

## THE OCEAN.

AN ORIGINAL FORM.

Thou grave immense, so long, so wide so deep,  
Where legions of mankind securely sleep,  
Thou awful sepulchre, whose eddying flow  
Carries thy ghastly tenants to and fro,  
Of all the myriads in thy vast domain,  
Perhaps not one where first they fell remain!  
No monument inscribed reveals the place,  
Where tangled sea weeds one pale corpse embrace.

The rich, the poor, the lawless, young and old,  
Alike from view thy liquid barriers hold.  
Here blust'ring pirate, with the seaman brave,  
And trembling coward, make one common grave.

The slave escaping from his galling chains  
In some dark cave safe from pursuit remains.

Grim warriors fighting from thy surface fell,  
Their bones to mingle in some slimy dell.  
The hapless lover on his journey home,  
Resolved no more in distant lands to roam,  
Who in delusive hope his fair one waits  
Sank in despair down through thy chrysal gates.

The widowed mother, for her sailor son  
Waits long in vain; he to his rest has gone.  
No more the cold and weary watch he keeps,  
Low in the deep 'mid shining shells he sleeps.

The gentle lady and her infant dear  
Abruptly ended all their sorrows here.  
She bravely trusted thy remorseless wave  
To meet her lord; love's sacrifice she gave,  
In some far clime he waits for them in vain:  
Alas! on earth they'll never meet again.

The merchant trader from some distant mart,  
Here with his costly merchandise must part,  
His hopes are fled, far squandered all his gains,  
His wares lie rotting on the ocean plains.

The exile seeking peace in foreign climes,  
The felon banished for his many crimes,  
The emigrant who untried ills defied  
To gain the bread his native land denied,  
Upon thy pavement rests his weary head,  
Mid mocking wealth of pearls, and corals red.  
Among sharp rocks beneath thy breakers wild

Are many a gallant crew, promiscuous piled,  
Whose rattling bones thy restless billows hurl!  
'Round caves imprisoned with a ceaseless whirl,

Where ugly creatures ever cling and crawl,  
With fibrous arms along each slippery wall.  
The missionary full of gracious zeal!  
Thy waves arrested and rank weeds conceal.  
The saint who traveled far with motives good,  
But yet whose faith could not control thy flood,  
Sank through thy limped portals to his rest  
While passed his spirit to the waiting blessed  
The day advances when thy garnered host  
Must be surrendered and not one be lost.

Their name is "Legion," yet shall all arise  
When sounds the "trump of Gabriel" from the skies.

"Arise ye dead and come to judgment all!  
Thou sea restore thy dead, both great and small!  
Come forth ye hosts, concealed by land, or sea,  
Come, stand before the bar of Equity!"  
Then, all from Death redeemed, will live again,  
And each a righteous recompense obtain.

WILLIAM CLEGG.  
Springville, March 12th, 1880.

## INTEMPERANCE.

CHAPTER III.

What properties have alcoholic beverages? They stimulate and use up nervous power, and after their action leave the system less powerful than before. Are they medicinal? A gentleman in Washington, apparently in a decline, called in one of the most eminent physicians, but as he did not rapidly recover, he told the physician that whiskey had been recommended to him, and asked if it would do any good. "Yes," said the doctor, "it would help you." "Why, then, do you not give it?" said the sick man. "Because I have given it to a dozen gentlemen, and all have become drunkards." Are they tonic? Professor Miller says, "People consider alcohol as a simple and common tonic, and are ready to accept its supposed help as such in every form of weakness and general disorder of health. But it is ordinarily no true tonic. In its primary effect it is merely a stimulant, with narcotic action when in large doses. In its secondary action it is the reverse of tonic." Are they nutritious? Liebig, the great German chemist, declares in regard to beer: "We can prove with mathematical certainty as plain as two and two make four, that as much flour or meal as can lie on the point of a table knife, is more nutritious than nine quarts of the best Bavarian beer; that a man who is able daily to consume that amount of beer obtains from it, in the whole year, in the most favorable case, exactly the amount of nutrition which is contained in a

five-pound loaf of bread, or in three pounds of flesh." What other properties have they? The old Indian thought one barrel of whiskey contained a good many fights. Wellington thought tereces of wine contained something which he feared more than an army, for, "during the Peninsular war, he heard that a large magazine of wine lay on his line of march, and he dispatched a body of troops to knock every wine barrel on the head." And Dr. Guthrie declares: "I do in my conscience believe that intoxicating stimulants have sunk into perdition more men and women than found a grave in that deluge which swept over the highest hill tops, engulfing a world, of which but eight were saved." We concede, therefore, that they have some properties and powers!

