

Soc. They could not teach you how to play at draughts, and yet that is a much smaller matter than justice—do you not admit that?

AL. Yes.
Soc. And can they teach the better who are unable to teach the worse?

AL. I think that they can; at any rate, they can teach many far better things than to play at draughts.

Soc. What things?
AL. Why, for example, I learned to speak Greek of them, and I cannot say who was my teacher, or to whom I can attribute my knowledge of Greek, if not to those good-for-nothing teachers, as you call them.

Soc. Why, yes, my friend; and the many are good enough teachers of Greek, and their instructions in that line may be justly praised.

AL. Why is that?
Soc. Why, because they have the qualities of good teachers.

AL. What qualities?
Soc. Why, you know that knowledge is the first qualification of any teacher?

AL. Certainly.
Soc. And if they know, they must agree together and not differ?

AL. Yes.
Soc. And would you say that they know the things about which they differ?

AL. No.
Soc. Then how can they teach them?

AL. They cannot.
Soc. Well, but do you imagine that the many would differ about the nature of wood and stone—if you ask any one about them are they not agreed, and go to fetch the same thing, when they want a piece of wood or a stone, or anything else of the sort; for that, if I am not mistaken, is pretty nearly all that you mean by speaking Greek.

AL. True.
Soc. But then, as we were saying, these are matters about which they are agreed with one another and with themselves; both individuals and states use the same words about them; they do not use some one word and some another.

AL. They do not.
Soc. Then they may be expected to be good teachers of these things?

AL. Yes.
Soc. And if we want to instruct any one in them, we shall be right in sending him to be taught by our friends the many?

AL. Very true.
Soc. But if we wanted further to know not only which are men and which are horses, but which men or horses have powers of running, will the many be able to inform us of this?

AL. Certainly not.
Soc. And a sufficient proof that they do not know these things and are not true teachers of them is, that they are never agreed about them?

AL. Yes.
Soc. And suppose that we wanted to know not only what men are like, but what healthy or diseased men are like—would the many be able to teach us this?

AL. They would not.
Soc. And you would have a proof that they were bad teachers of these matters, if you saw them at variance?

AL. I should.
Soc. Well, but are the many agreed with themselves, or with one another, about the justice or injustice of men and things?

AL. Assuredly not, Socrates.
Soc. There is no subject about which they are more at variance?

AL. None.
Soc. I do not suppose that you ever saw or heard of men quarrelling over the principles of health and disease to such an extent as to go to war and kill one another for the sake of them.

AL. No, indeed.
Soc. But of the quarrel about justice and injustice, you have certainly heard, even if you have never seen them; for you have heard recitations of the Iliad and Odyssey.

AL. To be sure, Socrates.
Soc. A difference of just and unjust is the argument of the poems?

AL. True.
Soc. And this difference caused all the wars and deaths of Trojans and Achæans, and the deaths of all the suitors of Penelope in their quarrel with Odysseus.

AL. Very true.
Soc. And when the Athenians and Lacedæmonians and Boeotians fell at Tanagra, and afterwards in the battle of Coronea, at which your father, Cleinias, met his end, the question was one of justice—this was the sole cause of the battles, and of their deaths?

AL. Very true.
Soc. But can we suppose that they understand that about which they are quarrelling to the death?

AL. Clearly not.
Soc. And yet those whom you thus allow to be ignorant are the teachers to whom you are appealing.

AL. Very true.
Soc. But how are you ever likely to know the nature of justice and injustice, about which you are so perplexed, if you have never learned them of others nor discovered them yourself?

AL. From what you say, I suppose not.
Soc. See, again, how inaccurately you speak, Alcibiades!

AL. In what respect?
Soc. In saying that I say this.

AL. Why, did you not say that I know nothing of the just and unjust?
Soc. No; I did not.

AL. Did I, then?
Soc. Yes.

AL. How was that?
Soc. Let me explain. Suppose I were to ask you which is the greater number, two or one; you would reply, "two?"

AL. I should.
Soc. And by how much greater?
AL. By one.

Soc. Which of us now says that two is more than one?
AL. I do.

