Spirit of the Age.

A Weekly Family Journal; Devoted to Temperance, Literature, Education, Agriculture and News of the Day.

VOLUME XI. RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER 12, 1859. NO. 7.

The Spirit of the Age,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY

A. M. Gorman,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

Single Subscribers, $1 50 per annum.
To clubs of 5 and upwards, $1 00 each;

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be sent longer than the time for which it has been paid; and no paper sent unless the cash accompanies the order.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates of advertising.

Original Papers.

For the Spirit of the Age.

Call for Volunteers.

Young man, what shall we say to you? To you we wish to speak a kind word, that we may learn the reason why you have not become a Son of Temperance? Can you give any plausible reason why you have not enlisted your services among those whose purpose is to promote the welfare and happiness of mankind, by impeding the progress of the most blighting *curse* that ever visited our world? For I am sure you will admit the deleterious effects of dram-drinking—that no one who indulges in the use of spirituous liquors as a beverage, is free from the pernicious effects which they produce, and that the only safety from the destroyer of millions, is to abstain entirely from everything that intoxicates. Perhaps you say, 'I don't drink;' and give that as the reason why you have never volunteered. Well, you deserve no little credit for your good example; but in our opinion, you could do much more good if you belonged to the Order. You say by your very actions as well as words, that the course of the dram-drinker is a dangerous one,—yet you fold your arms and pretend that you can do nothing to hinder others from drinking, without ever making a single effort. Oh! young man, are you convinced that the drunkard is degraded, despised, forsaken, deluded? (I say deluded, because he once thought as you do, that "there was no danger,") do you admit all this, and more, that he is hastening to a drunkard's hell,—and will you not help to reclaim and prevent, if possible, the rising generation from becoming so? Awake, we beseech you; arouse from your slumbers, and do not suffer your fellow-men to go down to ruin without an effort to save them.

Perhaps you say, "I do not drink—therefore I am exerting an influence for good as well as you." Hush! "He that is not with us is against us;" so says the Book of God. Come, volunteer, we beseech you, and if you can be instrumental in reclaiming one drunkard, or preventing one from becoming so, will you not feel yourself doubly rewarded for the little sacrifice you will have to make? Will it not do your heart good to know that you have dried up the briny tears of the neglected wife; and will not those famishing and half-naked little ones, whose father you have helped to reclaim, rise up in the great day of final accounts and call you blessed! Oh! delightful thought! How can we neglect so great a work? Why, ye thoughtless men and women, will ye stand aloof, when there is an opportunity of your doing so much good? Do you think you are doing your whole duty? Does not your conscience condemn you for neglect? Then God is greater than your consciences, and will condemn you in the great day!

We have been speaking mostly to the young men, because we think them in the most danger, and because we want them, believing they will be profitable soldiers.—We believe if we can once get them to enlist their services under the banner of Temperance, that they will become more and more zealous in the great work, and that they will continue to work till not a single young man can be found paying tribute to the drunkard's grave. What a glorious prospect presents itself to the young men alone. We want all—young and old, rich and poor, male and female—to unite their efforts in propagating the principles of Total Abstinence, believing as we do, that there is no real safety short of it; and that the Order of the Sons of Temperance is the most successful means that has ever been employed to retard the growing evil of Intemperance.—Those who are accustomed to their morning, noon, and evening drams, is a class which your humble writer thinks very injurious to the young, especially; more so than the most degraded drunkard; for the latter disgust, while the former induce them to say, *they* drink regularly but are not drunkards: why may not I do the same?

There are objections urged to the Order by others; by men, too, whose piety we cannot doubt; but must say their objection is very much like chaff before the wind.—They say "you substitute the Order for the Church." Grand mistake! Not an individual member will tell you that they depend upon the Order of the Sons of Temperance for the salvation of the immortal soul. We only profess to make men sober, without which no man can be an acceptable christian. No man can be a drunkard and a christian at the same time. This you will admit. Why, then, will you urge any objection against us, when we are only preparing them for the cause of Christ, which, in our opinion, is the only cause in existence that does more good than the cause of Temperance. Your humble writer joined the Order before he did the Church; but I assure you he does not depend upon the former to save his soul.—He depends upon nothing but a strict compliance with the requisitions of the Gospel, which teaches us that "unless a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of Heaven." But as the Bible teaches us that "a man is judged according to his deeds," he is obliged to confess that he is not doing his whole duty, when there is an opportunity to do good and he does not do it.—We believe that God approves the cause of Temperance, and that he will reward those who promote it.

