

According to an old magazine, in which we find the account, Francis I., in his youth determined to explore a sheet of water within this cavern which had previously arrested the attention of all visitors. Floating upon a barge brilliantly illuminated, and attended by some of his bravest courtiers, the gallant Francis struck boldly out, the Columbus of the caverned deep. He landed on the opposite shore, after sailing two miles over this sheet of water. He then turned his barge in another direction, determined to fathom all the mysteries of the lake. By and by an experienced boatman declared the boat was no longer floating on a stagnant lake, but in a current that was perceptibly increasing in strength; and a courtier called the attention of the monarch to a hollow noise, heard in the distance, which, like the current, was every moment growing stronger, and even swelling into horrid thunder. They rested on their oars, while a plank with several flaming torches tied to it, was committed to the water. It floated rapidly away, became agitated, tossed up and down in the distance, and finally plunged down the unknown cataract to which the explorers were so ignorantly hastening. "Back oars," was the cry, and rowing for their lives escaped. But what a frightful bazard!

[How like the deceptive and dangerous course of the moderate drinker. He too may be said to be on a path which leads as imperceptibly and quite as certainly, if persisted in, to the relentless whirlpool of the drunkard.—*En. Ad.*]

A MINISTER'S BOAST AND A MINISTER'S FALL!

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."—*St. Paul.*

I. THE ROAST.—The Rev. George Osborn, addressing the Missionary Committee of Review at the Methodist Conference recently held in Manchester, spoke as follows:—"As a Christian, I am restrained from doing many things which as a Briton I have a right to do. They won't let me nor Mr. Heald take a glass of wine at a Missionary meeting (laughter.) They won't let me ride in a first-class carriage, as they say Dr. Alder does. They say that Dr. Newton rides in a fourth-class (laughter.) To that I reply, that I suppose Dr. Newton pleases himself, and that's just what I mean to do (cheers.) I will not succumb to the dictates of a parcel of irresponsible writers, 'men in masks,' who will never show their faces (hear.) I mean to do as I please in all matters of the kind, where I am not bound by any Methodistical law; and if I cannot be trusted to go in a first-class carriage, or to take a glass of wine when I think proper, I am not fit to be in your ministry. I won't be dealt with as a baby or an idiot (cheers.) I will not have it dictated to me what I shall do or say. I stand upon my Christian liberty, and will not give it up, but will stand upon it if I stand alone (prolonged cheers.)" It will be remembered that this same Mr. Osborn publicly assailed teetotalism, a few years ago, by writing against it; so that his doing as he likes may be interpreted into a determination to continue a wine-drinker.

II. THE FALL.—The Rev. Thomas Jackson, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, remarking on the case of a minister (John S. Stamp) who had just been unanimously expelled from the body, said: "The expelled person was the son of a highly-esteemed minister, and possessed more than ordinary gifts. There was reason to conclude that he had fallen by little and little. One cause had been a want of deep and habitual seriousness. He had been too much given to jocularities, especially in the use he made of Scripture language. There was a great difference between Christian cheerfulness and sinful levity. The habit of quoting Scripture in a humorous style is very dangerous. Another cause was, that he made too free with ardent spirits. An appetite for these may be easily formed, but cannot be easily

broken. The habit of taking spirits is very dangerous, especially to a Christian minister." No doubt Mr. Stamp did as Mr. Osborn said he would do—that is, he did as he pleased.

Ministers of religion! we beseech you to give the subject of teetotalism your serious consideration. Facts are continually turning up which go to prove that none are safe who tamper with strong drink. The pen of inspiration has recorded, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging." Take heed that you are not "DECEIVED THEREBY!"

JUST THE SAME!

When the celebrated engineer, Brunel, who accomplished the experiment of tunnelling the Thames river, was brought before a Committee of the British Parliament, he was asked if a speed of eighty miles an hour on a certain railroad would be much more dangerous to a traveller upon it than a speed of forty? "It would be just the same," said he. "And a speed of ninety?"—"Just the same." "And a speed of one hundred?"—"Just the same; for," added he, "if the cars should run off the tracks at the rate of forty miles per hour, the passengers would all go to ruin, and at one hundred miles per hour they could not well go any further."

So it is with drunkenness. Whether upon wine, beer, cider, whisky, rum, brandy, or gin, it is just the same. The polished wine-drinker may look with contempt upon the gross cider or beer drunkard, but his drunkenness upon his choice Madeira or sherry is "just the same;" the same in its effects upon his body, his mind, his property, his family, his friends, his soul. Beer drunkenness may be more loathsome, but it can do nothing worse than wine. Raw spirit drinking may kill quicker, but not more surely. Drugged liquor may deprive more men of their reason, but if the reason is gone through wine, it is "just the same."

MR. COBDEN ON TEETOTALISM.

At a large public meeting in Bradford, a few weeks ago, Mr. Cobden made the following remarks:—

"You are all aware, or at least some of you, that out of the 650 members of the House of Commons, Col. Thompson was able to endure the fatigue and annoyance of those long, dreary, and dull speeches, better than any other man. He was more constantly upon the benches than any other member of that House. And I believe the member who came second to him was Mr. Brotherton. Now, it appears very odd (and I tell it as a secret to these teetotalers who happen to be present, that they may tell to those who are absent), that both Col. Thompson and Mr. Brotherton are teetotalers. And from what I have seen in the House, I must say that I have the belief that the men who are the most temperate are the men who bear the fatigue of that House the best. I remember on one occasion that Col. Thompson, Mr. Bright, and myself, went on an agitation tour, during the heat of the league agitation, in Scotland. We separated and went through Scotland, lecturing every night and holding public meetings, and sometimes two meetings a-day. We rendezvoused together on coming back. On comparing notes we found that during all our tour in Scotland, not one of us had paid a farthing for fermented or intoxicating drinks of any kind. I remember at one house where we met, we were visited by a number of bailies—bailies in Scotland correspond to aldermen in England—who called for glasses of whisky toddy. And it was exceedingly amusing to see the very ingenious twist with which they managed to lift out the toddy—the way in which they twisted and turned it out from a large glass into a small one. I remember that Col. Thompson and all of us tried to imitate that twist, but could not. These bailies stayed with us until two o'clock in the morning; they had glass after glass of toddy, and still they went on in the process of twisting it out of the tumbler into the wine glass. Just as they were going off, we told