

bent upon his secret. He can't find time even to take a glass with old cronies at the grog shop. He must have a secret worth knowing. It occupies his thoughts so much that he minds nobody's business. And yet it does not weigh heavy on his mind; he is always good natured, contented and happy; he has no quarrelling in his family. All is pleasant and agreeable. Nothing is out of place. "Strange! strange!" said these wisacres, "that Tom Spooner, that poor mechanic, who began with nothing, of whom all prophesied that he would come out of the little end of the horn, and who believed nothing of it, but stuck to his work, should be so fortunate, so lucky in life! Up early, late to bed, ever at work with hands or head! He must surely have a secret worth knowing!" Ah, lucky dog—lucky Tom!—What can his secret be? Who will set himself to work to discover the foundation of this important secret?

**THE POOR DRUNKARD.**—Is enough done for him? Do Christians do enough—do friends do enough—do members of Temperance Societies do enough—do ministers do enough? Yesterday I passed a man lying partly in the gutter, and partly on the curb stone, in one of the broadest and most thronged streets in Albauy, weltering under a scorching sun. From this squalid and utterly wretched object, the appeal seemed to come up "Am I not a friend and a brother? Is not my nature as exalted, my capacity of happiness or of misery as great as your own? Are there not tears, and sighs, and sorrows unutterable, and untold anguish of heart for me?"

The Christian sees in every man a brother. The drunkard is his brother; and though fallen and degraded, should he therefore be utterly neglected and lost? Should we, now that experience has proved the rescue of the drunkard not only practicable but easy—should we fold our hands in indulgence, and let him go down to the grave in his misery, when it is in our power to do him good? Who that has ever witnessed the personal loathsomeness of intemperance—who that has seen this hideous leprosy deforming and polluting body and soul, and these mutually re-acting on each other, till the one becomes an offence to the light of the sun, the other a moral charnel-house—who that has seen all this, but has shuddered at the consciousness, that such may himself, or some one dear to him, one day become! But were not this selfish suggestion at hand, what is the Christians duty? Is he not bound to take his fallen brother by the hand, and lead him back to virtue and happiness? Let it no longer be said, that this is impossible; more than 100,000 well ascertained cases of recovery, contradict the assertion.—There are methods by which all may be reclaimed. What a discovery!—a method to restore all the drunken fathers, brothers, mothers, and sisters, to their families and friends! shall it not be made a study? We think such a plan has already been devised; but it is too simple to be duly valued. This power of unpeeling the realms of darkness, and scattering light and joy in the shades of misery, and of elevating humanity to the nature of angels, we all bear about with us, unconscious of its surpassing worth. It is the power to abstain from all hurtful indulgence of the animal propensities. This can restore every drunkard—this can banish the curse from the world, and prepare every human body to become the residence, nay, the temple, of the Holy Spirit. Shall Christians, then, withhold from this principle any share of their influence, whether of precept or example? Who but knows that there is and can be no hope for the drunkard, so long as he uses any kind of intoxicating drink? Shall a Christian go to such an one, and, with solemn mockery, advise him to abstain from that which he himself continues to use? Who can clear his conscience from the manifest inconsistency?

And here I would appeal to the experience of those Christians, and there are many such, who have had their hearts broken by the drunken habits of some dear relative, whose daily intemperance has for years kept the whole family in a state of misery and degradation; I would ask them whether they have not themselves been the unconscious cause of the continuance of the habit. Has not the daily presence of the cider mug, the wine-cup, the strong beer or the whiskey-bottle, been a standing and constant temptation, fatal to many a dawning resolution of amendment? I would ask this question to parents having drunken sons, to husbands having drunken wives, and to all in whose cup of domestic sorrow intemperance is an ingredient. If it be so, let Christians and tem-

perance members, at once and for ever, set the example of an entire and constant abstinence, banishing from their doors that which, under whatever disguise, is always aiming to enslave the appetite, and dethrone the reason, and which never uses its power but to destroy both body and soul.—*Northern Temperance Advocate.*

**RUMSELLING AND CHRISTIANITY.**—At a late meeting of the Mercer County Temperance Society, held at Trenton, New-Jersey, Mr. S. M. Hamill stated that he had been informed the preceding year by John Ross, principal chief of the Cherokee nation, that the Council of that nation had passed a law making the traffic in ardent spirits a penal offence; that associations had been formed to sustain the authority of the law; and that in consequence, some 15,000 gallons of spirits on the way into the nation had been stopped and reshipped.

It is a remarkable fact that the rum trade receives more legal patronage from christian law-givers than from the heathen or semi-barbarous. The simple and unsophisticated child of nature sees the enormities flowing from the trade; and influenced more by regard for the public good than one-half of the money-loving and popularity-seeking place men of more civilized nations, he aims a blow at the root of this tree of the devil's planting. Witness the legislation of the Sandwich Islanders against *Christians* (pardon the profanation!) who, for the sake of lucre, have laboured hard to force or smuggle on them the traffic. Witness the legislation of the Chinese against the Opium trade—which is the rum trade of China—and the bold and shameless efforts of the most enlightened and most "Christian nation" on the globe, to force that traffic on the "celestial empire." Witness the unqualified prohibition enacted by the false prophet of the East, against *wine*, the only cause of drunkenness in his day—a prohibition that has saved the Mahomedans from the profligacy and imbecility which the use of wine brought on the Christian churches in those countries—a prohibition that has enabled the arms of the Saracens to triumph against the wine-drinking hosts of Christendom, and to retain to this day undisputed possession of the Holy Land. Witness the legislation of the Cherokees of America, and the oft-repeated efforts of other Indian tribes to save themselves from the horrors of the rum-trade by petitioning the Government of the United States to prohibit the sale of the "Devil's Blood" among them by Christian (!) traders. What a shame, what a burning shame is it to the profession of our holy religion, that heathen nations should thus rise in judgment against us—and that the abominable traffic in alcohol should thus find a defence and refuge in the bosom of Christendom! And what an abominable disgrace to England and America, who trumpet over sea and land, their superior refinement and religion, that in their might they should forget right, and trample down the weak and defenceless whenever prompted by ambition and cupidity. Truly the Anglo-Saxon blood has been guilty of more atrocities than any other. Truly there will be a heavy reckoning against this race, which has outraged *human rights* more than any other people of the world—a reckoning in which the Hindoo, the Chinese, the American Indian, and though last not least, the despised African will testify to the all-grasping avarice and the cruel oppression of England and America.—*Maryland Temperance Herald.*

**JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.**—An interesting article under the head "Prevention of Crime," appeared a short time since in the *Spectator*, a London weekly paper. The object of the article was to draw public attention to an Institution recently established in Glasgow, for the reception and reformation of juvenile thieves; and which, it appeared, had proved remarkably successful. The account informs us that "the object proposed by the Society, had no sooner been made known to the public of Glasgow, than the latter evinced their high appreciation of it by subscribing, in a few days, the handsome sum of £10,000 for carrying it into effect." This evidence of a disposition to improve the condition of a class of society possessing peculiar claims on our sympathy is exceedingly encouraging. We could not, however, but lament, that the efforts thus made by benevolent individuals had not been directed to the removal of that which is the principle occasion—we had almost said the root—of all this evil.