

some half dozen lads entered the room, and in their midst was a poor miserable drunkard, apparently over fifty years of age. We have never beheld any one whose features and general appearance exhibited more plainly the ravages of the "accursed poison," than did those of this individual. His clothes were much soiled and torn, his eyes were glassy, and his face was a fearful index of the fires which raged within. The expression of countenance was that of the most extreme suffering, wretchedness and woe, and as his feeble and unsteady limbs bore him, tottering, to his seat, it seemed as though he was just ready to drop into the silent grave.

In reply to the kind inquiries of the President, the old man, in an earnest and feeling manner, said, "Sir, I don't know but I shall intrude here—though these boys told me I shouldn't—but I want to sign your pledge. I was once in good circumstance, and surrounded by every thing which would make life desirable—but in an evil hour I commenced the use of strong drink, and the consequence is, I have lost home, friends, property, health, everything. I was sitting on a doorstep this evening, and the rain was pouring down upon my head, when these little boys came along and asked me to go and sign the temperance pledge. They said they would show me the way here, and they did: and when we came to the door, they took hold of my arms and led me up stairs. God bless them for it." He signed the pledge.—*Organ*.

AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUTH.

A little boy in destitute circumstances, was put out as an apprentice, and of course had to go upon errands for the apprentices, and not unfrequently to procure for them ardent spirits, of which all, except himself, partook, because, as they said, it did them good. He however used none; and, in consequence of it was often the object of severe ridicule from the older apprentices, because, as they said, he had not sufficient manhood to drink rum. And as they were revelling over their poison, he, under their insults and cruelty, often retired and vented his grief in tears. But now every one of the older apprentices, we are informed, is a drunkard, or in the drunkard's grave: and this youngest apprentice, at whom they used to scoff, is sober and respectable, and worth a hundred thousand dollars. In his employment are about one hundred men, who do not use ardent spirits; and he is exerting upon many thousands an influence in the highest degree salutary, which may be transmitted by them to future generations and be the means, through grace, of preparing multitudes not only for usefulness and respectability on earth, but for an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.—*N. C. Tem. Union*.

A GLASS FOR THE INTEMPERATE.

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow?

Who hath contentions? Who hath

wounds without cause? Who

hath redness of eyes? They

that tarry long at the wine!

They that go to seek mixed

wine. Look not thou

upon the wine when

it is red; when it

giveth its colour

in the

cup;

when it

moveth itself

aright.

At

the last

it biteth like a

serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

"What have you there," said a ragged urchin to a well-dressed little fellow on the opposite side of the street, "Bread, John, a loaf of bread." rejoined the other; "father's joined the teetotal society, and don't any more lie in the gutter with his clothes all mud, and his jacket all torn. He gives us plenty of good food now

and sends us to school, and says we shall be cold water boys too. John looked at his tattered rags, and then at the fine dress of his friend, and wished that his father was a teetotaler, and he a temperance boy.—*Washingtonian*.

If you wish to prevent your friends raising you in the world as a drunkard; for that will defeat all their efforts.

If you are determined to be poor, be a drunkard; and you will soon be ragged and penniless.

If you would be imposed on by knaves be a drunkard; for they will make their task easy.

If you wish to have all your prospects in life clouded, be a drunkard; and they will soon be dark enough.

If you wish to be a nuisance and pest in society, be a drunkard; and soon you will be avoided as infectious.

If you wish to escape all these, and a thousand other evils avoid temperance drinking. It is a rock upon which thousands have foundered.—*Youth Temp. Jour.*

Poetry.

MARY HAY.

Air—*Alice Gray*.

He wooed her when a happy girl,

In youth and beauty's pride;

She knew no guile, she feared no guile,

He won her for his bride.

A brief bright hour, and then a change,

Came o'er him day by day,

And grief, Oh! grief was breaking,

The heart of Mary Hay.

A thousand tongues proclaimed his shame,

She struggled as for life

Against conviction, but it came,

She was a drunkard's wife.

The wine cup, and the wassail bowl,

Had stolen his heart away,

And grief, Oh! grief was breaking

The heart of Mary Hay.

An exile from her island home,

Striving her tears to hide;

Over the waters she has come,

A maniac for her guide.

She weeps and prays for him by night,

She toils for him by day,

While grief, Oh! grief is breaking

The heart of Mary Hay.

She sinks upon her lowly bed,

No friendly hand is nigh;

Her little orphans wail for bread,

She hears not now their cry.

Her cold pale lips have breathed his name,

And now they close for aye,

Oh! grief, Oh! grief has broken

The heart of Mary Hay.

The drunkard's wife sleeps sweetly now,

Her toils and tears are o'er;

She rests where Huron's waters flow,

Far from her native shore.

No tear o'er her lone tomb is shed,

None linger there to say,

Oh! grief, Oh! grief has broken

The heart of Mary Hay.

Maryville, Nichol.

G. P.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A FEW WORDS TO PASTORS.—We copy the following timely remarks from the last number of the *Temperance Advocate* and sincerely hope they will have their due weight in our county.—"It is well known that there are pastors of Churches who have never signed the total abstinence pledge. Such