

the selling of spirits has been constantly falling into disrepute, and men of a lower grade of moral character have been constantly coming into it. And this deterioration has kept pace too with the temperance reformation. Fifteen years since, the dealers in liquors would not, perhaps, in point of moral character, suffer by a comparison with those engaged in other occupations, but the vast change which has taken place is only what was anticipated, and was, I well know, predicted ten or twelve years ago. It needed not the pen of a prophet to foresee that if we could succeed in fixing upon the traffic the stamp of *immorality*, men of good moral character would, as a matter of course, abandon it. That they have done so to so great an extent, is very encouraging, though not a very comfortable evidence of the advancement of the temperance cause. And I cannot but marvel when I see such men still clinging to their business as with a death-grasp—thus classing themselves with men who, as a body, are by the good and virtuous considered the least reputable in society. Why do they not at once let conscience do its work, abandon tavern-keeping, or run up the temperance flag, and if they should make less profit than in their present business, they will secure to themselves the respect, good wishes, and sympathy of the better class of the community, and what is vastly more important, the approbation of their own consciences.—*S. Chapman.*

THE PILOT AND THE PLEDGE.—A Pilot relating his experience in Cincinnati, said, "My home had become a domestic hell. I drank all I could get, and have not been home for three weeks to my family without being intoxicated. Of course I was always ready for a quarrel. I went one night to a Washington meeting. I was sober.—I listened to what was said. My heart leaped for joy at the hope that I might be reformed, and signed the pledge."

I went home to my family; it was earlier than usual. I took a seat, but said nothing—I observed a frown upon the face of my wife, as if she expected abuse as usual. But presently the cloud cleared away, and after observing me for some time she inquired—'Husband, are you sick?—What is the matter with you?' 'No,' I said, 'I am not sick, and there is nothing the matter with me. I am sober. I have been to the Washington Temperance meeting, and have signed the pledge.'

'Is it possible?' said she. 'Yes, it is true that I have signed the Washington pledge, and intend to stick to it as long as I live.'

'In a moment,' said the pilot, 'all the wife was up in her bosom. Her eyes were full of tears. She clasped me round the neck with her arms, and I thought she would have absolutely smothered me with her kisses.'—*W. M. Star.*

A TOUGH CONCERN.—A vender of ardent spirits lately became hopelessly pious. He was led to reflect on the morality of his business, and felt at once pungently convinced that it was all wrong; but unfortunately he had just made a considerable purchase of a wholesale dealer.—He went immediately to him and said he was deeply convinced that his business was wrong, and requested him to take back what he had purchased and allow him what he could for it. The junior partner of the concern only was in, but he said they would take it back and cancel the bill; but he added, "this of ours is a tough concern, when we sell goods which men must bring back as soon as they become good." It is a tough concern, tough all round—tough to the conscience of the dealer, tough to the poor drunkard and to his wife and children, and will be tougher still when God shall come to make inquisition for blood; and we advise every man who is in it to get out of it as soon as possible; for if the rum is not brought back, all the woe and wounds and murders and deaths it occasions will come back and cry aloud for vengeance, and will confront the vender through all time and all eternity. The sooner he quits the better.—*Journal American Temperance Union.*

THE IRISH GIRL'S RETORT.—A certain good lady of our acquaintance, and a warm friend of the temperance cause besides, was lately afflicted with general debility, and a certain friend of hers, advised as a remedy, to drink a small glass of Madeira every morning, with an egg beat up in it. The same lady had in her employ an Irish girl, whom she strongly suspected of loving the "critter" right well.

One day, as an intemperate man passed, she made the occasion a text to preach a short discourse to her children in the hearing of the Irish girl, for whose special benefit the lecture was intended.

"You see," said she, "how miserable this poor drunken man

makes himself, his wife and all his family, by his intemperance, and you see how wicked it must be to drink intoxicating drinks. "Well, ma'am," said the Irish girl, "an' shure it will do no harm if they only takes a hegg in it."

The good lady's sermon was at an end at once. The reproof was felt to be a good one, and the wine and the "hegg in it," from that time forth, was discarded. Ladies, beware of the wine with "heggs in it."

POWERFUL PETITION.—A petition has been presented to the rum-sellers of Lowell, (Mass.) asking them to abandon the traffic, signed by about six thousand ladies. What an argument!

TEETOTALISM IN GREAT BRITAIN.—A learned Dr. Clutterbuck has affirmed that experience is opposed to total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks as healthful or useful. To this Mr. Beaumont replies, that there are, at this day, living within the kingdom of Great Britain, upwards of seven millions of total abstainers from all intoxicating drinks. Surely numbers cannot be wanting to prove the validity of the principles.—And of these there are persons of all ranks, from the peer to the peasant; of all constitutions, from the athletic to the effeminate; of all occupations, from the laborious artisan to the sedentary employer; of all ages, from the infant at the breast to the veteran of ninety; and of all parts of the kingdom, from "John o'Groat's" to the Land's end." So that, so far as "experience" goes, it is all on the side of total abstinence.—*Temp. Journal.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

ANECDOTES FOR THE JUNIOR TEETOTALERS.

"John! What are you doing with that cat? pray let her alone," said Mrs. Sands to her little boy, "let her alone I bid you."

"I am hurting her ma, you know we've all signed the Pledge but her, and I'm going to have her sign her name, so she shall be a tee-totaller too, that's all;" said the little fellow, as he kept tugging away to get pussy's fore paw.

Mrs. Sands now resolved to let him alone, and see how he would succeed, so she stifled her laughter and watched him. Presently he got the cat's paw securely grasped, and placing an old stump of a pen between her toes, scrawled some hieroglyphics on an old copy of a pledge, before the cat could free herself.

"There ma, the cat's signed the Pledge, now we're all tee-totallers" said the delighted boy, as he pursued the new member into the hall whither she had retreated. This incident was nearly forgotten, until a few days past Mrs. Sands saw John chase the cat out of the street, through the hall and back into the yard, striking her with the stick when ever he came nigh enough. Mrs. Sands was greatly astonished at this, and calling him in gave him a reprimand, with a hint that she would bye and bye serve him as he served the cat, concluding with "What did you whip her so hard for, you naughty child?" "Oh ma! ma! she deserved whip-ping; I saw her come out of Deacon Alden's rum-shop; I saw her come out, ma, and you know, ma, she signed the Pledge the other day!"

It is hoped, that two footed Teetotalers will profit by this, and not run such risks as John's cat did.—*Youth's Advocate.*

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.—A lad not twelve years of age, in addressing his comrades of the Juvenile Temperance Society in this city, made use of the following, among other appropriate remarks: "The time is shortly to come, when we are to take the place of our fathers—when the administration of this government is to fall into our hands; and now is the time to decide whether the Constitution of the United States shall fall into the hands of sober men, or into the hands of drunkards." Comment is useless. Every one can appreciate these sentiments. Those who look upon juvenile associations as farcical, would do well to attend them steadily; that thereby they may become better men. Even children have influence; if upon none others, upon their parents.—*N. York Washingtonian.*

Poetry.

A LITTLE WORD.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.