Soc. Did not I ask, and you answer the question?
AL. Yes.

Soc. Then who is speaking? I who put the question, or you who answer me?
AL. I am.

Soc. Or suppose that I ask and you tell me the letters which make up the name Socrates, which of us is the speaker?
AL. I am.

Soc. Now let us put the case generally; whenever there is a question and answer, who is the speaker, the questioner or the answerer?
AL. I should say, Socrates, that the answerer was the speaker.

Soc. And have I not been the questioner all through?
AL. Yes.

Soc. And you the answerer?
AL. Certainly.

Soc. Which of us, then, was the speaker?
AL. The inference is, Socrates, that I was the speaker.

Soc. Did not some one say that Alcibiades, the fair son of Cleinias, not understanding about just and unjust, was thinking that he did understand, and was going to the assembly to advise the Athenians about what he did not know? Was not that said?
AL. That is true.

Soc. Then, Alcibiades, the result may be expressed in the language of Euripides. I think that you have heard all this "from yourself, and not from me;" nor did I say this, which you erroneously attribute to me, but you yourself, and what you said was very true. For indeed, my dear fellow, the design which you meditate of teaching what you do not know, and have not taken any pains to learn, is downright insanity.

[To be continued.]

THE FARMER SAT IN HIS EASY CHAIR.

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife with busy care
Was cleaning the dinner away.
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.
The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face,
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the soft summer place,
As the sun stole down his half-shut eye,
"Don't smoke," said the child; "How it makes you cry!"

The house dog lay stretched out on the floor
Where the shade after noon used to stand,
The busy old wife by the open door,
Was turning the spinning wheel,
And the old brass clock on the mantel-tree
Had plodded along to almost three,
Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
While e'er his pipe heaving breast,
The well-tended brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild was pressed,
His hand, bent down, on her soft hair lay;
Fast asleep were they both, that summer day.
—Charles Ganauge Estlin.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

When the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a bliss to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead!
Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart;
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start.
And a thousand recollections
Weave their airy threads into woe,
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in memory comes my mother,
As she used long years ago
To regard the darling dreamers
Ere she left them till the dawn;
Oh, I see her bending o'er me,
As I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.
Then my little scorching sister,
With her wings and waxy hair
And her star-eyed cherub brother—
A serene, angelic pair!
Glide around my wakeful pillow
With their praise or mild reproot,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me
With her yew's delicious blue;
And I do not master on her
That her heart was all untrue;
I remember but to love her
With a passion kin to pain
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.
Art hath naught of tone or cadence
That can work with such a spell
In the soul's mysterious fountains,
Whence the tears of rapture well,
As that melody of nature
That subdued, subliming strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.
—Coutes Kinney.

GIVE ME BACK MY YOUTH AGAIN.

Then give me back the time of pleasures,
While yet in joyous growth I sang,
When, like a fount, the crowding measures
Uninterrupted gushed and sprang!
Then bright mist veiled the world before me,
In opening buds a marvel woke,
As I the thousand blossoms broke
Which every valley richly bore me,
I nothing had, and yet enough for youth,
Joy in illusion, ardent thirst for Truth,
Give unrestrained the old emotion;
The bliss that touched the verge of pain,
The strength of Hate, Love's deep devotion,
O, give me back my youth again!
—[From the German of Goethe.]

BRITISH AND AMERICAN QUEERNESS.

[Geo. Wm. Curtis in Harper's Magazine.]
John Bull often laughs at some eccentric phrase of the language, some uncouth use or apparent slang, from his cousin Jonathan, when, after all, it turns out to be a Yorkshire or a Shropshire form of speech, which either has been long latent in the transatlantic branch, and comes out

at last like invisible writing before a fire, or is a usage as old as the English settlement, but which has been only recently traced back again to the mother country. American women are thought to be very "queer" in many ways, when tried by the conventional standards of other countries. Nothing could be queerer than Daisy Miller to Mrs. General precisely pouring prunes and prisms from her proper mouth. Nothing, also, would seem to be queerer to the typical respectable British matron than many of the excellent American champions of the rights of their own sex.

