

consider the folly and misery of the drunkard's course, and learn, by the frequent examples they have presented to them, that "wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging." Statesmen prematurely end their brilliant careers, divines fall, warriors sink into oblivion, patriots grow inanimate, poets lose the light of reason, workmen beggar themselves, and for what? For drink. They love it; they are maddened to it, and, alas! scarcely one man in a hundred has the moral courage to burst the bands wherewith they are bound, asunder, or cast away the cords of habit and self-indulgence from them. Workmen, yield not to temptation. Listen to the following—

"Come in, Joe, and let's take a drink."

"Thank you, Thomas, can't afford it."

"Well, but I'll pay for it."

"Oh, I'm not thinking of the money."

"What then?"

"Loss of health and energy, for I tell you what it is, Thomas, I find it up-hill business to work steady on, under liquor. It does well enough for half an hour, and then I get lazy and moody, and want more, and become reckless, and all that. Why, I can't afford it, so here's home to dinner."

Would there were more such workmen as Joe.—Would that workmen would consider the enormous loss of health and energy which they sustain when they are not only devotees to, but moderate partakers of, intoxicating liquors. And then the pocket, aye that's the question. Workmen, your pocket will be light indeed if you are a drinker: you *know* this.—You know how much of your hardly earned wages the publican gets! Don't help to fatten him any longer; have respect for your family! Will you be robbed of your money? Will you have your wife an outcast and your children vagabonds? We believe better things of some of you.

Workmen, God has given each of us somewhat to do. Let us then be up and doing! Let us work while it is called to-day, and trust to the over-ruling Providence and the unerring judgment of an Almighty God, "to work all things together for good." But we must be active. "God helps those who help themselves." Remember, we must be one thing or the other. No go-betweens—we dislike them. We know a man now, who daily impresses upon his relatives and dependents the cause of all the world's misery and woe and, *his* work, (for he is a magistrate) as being drunk; and yet, daily sets them the "bright example" of total abstinence, by taking his glass of port after dinner, and his negus after supper!—Friends, what would you think of that man, who, whilst he entreats you not to drink the contents of a certain bottle marked "Poison," sips off the contents himself, and falls the suicide at your feet. You would call him a fool, doubtless. A madman! How many madmen there are loose! You know what we mean.

Workmen, arise! Strike off your self-wrought chains. Look higher than earth: care not for the sneers of men. Keep your eye on heaven. Condemn the rum bottle to perdition! Let your Bible take its place. Away with the cordial: out with the volume from the circulating library! Let the household god, "strong drink," be cast down from his shrine! Place there in its stead your Bible and your pledge-paper—and then, if you like, bow down and worship. Worship by your thankfulness, by your gratitude, by your altered lives.—A word and we have done.

A man went forth early in the morning—it was a misty, foggy morning, when

"The sun

Scarce spread o'er other the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines
Through the thick air."

Though the gloom the man was terrified at beholding what he thought to be a *monster*, but on nearer inspection, to his surprise, he found it to be a man. Soon, when the mists had cleared away and he was brought near to the object, what was his amazement when he found the man was his own brother!

Prejudice is worse than a London fog.⁵³ Through it men see beautiful objects distorted, the lovely, common-place—the ethereal, earthly: and until that mist "clears off," and until they are brought nearer to fancied horrors, they discover that it is a much tried friend they had almost shuddered at. Now, total abstinence seems to many a dreadful monster: but when the mists of prejudice are dispelled by argument, reason and calm philosophy, then will the monster appear less hideous—and who will dare assert that it will not be the angel-brother stooping to rescue and redeem.

Workmen, we have done. Workmen, ponder!—Workmen! pray you will not do this in vain. God bless you and your country, and make you and it blessings to yourselves and the world at large.—*Mass. Life Boat.*

W. C. D.

B—1, Eng., Oct. 1853.

Things to Think of, Just Now.

"We saw a young girl, some sixteen years old, carried by our office last evening towards the centre watch house, so intoxicated as to be entirely unable to support her own weight. She had been found in Milk Street. When arrived at the watch house, she awakened to a half consciousness, and one idea possessed her mind—the idea of exposure—a father's knowledge of her offence: and she called upon her mother in piteous tones for help—repeating her call of "Mother, mother," till the watchmen, used as they are to scenes of a like character, were moved by her cries. The watchman who found her had been informed by those who knew her that she had never been known to be guilty of a like offence before, and that she was of respectable parentage—and her dress indicated a good condition of life. This was a lesson for a father to see and think of.—*Post.*

It strikes us that such an event was a "lesson" for a citizen to think of, a "lesson" for Mayor Seaver and his confederates in the mis-government of our city to think of: a "lesson" for the editor of the *Post* and his co-editors, whose vials of scorn and hatred are continually poured out upon the Liquor Law and the efforts of temperance men to enforce it and prevent the possibility of such sad and disgraceful scenes, to think of. Melancholy as was the sight alluded to, it was but one of a great and constantly increasing number. It is but a few days since the daily papers contained an account of the arrest and incarceration in the watch house, of two elegantly dressed young ladies, who were in a state of furious intoxication, and whose delicate frames were so unnaturally excited by the poison they had taken, as to make it necessary to put them in a dungeon of extra capabilities for safe-keeping. It is hardly a week since we our-