

confined strictly to temperance men and temperance societies, it is in fact interesting and influencing the whole community; that it agitates Legislatures; it is taking its place in the statute-book; is affecting the tax-payer, the manufacturer, the ship-owner, the railroad company. Men studying political economy are engraving it in their principles, and all who are seeking the amelioration of the condition of the human race, and the elevation of the nations, are taking hold of the temperance cause as among their most important elements. And if every society in the nation were blotted out, it would not blot out the cause. Societies have been, and are great helps; but they are not now the chief helps. It is argument, the press, the public appeal, the spirit of improvement belonging to the age, and the increased power of the gospel, that is giving it impulse, and will extend it throughout the world; so that men who are lamenting the decline of the cause may save themselves their bewailings, and believe that there is yet strength to advance in the temperance enterprise.—*Journal Am. Temp. Union.*

To Moderate Drinkers.

The practice of moderate drinking may be aptly compared to a pathway over a deep gulf, a single narrow plank thrown across a vast chasm, requiring the firmest strength in those who attempt the passage, to overcome the dangers of the dizzy and unstable way. If, on a thronged thoroughfare such a passage existed, and beside it a firm and secure bridge, whose safety had been tried for ages, what would be thought of those, who, having strength of mind and limb, arriving at the brink of the chasm, followed by a vast concourse of persons of all ages and conditions, were, without a word of caution to succeeding passengers, to choose the perilous way by the single plank, over whose dizzy edges yawned the depths below, rather than the safe road by the bridge, inducing the following crowd by their example to slight the dangers of the insecure passage, and press forward upon it to the destruction of all who were not possessed of firmness of nerve and limb sufficient for its trying perils. Doubtless such conduct on the part of the strong and able would be regarded as reprehensible in the highest degree; their immunity from danger would be considered no excuse for setting the example to others to follow into such peril; though they proclaimed that the narrow way had no dangers for them, they would be told it was their duty to think of the safety of others, and not induce them by leading the way, to venture into such extremity of danger. Akin to the conduct here described is the custom of moderate drinking. Doubtless there are many who can pursue it all their days without making shipwreck of life, health, or happiness. They are happily endowed with such powers of self-control as enable them to resist the enticements of the practice, and they pass through life, continually toying with the tempter, yet unscathed. But of the vast multitude who venture to indulge the habit how great a proportion fall victims to the dangers it presents. Every drunkard that ever existed, every individual in the world who has injured himself by excess in the use of strong drink, commenced the course which led to such excess, as a moderate drinker. And what induced his first venturing on that course? Was it the instances of death and woe wrought upon it? Nay, but the immunity of the few who passed over it apparently unharmed. But though so many fall and perish through this means in the sight of all men, this is not sufficient to deter from its snares. Hundreds and thousands are rushing into it, heedless of the danger, the numbers who crowd to make the venture, blinding the unthinking multitude to the terrible hazard they incur.—Man is an imitative creature and prone to fall into the usages of the age in which he lives. While the drinking customs of society continue, so long will a vast number of those arriving on the stage of

manhood be led to adopt them, and while the pernicious usages prevail, the melancholy annals of intemperance will record its quota of victims, the winds will still be freighted with the sighs of the broken-hearted, the full proportion of drunkards, dark, hopeless graves will yawn and claim their prey.

Can it be right then, we ask, (and we address ourselves to those who profess to be governed by the obligations of christianity,) can it be right to follow a practice, the countenance of which by persons of note, character, and standing leads many to commit themselves to it, to whom it proves the means of ruin? It cannot be urged that there is a necessity for any to follow the practice. It is at best the indulgence of a mere luxury. Ought then the attachment of any to a custom fraught with such danger and so many evils, to prevail with them to continue it when they see multitudes, by entering on the same course, drawn to the gates of death and the bottomless pit? Tell us not, moderate drinker, that you are unharmed by it—and that we ought to appeal to those who go too far, that we should address our exhortations to the intemperate—we will, we must appeal to you. The wretch who, by going farther than you, has become a drunkard, is almost beyond the reach of help; not that he is insensible to the woes of his miserable condition, he feels them but too keenly, but because the tyrant habit has wound its iron chain about him, and he cannot resist the tide which is hurrying him to perdition. We may try to save him, but the task is one which affords little hope of success. Yet would we improve the miserable spectacle by pointing to the wretched wreck of manhood, and saying to you moderate drinker: behold the results of following upon the course where you led the way; think of the multitudes who have thus perished through the dangers which encompass and are inseparable from that course; think of the thronging thousands who are to come after you, who will be emboldened by your example to tamper with the deadly thing; for the sake of these, pause before you hold out an encouragement to tread the perilous road—rather warn them of the dangers it abounds with, and conjure them as they prize life and happiness to avoid it wholly and forever.—*Temperance Telegraph, N. B.*

A Peep at Number Five.

One of the most popular books published for some time is *Sunny side*, a delineation of a Country Clergyman's Family Experience. The same author is about issuing a new work, entitled, *A Peep at Number Five*, or a Chapter from the Life of a City Parson, which promises to be very attractive. We quote a brief passage. The minister is busily engaged in preparing a sermon for a special occasion, and, though cramped for time, has been often interrupted by calls:

Leaving him thus occupied, Lucy, on Thursday morning, ran out to take a little walk.—She had not gone far when she met a young girl, one of her people, with whom she stopped to speak.

'Are you all well at home?' she inquired.

'Yes, ma'am,' said the girl, hesitatingly.—Lucy observed her more closely, and saw that she looked pale and trembled.

'Is anything the matter?' she anxiously asked again.

'Yes,' said the girl, 'Jem is taking on again, and it would seem as if he would kill us all.' She burst into tears.

'I am very sorry to hear it,' said Lucy.

'O, you don't know how dreadful it is.—Mother sits all day long, and watches at the window for our minister; she thought maybe he would hear of our trouble in some way, and come to us. We all wanted to send for him, but father wouldn't let us.'

'I will tell him,' said Lucy, 'and I know he will come as soon as he can.'

'I wish he would—I wish he would,' said the girl, burst-