But while that matron would look aghast upon one of her own sex making a stump-speech, and would doubtless murmur, "How painfully American!" the Easy Chair recently pointed out that nothing could seem to an American lady more extraordinary than the spectacle of the wife of a candidate for Congress driving with election flags and ribbons from house to house soliciting votes for her husband. Yet this was the queer spectacle offered by the wife of Lord Randolph Churchill in the early summer, and the fact that she was an American made no difference. She would certainly not have done the same thing here, and doubtless she shares the feeling of repulsion with which so many American ladies regard the assertion of the right of doing what she did. Lady Churchill was stamping for her husband. It was not "queer" in England, and it shows that the brow of the respectable British matron should not be lifted at the "female champion of her sex" in America, because she is plainly a British survival, like the local ozone or word.

The same interesting fact is illustrated in other ways. John Bull at his London club, like young Bill Bull at his club in New York, is shocked by the vulgarity and "blackguardism" of American politics. It strikes him as very undignified, and he sighs to think "it is so transatlantic." Is it? Is it peculiarly American? Not at all; it is only a survival of the dear mother country. To one who recalls Hogarth, and remembers Grant's Random Recollections of the House of Commons, and Disraeli's and Bulwer's and Dickens's stories, and who has clipped a little into English political and party history, nothing is more queer than that John Bull should think vulgarity and blackguardism and worse, in an electoral campaign, to be so American and queer.

The other evening, in an ordinary election campaign, such as that which is just ended in England, poor Lord Lorne, the Queen's son-in-law, was assailed with such uproar, and even with eggs, so furiously, that he escaped from the platform and ran, dripping, through a heavy rain to the railroad station, and shook the mud of the town from off his feet. Now as the conduct of the wife of Lord Churchill, upon which this Chair passes no judgment, however familiar and acceptable in England, would have been thought superlatively queer in the United States, so the vituperative vigor of English political speaking is unparalleled here, and as proceeding from a realm in which election vulgarity is thought to be so American, it is undeniably queer.

The appearance of a high dignitary of the Episcopal church upon the party stump on this side of the water would be an extraordinary and almost an unprecedented event. But that, if he appeared, such an ecclesiastic should speak of an opponent as the Venerable Archdeacon George Anthony Denison, of Taunton, in England, recently spoke of Mr. Gladstone, is incredible. The reverend gentleman said: "I have known Mr. Gladstone forty-five years, but I would not trust him with a brass farthing." The Whigs nightly before sleeping express the hope that something will happen to Mr. Gladstone before morning." Can we figure Bishop Littlejohn, or Bishop or Assistant Bishop Potter, or Bishop Doane, or Bishop Huntington, or Bishop Cox, all of them New York ecclesiastics, either speaking upon the stump at all, or under any conceivable circumstances talking in that strain of any opponent? It is certainly very queer, and we sigh deeply to think how English it is.

Professor Tyndall also took part in the late Parliamentary campaign, so far as to write a letter declining to stand for a seat. In the letter referring to events in the Soudan, he too said of Mr. Gladstone: "If there be a day of retribution for the misdeeds of men, I would not willingly accompany to the judgment-seat the unpurged spirits of those who were responsible for the bloodshed in the Soudan. It was a damning and damnable business from beginning to end. Yet the man who is answerable beyond all others for this waste of blood, who sent Gordon to the wilds and there abandoned him to death and mutilation, now dares to talk to the people of Midlothian as if no fleck rested upon his workmanship." That is as bitter as anything that has been said upon the American stump for many a year. Our personality and invective and extravagance at elections are only a survival of queerness. Our fathers brought them in the blood when they left England. They are a common heritage of the race, and not distinctively "so American," after all.

IDEALS OF MAN.
[From the Emerson Calendar.]

We love characters in proportion as they are impulsive and spontaneous.
Victory over things is the office of man. Of course until it is accomplished, it is the war and insult of things over him.

What is it that makes the true knight? Loyalty to his thought. That makes the beautiful scorn, the elegant simplicity,

the directness, the commanding port which all men admire and which men not noble affect.