Are stimulants necessary in summer or winter, or in warm or cold climates? Men have labored in every clime from the equator to the arctic and the antarctic regions without their aid. The celebrated General Havelock, under the burning sun of India, "abstained from their use." The world-renowned and adventurous traveler and explorer, Dr. Livingston, "abjured their use;" and the motto of Sir John Ross, amid the eternal ice and perpetual snow of the arctic regions was, "Touch not, taste not." Horace Greeley was a home-laborer, but a hard worker, and he declared at sixty years of age that "he had worked for forty years without intoxicating drinks, and had lengthened his life by doing so." And we could give the names of a number of the Elders of Israel who have labored long and hard in the cause of truth and righteousness without the aid of that which unmans, inebriates and destroys.

We once questioned an Elder relative to the propriety of his going into the liquor business, the consistency of the act, and the reason why he did so, and he honestly acknowledged that there was money in it, and he thought he may as well make it as any one else, he was after the dollar; that was his only reason. We asked him if he had reflected upon the moral effect his business would have upon the youthful portion of the community, and he replied that he had not—he thought of nothing but the almighty dollar. This is the object of many, and they have but few scruples as regards the nature of the business they engage in, so long as the object is reached. Many will remember the anecdote of a man being drunk and apparently asleep in a tavern, when it was remarked by the landlord that the drunkard was taking the shingles off the roof of his own house and putting them on the tavern-keeper's, which remark the drunkard heard, ceased visiting the tavern, was subsequently met by the tavern keeper and asked why he did not come and enjoy his glass as usual, to which he replied that "he had concluded to put the shingles on his own house." The disposition manifested by some would not only take the shingles, but the house, too, the land upon which it stands, and every dollar's worth of personal property, from a man, and then kick him out. But all liquor venders would not do this. At least, one notable exception comes to mind. Three or four years ago we read the following and preserved it: "At a second class hotel in Frankfort, Kentucky, a few days since, a little girl entered the bar-room, and in pitiful tones told the bar-keeper that her mother had sent her there to get eight cents. 'Eight cents,' said the bar-keeper. 'Yes, sir.' 'What does your mother want of eight cents?' I don't owe her anything.' 'Well,' said the child, 'Father spends all his money here for rum, and we have had nothing to eat to-day. Mother wants to buy a loaf of bread.' A loafer suggested to the bar-keeper to kick the brat out. 'No,' said the bar-keeper, 'I'll give the mother the money; and if the father comes back again I'll kick him out!' Such a circumstance never happened before, and may never happen again. Humanity owes that bar-keeper a vote of thanks."

Among habitual drinkers can be found some who have inherited the love of liquor. Their parents in a few instances, may have fostered and strengthened this love, and they themselves have fed it until it is a part of their being—an insatiable monster, continually crying give! give! GIVE! and dragging its victim down to penury, shamelessness and hell. Such have but little power of resistance, and it gradually grows beautifully less. When once the taste, or even the smell greets their olfactory, resistance, resolution, self-control and reason seem powerless, and the unscrupulous

fiend within bears sway and accomplishes his deadly purpose. While writing upon this point, we are prompted to introduce an anecdote of Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the literary men of the 18th century: "Pray, sir," asked Dr. Aston, "what objection have you to wine?" "A sound one, sir," answered Dr. Johnson, "it disagrees with me." "And yet, sir," says Mrs. Shrale, "you will eat heartily of a veal pie stuffed with plums—a mess that would poison an ostrich." "Madam," he answered, "you have to accept life on the conditions under which it is offered. I can eat veal pie and plums without injury to my health, for when my hunger is appeased, I eat no more. But of wine, madam, I am never to know when I have had enough. One glass creates the want of another, and a second demands the support of a third. Besides, madam, I have no confidence in my powers of resistance. There is a heedless vivacity in wine that is above the reach of judgment. Come, Dr. Aston, let us pledge one another in water and put in for a hundred." "Well," said Sir Charles Bracebridge, "for my part I had rather die at fifty a wine drinker than to live to a hundred on water." "And, Sir, you will have all the fools in the country to agree with you," answered Dr. Johnson. "And what is to be done in such case? Why, never to touch the accursed stuff, to wake up or give sway to the destructive fiend. This is the only sure remedy. Apply it, and let 'all the fools in the country' benefit by your example."

