

and the yoke falls to the ground. States, in which there are capital cities, will doubtless find it difficult to decree extermination; and yet those cities themselves have most need of it, for alcohol is at the foundation of nearly all the crimes and irregularities with which they are cursed.

But I did not take up my pen to discuss the general bearings of the subject. It was to speak of the relation of Methodists to the interest in question. As a Church we are ahead of other denominations. So thoroughly is discipline enforced among us on this point, that there is not, perhaps, in all our borders, another Cincinnati brother to sing over his hissing boilers, "Come, thou fount of every blessing." We have relentlessly exterminated all who would not exterminate the poison; and now what is our duty in reference to the cause out of our own pale? Legislatures will be generally, if not universally, petitioned for the passage of laws similar to those of Maine. Methodists ought not to be behind the chiefest in urging the subject upon the attention of the people and the legislatures. The hands of Maine must be upstayed by example and assistance from without. Boston gold may find Arnolds in her camp, and the keys of her strongholds may be clandestinely surrendered. The decisive action of surrounding bodies politic will have an influence to prevent this. Massachusetts, so long on the "anxious seat," should be instantly and thoroughly converted to save Maine. We bespeak a little of our characteristic denominational element—*fire*—for the cause, outside of Maine. Other denominations will be slower, will linger on moral suasion, will pass strong resolutions, and substantiate general principles. This is all well; but we fear the loss of time, precious time, in this way. The thing is ripe for action. Every man should be up and doing. Petitions should be circulated, signed, and loaded upon the tables of the legislatures of every State. None of these memorials should stop short of asking the total abolishment of the traffic. Let Methodists be in the van of this mighty move.

E. WESTWORTH.

A Publican's Honest Confession.

(Translated from the Norwegian.)

Having just re-opened my spirit shop in a commodious situation I hasten to inform the honored public that, in my new premises, I continue my old trade, and make people into poor wretched drunkards, upon the most reasonable terms,—as the industrious and temperate portion of society may thus understand.

I shall trade in an article which makes people into robbers and murderers,—and thereby lessens the safety of the community and increases its expenses. I will as quickly as possible provide in-mates for hospitals, poor-houses, and prisons.

I will sell an article which shall cause mischievous accidents, multiply the number of waisting sicknesses, and make maladies incurable which before were easily curable.

I shall trade in a drink, by which some shall be deprived of life, many of reason, the most of propriety, and all of contentment; which shall make consorts to be at variance, wives to become widows, children to become fatherless, and all beggars.

I shall cause youth to grow up in ignorance, perfidy, and dishonesty, and to become a burden and plague to society. I shall seduce men to murder their defenceless wives, mothers to forget their helpless babes, and maidens to lose their innocence. I shall hinder the spread of the Gospel, soil the purity of the Church, and cause corporeal, spiritual, and eternal death. My intentions are soon summed up: I shall do everything in my power to deluge the country with crime, and poverty, and wretchedness. You ask me why I am so hard-hearted as to bring so great miseries upon my fellows? I answer honestly, "It is for money." I have a family to provide for; society is willing to encourage the sale of intoxicating drink; I have the permission of the magistrate; my trade is protected by the law of the land; men who profess themselves Christian, countenance it; if I bring not these mischiefs upon the country, another will do it. For I live in a free land, and I have purchased the privilege thus to undermine health, shorten men's days, weaken morality, and murder all spiritual life in them who please to honor me with their custom. I know that the Bible says, "thou shalt not kill," and that it cries woe to the man "who misleads his neighbor into drunkenness. I acknowledge that the holy scripture warns me "not to place a stumbling-block in my brother's way." I read also in the same sacred book, that "no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven;" and I ac-

knowledge, I do not expect that he who makes drunkards, shall have a better fortune: but,—what shall I do?

[We are indebted to a gentleman, recently returned from Norway, for the above interesting paper, which has been printed in that country, in the form of a handbill. We desire it may be extensively circulated with us, and hope it will prove instrumental in inducing all persons connected with the liquor traffic seriously to consider whether such a demoralising business can be consistent with the principles of the gospel.]—*Bristol Temperance Herald.*

The Laborer.

There are men to be found in every neighborhood who have toiled as honestly and assiduously as others that have long since grown wealthy, and yet, who are living from hand to mouth, who make the effects of yesterday's labor administer to the wants of today; and who have no provision for future calamity or misfortune, but the poor man's hope.

To many of these, the purchase of suitable clothing for their families, a convenient stove, or a barrel of flour, are matters of weighty importance, and require as much tact and financiering with their humble means, as the purchase of farms and dwellings on the part of others. To obtain these necessaries, is to them the real struggle of life, and forms the burthen of their care and anxiety. Inability to meet small demands of five and ten dollars, sends a pang to the heart of these, more keen than is felt by the wealthy when hundreds are swept from their possession.

That many of these men want those habits of prudence and thrift which are everywhere the attendants of prosperity, may well be suspected. The more thoughtless, no doubt, imagine that if they possessed their neighbor's farm or his store of merchandise, comfort and the accumulation of property would certainly follow. Yet with no more prudence than they exhibit in their present affairs, their success would be doubtful enough. They observe how closely the business man studies his interest, how carefully he hoards his small gains and profits, and how exact he is with his daybooks and ledgers, and forgetting that here is the real secret of success, they fancy if they had wealth they would exercise these habits too; yet, they almost never give a serious thought to how they may better their condition, think no harm of spending the few surplus shillings of a week's wages upon any unnecessary trifle, and deem any system of book-keeping in their affairs wholly useless, trusting rather to the memory, or to a few pencil marks along the margin of their almanac.

We cannot too strongly urge this matter upon the attention of the laborer. His personal strength is his only producing capital; but of this he may give twelve hours of healthful labor to-day and be none the poorer therefor to-morrow. Let him, then, husband this with care, and exercise a wise economy in the expenditure of his humble income. His wealthy neighbor loans \$3,000, and procures thereby \$200 per annum; the poor man has only his hands, but they will procure him the same amount in the same time. Now all we ask of him is, that he will look with the same keenness after the \$3,000 of property he possesses in his hands, that the capitalist watches over his stocks and goods, and we assure him he cannot fail of prosperity. Let him obtain the highest price he can for his labor, but never refuse to work for the highest wages he can obtain for the time. We do not wonder that the farmer sometimes refuses to sell his corn for a given price, his refusal is founded upon the belief of a better market; but the laborer who refuses to labor for six shillings, because he deems seven shillings to be the price he should obtain, is not fulfilling the requisites of success. Labor, unlike other commodities, cannot be reserved in amassed quantities for a marketable period, but must be exchanged from day to day. The absolute necessities of life are few—food, shelter and clothing—and these form but a small part of every man's expenses. Rigid economy and habits of thrift will certainly give these the comforts of good living, and something for a "wet day," as it has thousands of others in every part of our broad country. But before they can expect to thrive and come into the possession of much goods, they must first learn to be "faithful over a few things."—*N. Y. Organ.*

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. This may account for the many closed eyes which are seen in Churches on Sundays.