

flexible law for mercy on the trembling culprit at the bar. When the little dimpled pink fingers reach up to touch her cheek with the velvety touch of love, like the rod of Moses, they open a fountain that will flow on forever. All other earthly friends may fail, but the mother will be true; the white-souled child she has fondled on her bosom may become the hardened, besotted criminal, deserted of men and hunted down by outraged justice; but in the presence of her measureless, abounding love, he stands transfigured into an angel. Innocent or guilty, he is still her child, and there is no limit to the extent of the sacrifice she would make in order to save him. It is the one earthly rock to which humanity can anchor. Everything else was wrecked at the fall in Eden; this pure and priceless heritage came with a divine benediction as an aftergift with motherhood. And so strongly has its controlling powers been felt, that philosophers have written and poets sang, "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rocks the world."

But while she seems busily engaged dispersing these merciful ministrations, she is constantly acting out another drama in another part of the human arena, presenting a phase even more trustful, more benignly beautiful, culminating in more lasting benefits, and, if possible, greater achievements. Earth cannot reveal a lovelier vision than a dutiful, loving wife, blessed with virtue, encompassed by affection, beaming with celestial beauty, the light of every eye, the charm of every heart, she moves in a sphere of cloudless chastity, cheered by her own warbling song of love, circled by the scintillating splendors she casts all round her. Heaven's most precious gift, earth's fairest flower, listen to these enchanting lines:

"There is a land, of every land the pride,  
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;  
Where brighter suns dispense serenest light,  
And milder moons imparadise the night;  
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,  
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores,  
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,  
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,  
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;  
In every clime the magnet of his soul  
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that Pole;

For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace

The heritage of Nature's noblest race;  
There is a spot of earth supremely blessed,

A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
Where man-creation's tyrant casts aside,  
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,

While in his softened looks benignly blend  
The sire, the son, the husband, brother,  
friend.

Here woman reigns; the mother,  
daughter, wife,  
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life.

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,

An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;  
Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.

Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?

Art thou a man? a patriot? Look around.

O thou shalt find, however thy footsteps roam

That land thy country, and that spot thy home."

Hence, it is easy to perceive that, more than we have cared to admit, the power to overthrow intemperance lies with the mothers, wives, sisters, and high-minded, God-fearing, humanitarian, large-hearted, whole-souled women. They must be reached and stirred, before we can hope for ultimate and permanent triumph, and who can do this better than women themselves?

I rejoice to know that this important work is being done by a thorough system of personal effort, and, I trust, that within the next five years every woman and child in the land will be reached; with firm grasp and womanly devotion to the temperance cause. When this much is gained, victory will be easy and certain. A better generation will come into power; men will be raised up under the improved system who will not sell their country that was bought with the precious blood of their valiant fathers, ennobled by their mothers, and endeared by their wives, for thirty pieces of silver; politicians will not barter the privilege to do wrong, and make their country a party to the crimes that follow, under the high-sounding title of "National and State Finances," which are emphatically nothing short of the price-blood of their fellow countrymen paid in by the licensed rum-seller.

I am glad that the crisis has come at last. I am glad that this case exhibits before us such frightful atrocities; unmarked as it is by

a single qualifying, mitigatory feature, it may stop the headlong current of this sweeping calamity.

I rejoice to read in the daily record of the crimes and casualties in our young, flourishing metropolis, every day accounts of horrid deaths, mangled unsightly corpses, victims of the highest social standing, to the insatiate blood-thirsty traffic.

It must be met now, by the people of this generation, by ourselves, men true to the natural instinct of self-preservation; women, imbued with the noble spirit of salvation have to fight this hydra-headed monster now; no more procrastination, no palliation now. Do I stand

here as the accuser of one man urging his condemnation? No, no, I am the advocate of humanity, of yourselves, your homes, your husbands, your noble boys, your very lives. If you do not arrest this

hideous fiend in his headlong career, farewell to the virtues of our country. If this inundating flood

of intemperance be permitted to flow, or the worship of God abandoned, the Sabbath profaned, the instruction of children neglected, farewell to the tender and reciprocal

endearments, without which marriage is but a consecrated curse. If oaths are to be violated, patriotism ignored, laws disregarded, friendships betrayed, humanity trampled,

national and individual honor stained, and if a legislature of fathers and husbands will legalize such miscreancy, and give a passport

to invade their consecrated homes, blight the peace, hopes and lives of their sisters, wives and daughters,

farewell to all that yet remains to our beloved America. The hand that opens the door of our homes, our sanctuaries, to this ruthless invader, is the hand of death un-

barring the gates of pandemonium, and letting loose upon our land the crimes and miseries of the region of everlasting torture. And our

valiant sons, the bulwark of our liberties, the pityful object of the prophetic poet:

"'Tis for the polluted guilty souls to dread,  
Whose crimes sit heavy on her perjured head;

Shame to your country, scandal of your kind,  
Born to the fate ye well deserved to find.

Our sons, our matrons shackled in servile chains,  
Our dead inebriates strew the mournful plains,

Confused and panting thus, the hunted deer  
Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear,

Still must ye wait the foe, but still retire  
Till all our wealth is lapt by this sweeping fire,  
Prepared for flight, but doomed to fly in vain,  
Hell pursues her votive stupid train,  
Trust ye that God a valiant foe shall chase  
To save a trembling, heartless, dastard race?

The day shall come, the great avenging day,  
When all their proud glories in the dust shall lay,  
When Rum's great power and Rum's self shall fall,  
And one prodigious ruin swallow all."

(Concluded next week.)

Whittier's Childhood.

A little boy in Pennsylvania recently wrote to the poet Whittier, asking him how he spent his days when he was a boy; and Whittier wrote in reply:

"My Dear Young Friend:—I think at the age of which thy note inquires I found about equal satisfaction in our old rural home, with the shifting panorama of the seasons, in reading the few books within my reach, and dreaming of something wonderful and grand somewhere in the future. Neither change nor loss had then made me realize the uncertainty of all earthly things. I felt secure in my mother's love, and dreamed of losing nothing and gaining much. Looking back now, my chief satisfaction is that I loved and obeyed my parents and tried to make them happy by trying to be good. That I did not succeed in all respects, that I fell very far short in my good intentions, was a frequent cause of sorrow.

"I had at that time a very great thirst for knowledge and little means to gratify it. The beauty of outward nature early impressed me; and the moral and spiritual beauty of the holy lives I read of in the Bible and other good books, also affected me with a sense of my own falling short and longing for a better state. With every good wish for thee, I am thy sincere friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER."

Nothing On Earth so Good.

Certainly a strong opinion, said one of our reporters to whom the following was detailed by Mr. Henry Kaschop, with Mr. Geo. E. Miller, 418 Main St., this city: I suffered so badly with rheumatism in my leg last winter, that I was unable to attend to my work, being completely helpless. I heard of St. Jacobs Oil and bought a bottle, after using which I felt greatly relieved. With the use of the second bottle I was completely cured. In my estimation there is nothing on earth so good for rheumatism as St. Jacobs Oil. It acts like a charm.—Worcester, Mass. *Spy*,