

warning from the past, indulging in the fatal liquor even at the funeral of their companions, and despising the very means which God, in his kind providence and rich grace, has put within their reach for their deliverance. We mention these melancholy facts, for the sole purpose of stirring up all our friends to greater zeal and activity in the promotion of our principles. If we reflect aright, we will hear a voice from the graves of these murdered men, calling upon us to redouble our diligence that the drunkard may be arrested in his sinful career, and above all, that the young be entreated not to enter upon the inviting but deceitful path, which has its beginning in what is called moderate drinking.—*Scottish Temperance Journal*.

MODERATE DRINKING MASTERS.—The custom of providing intoxicating drinks as an article of refreshment at social entertainments, which has become almost extinct in the country towns of the Commonwealth, still prevails to a considerable extent in Boston. This is a fatal obstacle to the progress of our cause, and a fearful responsibility is incurred by those who place it in the path of this great reform. A caution to the young clerk to avoid the drinking saloons of the city, and the use of whisky punch in the society of dissipated young men, is perfectly powerless coming from the lips of the wealthy merchant whose social parties are supplied with wine. This truth is so clearly taught by plain common sense that gentlemen who drink wine, or provide it for their guests rarely lecture their sons or young gentlemen in their employment on maintaining the virtue of temperance. The wine cup must be banished from the tables of the influential and wealthy citizens of Boston, before any considerable advance can be made toward staying the progress of intemperance in the city.—*Extracts from Report of Mass. Tem. Union*.

EIGHT REASONS WHY THE LICENSE QUESTION SHOULD BE REFERRED TO TOWNS.—1. The people of the towns best know, whether they need in their limits, houses for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

2. They best know, what the amount of pauperism and crime is in their town, the fruit of such sale.

3. They best know, whether they are willing to pay the taxes and endure the suffering it occasions.

4. As they are obliged to support their pauperism and criminal expenses, it is right that they should have it in their power to provide against their existence.

5. An expression of public sentiment in town meeting against the traffic, will do more to suppress it than any refusal of license by a board of excise.

6. A public town meeting for the discussion of the license question, could not fail to elicit great interest, and enlighten the public mind, and correct public sentiment, more than almost any other instrumentality.

7. Should one town grant the license and another refuse, the contrast between the two would soon be greatly in favor of the latter.

8. Where a town by a good majority, should refuse the license, the difficulty would be small of sustaining prosecutions against such as should, in defiance of the law, continue to sell.

[In Canada, having no Township Municipalities, the nearest approach to the measure above recommended, would be to leave the license question to District Councils, and Corporations of Cities.—Ed.]

FLOATING GROCESHOPS.—The Buffalo paper states that the best boats on Lake Erie rent out one saloon, a bare empty room, not too large to bury a man in, for one thousand dollars the season. Here may be seen the extent of the business the man has to do. One thousand dollars must be cleared before he has a cent for himself. This goes to the shareholders of the boat, often temperance and pious men. "Consoling," says the Editor, "to the passengers to know that there is a bar at which the pilot, during the darkness of the night, may quench his thirst." *Quere*—By what authority do the owners of the boat open this drunkery? When no man on shore may keep tavern without license, has every man the liberty on the water; and this when the liberty there is attended with tenfold the danger and evil that belong to it on shore? It is time, when such appalling casualties are occurring, that these matters were looked into. Why was not the Swallow bill passed?—*Journal American Temperance Union*.

AN AWFUL REBUKE.—The Rev. Mr. —, a minister of some distinction, took strong grounds against the cause of temperance. It was ultra, fanatical, against the Bible, a little wine was good for the stomach's sake, and the efforts of the friends and promo-

ters of temperance were treated with lightness and scorn. Many of his people were grieved, though others extolled and caressed him for his independent spirit and noble bearing, and often was he a guest at the house of the distiller, the rich vendor, and luxurious liver. But there was a day of retribution approaching. One Sabbath afternoon, while his reverence was delivering his elegant sermon, a noise was heard in the gallery. All eyes were turned to the place from whence it came. What a sight! Lo! there the minister's drunken son was acting out his folly for the amusement of the boys, and reeling to and fro, amid the fumes of his cups. The opposer of temperance was obliged to leave his pulpit, and lead home his drunken son, in presence of his people. If such an occurrence would not bring a man to his senses, we know not that anything would wake him from his delusions. It has been said that drunkennes in a family is often accompanied in the sober members with hostility to the temperance pledge. Is it so? And if so, why?—*Id.*

DELAVER HOUSE.—The noble Temperance Hotel built by Mr. Delavan, at Albany, is now open under the direction of Mr. Nathaniel Rodgers formerly of the Marlboro' in Boston; and we are bold to say, that few establishments in the world surpass it in magnificence, beauty, and whatever contributes to the comfort and happiness of the traveller. Its cost is said to have been \$130,000; and the expense of the furniture \$30,000. It has been well filled from the day of its opening, and we have no doubt many will make it a place of resort from all parts of the country.—*Id.*

AWFUL EVENT.—At Newburyport a man named Page keeps for sale Rum and Coffins; rum below, and coffins above. It is said that when men have been made drunk below, they have been carried up for sport, and put into the coffins above. A Mr. Horton was recently found dead in that chamber. He had left Haverhill with one hundred dollars in his pocket. When he was found, he had but twenty-seven. He was buried from the front of that rum shop. The hearse moved off without a friend to follow to the grave. And yet, said Page goes on selling coffins and rum. Can the good people of Newburyport tolerate such an outrage upon all that is decent and bearable in a Christian community.—*Id.*

POETRY.

The Tender Mercies of the Rumseller are Cruel.

He hath no mercy in his heart—why should we seek it there?
Hath the hunter mercy on the fowl he taketh in the snare?
Doth the serpent spare the bird beneath its fascinating gaze?
Or the arch-tempter sympathise with the victim he betrays?

If kindness dwells beneath his breast, would he not pity now,
When the cup hath set its seal of shame upon the drunkard's brow,
Yet should the erring one implore, what would the answer be,
But the laughter of derision at his struggle to be free?

And the wife—the spirit-broken wife—whose tender strength must bear

The weight of all those galling bonds her partner loves to wear;
Oh, what doth he who forged them, heed of her unceasing pain,
As he daily adds another link to the corroding chain?

And the poor neglected children who are clam'ring to be fed,
Whom his accursed trafficking is robbing of their bread,
What cares he, if these children starve—what reck he if they steal?
'Though every glass their father drinks may cheat them of a meal.

He daily fareth sumptuously nor gives to them a thought,
By whose disgrace and suffering, his costly food is bought;
He sleepeth on a bed of down, no visions haunt him there,
And he waketh in the morning with a brow devoid of care.

But there comes a whisper to his ear, it falls as faint and low
As the light murmur of the woods when summer zephyrs blow;
He laughs to scorn its warning tone, but starts in fear at length,
When, like a mighty cataract, it speaketh in its strength.

It is the people's voice he hears and he shrinketh in dismay,
For the sand on which he built his hopes their breath hath swept away;

It echoes from the mountain top to oceans rocky shore,
And the doom it speaketh runneth thus:—"Thou shalt destroy no more."