While writing the word "fools," we were reminded of some of the sayings of the great temperance orator, J. B. Gough. He, no doubt, has done much good. But he, too, found his powers of resistance insufficient, for he "lapsed" some time ago, so we read in a public print, and now pays a person a large salary to travel with him to prevent another "lapse." Read, young men, what he says for your benefit: "Young men, as you lift the gleaming wine glass to your lips in the jollity of the night's spree, will it pay? It is a gross insult to call a man a fool. Every man would resent it, but in the suffering of the next morning, with disturbed conscience, aching head, throbbing temples, racking brain, hot fevered tongue, and all the horrible reaction that might come, does not the victim of aches clasp his burning hands and bitterly call himself Fool! Fool! It does not pay to begin. First you tolerate it, then you touch and taste it, then you jest and laugh at it, and then revel in it. When it becomes your master, then what? What numbers have been swept down in the hurricane of temptation! In the mad power of this passion they have burst the bonds of a mother's love, trampled a father's counsels in the dust, mocked at reproofs and tears and prayers; and now, with tattered sails, leaking hull, and splintered masts, are drifting on amid howling winds and wintry skies to utter ruin, when they might have reached the haven of peace and security laden with honor and happiness. Verily it does not pay."

In every condition and circumstance of life, young men need decision of character—the yes and no faculty—and it is especially needed when the tempter says, drink! For the want of this many are started on the road to ruin, and kept traveling thereon. They may say no, but the thing is too weak to live, and very soon becomes yes. It may not be necessary to always blurt out the blunt, no, sir! This is not our meaning. Respectful language, suitable to person and occasion, embodying a healthy, well meant negative, is what we mean, and not a no that is a puny half yes. The no which has the backing of decision of character, firm resolution, stern determination, and the spirit of the living God, is the no that will live and prosper. It is understood to be all no, it is not tampered with much, and it carries salvation with it. Young men need not fear to properly use it. They will be respected for doing so, and will grow in power to use it effectually. "But," says one, "suppose I am invited or requested by my particular friend, or by one in authority over me, must I decline, if by so doing I am liable to offend?" We will ask, what kind of a friend or person in authority must he be who would take offense were you to respectfully decline? From such friendship and authority, good Lord deliver us and you, and the sooner the better! George Washington, the "father of his country," and, under God, its principal preserver and savior, while he lived, was once a "friend" and in "authority." Read

the following beautiful incident in the life of that true friend and noble officer: "Toward the close of the revolutionary war," says Dr. Cox, "an officer in the army dined with Washington. Just before the dinner was concluded, General Washington stood up and called him by name, and requested him to drink a glass of wine with him. 'Will you have the goodness to excuse me, General?' replied the officer. 'I have made it a rule never to take wine.' All eyes were instantly turned upon the young officer, and a murmur of surprise and indignation ran around the table. That a person should be so unsocial and so mean as never to drink wine was really too bad; but that he should abstain from it on an occasion like that, and even when offered to him by Washington himself, was perfectly intolerable! Washington at once saw the feelings of his guests, and promptly addressed them: 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'our friend is right. I do not wish any of my guests to partake of anything against their inclination, and I certainly do not wish them to violate any established principle in their social intercourse with me. I honor my friend for his frankness, for his consistency in thus adhering to an established rule, which can never do him harm, and for the adoption of which I have no doubt he has good and sufficient reasons.' All with whom you have intercourse may not be Washingtons in this respect, but be not discouraged, your influence and example may help to make them such; and, should this not be the case, remember that the bitter and sweet are intermingled in this life, that it is your privilege to enjoy the benefit of opposition, which helps to establish the right; which, in connection with the love of right, rouses into active energy the noblest, the brightest, and the most Godlike powers of its champions, makes of them the men which they otherwise would not be, and adds to their honor and glory in time and eternity."

