

waiting on, like the kind docks offering their services. Another remarkable anomaly is, that notwithstanding the identity of the disease upon different persons, various kinds of medicine produce the same cure in their own appropriate localities. In Scotland, for instance, whiskey is the most effectual remedy, and gin in England; excepting in some parts of the latter where home-brewed ale contests the palm of precedence. So obvious is the intention of this arrangement, that all the old dames in the country, excepting those who have imbibed the tea-total heresy, understand it well, and uniformly act upon it. They give it to children little more than new-born, and manage to mix it up with the nurse's milk, by persuading her to take it plentifully. They prescribe it for all pains in the bowels, of whatever kind; and diseases in the stomach are made to fly before it, how far we say not;—and when it happens to kill instead of cure, they devoutly shake their heads, and seek shelter for their sin of ignorance in the decrees of Providence.—*Scottish Temperance Journal.*

THE CLAIMS OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION UPON FEMALES.

The Temperance Reformation has peculiar claims upon females. It has been well remarked, that intemperance, more than any other form of sinfulness, deserves to be designated the curse of female affection, and the death of female bliss. The Rev. Hugh Stowell, of the Church of England, in a speech before the Birmingham Temperance Society, observed—"Temperance Societies make men love their homes, wives, and children, and make those homes happy; for while they promote economy, they do not banish the comforts of life; and when the labours of the day are over, what can there be in this wide earth more cheering and more dear to the heart of man than his own fire-side? Can there be any thing more beautiful and sweet than a peaceful cottage? In my own district, near Manchester, there was a pretty cottage—pretty to look at—but, alas! there was no comfort within. When I first visited it, there was not a stool to sit upon—not an article of kitchen-ware on the dresser but was cracked or broken, and scarcely an ember in the fire-place. What was the cause of this? The father was a drunkard. The poor wife presented, perhaps, one of the most melancholy pictures in nature—she was young, but her face was bleached and wrinkled; and she longed, I verily believe, for a premature grave. I visited the same cottage again, during the last month; but oh! what a change! The little step before the door was washed white almost as snow. When I entered, the floor was strewn with clean sand; the shelves were ranged with new basins and plates, and shone in all the brilliancy of pewter; and when I looked to the grate, instead of the old broken one that filled the hearth, there was a fine new polished range, and plenty of coal burning brightly within it. There were two or three children there too; one with a book before it, conning over its lesson, and another, who was much younger, with a good basin of broth in its hands; and when I looked at the good woman's face, I do assure you it was the loveliest feature in the landscape—instead of the pale withered look it wore when I first saw it, it was covered with the most beautiful rouge, but that rouge was placed there by health and happiness. And do you know, my friends, who wrought this change? Ask the good woman herself. 'Oh, Sir,' said she, 'my John is a tea-totaller this year and a half. I declare,' said she, 'I have got a new husband, and we never had the honey-moon till now, and I think it will last as long as we live.'

THE TOTAL ABSTINENCE QUESTION AND THE PERIODICAL PRESS.

It has long been a matter of ones of astonishment and regret, that that powerful engine in the formation of public opinion, the periodical press, has so long continued to regard either with jealousy or indifference the remarkable moral phenomena which the rise and progress of the total abstinence question cannot fail to have presented to the eye of the intelligent and candid observer. This studied indifference is now, however, fast disappearing, and the question is at this moment occupying a large share of public attention. Magazines, newspapers, and periodicals of all classes, are now assisting to keep alive the public interest in the subject,

and the agitation, instead of subsiding, is on all sides deepening and widening, and bids fair soon to arrest the attention and enlist the sympathies of all classes of the community. The question seems, in fact, to be approaching the crisis of its existence, and appears destined to pass through the ordeal of the most thorough and searching investigation. We feel that there is no reason to dread the result. The principal of total abstinence courts examination, and if tried even by the test of a fair utility, it must command universal adoption. Whether regarded as an instrument of good, or a preventative of evil, we believe our principle has the strongest claims on the support and zealous co-operation alike of the Christian, the philanthropist, the moralist, and the sound and political economist; and if the discussion of the question be conducted with the fairness and candour which its vast importance demands, it cannot fail to lead to the happiest and most beneficial results.—*Scottish Temperance Journal.*

"IN ALL LABOUR THERE IS PROFIT."

This is true, even in efforts to reclaim the intemperate. I lately became acquainted with the following facts:—A physician settled in one of the young and growing cities of New England, gradually began to slide, and finally fell. Great to him, and to his cultivated and highly respectable wife, was the fall. She appeared for years not even to notice delinquencies. But the truth was soon proclaimed, and it fell like the heavy thunderbolt.—Dr. H. is a drunkard! He forsook his wife, fled from home and his native State, sought employment, and kept a school in a distant city. Still he drank; and soon, of course, was compelled to give up an employment in which moral character was required. Disgraced at home, and abandoned by strangers, he returned to New York, and entered a stable, and became an hostler. A friend of his youth heard of him, resolved to make an effort for his salvation, visited him, laid hold of him with the strong cords of Christian sympathy and affection, drew him from the depth of his hopeless degradation to a point where hope once more gleamed in upon his soul. As the wrecked mariner, clinging to his frail plank, sees with unutterable joy the distant white speck that announces a coming vessel, so Dr. H. felt the friendly voice that re-awakened hope in his dark mind.

Yet the struggle for life was a mighty one. His friend insisted that his only course was to return to the place where he had lost character, and there regain it. Said he, "I could willingly go even to hell, and suffer ten years, if that would regain me my former position in society." Just conceive, if it is possible for imagination to paint, the mental agony which that man endured. Yet he went. His wife welcomed him with open arms and a joyous heart. The almost blanched cheek began again to bloom with life. It was to her, life from the dead. His former friends gathered around the returned prodigal; and in nine years that drunken hostler is the honoured mayor of a city containing more than twenty thousand inhabitants!

The object of this hasty sketch is to show that the reformation of the intemperate is not hopeless. I am satisfied all has not been done in this respect that might be. Will each humane reader go and take some fallen brother by the hand, and TRY? Persevere. You have his conscience and his interest on your side. Fill your mouth with arguments, your heart with entreaties, and at every lucid interval pour them in a strong and warm current upon his mind, and you may prevail. He that thus grasps one, sinking to destruction, will "save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins."—*Maine Temperance Gazette.*

IS IT SO, ALREADY?

A painful scene, which occurred in Boston on Friday last, is related in the *Times* of that city. An elegant and accomplished woman, the wife of one of the most wealthy and respectable merchants in the city, was seen passing up Washington Street, about one o'clock, P. M., leading two beautiful little girls by the hand, so deeply intoxicated, that she reeled from one side of the walk to the other, and could scarcely stand upright. It was a bright and beautiful day, and half the city were abroad. The little girls that the lady held by the hand, were her own children. The poor things