

personal evils, the sorrows, the babblings, the contentions, the wounds, the redness of eyes, also presents the motive of all motives, that "at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." It stings the conscience with remorse, and the remorse is as incurable and fatal to the soul as the adder's peculiarly stinging poison is to the body. Again and again, with awful emphasis, the Scriptures declare that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of God. They pronounce a woe upon such as put the bottle to their neighbor's mouth to make him drunken, striking literally at the prevailing custom of 'treating,' and tempting one another, as a custom of long standing and aggravated guilt. Of the traffickers in the intoxicating cup, who make their gain out of the ruin of helpless families and deathless souls, God, in the Bible, affirms, "Their wine is the poison of dragons, and the cruel venom of asps." Is not this laid up in store with me, and sealed up among my treasures? To me belongeth vengeance and recompense; their feet shall slide in due time, for the day of their calamity is at hand.

Now, let an evangelical minister or Christian man go into our temperance meetings with such sentiments as those of the Bible, in how many cases will he be allowed to utter them? Is it not the prevailing sentiment of temperance reformers—there are noble exceptions—that intemperance is not a sin but a misfortune? That it is an evil in society but not a crime against God which greatly perils the salvation of the soul? How much would such reformers care about the offence against God, if the evils in society can only be put away? How then can it be expected that God will be on the side of such efforts?—Could the devil himself have more effectually framed union efforts to shut out the chief motive by which men may be powerfully and permanently moved, and to exclude the hopeful co-operation of good and true men? If men can be flattered or ridiculed out of intemperance; if their own worldly interests are sufficient motives; if they can be recovered wholly by social influences, with an occasional feast or dance, surely ministers of the gospel will reason that they are not much needed.

Here, then, is certainly a very prominent cause of failure. And so far is it from excusing gospel ministers and Christians from activity, that it throws the greatest possible responsibilities upon them. The religious motives and influences are to be supplied, and who shall do this if not the churches, and on the basis of their own divinely adapted organization? Our own families and the community must be made to see and feel that here is great and ruinous guilt; it is guilt that accompanies and stimulates to much other guilt. It is the great source of nearly all crime. It is the guilt of moral suicide, as it takes away the heart, destroys the reason and conscience, the higher nature of man. It is the suicide of the soul, that part of man which is made in the image of God, and is a more direct thrust at God than the suicide of the body, and is probably as much more guilty as the soul is higher and of more value than the body. To encourage by example or neglect duty, or in any way to tempt others to intemperance, is to become partakers in the crime of destroying souls, which in God's account must far surpass the guilt of murdering the body. Here is power to move men effectually, in the general development of religious principles and confidence towards God on this subject. Our children and neighbors must be persuaded that the evils of intemperance embitter the life, and also that "at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—*Boston Recorder*.

ICE STARS AND SNOW STARS.

In Tyndall's late remarkable lectures upon heat as a mode of motion, we find the following pleasing and striking illustration of the fondness, so to speak, of Nature for the display of her starry firmament, the highest, perhaps, of all her shows:—"How shall I dissect this ice? in the beam of an electric lamp we have an anatomist competent to perform this work. I will send the rays of this lamp through this block of pellucid ice. It shall pull the crystal edifice to pieces by accurately reversing the order of its architecture. Silently and symmetrically the crystallizing force builds the atoms up; silently and symmetrically the electric beam will take them down. I place this slab of ice in front of the lamp; a portion of the beam is arrested in the ice, and that portion is our working anatomist. Well, what is he doing? I place a lens in front of the ice, and cast a magnified image of the slab upon the screen. Observe the image—here we have a star, and there a star; and as the action continues, the ice appears to resolve itself into stars, each one possessing six rays, each one resembling a beautiful flower of six petals. And as I shift my lens to and fro, I bring new stars into view; and as the action continues, the edges of the petals become serrated, and spread themselves out like fern leaves upon the screen.

Few are aware of the beauty latent in a block of common ice. And only think of hush nature operating thus throughout the world. Every storm of the solid ice which sheets the frozen lakes of the north has been fixed according to this law. And, to complete the charming spectacle in this resemblance to the aspect of the sky at night, each ice-star flower, by a direction of the illuminating beam, will be seen to yield a spot in its centre, shining with the lustre of burnished silver. By immersing it in hot water you can melt away the ice all around the spot; the moment you do this, the eye of the star and flower, glowing with celestial brightness, is gone, and not a trace of it is left. *The spot is a vacuum.* So creative skill evokes, builds its graces, its glories, out of nothing—out of everything. Nor is it to the eye alone that the ice and the firmament are equally full of stars. Our ears, trained by true science, may hear nature laying her beams in music. Meteors and stars are said to sound and sing—ice-stars are known to have a voice whenever the flashing spark is struck, which unveils them in their frosty sphere.

Snow, likewise, found in a calm atmosphere, exhibits the same regular and exquisite figures that we discover in ice. Snow crystals are built upon the same type with icy crystals, the molecules forming six-sided stars. The six-leaved blossoms assume the most wonderful variety of form; their tracery is of the finest frost gauze, and to their rays eling other spangled rosettes, the nebulae of the frozen field. Beauty is piled upon beauty; as if nature, once at her task, delighted to show the wealth of her wonderful resources within

the narrow limits of a snow-wreath icelike, melting at a breath, or within the boundless sweep of the hosts on high, enduring forever. We regret that the *Transcript* cannot readily publish copies of the wood-cuts in Prof. Tyndall's work. That of the snow-stars is familiar to most of our readers. A bit of dark cloth will catch such stars in any gentle snow-fall. The ice-stars we hope to give ere long, if we can secure the necessary and inexpensive apparatus, with the aid of a friend, whose science, skill and genius we have tested for the revelation of the stars of the literary firmament of our language. — *Boston Transcript*.

LOSS AND GAIN.

Life grows better every day,
If we live in deed and truth;
So I am not used to grieve
For the vanished joys of youth.

For though early hopes may die,
Early dreams be rudely crossed;
Of the past we still can keep
Treasures more than we have lost.

For if we but try to gain
Life's best good, and hold it fast,
We grow very rich in love
Ere our mortal days are past.

Rich in golden stores of thought,
Hopes that give us wealth untold,
Rich in all sweet memories,
That grow dearer, growing old.

For when we have lived and loved,
Tasted suffering and bliss,
All the common things of life
Have been sanctified by this.

What my eyes behold to-day
Of this good world is not all;
Earth and sky are crowded full
Of the beauties they recall.

When I watch the sunset now,
As its glories change and glow,
I can see the light of suns
That were faded long ago.

When I look up to the stars
I find burning overhead,
All the stars that ever shone
In the nights that now are dead.

And a loving, tender word,
Dropping from the lips of truth,
Brings each dear remembered tone
Echoing backward from my youth.

When I meet a human face,
Lit for me with light divine;
I recall all loving eyes,
That have ever answered mine.

Therefore, they who were my friends
Never can be changed or old;
For the beauty of their youth
Fond remembrance well can hold.

Even they whose feet have crossed
O'er the noiseless calm abyss,
To the better shore which seemed
Once so far away from this,

Linger very near us still,
Parted only by a stream.
Over which they come and go,
As we journey in a dream.

And I think that God's best gifts
Were not given us to resign;
But through change, and life, and death,
That which I have loved is mine.

—*Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper*.