Are there any married ladies who object to the Temperance cause? Woman! have you a husband and boys exposed to all the alluring temptations of the wine-cup, and will you object to their meeting once a week among those whose principles are in direct opposition to drunkenness?—Had you not rather trust them there than among wine-bibers in some detestable grog shop? Ah! you say, "there is no danger. My husband and sons have too much sense, too much pride, ever to make themselves brutes." Well for them and for you if they have; but if you ever see a staggering, swaggering, sputtering demijohn, the shape of a man, and that man is he in whom you once placed so much confidence, who promised to support and protect you, coming home at the hour of midnight, cursing and threatening everything that comes in his way—acting more like an infuriated tiger or a rampant lion, than anything else—seeking in every way he can to find some fault of you; charges you falsely with something, and you are compelled to flee in the dark, to escape the heavy blows of his hand—leaving behind your darling babe. It may be, then you will cry out in all the agony of your soul, "Oh! Lord, deliver me from a drunken husband; and give me the Sons of Temperance forever!" Or, it may be, that darling boy that you love so dearly—love as none but a mother can—may be drawn away by evil companions, and before you die may pass away into a drunkard's grave. Would to God there was no danger.

But we are assured by the past and present, that it is dangerous for both old and young to *drink drams*. Then we beseech you not to dally with the serpent, alcohol, but make up your minds at once to join our cold water army and drink nothing but the pure beverage prepared by God himself.

Be not discouraged, noble Sons; although our number is small when compared with those who have not yet joined us, we shall conquer. Never fear! Truth, *eternal truth*, is on our side, and we are bound to succeed. Though our numbers may not increase as rapidly as we could wish, yet if we are faithful, persevering and zealous in our duties, the time will come when the great wheel of Temperance will roll with wonderful rapidity, crushing down the strongholds of drunkenness; and where there was once nothing but wretchedness, there will be peace and plenty. God hasten the time when there shall be no more dram-drinking, is the prayer of many true-hearted men and women, and we hope it will soon be the prayer of all.

A. S. T.

Clio, S. C.

An Evening Before A Wedding.

'I will tell you,' continued her aunt to Louisa, 'two things which I have fully proved. The first will go far towards preventing the possibility of any discord after marriage, the second is the best and surest preservative of femine character.'

'Tell me,' said Lousia, auxiously.

'The first is this—to demand of your bridegroom, as soon as the mrrriage ceremony is over, a solemn vow, and promise yourself, never even in jest, to dispute or express any disagreement—I tell you never,—for what begins in mere bantering, will lead to serious earnest. Avoid expressing any irritation at one another's words. Mutual forbearance is one of the great secrets of domestic happiness. If you have erred, confess it freely, even if the confession cost you some tears. Further, promise faithfully and solemnly never upon any pretext or excuse, to have secrets or concealments from each other, but to keep your private affairs from father, mother, sister, brother, relations, and the world. Let them be known only to each other and son admitted into your confidence, becomes a party to stand between you, and will naturally stand for one or the other. Promise to avoid this, and renew the vow upon every temptation. It will preserve that perfect confidence, that union which will indeed make you one. O, if the newly married would practise this spring of connubial peace, how many unions would be happy which are now miserable.—*Knickerbocker.*

A GOOD REFORT.—A lady of our acquaintance, says the Richmond *News*, was passing up one of our principal thoroughfares, a few days since, when she was met by a young man full of bad whiskey, who was laboring very strenuously to preserve his equanimity, and prevent the discovery of his condition. In endeavoring to avoid a collision with the lady in question, he lost his balance and stepped on the skirt of her dress, when he turned towards her and remarked, by way of apology, "Hoops take up too much room." The lady looked at him and very quietly retorted, "Not so much as whiskey, sir," and passed on.

GETTING DRUNK ON SUNDAY.—Father Sullivan, the Catholic priest in Northampton, Mass., has administered a severe castigation to those of his flock who improve their Sundays getting drunk. He alluded to the fact that eleven of the lay members were arrested on a recent Sunday, and threatened hereafter to proclaim in open meeting the names of those who should be found drunk and disturbing the public peace.

