

resolve, so that your wife may not be induced, from your example, to gather the slightest encouragement in the maintenance of her intemperate habits."

"Then, secondly, you must *exert your authority*. You must tell Mrs. B—, that you *have a duty to perform*, for the sake of yourself, and the children; and that your responsibility to God is great, and that you are resolved to *pay no more bills* to the brewer, or the spirit merchant; that, if she incur these expenses, she must meet them herself, as you are determined not to disburse them."

"Then, thirdly, if, after adopting these and other means, under the influence of Christian principles, and the Christian spirit, you find you cannot succeed, you have only one course to pursue, namely, to separate yourself from one who will listen to no advice, be checked by no remonstrance, regard no entreaty, not even of a husband, and a father, who has the interest and happiness of his family at heart."

Mr. B— took the advice which was proffered him, and acted on it almost immediately. He was inexpressibly rejoiced to find that his efforts were not without success; and he informed the writer some time after, with the utmost gratitude and delight beaming in his countenance, "*My spirit bill has disappeared altogether, and I have now peace and happiness, instead of derangement, confusion, and misery.*"

"It was a struggle and a great one, at first, but my determination was unyielding. There was only one alternative, *drink or separation*, and my steady and unfaltering principle and procedure conquered. I thank you as one of my best friends. I regard you as having been under God my deliverer from one of the most awful curses which can afflict any family, that of *intemperance.*"

Mr. B— spoke earnestly, and truly. There is, beyond doubt, nothing which entails such miseries on families as intemperance. It is the demon of discord. It is the source of extreme, of indescribable wretchedness. It is the parent of poverty, degradation, and crime. We are convinced that intemperance *beggars more than half* the families which are reduced in indigence, defiles *three-fourths* of the families which are given up to sin, and surrounds them with every thing that is debasing, pernicious, and disgusting.

Mothers! Mothers! throughout the kingdom, we implore you in the most earnest, the most impassioned manner, to shun intemperance, as you would your direst enemy, your most fell and ruthless destroyer. You cannot, in this respect, be too much on your guard, *at all times*. Your children are very quick observers. They soon perceive, and soon imitate. Your intemperance may not only beggar you, but your offspring; not only destroy your happiness, but wither theirs; not only blast your reputation, but annihilate theirs also; not only ruin your souls, but occasion the destruction of theirs.

O mothers! mothers! as you wish your children to be respected, valued, and beloved; as you wish them to grow up and be reputable, honourable, and useful members of society; as you wish them to be associated with the church of Jesus Christ, identified with everything that is benevolent, excellent, and *divine*, steer clear of anything like intemperance! Let there not be the *slightest approach* to it.

How many thousands of mothers, by their intemperate habits, not only plunge themselves into perdition, but their children also!"

The mother drinks, and so will the son. The mo-

ther is fond of intoxicating compounds, so is the daughter. The mother increases in relish for what intoxicates, so does her boy or her girl. We knew a mother who became so inveterately fond of gin, that she would, at last, put the dram-bottle on *the chair near her bed* when she retired to rest, that she might have a glass *as soon as she awoke in the morning!*

What can exceed this, in everything that degrades, shocks, and disgusts?

To us, it is the very climax of folly, of sin, of debasement, of fatuity, of misery.

Intemperate mothers, everywhere, abandon your wretched habits *at once!* There must be *no delay*. They will ruin you, and your children, for ever.

And, mothers, universally, if you are vigilant against indulging any evil propensity, let it be a disposition towards *intemperance!*

Permanency of Education.

A WORD IN SEASON.

A few years ago a man in humble circumstances in life, emigrated from Scotland to this country, and settled in one of our Western States. He was a coarse and ignorant man, but very energetic, and entirely devoted to the acquisition of property. He had been very poor, and felt that wealth constituted the greatest of all earthly blessings. He had never enjoyed any of the advantages of education, and was perfectly unconscious of the value of a cultivated mind. His wild and rustic home was carved out of the wilderness where he was surrounded by those hardy pioneers who knew of no employment but toil. Rich harvest began to wave upon his well-tilled and fertile acres. His barns were filled with plenty; cattle accumulated in his pasture; his plain but substantial dwelling was provided with all homely comforts; he became a man of wealth. He had an only child, a daughter, whom he loved with the instinctive love of one who knew nothing of the *refinements* of affection, but who feels proud of possessing a child to whom he could leave the fruits of his toilsome and successful life.

One winter's evening, as the sleet was drifting over the bleak plains, and the wind whistling around his windows, two strangers, from different directions, sought a night's hospitality beneath the roof of the rich old farmer. One was a young adventurer, penniless and friendless, seeking his fortune in the boundless West. The other was an intelligent middle-aged gentleman of wealth from the East, travelling on business connected with an important speculation in which he was about to embark. The fire, of large logs of woods, blazed brightly on the hearth. The hardy old farmer, blessed with the vigor which the health of sixty years confers, sat by his kitchen fireside smoking his pipe, now and then exchanging a word with the strangers, neither of whom seemed disposed to sociability. The farmer's wife and his rustic daughter sat in silence, the latter paring apples and stringing the slices to hang in festoons to dry from the walls. The wife was engaged in knitting—that employment which seems to be the heaven-conferred solace and blessing for the aged and for the infirm.

An half hour of perfect silence had elapsed, during which the two strangers seemed entirely absorbed in their own thoughts, when the middle-aged gentleman suddenly roused himself from his reverie, and turning his eye to the maiden, inquired—