Jesus Christ belonged to the true race of prophets. He saw with open eye the mystery of the soul. Drawn by its severe harmony, ravished with its beauty, he lived in it, and had his being there. Alone in all history, he estimated the greatness of man.

Slavery is it that makes slavery; freedom, freedom. The slavery of women happened when the men were slaves of kings. The melioration of manners brought their melioration of course. It could not be otherwise, and hence the new desire of better laws.

The painter Giotto, Vasari tells us, renewed art, because he put more goodness into his heads. To awake in man and to raise the sense of worth, to educate his feeling and judgment so that he shall scorn himself for a bad action, that is the only aim.

And I know no such unquestionable badge and ensign of a sovereign mind, as that tenacity of purpose, which through all change of companions, of parties, of fortune,—changes never, hates no jot of heart or hope, but wears out opposition and arrives at its port.

A man must be clothed with society, or we shall feel a certain barrenness and poverty, as of a displaced and unfurnished member. He is to be dressed in arts and institutions, as well as in body garments. Now and then a man exquisitely made can live alone, and must; but coo up next men and you undo them. 373

Who can set bounds to the possibilities of a man? Once inhale the upper air, being admitted to behold the absolute natures of justice and truth, and we learn that man has access to the entire mind of the Creator, is himself the creator in the finite.

Seek nothing,—fortune seeketh thee:
Nor mount, nor dive; all good things keep
The midway of the eternal deep;
Wish not to fill the isles with eyes
To fetch these birds of paradise;
On thine orchard's edge belong
All the brags of plume and song.

ALL THE WORLD AKIN.

[Rev. Henry Kendall in Popular Science Monthly.]

The number of a man's ancestors doubles in every generation as his descent is traced upward. In the first generation he reckons only two ancestors, his father and mother. In the second generation the two are converted into four, since he had two grandfathers and two grandmothers. But each of these four had two parents, and thus in the third generation there are found to be eight ancestors—that is, eight great-grandparents. In the fourth generation the number of ancestors is sixteen; in the fifth, thirty-two; in the sixth, sixty-four; in the seventh, 128. In the tenth it has risen to 1,024; in the twentieth it becomes 1,048,576; in the thirtieth no fewer than 1,073,741,824. To ascend no higher than the twenty-fourth generation we reach the sum of 16,777,216, which is a great deal more than all the inhabitants of Great Britain when that generation was in existence. For if we reckon a generation at 33 years, twenty-four such will carry us back 792 years, or to A. D. 1093, when William the Conqueror had been sleeping in his grave at Caen only six years, and his son William I, surnamed Rufus, was reigning over the land. At that time the total number of the inhabitants of England could have been little more than two millions, the amount at which it is estimated during the reign of the Conqueror. It was only one-eighth of a nineteenth-century man's ancestors if the normal ratio of progression, as just shown by a simple process of arithmetic, had received no check, and if it had not been bounded by the limits of the population of the country. Since the result of the law of progression, had there been room for its actual population, by so much the more is it certain that the lines of every Englishman's ancestry run up to every man and every woman in the reign of William I, from the king and queen downward, who left descendants in the island, and whose progeny has not died out there.

DUCK FARMING IN CHINA.

[From Belgravia.]

One afternoon we went a most interesting expedition up the river, and then turned aside into one of the many creeks, to the village of Faa-tee, and thence onward in search of one of the great duck-hatching establishments, where multitudinous eggs are artificially hatched. The first we came to was closed, but the boatmen told us of another further on, so we landed and walked along narrow ridges between large flooded fields, in which lotus and water chestnuts are grown for the sake of their edible roots. Both are nice when cooked, but the collecting of them in the deep mud must be truly detestable for the poor women engaged in it. Passing by amazing heaps of old egg-shells (for which even the Chinese seem to have as yet found no use) we reached the hatching house, in which many thousands of eggs are being gradually warmed in great baskets filled up with heated chaff, and placed on shelves of very open basket work, which are arranged in tiers all around the walls, while on the ground are placed earthenware stoves full of burning charcoal. Here the eggs are kept for a whole day and night, the position of the baskets with reference to the stoves being continually changed by attendants who reserve their apparel for use in a cooler atmosphere! After this preliminary heat-