Religion and Temperance.

A GOOD INDICATION.—Among the favorable indications of the present year, we are glad to see that a number of ministers of the gospel are joining our standard, and doing excellent service in our cause. This is as it should be; for certainly no class of men have a deeper interest in our efforts than the public representatives of religion. The sober man is surely a better supporter of the church, a better hearer of the truth, a better co-laborer with his pastor, while his general influence at home, and in the community around him, will be infinitely better for all the interests of our common christianity. This fact seems so apparent, indeed, that we could never understand why so many of our clergy keep so perfectly aloof from all co-operation with temperance men, as if, indeed, they were fearful of contamination by the contact. However, we have so little disposition to censure so worthy and so useful a class of men, that we take pleasure in noticing the case of those who, forming an exception to this too general rule, recently joined us and are doing excellent service in our cause.

It is in this connection we wish to notice a small incident, of very recent occurrence. A member of our Order was present at a Sabbath School celebration, where the pastor of the church had been opposed to all aid of the temperance cause.—The Son of Temperance was invited to speak, and dwelt mainly on the gain to society of Sabbath Schools, Christain associations, temperance organizations, &c., by bringing men of different churches and classes in contact with one another. When he was done, the pastor got up and said that he heartily endorsed that speech; and that as for the temperance cause, he had just joined one of the Divisions, and was heart and soul with all sound temperance men.—*Virginia Conductor.*

RUM IS NOT A GIFT OF GOD.—From the hands of that benevolent Being who sitteth upon the "circle of the universe," directing the destiny of the human family, we receive naught to injure or molest us—all his dispensations are for our good, and that only—and all his gifts are for our happiness while upon the earth. Those mighty engines of human destruction which damn our earth and obscure Heaven, are of human origin and human invention; Rum, the great Sire of them all, was conceived, concocted and created by man, for nowhere in creation can it be found among the gifts of our Heavenly Father. The following beautiful paragraph upon this point we find among our scissorings:

"We affirm that in all the world—nay, in all the universe of God, there is not a lake, a river, a streamlet or a fountain of intoxicating drinks. There is no such thing in nature. Water, God has everywhere given, spread it over the world, sent it down from the clouds, sent it bubbling up from the earth, made it journey in ceaseless activity in rills and streams and great rivers towards the ocean. He has, wherever man can live, given it to him at his very door, but intoxicating drinks he has provided nowhere on the face of the whole earth. That 'gift,' whether 'good' or evil, is not the gift of God, but the invention of man—an invention that has destroyed more lives, desolated more homes, occasioned more sorrow and anguish, than war, pestilence and famine combined. It may by many be thought a questionable policy to deprive men of the use of it by legitimate enactment, but to call intoxicating drinks the 'Good gift of God,' is an abuse of terms, and a burning reproach upon the benevolence and holy attributes of the Deity."

REV. THOMAS P. HUNT.—Many of our readers are acquainted with this venerable and able advocate of temperance, and will be pleased to learn that he is still doing good service in the cause. We have been much interested in reading a recent letter of his to Rev. John Marsh. We have not space for the entire letter, but give a few sentences embodying his opinions on some topics connected with the general subject, and his opinions are always entitled to extensive and accurate observation and much reflection:—

"I never said that 'not one' can maintain his pledge unless he becomes a Christian, nor did I insinuate any thing like it. What I did say was this: Out of many thousands of *intemperate* men who signed the pledge under me, very few kept it unto the end, unless they became new creatures in Christ Jesus, &c. More recently, those who become *drunkards*, cannot be at all depended upon, unless they also become Christians. Of those (drunkards) who have signed the pledge within a few years, 'not one' has remained firm unless they subsequently become Christians."*

"I always have been, and still am, a warm advocate for signing the pledge. It is invaluable to such as can keep it. And while many who sign it become Christians, yet men may and do keep it, without faith in Jesus. Yet I always urge upon all not to stop short of a hold upon Him in whose strength alone the weak are made strong. None are safe unless God keeps them."

"I may be permitted here to remark, that my determination not to receive into church membership any who furnish or use the poison, has kept, and likely will keep, me out of a pastorate. I believe that modern ale drinking, before the moral powers are destroyed, is a greater sin than drunkenness after they are."

*The results of our own observation would not warrant us in making so streng a statement. We know a goodly number who have been drunkards but who have for years been pledged and practical teetotalers, though they do not claim to be christians in the general use of that term.—ED.

