

What Does the Sin Commence.

John Bright, M. P., in an address on temperance, referring to the sin of drunkenness, said: "To drink deeply—to be drunk—is a sin; this is not denied. At what point does the taking of strong drink become a sin? The state in which the body is when not excited by intoxicating drink is its proper and natural state; drunkenness is the state farthest removed from it. The state of drunkenness is a state of sin; at what stage does it become sin? We suppose a man perfectly sober who has not tasted any thing which can intoxicate, one glass excites him and to some extent disturbs the state of sobriety, and so far does not constitute another glass excites him still more; a third fills his eye, heats his blood, loosens his tongue, inflames his passions; a fourth increases all this; a fifth makes him foolish and partially insane; a sixth makes him savage; a seventh or eighth makes him stupid—a senseless, degraded mass; his reason is quenched, his faculties for the time are destroyed. Every noble and generous and holy principle within him withers, and the image of God is polluted and defiled. This is the awful sin; for drunkenness shall not inherit the kingdom of God." But where does the sin begin? At the first glass, at the first step towards complete intoxication, or at the sixth, or seventh, or eighth? Is not every step from the natural state of the system towards the state of stupid intoxication an advance in sin, and a yielding to the unwearied tempter of the soul? Reader, think of this—think of your own danger, for who is so strong that he may not fall? Think of the millions who lie bound in the chains of this "foul spirit," and ask yourself, Are you doing your duty in discountenancing the cause of so much sin and misery? If you cannot say no with a clear conscience, rise superior to foolish and wicked customs, and join your influence and example to the efforts of those who have declared war against the cause of sin and drunkenness, which will only terminate with their extermination from the surface of the earth.

Before and After Marriage.

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John B. Gough tells the following: "A minister of the gospel told me one of the most thrilling incidents I have ever heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home for the first time in his life intoxicated, and his boy met him on the doorstep clapping his hands and exclaiming: 'Papa has come home!' He seized the boy by the shoulder, swung him round, staggered and fell in the hall. That minister said to me, 'I spent the night in that house. I went out, hared my eyes, and the night air might fall upon it and cool it. I walked up and down the hill. There was his child, dead! There was his wife in strong convulsions, and he asleep, with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple where the corner of the marble steps came in contact with the head as he swung him round, and a wife upon the brink of the grave! 'Mr. Gough, I said my friend, 'I cursed the drink. He told me I should remain until he awoke, and I did. When he awoke he passed his hand over his face and exclaimed, 'What is the matter where am I? Where is my boy?' 'You cannot see him.' 'Stand out of my way. I will see my boy.' To prevent confusion I took him to the child's bed, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse he uttered a wild shriek, 'Oh, my child!' That minister said further to me, 'One year after that he was brought from a lunatic asylum to lie side by side in one grave, with his wife and child, and I attended his funeral.'"

England Will Rear.

Russia—I want several provinces to square off my territory. England—Now, I don't think that's right. Russia—I'm going to take those Turkish ships. England—Now, you shouldn't do that. Russia—Let's see, that isn't near enough. I want two, or three, or twenty, or thirty millions of rubles. England—By George, you'd better take Turkey and be done with it. Russia—Don't know but what I shall. Now, there's Egypt. England—Now, if you touch Egypt I shan't like it. I'll roar. I can roar awful. You'll better not make me roar. Russia—O, roar and be done! I think I'll cork up the Bosphorus, too. England—Now, if you cork up the Bosphorus, I will roar. I've got 400,000 roaring men. Russia—Yes, I'll put a fort on the Bosphorus. England—Now, I am going to commence to roar right away if you do that. Austria will roar with me, too, won't you, Austria? Austria—I don't. I haven't roared for a good while. I got awful sick the last time. I'll roar. I can roar awful. You'll better not make me roar. Russia—O, roar and be done! I think I'll cork up the Bosphorus, too. England—Now, if you cork up the Bosphorus, I will roar. I've got 400,000 roaring men. Russia—Yes, I'll put a fort on the Bosphorus.

John Billings Talks About the Goslin.

The goslin is the old goose's young child. They are yellow all over, and as soft as a ball of wool. Their foot is very whole, and they can swim as easy as a drop of kistur oil on the water. If they are born annually about the 15th of May, and never was known to die naturally. If a man should tell me he saw a goose die a natural death I wouldn't believe him under oath after that, not even if he swore he had had about seeing a goose die. The goose is different in one respect

from the human family, who are said to grow weaker and wiser, whereas a goslin always grows tuffer and more phoolish.

I have seen a goose that they say was ninety-three years old last June, and didn't look an hour older than one who was only seven years.

The goslin waddles when he walks and paddles when he swims, but never dives like a duck out of sight in the water, but only changes ends.

The food of the goslin is rye, corn, oats and barley, sweet apples, hasty pudding, succotash and baked cabbage, cooked potatoe, raw meat, wine, jelly, turnips, stale bread, cold hash and buckwheat cakes that are left over.

They ain't so particular as sum phools about what they eat; they won't git mad and quit if they can't have wet toast and ham ca ps every morning for breakfast.

Before and After Marriage.

When a young man begins to feel especially drawn towards a maiden—and by more intimate acquaintance this interest ripens into affection—all the politeness and respect which command will be manifested when in her presence. The best traits of his character are called out to entertain and honor her, to draw closer the bond of union he desires to see established. Both, if the interest is mutual—perhaps with a desire of making a false impression—are in that exalted state of mind which shows them to the greatest advantage. Particularly is this true as regards the lover. To gratify the slightest wish of his chosen one effort is felt to be wearisome, no labor a burden. All self-denial for his lady-love is accounted as a joy and honor. His very life seems too small an offering.

The Antecedents of Disease.

Among the antecedents of disease are inattention to the condition of the body, indicating that the life current is deficient in nutritive properties, a wan, haggard look, inability to digest the food, loss of appetite, sleep and strength, and a sensation of unusual fatigue. All these may be regarded as among the indications of a disease which will eventually attack the system and overwhelm it, if it is not built up with the force of advance. Incurable, then, without loss of time, making choice of the great vitalizing agent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an elixir which has given health and vigor to myriads of the sick and debilitated, which is avouched by physicians and analysts to be pure as well as effective, which is immensely popular in this country, and extensively used abroad, and which has been for years past one of the leading medicinal staples of America.

Spring Gardening.

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