ing the eggs are removed to other baskets in another heated room, to which they are dexterously carried in cloths, each containing about 50 eggs. No one but a neat-handed Chinaman could carry such a burden without a breakage! Here the eggs remain for about a fortnight, each egg being frequently moved from place to place to equalize their share of heating. After this they are taken to a third room, where they are spread over wide shelves and covered with sheets of thick, warm cotton; at the end of another fortnight hundreds of little ducklings simultaneously break their shells, and by evening perhaps a couple of thousand fluffy little beauties are launched into life and are forthwith fed with rice water. Duck farmers (who know precisely when each great hatching is due) are in attendance to buy so many hundreds of these pretty infants, whom they carry off to their farms, where there are already an immense number of ducks and geese of different ages, all in separate lots. The geese, by the way, are not hatched artificially, owing to the thickness of their shells, consequently they are not so very numerous as ducks. Still, flocks numbering 600 or 800 are reared, and are provided with wattle shelves on which to roost, as damp ground is considered injurious to the young birds. A very large goose market is held every morning in Canton, which is supplied by goose boats, each of which brings 200 or 300 birds. As to the baby ducks, they are fed on boiled rice, and after a while are promoted to bran, maggots and other delicacies, till the day comes when the owners of the duck boats come to purchase the half-grown birds and commence the process of letting them fatten themselves as aforesaid. This continues till they are ready for the market and are either sold for immediate consumption or bought wholesale by the provision dealers, who split, salt and dry them in the sun. The heart, gizzard and entrails are also dried and sold separately, and the bills, tongues and feet are pickled in brine.

A LECTURE-ROOM AT LEIPSCIC.

[From the Troy Times.]

A letter devoted to Leipzig university would be worse than incomplete if nothing were said about the hours devoted to the lectures. The lecture-rooms are by no means picturesque. They are furnished with plain benches and desks, the board running along the back of one seat serving as a desk for the seat next behind it. There is everything necessary for work, nothing for ornament—everything that is necessary except fresh air. One advantage about the lecture hour is that it is 45 minutes long. Fifteen minutes are allowed for the students to get into their places and for the professors to get from one room to another. Before the 15 minutes are over every one is in his place, or, at least, is expected to be there. The late comer, who disturbs the quiet by entering the room a minute after the lecture has begun, is greeted with a shuffling of the feet and hisses. A glance around the room at any of these lectures will reveal the fact that among the 100 or 200 present, other lands are represented besides Germany. There are a few Englishmen, more Americans, here and there a Russian or a Swede, and a few Japanese. Not long ago one of these yellow-skinned orientals, who had taken notes of the lecture in German, was seen reading and translating his notes into English for the benefit of an American, who had been so unfortunate as not to understand the lecture. And yet the Japanese are barbarians!

NORTH CAROLINA'S PRIMEVAL FORESTS.

[Letter in N. Y. Tribune.]

In the Allegheny region now stands the largest body of hard-wood timber in the temperate zone, and here upon the frontier between the sylvia of the North Atlantic and of the South is grouped an opulence of arboreal forest unknown elsewhere unless it is paralleled in some favored forest of Japan. The size attained by individual trees under these moist skies and upon this fruitful soil is as noteworthy as their variety. We saw that day by actual count 20 species that would cut a 50-foot stick of timber, and a few days later in going the same distance on the flank of Newman's Bald—another bare-topped peak, separated by a sag from Clingman's Dome, all of these with a half-dozen more—two pines (P. mitis and P. taeda), two hickories (C. amara and C. tomentosa), black walnut and silver-bell (halesia). The other big trees were cucumber magnolia and tulip poplar, white ash and black beech, red and sugar maples, black gum (nyssa), basswood, sycamore, black cherry, buckeye and black birch, beech and chestnut, red, white and chestnut oaks, black spruce, balsam and hemlock.