Choice Literature.

From the Yorkville Enquirer.

LOVE, COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

BY J. FOREST GOWAN.

The title of the present article cannot be reversed with impunity; for as sure as virtuous love leads to courtship, so sure is it that courtship should ripen into marriage. The problem of *choice*, as regards the object of our affections, is one that cannot be solved to the satisfaction of the mind. It is seldom, if ever, that the man of towering intellect fixes upon a literary woman as the object of his affections; and the world has long since learned the truth of the statement, that women of splendid education, refined tastes, and liberal accomplishments, have bestowed their hands and hearts upon even less than ordinary men.

Men, the development of whose physical parts might well fit them for the performance of Fallstaff, are continually leading to the marriage altar the smallest specimens of "the sex whose presence civilizes ours," while on the other hand, men small enough to crawl through the space between a pitcher and its handle, are ever found in the society of feminine giants.

Cupid—I use that heathenish name with due disgust and contempt—aims his little shaft at our hearts from almost every imaginable quarter. Sometimes he lets fly an arrow from behind a well turned ankle; sometimes he covers his rosy limbs beneath a pretty head of clustering curls, only to start from his hiding place and thrust his barbed arrow into our hearts. He makes use of dimples as loop holes through which he may direct his shafts; and now and then takes a resting shot from a fair shoulder. The little archer sometimes slips the head of his arrow between the fingers of a dainty little hand, so that when you take that "dear hand" within your own, and press it so fondly, you may be sure to feel the painful wound, which the owner of the hand can only heal.

Men are continually "falling in love," and ever will do so as long as the world lasts, or human nature continues to be what it is. But, casting aside all nonsensical humbuggery, and mellifulous sentimentalism, let us talk plain common sense about Love, Courtship and Marriage.

Old man, there sits *"the old woman"*—you love to call her so—with whom you have lived and been happy for lo! these many years. Put on your spectacles and look upon the dim page, upon which is recorded each for the year of your marriage. Fifty years ago! Go dreamingly back into the beautiful long ago, when Julia—your *"old woman"* now—was breathing the fragrant air of her sixteenth summer.

You were at preaching in the old meeting house by the road-side—you were a young man of about twenty-one years—you went there to worship God. The holy man delivered the benediction—the worshipers arose to leave the sacred spot—but, did you? Why did you remain seated?

Ah! you look tearfully upon the "old woman" yonder—I see your old heart is busy with that long ago May morning, when she, who now sits by the log fire, knitting hose for her little grand-children, was the beautiful Julia Esterling—the pride of a doting father's heart, and the belle of your once little village. Her soft blue eyes met yours; and, without knowing why, you felt the warm blood rushing to your cheeks, a choking sensation was felt in your throat, and an indefinable feeling swept over your entire heart, and you could not account for it. You were never a sentimentalist—never read a novel—and yet, you went away alone in the woods, after preaching was over, and rhymed *dove* with *love*, and *"bright skies"* with *"blue eyes."* You never dreamed of dinner that day; and when you took your seat at the table, supper time, you buttered your bread on both sides, sweetened your coffee twice, cut your mouth with the knife, and made yourself generally ridiculous. Your dog came up to you for his accustomed pat on the head, and though the poor brute put his nose upon your knee, you did not notice him. You went home very well, old man.

You went up to your room—threw yourself upon the nearest chair and went off into a long reverie—didn't you now? You were startled from that reverie by the clock bell striking twelve; and you arose with a sigh—retired to your bed, and tossed about until the dawn of day. What a headache you had when you walked out into the garden!—how little desire you had for the smoking breakfast! and how you started and colored, when the old house-keeper asked if you were unwell.—Ah, me! was not this your experience for days and weeks together?

But a friend—how your heart blessed him!—found out your secret sorrows and offered to introduce you to Julia Esterling. Ah! old man! you cannot have forgotten how nicely you adjusted your hair—how many times you arranged your neck-tie—how carefully you brushed your best coat, and then returned to the mirror to take yet another view of yourself. Before that time you cared very little how you looked, or what people said about your outer man; but now—well, let that all pass!

Your friend came for you; and, with a wildly beating heart, you stepped into the carriage and enveloped yourself in impenetrable silence. Don't you remember what a rush of feeling came over your heart when the carriage wheels ceased to revolve, and the driver said, "Here is the house, gentlemen!"

