

*Temperance Department.**The Strongest Drink.*

Water is the strongest drink. It drives mills; it's the drink of lions and horses; and Sampson never drank any thing else. Let young men be teetotalers if only for economy's sake. The beer money will soon build a house. If what went into the mash-tub went into the kneading-trough, families would be better fed and taught. If what is spent in waste were only saved against a rainy day, work-houses would never be built. The man who spends his money with the saloon-keeper, and thinks the landlord's bow and "How do ye do, my good fellow?" means true respect, is a perfect simpleton. We don't light fires for the herring's comfort, but to roast him. Men do not keep pot-houses for laborers' good, if they do, they certainly miss their aim. Why, then, should people drink "for the good of the house?" If I spend money for the good of any house, let it be my own, and not the landlord's. It is a bad well into which you must pour water; and the beer house is a bad friend, because it takes your all, and leaves you nothing but headaches.

He who calls those his friends who let him sit and drink by the hour together is ignorant—very ignorant. Why, red lions, and tigers, and eagles, and vultures are all creatures of prey, and why do so many put themselves within the power of their jaws and talons? Such as drink and live riotously, and wonder why their faces are so blotchy and their pockets so bare, would leave off wondering if they had two grains of wisdom. They might as well ask an elm tree for pears as loose habits for health and wealth. Those who go to the saloon for happiness climb a tree to find fish.—*Rev. Mr. Spurgeon.*

A mad dog roams the streets. Children are going up and down. They are warned. With the bold curiosity of youth they venture near. One says, "He doesn't look cross: I'll handle him." he is bitten and dies in the arms of his father. Some people say, it's a shame; the dog ought to be put off the street." Others say, "No, the children should have kept away, and they would not have been bitten." Is the street designed for mad dogs, or children? Kill the dogs and let the children run! So with the saloon. Society is for the people,

not for those who prey upon the people. Instead of asking that the people should avoid these places, we should demand that these places avoid the people. The streets are for the citizens; if any one has to vacate, let it be the enemy.—*The Crusader.*

The apostle of the Indian Theistic church lately declared in Birmingham, England, that "fifty per cent. of the educated natives of India die through indulgence in intoxicants," having acquired the habit of drinking from contact with our Western civilization. If the more self-governed and resolute manhood of the Western nations falls before free intoxicants, it is not strange the feeble manhood of the Orient decays before them. As prohibition has saved India and China, it alone can save them or the Western nations in the future.—*Watch Tower.*

Noah Porter on temperance education: "I have no doubt that the State, in its public schools, ought to give instruction in respect to those duties and moral relations which are generally acknowledged to be essential to the welfare of the commonwealth. A knowledge of the duty of temperance, and the sin and evil of intemperance, are both recognized as essential to this welfare. It follows that the State has the right, and is under the obligation, to give such instruction as may thus promise to be useful and effective for good.

I do not believe that a nation controlled in its government by rum sellers and rum drinkers can long exist as a republic—and to that condition this country is fast approaching. Our political conventions, our national, State and local elections are largely controlled by the organized forces of liquor dealers and liquor drinkers. I know this to be an unwelcome truth, nevertheless, and we may as well face it first as last.—*Senator Pratt, of Connecticut.*

The Governor of Missouri is bravely committed to the enforcement of the Sunday law. He says he will make it the supreme effort of the ballance of his administration. This sounds very much like Grant's promise "to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." Such men are wanted everywhere.—*Union Signal.*

The Yellowstone Park.

Now that President Arthur and his friends are sojourning in the Yellowstone Park, it may interest our readers to know that an illustrated manual for tourists, describing that region, has been prepared by H. T. Winsor, and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. At Livingston the traveller leaves the main line of the North Pacific Railway and takes a branch road fifty-seven miles in length, to the Mammoth Hot Springs, near the north-western corner of the Park. This is about twenty-five hundred miles from New York City, and the journey in a Pullman train costs about \$150. At the entrance the traveller finds saddle horses, guides, carriages, and other comforts for exploration.

It will surprise most readers not familiar with western distances to learn that this Park is larger than the States of Delaware and Rhode Island together. It is situated on the borders of Idaho and Wyoming Territories, and was set apart for a National Park in 1872, though its striking characteristics were discovered ten years before. It is sixty-five miles long, from north to south, and fifty-five from east to west. It has a number of rivers, but its largest stream is the Yellowstone, and its largest lake has the same name. It has a number of mountains, ranging in height from seven to ten thousand feet, capped with snow all the year, and full of geological curiosities. Volcanoes and glaciers were evidently in operation there at a late period. The roads run through chasms and gorges, and over the beds of streams now dry. The greatest variety of wild animals is there. There are buffaloes in the basins, and elk graze on the mountain sides. Moose haunt the marshes and heavy woodlands. Six species of bears inhabit the forests, and small game abounds though reptiles are few and far between. Two-thirds of the area of the park are clothed with dense forests of fir, spruce, and pine; choke-cherries, gooseberries, and currants both black and red grow along the streams. The meadows are bright with familiar flowers. Pasturage is excellent. The nights are frosty, even in the Summer; very hot days are seldom known; and the winters, though snowy, are not severely cold. The most remarkable features of the park are its calcareous springs, whose de-

posits harden into terraces as they dry, and glisten in the sunlight. The waters are hot and seethe up from below with angry aspect. There are many immense geysers, the earth around which rumbles and shakes, and the air is hot with fetid odors. There are springs of boiling mud, white, green, violet, purple, brown, and blue. There are huge cones, with openings at the top, whence issue columns of noisy steam. There are petrified forests, where the ground is strewn with trunks and limbs of trees which have solidified into clear, white agate. There are mountain sides worn by glacial action into spectral shapes which look almost human. There are cataracts of most stupendous majesty and power. There are cratered hills, with rocks all around that are warm to the touch and hollow to the tread. There is a natural bridge, a rival to that of Virginia. In describing the Hot Springs of the Yellowstone Lake, Mr. Winsor says: Seldom are the water and deposits of any two springs alike. There are coral, honeycomb, brasintone, pebble, scale, and crystal formations, the whole making kaleidoscopic groupings of color and design. Down in the limpid depths of many of the springs are grottoes, and arch-like structures. One dazzling white pool, the very type of purity, entrances the visitor, who stands with wondering eyes, to look far down below upon what may only be likened to a resplendent fairy grotto of frosted silver encrusted with pearls. Another crystal, clear and colorless basin has a rim blazing with hues of sapphire, opal, ruby, and emerald. Still another pool, full to the brim, has the corrugated sides of its profound deeps adorned with tints of reddish gold. Several basins of unknown depth are mantled with a saffron scum of the consistency of calf's leather. This leathery substance is not of a vegetable nature, but is deposited by the mineral constituents of the springs. It forms in layers, which are brightly mottled with red, yellow, green, and black on the under surface, and the lowermost strata are solidified into pure, finely grained sheets resembling alabaster." It was certainly a very happy forethought and wise act on the part of the Federal Government to set this wonderfully picturesque region apart for a National Park, to be kept for the enjoyment of visitors forever.—*Christian at Work.*