

But who is responsible? Says the sneerer at the principle of total abstinence, "He is responsible. He ought to have known his weakness, and not drunk so frequently. It is not my fault. 'Am I my brother's keeper?'" There was, it is true, a solemn responsibility upon him, and he has gone to meet it before his final Judge. But there is guilt elsewhere which must be answered for, before the same all-seeing Judge. He says to that man who sold, to him who purchased, and to her who presented the liquid-fire to that young man, and tempted and urged him to drink it: "The voice of your brother's blood crieth to me from the ground." The grave has received him, but there comes from that grave the echo of God's Word, which says, "Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's mouth, and maketh him drunken!" and that woe will be poured out without mixture upon those devices of the Devil to drown men in destruction and perdition.

We long to see the day when the social instincts of our nature can be enjoyed in cheerful, rational intercourse with our fellow-men, without peril to reputation, or life, or salvation. In order to do this, these habits must be abandoned; and call upon Christians, who ought to be the leaders in every good work, to become examples to the world on this point, and put away from them all the means of intoxication.

We are now upon the eve of one of these seasons of festivity, and we would charge our readers before God, and in view of the judgment, to pass through this season without tempting, to their destruction, any who may visit them; and we warn young men to flee from the proffer of the wine-cup or any other intoxicating drink, as they would fly from the rushing burning torrent from a volcano. Stop not to tamper with the destroyer, nor parley with the tempter.—He may come in the guise of beauty, and assume the appearance of an angel of light; but when he puts the wine-cup to your mouth, and whispers, "Ye shall not surely die," remember that God has said—and his word will be performed—"At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder;" and "No drunkard shall inherit eternal life." Beware then of the evil. "Go not in the path of the destroyer. Avoid it; pass not by it, but turn from it and flee away." And while you avoid this one source of ruin turn also from every other path of iniquity, and seek grace from God, that you may be preserved in the hour of trial, and may live to his glory, through faith in his well-beloved Son. Then will the approaching season be one of solid comfort and continual joy, and the year upon which you are about to enter will be to you, as we pray it may be to all, "A HAPPY NEW YEAR.—*N. Y. Recorder.*"

NEAL DOW'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

From all that we had heard of this distinguished philanthropist, before we had the pleasure of meeting him, we were prepared to see in him that type of the physical man which our western brethren describes as half horse, half alligator, with a filling up and finishing off of locomotive, tiger, and sea-serpent. We had heard him spoken of in terms which left the impression that he was a savage, but by some accident enlisted in the service of humanity; a barbarian, but strangely averse to the wail of sorrow and sighs of the broken-hearted; a stern, stubborn, tyrannical, dogmatizing man, but singularly alive to the miseries of the race, and carried away by the laugh of children and the rejoicing of wives, when their fathers and husbands came home redeemed from the rum fiend.

We were really surprised when Neal Dow first stood before us, to see a gentleman, rather under the medium size, with a face upon which neither vor nor passion had drawn its lines; with a smile of almost feminine sweetness and gentleness; with a blandness and urbanity of manner, a winning persuasiveness of address, a repose and calmness

in his strongest delineations; a freedom from asperity and fierceness, even in dealing with the awful criminality of the liquor traffic—and yet conveying to other minds the most vivid impression of the truths he uttered. All this was unexpected. We looked for the fierce and fiery reformer. We expected to hear bitter denunciation and strong wrathful philippics. Instead of which we saw and heard a gentleman of pleasing appearance, of refined and mild, yet convincing address, speaking without excitement, yet with manifest sincerity, and from profound conviction of the truth and momentous importance of what he said. For our agreeable surprise we owe something to the rum organs in Maine, whose columns teemed with abuse of Mr. Dow, and pictured him to the fancy as a monster, both in the moral and physical man.

In our opinion the rum-sellers in Portland made a most unlucky move for themselves, when, by illegal votes, they ousted Neal Dow from the mayoralty of their city. They set him free to kindle a light in their State, and throughout the Union, which will never go out. Whenever he speaks he carries the reason, the conscience, and the enthusiasm of the people in favor of these views which the Maine Law has embodied and glorified for all time.—*N. Y. Organ.*

Sketches from Modern Travels.

Bayard Taylor, with indefatigable energy, has pursued his journeyings, if not where he intended, yet assuredly where he has gathered a mass of useful and interesting information. His letters have regularly appeared in the *New York Tribune*, numbering now upwards of sixty in number. We have just read his account of Constantinople. He speaks of the city as being frequently visited with disastrous conflagrations. His own words shall describe the facts. He says:—

Constantinople has been terribly ravaged by fires—no less than fifteen having occurred during the past two weeks. Almost every night the sky has been reddened by burning houses, and the minarets of the seven hills lighted with an illumination brighter than that of the Bairam. All the space from the Hippodrome to the Sea of Marmora has been swept away; the laid, honey and oil magazines on the Golden Horn, with the bazaars adjoining; several large blocks on the hill of Galata, with the College of the Dancing Dervishes; a part of Scutaria and the College of the Howling Dervishes, all have disappeared, and to-day the ruins of 3,700 houses, which were destroyed last night, stand smoking in the Greek quarter, behind the aqueduct of Valens. The entire amount of buildings consumed in these two weeks is estimated at between five and six thousand. The fire on the hill of Galata threatened to destroy a great part of the suburb of Pera. It came, sweeping over the brow of the hill, toward my hotel, turning the tall cypresses in the burial ground into shafts of angry flame, and eating away the crackling dwellings of hordes of hapless Turks. I was in bed from sudden attack of fever, but seeing the other guests packing up their effects and preparing to leave, I was obliged to do the same, and this, in my weak state, brought on such a perspiration, that the ailment left me. The officers of the U. S. steamer *San Jacinto* and the French frigate *Charlemagne* came to the rescue with their men and fire-engines, and the flames were finally quelled. The proceedings of the Americans, who cut holes in the roofs and played through them upon the fires within, were watched by the Turks with stupid amazement. "Mashallah!" said a fat Bimbashi, as he stood sweltering in the heat; "the Franks are a wonderful people."

On leaving Constantinople, the weariless traveller proceeds to Malta. His letter, written in the Dardanelles, Aug. 7, 1852, is an eloquent farewell to the Orient. No better idea can be given of the vivacity and energy, and exquisite good humor of B. T., than an intelligent and appreciative mind may gather from this short letter. We quote in full. It is a summary of facts and feelings:—

At last, says Mr. Taylor, behold me fairly embarked for Chris.