Old, white haired man, what would you take for the memory of that moment, when you hesitatingly, tremblingly clasped the proffered little hand of Julia for the first time? What was it, that came over your conscious nature, that made the skies look so bright, the flowers so beautiful? What made thoughts as beautiful as the stars, and feelings plumed like birds of Paradise, come singing into your bosom? What influence was it that stirred the depths of your heart with a new melody, and sent a wave of beauty over your soul as sweet as the fragrance of flowers that bloom in dreamland? It was nothing but *Miss* Esterling for the next month—there was no body in the world (your world) but her! Nobody had such a sweet voice—nobody played such beautiful music, and of all the hands in the world, hers was the softest, prettiest and most beautiful! It was so soft! so *very* small! so exquisitely moulded, that you, somehow or other, could not touch it unless a thrill of rapture went through your heart. Oh! it was such a *dear* little hand!

Months passed away, and now you ventured to call her Miss *Julia*. You took long walks together; and as you felt the precious little hand upon your arm, you felt like pressing it within your own, and pressing it to your mute lips. Oh! if you dared to put *that* inclination into practice! You intended to have done so last night—you felt *sure* that you could muster courage to kiss that little hand the next time you met her. Could you!

It was a beautiful moon-illumined night—you were alone with her. She knew you loved her and was silent. You felt a choking sensation in your throat—struck the gravel walk with your stick—pulled at your neck-tie—looked at your watch—clenched your fist and coughed. You dropped a glove and arose to pick it up; and in resuming your seat you got considerably closer to Miss Julia. You asked some question about a bracelet that glistened upon her wrist, and took that opportunity of clasping her pretty little hand. She trembled and half withdrew her hand, but you *would not* release your grasp; so she became quiet and you—considerably nervous.

After a most delicious silence, you mustered courage and kissed the pretty hand. She makes no resistance—you quietly slip your arm around her waist—you can almost hear her heart throb—you draw her close beside you, and with a desperate courage whisper, "My *dear* Julia!" Was it not so, old man?

She—poor little thing!—understood what all that meant, and pitied your embarrassment far more than you dreamed of. You draw her yet closer to your side—she turns her blushing face towards you course, your lips meet, and *not* resting upon your shoulder. Oh! what can purchase the memory of that hour, old man? Oh! the beautiful days, that came after that moonlight night! You could throw aside your coat then, and go to work with a right good will—there was something worth living for—something worth toiling for.

Your hitherto drooping head was lifted above the fog, into the warm bright sunlight of unutterable peace and satisfaction—your step grew manly, firm and unfaltering, as you mingled among your fellow men.

The frown disappeared from your brow, the expression of scorn forsook your lips; and, now, you can smile upon your fellow men, and speak gentle words to even little children. How the tones of Julia's voice, came down upon your heart like the "PEACE, BE STILL" upon the waters of Gallilee!—how your own voice fell into whispers whenever *she* was by your side!

"Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seemed too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half."

Did you see a flower—you instantly plucked it for Julia—*your* Julia!—for she was fond of flowers. Did your eye fall upon a pearly shell, lying on the sandy beach?—you stooped to take it from its resting place; took out your handkerchief and cleansed it *so* nicely; put it carefully in your vest pocket until you could see Julia—she *loved* shells. Don't you remember those days, old man?—and has not the fragrance of their blessedness floated out upon the stream of life, and lingered about your old heart for lo! these many

Shade the dim eyes with the hand of memory, and look away back to that sunny morning in June, when you stood by the altar with your beautiful bride. Now look upon your "old woman" sitting so quietly by the log fire—take her tremulous hand in yours—smooth back her silver locks, and tell me if she is not Julia still—*your* Julia! Thank God for human love!—sacred, virtuous, and faithful love!

Don't you remember the little cottage by the river side to which you took your Julia? The furniture was very plain—there was no fine silver plate upon the door—no carpet upon the floor. But, then the little garden was very pretty, and the beautiful river was *so* pleasant to the eye; and what was better than all, love was in the little cottage—peace was in the little cottage—humble trust in Him who feedeth the ravens was in the little cottage; and it was very sweet to return from your labor when the setting sun made long shadows in the field, and find Julia waiting for you by the wicket gate. Perhaps your face and hands grew red, then dark, beneath the merciless rays of the meridian sun; but you did not mind that—she loved you all the better for that, and rested her soft cheek against your tanned face just as affectionately as when the roses were there.

