dim with age, and wrinkles of care and anxiety are perceptible on her forehead.

Would you pour bitterness into the heart of that mother, and hasten her departure to a brighter home? Then add injury to insult by abusing him who abuses himself.

That man has a wife—a young wife who loves even the Drunkard. She can point to the day when no poison had ever passed his lips—when he was a *man*, ay, when *she* considered him a model for all men. Her rapidly beating heart has watched his downward course and silent whispers to her *Father in heaven* have ascended for the redemption of this fallen one. O, how ardently she plead with him in his sober moments! How fondly her arms twined around his neck, while eyes, swimming in tears, looked into his for the utterance of a vow that could not be broken! How she prayed that "*others*" might assist him to rise from his degraded position—might not tempt him still further and ruin her hopes forever. Have you a heart that can resist that appeal? No, young man, do not heed that demon who says, "*Kick him from the side-walk!*" Rather assist him to rise and pour oil upon his wounds. Though self-styled friends look