

to toil long before we shall see the full accomplishment of our glorious work, but every day richly repays us for our labours. For awhile, the broken hearted wife may still weep. The famishing children may find a supperless bed. We may be called to mourn over the wrecks of men whose talents now fill us with admiration. We may yet cry, How are the mighty fallen! and it may be that the man will again be turned into a brute, the sage into a savage; our jails and penitentiaries may yet be filled with tenants, the brother's blood may yet cry from the ground, and the gallows claim its victims, but not long. These things must cease. A brighter day has already dawned; our efforts shall be to hasten it to the meridian.—*Moss Standard*.

The London Times objects to the entire prohibition of corn in distilleries and the breweries because beer is necessary for the accomplishment of that work which is to extricate the country from its present embarrassment. Beer and gin make the poverty: beer and gin help us out of it. What would Ben Franklin say to this reasoning? Do none of Father Mathew's teetotalers do any work?

ROYAL EXAMPLE.—QUEEN'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT—On Friday, nearly 500 poor families at Windsor were supplied with meat, bread, and plum pudding, and one cwt. of cals., &c., &c. The issuing of tickets for ale upon this occasion, as upon the last, was dispensed with, it having been considered politic by her Majesty's domestic chaplain and the Rev. Mr. Gould, that ale should not again be given away to the objects of the Queen's bounty.—*Sun, January 2d, 1847*.

TEMPERANCE AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS—Mr. Cassel, the enterprising editor of the London Teetotal Times, offers a premium of ten guineas, each, for four of the best tracts, on each of the following subjects, viz:—1. The importance of the temperance movement in its bearing upon Sabbath Schools. 2. Reasons why Sabbath School Teachers should be teetotalers. 3. Facts and arguments demonstrating that drinking usages are antagonistic to the operations of Sabbath Schools. 4. The permanent success of the temperance reformation mainly dependant on the sobriety of the rising generation. We hope these essays will waken a great interest on this subject in the schools in England, and we may add in this country also. It is not estimated with us at all according to its importance. Sunday Schools are among the great instrumentalities of converting the world.

OFFICIAL RECORDS OF INTemperance.—The returns made to the office of the Chief of Police, show that the arrests for drunkenness amount to almost 28 persons per day, or over one an hour. By referring to our last week's report of the previous 9 days' arrests, it will be seen that the number was 242, or almost 27 per day. Tax payers think of it! *Who pays?* Hard working mechanics, how much of your earnings go towards expenses caused by rum? Toiling females plying your needle by the midnight lamp to scrape together a few dollars for rent—rent which is increased by the city expenses—say *who pays?* Men and women of all conditions, ye who can reason and reflect, say how much longer are you willing to pay taxes for the support of the rum-craft? And yet in view of all this, the rumsellers with an effrontery which nothing but rum could command, talk of "Anti-republicanism," should their pauper and suicide manufactories be shut up by the fiat of a too long insulted and abused people! All we ask is that the public who are called upon to pay the piper shall be allowed to say what music shall be made by him.—*N. Y. Paper*.

The Rumsellers in Waldo county, Maine, are determined to resist the law prohibiting them from selling liquor. They nearly killed an Officer who was attempting to enforce it. Bad citizens, are these drunkard makers.

Wine and wassail have taken more strong places than gun or steel.—*Chesterfield*.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.—We are called upon, distressing as is the task, to announce the suicide of Mr. William Hollenbeck, aged about 50 years, a resident of this town; and, what is worse than all, to publish to the world that the cause of this revolting crime was rum! We need not particularize, because this case is not a peculiar one,—hundreds of a similar nature occurring almost daily in our country. Nevertheless, we may ask if intelligent men are not prepared to administer a remedy to this thing, in view of the fact that rum is hurrying thousands to a premature grave—where they have the power in their own hands? We shall see. Mr. Hollenbeck died from the effects of opium which he had taken while under the influence of mania a potu,

on Thursday morning last. Let those who are imitating his course stop and reflect upon his sad end, and turn from the evil of their ways.—*Banner*.

Extracts from the Finance Accounts of the United Kingdom, for the year 1845, ending 5th January, 1846. Total net amount of the revenue of customs from intoxicating liquors, in the United Kingdom, for the year 1845, ending 5th January, 1846, £4,290,859. 19s. 2d. Total net amount of revenue of excise, in connection with intoxicating liquors, in the United Kingdom, £12,090,862. 1s. 8½d. Total net amount of revenue from the customs and excise department, for the United Kingdom, for the year 1845, £16,291,722. 0s. 10½d. Amount of duty paid on spirits during the same period for home consumption in the United Kingdom, £5,749,794 0s. 10d.—*See Parliamentary Spirit Return, No. 73 Report*.

Poetry.

THE WINE CUP.

Who hath woe and who hath sorrow?
Who with drooping eye-lid shrinks,
From the pure and golden marrow?
She who of the wine cup drinks.

Who hath wounds and who hath sadness?
Who hath strife? Who idly laughs
At ebbing life-blood shed in madness?
She who of the wine cup quaffs.

Tarry not where wine is flowing,
Though with ruby light it burn;
Though with tempting radiance glowing,
From the sparkling wine-cup turn.

Like a serpent who beguileth,
By its beauty ere it spring,
Thus the treacherous wine cup smileth,
Though within it be a sting.

INTemperance.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Parent!—who with speechless feeling,
O'er thy cradled treasure bent,
Every year new claims revealing,
Yet thy wealth of love unspent;
Hast thou seen that blossom blighted,
By a dream, untimely frost?
All thy labours unrequited?
Every glorious promise lost?

Wife with agony unspoken,
Shrinking from affliction's rod,
Is thy prop—thyne idol broken—
Fondly trusted—next to God?
Husband?—o'er thy hope a mourner,
Of thy chosen friend ashamed,
Hast thou to her burial borne her,
Unrepented,—unreclaimed?

Child!—in thy tender weakness turning
To thy heaven-appointed guide,
Doth a lava poison burning,
Tinge with gall affection's tide!
Still that office-burden bearing,
Darker than the grave can show,
Dost thou bow thee down despairing
To a heritage of woe?

Country!—on thy sons depending,
Strong in manhood, bright in bloom,
Hast thou seen thy pride descending,
Shrouded to the unclouded tomb?
Rise!—on eagle pinions soaring—
Rise!—like one of god-like birth—
And Jehovah's aid imploring,
Sweep the spoiler from the earth.