There was an unusual sound in the cottage one snowy day—"a well-spring of delight" was in the household—a baby's little voice came like plaintive melody upon your ear—a baby's little head pressed a tiny pillow beside your Julia, and its mother.

What would you have taken for that little baby, old man?—what was it that made you go later to work and return so much earlier to the cottage?—what was it that made you step so softly upon the the floor and glide so stealthily about the house?—what was it, that made you laugh outright while hard at work in the field, or burst into tears even amid your songs? You were a *father!*—that was it.

That was a long time ago; and, since then, your girls and boys have grown up, married, and settled down in life. I venture to say, that Julia is as dear to your heart as ever; and though her once bright blue eyes are growing dim, and the frosts of age have fallen upon her once beautiful, soft, brown hair, you can still call her "*dear* Julia," and bless God for the sweet memory of your "Love, Courtship and Marriage."

The love, that throned her ever, as
The idol in your heart—
The love that gave you all the bliss
That heaven could o'er impart—
The love, that gave you all of life,
And made it sweet as heaven—
Burns brighter, purer, even now
Than when it first was given!

My Mother's Grave.

It was thirteen years since my mother's death, when after a long absence from my native village I stood beside the sacred mound, beneath which I had seen her buried. Since that mournful period, a great change had come over me. My childish years had passed away and with them my youthful character. The world was altered too; and as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realize that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature, whose cheeks she had so often kissed in an excess of tenderness. But the varied events of thirteen years had not effaced the remembrance of that mother's smile. It seemed as if I had seen her yesterday—as if the blessed sound of her voice, was then in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind, that had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing. The circumstance may seem a trifling one—but the thought of it even now agonizes my heart—and I relate it that those children who have parents to love them, may learn to value them as they ought.

My mother had been ill a long time; and I had become so much accustomed to her pale face and weak voice, that I was not frightened at them as children usually are. At first, it is true, I sobbed violently, for they told me she would die; but when found her the same, a cheerful smile and would always be spared to me.

One day when I had lost my place in the class and done my work wrong side outward, I came home discouraged and fretful. I went into my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual, but she met me with the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return. Alas! when I look back through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone, not to have been melted by it. She requested me to go down stairs, and bring her a glass of water—I pettishly asked why she did not call a domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach which I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred years old, she said, "And will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?"

I went and brought her the water, but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling and kissing her, as I was wont to do, I sat the glass down very quickly, and left the room. After playing a short time, I went to bed without bidding my mother "good night;" but when alone in my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her low voice trembled, when she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?" I could not sleep—and I stole into her chamber, to ask forgiveness. She had sunk into an uneasy slumber and they told me I must not waken her. I did not tell any one what troubled me, but stole back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning, and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct.

The sun was shining bright when I awoke, and hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to her side. She spoke to me more—never smiled upon me again, and when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold that it made me start. I bowed down by her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I thought then I wished I could die, and be buried with her; and, old as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother have lived to tell me she forgave my childish ingratitude. But I cannot call her back—and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me, will "bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder."

NOTHING LOST BY GIVING.—I have been young and now I am old, and as I stand before God to-night, I declare that nothing I have ever given in charity is regretted. Oh no! It is the riches we keep that perish, that which we give away that abides with us forever; it impresses itself on our characters, and tells on our eternal destiny, for the habit of charity, formed in this life, will accompany us in the next. The bud which begins to open here, will blossom in full expansion hereafter, to delight the eye of angels and beautify the paradise of God. Let us then, now, and on every occasion hereafter, practice that liberality which in death we shall approve, and reprobate the parsimony which we shall then condemn.—*Rev. Dr. Mott.*

The Myrtle and Night Shade.

I was once the owner of a sweet myrtle which I prized very highly. The shrub itself was not particularly beautiful, nor were its white blossoms and feathery stamens as showy as some other flowers, but I loved it for its perfume. Its faintest odor was like the breath of love upon my heart, so soft, mysterious and silent was its thrilling power.

