

bearing on its blackened surface the flower of our country, the hope of the world! And this is not a tide which ebbs and flows, but a constant stream, whose course is ever onward, and like the river of death, its waters are red with the blood of slaughtered millions!

Do we inquire after the origin of this stream of moral death, that we may the more effectually stay its progress? We find its head waters taking their rise in the baser passions of man's nature, and as it rolls its swelling current on to the dark ocean of oblivion, it is fed by a thousand other streams of avarice, of ambition, of desire for wealth.

And what, we ask, is finally to stay this desolating tide? Can no barrier be erected strong enough to check its course? or is it forever to sweep onward, dashing down in its mad career all those social, those domestic, those moral influences, which have for ages been arrayed against it, and burying in its dark and turbid waters the fairest, the noblest portion of our race.

Are our eyes forever to be pained with the same sad spectacle of crushed hopes, of bleeding hearts, of blasted prospects, of the wrecks of princely fortunes, of *all* that is exalted, and honourable, and manly, prostrate in the dust?

Various have been the expedients devised to cure these dreadful evils, and various the success which has attended the means proposed. The friends of temperance and of humanity have long and nobly struggled in the conflict, and the fond hope was but recently cherished that the great Panacea for all the evils of intemperance had at length been discovered. The Washingtonian movement, the Washingtonian Pledge—was a bright harbinger of day to a rum scourged nation, and a reeling world. But ere this bright luminary had reached half its meridian height, the moral heavens are shrouded in darkness, and this desolating tide again rolls back upon us!

The prospect is indeed gloomy—the weak and the timid falter and give back, and the strong man asks, with trembling solicitude, what shall be our next hope, since the last bond is sundered, the last pledge broken? But amid the general darkness, disappointment and dismay, another light is seen rising in the distance. Slowly and steadily it presents itself to view—it is a *star of the first magnitude*, and as it comes nearer and nearer, and sheds its heavenly light around, we discern its beautiful colors of *crimson, white and blue*, expressive of the influence which radiates from its beams; and far off in the distance we see vast multitudes of men, all buoyant with hope and fresh in age. Eagerly, with their arms clasped around each other, and their eyes steadily fixed on this beautiful luminary ascending the heavens, they press their way in one unbroken phalanx, to rescue the thousands that are groping on, in darkness and wretchedness, and destined soon to fill dishonorable graves.

What means this vast multitude in full vigor of age, clad in the panoply of Truth, of Purity and Love, and on their breasts a star, like the one we have described? Ah, the mystery is solved, for I see in the front rank of that vast army, a broad white banner flung out to