One might journey across the continent of Europe and back again and not find half as many. And these were only the giants. The botanist of the expedition named from memory in the evening 67 distinct tree species that grew along those 12 miles of mountain road. Upon all this copious growth there rests the charu of hoary age without a symptom of decay. Here is the forest primeval, without a figure. Its seeds were sown before the era of man. The chestnut and tulip-trees have had the leisure of long centuries to reach the girth of 20 feet and more, which is common among them, for abundant moisture has been their safeguard against desolation by fire. Venerable in their gray antiquity, majestic in their columnar strength, they wear that placid expression of longevity, which unites the remote past with the distant

future, and makes the most eloquent of voiceless appeals to the imagination. In mere bulk the trees are excelled by the colossal conifers of the Pacific mountains. But in these limitless solitudes there is enough of mystery and solemnity most impressive without the brooding gloom and awful monotony of the evergreen forest.

Temperance Column.

W. C. T. U.

"The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our Refuge."

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INGERSOLL ON TEMPERANCE.

Colonel Robert Ingersoll was lately employed in a case which involved the manufacture of ardent spirits, and in his speech to the jury he used the following language:

I am aware there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe from the time it issues from the collied and poisonous womb in the distillery until it tumbles into the hell of death, diabolical crime, that it is demoralizing to every body that touches it, from the source to where it ends. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without being prejudiced against the crime. All we have to do is to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream of death, of suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the destruction, of the little children tugging at the breast, of weeping and despairing wives asking for bread, of the man of genius that has wrecked, the man struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, and of the scaffold on either hand, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this vile stuff called alcohol. Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, mauls in its strength, and old age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bewitches the mother's eyes, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blows out filial attachments, and blights parental hope, and brings premature age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wretched widows, children orphans, fathers friends and all parents, it breeds rheumatism, nurses gonorrœa, comes epidemics, ravages cholera, imports pestilence and embraces consumption. It covers the land with misery, illness and crime. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries and furnishes victims to the scaffold. It is the blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the bar, respects the thief, obscures the statesman and disgraces the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; error, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the insolvency of a fiend, embury surges its frightful desolation, and undrains life with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin. It does that and more—it murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies, the father of crimes, the mother of all abominations, the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.

A SAD CASE.

A pitiful story comes to us of a woman in a Philadelphia public station, where a rough tangle-haired woman, who had been arrested, had fought like a fury and stormed at the officers in three languages, was followed up a few hours later by a little tot of a girl, who looked from one officer to another, and asked them if they had put her mother in jail. She was so little that the policeman had helped her up the steps; but here she was, in search of her mother; the degraded woman heard her voice and called to her. So they swung open the door and let her in, and the little thing asked her mother, who had shrunk back, ashamed, "Why, mother are you in jail?" Then the baby dropped upon her knees on the stone floor, and began to pray: "Now I lay me down to sleep, and I hope my mother will be let out of jail." There were tears among those rough men at the sound of that innocent voice; and when the case was brought into court the judge whispered to the woman to go home and try to be a better mother. It was the drink that had made the trouble. It is the drink that is always working woe.—Signal.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

Those men who destroy a healthy constitution of body by intemperance as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves.
The church and the temperance cause have been ordering the reserves to the front, and the reserve force of the church in the world, to-day, are the God-fearing, noble, intelligent, energetic women.—Rev. Mr. Wheeler.
Ah! we little know how closely children watch and imitate what we do. There is a teacher, a Sunday-school teacher, who lives in a road hard by; opposite his house lives a family, from which five children come to the same Sunday-school. He teaches in. Two of them are in his class; little does the teacher know the influence over those children he has lost because on the Sunday when he came out from school he went into a public house. Think, teacher, of your example—your influence.—Sci.
While it is true that the people must be properly educated before they will enforce prohibition, it is equally true that people are never better than their laws. If the laws fall below the standard of high moral reform, the people will, as a rule, never go beyond their laws. So long as our laws permit the sale and use of any intoxicating drinks, the people will indulge in them. There is no doubt on this subject—hence the necessity for a strict prohibitory law. It is our only safety.—Ez.