To my young imagination, this favorite myrtle was a thing of life and sense. Gladness and welcome were in the gentle motion of its shining leaves; peace and happiness in the pure white blossoms, and a kiss of love in its rare perfume. Morning and evening I went to it, as to a dear friend, for whom I felt an unspoken sympathy.

Once, in the springtime, I found a small plant of a dark green hue, growing near the root of my myrtle. At first it was so small and insignificant that I did not think of plucking it up. As it grew larger I began to wonder what it was, and at last concluded to let it alone, and see what kind of bowers it would have. At length it budded, and then bloomed a pale, sickly white bloom with a disagreeable odor.

Then I knew it must come up, but neglected it from day to day. Every time I looked at it I felt a qualm of conscience, such as we always feel when neglecting a duty. Something occurred that prevented me from noticing it for several days, and when I saw it again my myrtle was *dead!* Yes, the horrid old night shade had stolen away its life, and it had died before I was aware of its decay.

I watered its withered leaves with my tears, and sitting under its lifeless branches, learned some never-to-be-forgotten lessons. I had disobeyed the inward monitor, and received the reward of such disobedience. My beautiful myrtle had been dying by slow degrees, while I was procrastinating so carelessly. But why should the poisonous, hateful thing have a stronger hold on life than the lovely myrtle?—Aye, that was a question. There was many a parallel case. Purity and innocence die away by continual contact with the wicked and the depraved. This is a law of nature. It is easier to fall than rise.

Then let us beware of the night shades of society, for under their influence the myrtle will die. And above all, let us guard our own hearts, lest the poisonous seeds of pride, malice and revenge spring up and destroy the buds of promise, and the blossoms of love and peace.

A Withering Appeal to Dealers in Strong Drink.

The following eloquent appeal is from the pen of the Rev. Alexander Duncan-son:

ancholy position—a more painful, more worthy, more degraded, and more sinful position cannot be conceived! To prey upon the shame, the crime, the body, the soul, the time, the eternity of a fellow creature, is awful! To prepare the way of bankruptcy, pauperism, disease, prison, death, is not to be coveted! To assist to ruin character, murder reputation, sink position and circumstances, filch a man's crumb of bread, is odious! To beggar families, break the hearts of wives, scatter domestic fire-brands and death, break up happy homes, divide united hearts, dissolve family links of the closest ties, is a baseness indescribable. To rise into riches by such a course is not to be rich; to be honored is to be dishonored; to gain place in the world is to have no dignity; to stand forth in the cause of religion is to daub Zion's walls with untempered mortar. To swell out into portly dimensions by the sale of strong drink is the price of poverty; to rise into luxury is a gain from wretchedness; to walk abroad in ease is purchase from perspiration and toil; to assume high airs, and gad about, all bespangled and bejeweled, is an elevation wrung from shame, degradation, misery and death. How infatuated must the dealer be to be rolling in every comfort and luxury, possessing wealth and property, and all purchased at the poor inebriate's expense. The publican well clothed, while *he* is in rags; the publicans's wife, handsome, buxom, jeweled, but the poor drunkard's wife has not where to lay her head; the publican's children, clothed in the decencies of the season; but mark his customer's—cold, starved, wet, ragged, diseased. What a difference between the state of those that are supported by strong drink. Surely, if reflection was left in the drunkard's mind, the sketch we have just given would banish forever the drinker from the drinkery door.

"And what state can that mind be in that can keep such a house? How destitute of the finer feelings of humanity—to speak of religion would be nonsense.—Where is love for his country and his kind? Can patriotism inhabit such a bosom? Impossible. Can such a man be a reformer—a regenerator of society—and keep a house and sell an article to degrade, dehumanize, and enslave his fellow men, soul and body, hand and foot? Incredible. How much of Christ's love can be in the bosom of the man who continues to sell spirits, and sees, and hears, and reads, the awful deed it is doing against God and man? Not a spark.

"And is it possible that the spirit-dealer can commend his traffic to God in prayer? Could he lay his hand on his heart and enter the divine presence, and crave God to bless his efforts? It cannot be. His blood would run cold, his soul would freeze in the endeavor, his smitten conscience could not bear the piercing glance of God; he could only to carry on his trade by forgetting eternity, trampling on the sacred dictates of conscience and escaping from thoughts of future death and judgment. Infinitely better for a man to beg for his bread from door to door, than occupy such a position. In this case he might be an heir of heaven—but who can recognize the selling of whisky and eternal glory?"