

8. Loss of property, in one generation to an amount greater than the present value of all the houses and lands in the country might be prevented.

9. One of the greatest dangers to our free institutions, and to the perpetuity of the blessings of civil and religious liberty, would be removed.

10. The efficacy of the Gospel, and all the means which God has appointed for the spiritual and eternal good of men would be exceedingly augmented, and the amount of moral and religious effort for the best good of man, and for the glory of God be vastly increased.

11. Multitudes of every generation, through all future ages, might be prevented from sinking into an untimely grave.

12. Nor is the interest of females in this subject so unimportant as many suppose. More than fifty thousand of the daughters of the last generation were doomed to the curse, and all the wretchedness of having drunken husbands; and of being obliged to train up their children under the blasting influence of drunken fathers. But let the means be furnished to extend the principle of abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors throughout our country, and the daughters of the next generation, from this tremendous curse may be free. Their children and children's children to all future ages, will rise up and call their deliverers blessed.

THE CHRISTIAN RUM SELLER IN HIS CLOSET:

OR, THE TRIUMPH OF CONSCIENCE.

A Christian once retired to pray,
 And kneeling low, was wont to say,
 "Our Father, still in heaven the same,
 And hallowed be thy glorious name."
 When conscience, with a load oppressed,
 Our humble suppliant thus address'd:
 "To day you've sold that rum for gain,
 That made your neighbour so profane,
 And now, may be, with poison'd breath,
 Still scattering arrows, fire and death."
 He next proceeds, though almost dumb,
 And whispers out "Thy kingdom come."
 But adding still to his surprise,
 The monitor within replies:
 "You still pursue your cursed craft,
 And vend the soul-destroying draught,
 That greatly checks his kingdom fair,
 And fills the regions of despair."
 He ventures on once more, and said,
 "Give us this day our daily bread."
 "What! while your premises retain,
 In pay for rum, the poor man's grain?
 Or in your drawer the price is laid,
 That should have bought his children
 bread?"

Thus conscience rous'd to do her part,
 Directs the arrow to his heart.
 At length by keen conviction stung,
 With heavy heart and faltering tongue,
 He cries, 'Forgive and grant salvation,
 Nor any longer will I lay
 Temptation in my neighbour's way;
 What is thus earned, when understood,
 Is certainly the price of blood.
 I'd rather dig, or beg, or serve;
 O where shall end the frightful tale,
 Convey'd by every flying mail,
 Of murder, misery and woe,
 That from the cursed traffic flow?
 I am resolv'd th' unrighteous gain
 Shall never more my coffers stain."
 Then in humility dispos'd
 To bless'd assurance, sweetly clos'd:—
 "The kingdom's thine, and will retain
 The glory, power, and praise, amen."
 Then calmly rising from his knees,
 His heart approv'd and all was peace.

MASON.

Bristol, April 10, 1833.