

THERE is something strange about temperance sentiments. Lecturers denounce the liquor traffic, Ministers of the Gospel preach against it, temperance organizations by the hundred are established for the purpose of causing its annihilation. Parties are formed, Scott Acts passed, legislative restriction, and destruction goes on perpetually, yet with all this combination against it the trade moves along apparently about as lively as ever.

What does it show? One of two things,—either the people don't want it stopped or they are deceiving themselves and other people besides. When slavery was seen to be a curse it was stopped decisively and emphatically; when the political system of England was discovered to be rotten the Reform Bill was passed; the great movements of free trade and protection, radical as they undoubtedly are, took place without any very serious or protracted trouble at least in America. But, notwithstanding the length of time liquor has been denounced and voted down, notwithstanding its bondage is worse than slavery, notwithstanding its suppression would be no more, probably not so much of a radical change as that from protection to free trade or vice versa; notwithstanding all the hullabaloo over it, victorious it is still. It is remarkable how long imposition and monstrous imposition will sometimes be borne. Insult a great official of the United States or any other country and, unless explanations are given or reparation in some way made, blood flows, a few hundred thousand men are broken up or given holes out in the field and nothing unusual is thought of it—quite proper and quite natural; but the public, the country at large, every civilized nation in Christendom insults itself, not occasionally but hourly, not once but five hundred thousand times a year in the grossest, worst possible manner, but nothing of importance results. Certainly the time has not yet come when the full burden of the yoke is felt. When will the time come?

WE haven't said anything about "Volapuk" yet, and would not do so now if it were not for the fact that we do not know much about it which is a sufficient recommendation to expatiate upon most anything now-a-days. Between Volapuk and Spelling Reform, several of our educational journals are pretty well occupied. "Volapuk" is designed, we believe, to be a sort of universal language easy to

learn and simple in structure. Its universality we think likely will probably extend in the end to four or five ingenious philologists who will monopolize its use and advocate its claims. We do not believe any arbitrary patch up and cut down of this kind will ever become the language of nations. The English language is good enough for the English, the Frenchman is satisfied with his "parlez vous," the German loves his hideous looking words, and so with all. Nations have heretofore got along very well with what they have, and we are not retrograding. Indeed we are likely to be better in the future. If you cannot speak French or German without mature practice is it reasonable that you are going to rattle off Volapuk any more fluently? The very name is enough to paralyze a beginner. Everything has a patent apparently in this age, but a patent language is the last thing yet to hope for success.

THERE is one method of awakening an interest in christian missions that is especially honest, scriptural and effective and so especially worthy of special attention. That is a *plain, straightforward, vivid representation of the world as it is*—a panorama of a Christless nation, a concrete example of heathendom, the story of a day in a heathen home, the living picture of a heathen man. Let the people see these children and men to whom they should send the gospel. How can they pity them or be interested in them whom they have never, with so much as their mind's eye seen? Just as in works of fiction the reader sympathizes with, weeps over and sometimes even loves persons who never existed at all, so, inversely, we live every day *without a bit of sympathy* for persons who are no fictitious creatures but real, living, breathing, suffering human beings. We pity deeply persons who *never were*, and do not care a tear for many, the throbbings of whose lungs and hearts are at this moment keeping painful time with our own. What makes this absurd difference? *Vivid representation*. In the one case there is vivid representation (so to speak) of *what is not*, with such a verisimilitude about it that the reader finds no difficulty in believing that this picture of life is real. He is *acquainted* with every character the novelist has portrayed. In the other case what *really is*, is not vividly represented. Ten men are killed on a railroad track in Illinois; we read it in three lines of blurred type in the morning paper and