

under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain, while we are writing these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement made in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than truth. No pen is capable of portraying the truth. The sorrows and the horrors of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization as can be reached in this world, at least. The shame, the indignation, the sense of disgrace for herself and her children, the poverty—and not unfrequently, the beggary—the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, life-long struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse wine, and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy of their sex.

And now what shall we see on the New Year's Day, 1872? Women all over the city of New York—women here and there all over the country, where like social customs prevail—setting out upon their tables the well-filled decanters, which, before night shall close down, will be emptied into the brain of young men and old men, who will go reeling to darker orgies, or to homes that will feel ashamed of them. Woman's lips will give the invitation, woman's hand will fill and present the glass, woman's careless voice will laugh at the effects of the mischievous draught upon their friends, and, having done all this, woman will retire to balmy rest, previously having reckoned the number of those to whom she has, during the day presented a dangerous temptation, and rejoiced over it in the degree of its magnitude.

O woman! woman! Is it not about time that this thing were stopped? Have you a husband, a brother, a son? Are they stronger than their neighbors, who have, one after another, dropped into the graves of drunkards? Look around you, and see the desolation that drink has wrought among your acquaintances, and then decide whether you have a right to place the temptation in any man's way, or do ought to make a social custom respectable which leads hundreds of thousands of men into bondage and death.

Women, there are some things which you can do, and this is one; you can make drinking unpopular and disgraceful among

the young. You can utterly discountenance all drinking in your own house, and you can hold in suspicion every young man who touches the cup. You know that no young man who drinks can safely be trusted with the happiness of any woman, and that he is as unfit as a man can be for woman's society. Have this understood: that every young man who drinks is socially proscribed. Bring up your children to regard drinking as not only dangerous, but disgraceful. Place temptation in no man's way. If men will make beasts of themselves, let them do it in other society than yours.—*Dr. Holland, in Scribner's Monthly.*

A PLEA FOR THE BUMBLE BEES.

The *Turf, Field, and Farm* puts in the following:—

Boys think it glorious fun to fight bumble bees, but they should not be encouraged in the warfare. Bumble bees, like all the hymenoptera, play an important part in the great field of nature. The vein-winged insects which fly from flower to flower, do not injure or destroy the flowers, but make them productive by distributing the pollen. They also rid us of innumerable noxious caterpillars and other insects, which they convert into wholesome food for their offspring.

The ordinary honey bee performs its work well in the fertilization of white clover, but its proboscis is not long enough to enable it to reach the nectaries of red clover; for the fertilization of the red clover we must rely to a great extent upon the bumble bee.

Darwin has called attention to the intimate connection between the number of cats in a given district and the yield of red clover seed. The mice destroy bumble bees, and the cats destroy the mice; therefore, the more cats, the more bumble bees, and the more bumble bees, the greater is the red clover yield. In order to make red clover grow more abundant in New Zealand than it does, some enterprising gentlemen are talking of importing colonies of bumble bees from England. Our young friends will thus see how earnestly the bumble bee is desired in countries where he works not. Then should we not protect what we have, and which performs such important services in our fragrant meadows? We think so, even if it does interfere with the wild pleasures of careless boyhood.