It may be that some young men may consider themselves too young to form resolutions, or that they cannot break off their evil habits, which have become comparatively old and established in them, or that there is no use to do so—"all will be well with them. They will not become dishonored or disgraced, or be any the worse for their present course," oh, no! Will such please to read carefully the following statement of Admiral Farragut? "Would you like to know how I was enabled to serve my country? It was all owing to a resolution I formed when I was ten years of age. My father was sent down to New Orleans with the little navy we then had, to look after the treason of Burr. I accompanied him as cabin boy. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt; could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn; and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gambling in every shape. At the close of the dinner, one day my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door and said to me: 'David, what do you mean to be?' 'I mean to follow the sea.' 'Follow the sea! Yes, being a poor miserable drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign clime.' 'No; I'll tread the quarter-deck, and command as you do.' 'No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life, if you ever become a man.' My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke, and overwhelmed with mortification. A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and to die in some fever hospital! That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath; I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquors; I will never gamble. And, as God is my witness, I have kept those three vows to this hour." What think you of this case, young men? Here was a boy of tender years, but precocious in vicious habits. At this very early age he had a good start on the road to ruin. The idea of a boy of ten being able to "swear like an old salt;" "to drink as stiff a glass of grog as if he had doubled Cape Horn;" "to smoke like a locomotive;" and to be "great at cards, and fond of gambling in every shape!" But he had a father who desired his welfare, and sought to reform his boy, and that boy could form a reso-

lution and keep it, thus making himself an able officer and an honorable man, and leaving on record, for the benefit of others, his testimony of his experience in vicious habits in early youth, his father's effort, his own resolution, and his testimony before God that he "had kept his vows." And we will say to the young man whom it may concern, "Go thou and do likewise!"

"Evil communications corrupt good manners." Bad company proves the bane of millions. Young Farragut must have been in very bad company to have been what he was at ten years of age. Purity of language and refinement of manners are not cultivated by many young men as they should be, neither is the moral tone which characterizes their intercourse with each other as high as it might be. Boys associate with young men, young men with their seniors up to seventy; sufficient caution is not used in conversation; the force of example is not thought of or disregarded; boys learn things which it would be well for them to be ignorant of till they attain manhood; and young men and boys, too, learn some things which it would be a blessing to them to remain ignorant of through life. Many of them would grow up much freer from the vices of the age were it not for the lax conversation and contagious example of their elders. Boys are imitative. They learn many things as birds learn to chirp. We say, Young men, keep good company; but as we write the advice, the spirit says: "Make good company for the young!" And we humbly acknowledge the necessity of the admonition. Purify thyself, is the injunction to each. It is an individual labor. God speed its accomplishment! But the young have their agency, and we say to them: Be wise, careful and discriminating in selecting your associates. Keep good company, and avoid in wisdom that which is bad. Some years ago we saw in a New York publication an incident in the life of a lady, which, being apropos we embody here: "One evening, a lady, who belongs on the editorial staff of one of the leading dailies of New York, had been detained by official duties until a rather late hour. Living on the Heights of Brooklyn, it was not much of a venture to go home without an escort, so she started. On the boat a gentleman (?) said to her, 'Are you alone?' 'No, sir,' said the lady, and when the boat touched stepped off. 'I thought you said you were not alone,' said the fellow, stepping to her side again. 'I am not,' replied the lady. 'Why, I don't see anyone; who is with you?' 'God Almighty and the angels, sir—I am never alone!' 'Madam,' he replied, 'you keep too good company for me: good night.' That is the sort of company to keep. Blessed is he or she who is favored with it. Seek for it. Live to be worthy of it. Evil companion may turn away from you, but do not utterly forsake them. Be the good Samaritan. When proper opportunities offer, help to raise the fallen to a higher plane, and encourage them to seek by purity of life the enjoyment of the same "good company."

Young men, we do not write for money. Our sole object is to do you good. Please allow us the pleasure of doing so. Read carefully, studiously, and prayerfully. Read again with a fixed determination to profit and reform. Cease to sap your physical and mental power by indulging in vicious habits. Remember, those powers were given you to be used for your own elevation and salvation, and to aid in the herculean task of a world's redemption. You will have to render an account of the use of those "talents," therefore do not abuse them, but use them carefully and wisely, exercise them that they may shine brightly, and grow in strength preparatory to immortalization. Immortalization? Yes! verily, yes! Do you know that the time draweth nigh when the Son of Man "will come in the clouds of heaven, in power and great glory," accompanied by a heavenly host, and that the righteous will be "caught up to meet him" at this glorious appearing? And do you know, young men, that it is not the privilege of many of you to be among the number who will be "changed in the twinkling of an eye," from mortality to a degree of immortality? And who will have the glorious privilege? Do you want it? Then live for it. Do you want healthy, vigorous, and pure bodies? Do you want your spirits to hold righteous dominion over your bodies, and to be as untainted by sin as when they left your heavenly home? Do you de-