

placed them. Second, "the Bible Society," and third, "Methodism!" Now, however, when it has produced such an abortion as Temperance Societies, and the mis-shapen thing has become so strong and begins to bawl so loud as to endanger another of those "institutions which we have been habituated from our very cradle to regard as the air we breathe and as the bread we eat," he can suppress his indignation no longer, but marches boldly forward to put a stop to the progress of intellect for ever.

We are a little surprised that our opponents should ascribe Temperance Societies to "the march of intellect;" we thank Mr. A. therefore, for doing so, and for putting them in company with the London University, and Bible Societies and Methodism, and we thank him also, for the hint about Radicalism. So far indeed, he only follows the example of his protégé, the bishop. He also utters some lugubrious wailings about the march of intellect, but he had too much prudence to specify in particular the London University, or Bible Societies, or Methodism. Mr. Abbott, however, makes no reserve—he gives us to understand that all these as well as Temperance Societies, have arisen from the same wicked cause, "the march of intellect," and are therefore to be put down together. Do these men think to stop the progress of the human mind, or is it their opinion that it ought to remain stationary and not proceed a step farther than it was in "antiquity!" or, will they pretend that they know all that was known even in antiquity, for, perhaps, "the fathers" held principles which would have led them to do what we are now doing, had they been placed in similar circumstances.

We do not intend to answer Mr. Abbott's arguments—this properly belongs to Mr. Reed, though we should hope his time will be better occupied than in noticing anything so silly. We wish, however, to make our readers somewhat acquainted with the "animus" of the author, that they may judge whether his book needs or deserves a reply. For this purpose we have noticed what he says, respecting the "march of intellect and radicalism." Now for a specimen of his reasoning.

He maintains that Temperance Societies are Infidel in their foundation, "because they lay down a new rule not in accordance with the word of God, for the cultivation of one branch of morality already sufficiently provided for therein." He admits at the same time, that Infidel Societies have "certainly done good!" and a little farther on he says, speaking of the Infidel means which we employ for producing this good, "no good can come out of evil." These things do not seem to hang well together. Again, we thank Mr. A. for his book.

We were going to add some other extracts, but we forbear. From the above specimen of his reasoning, our readers will see that our cause has nothing to fear from it; and from the disclosure of his principles, religious and political, which was given at the commencement of this article, we leave our readers to judge, whether it is his zeal for Evangelical doctrines, or his zeal for something else which has led him to oppose Temperance Societies. And we venture to pre-

dict, that neither the edifying example of moderation which he sets before the men of Abbotstford, nor his well constructed arguments, will do our cause much prejudice with them.

PROGRESS OF The Temperance Reform.

Two public meetings have been held in this city since our last publication—the first in the Secession Church, and the second in the American Presbyterian. Both of them were interesting and effective. Both of them, indeed, possessed rather an unusual interest, from the fact that Mr. Rumbold, the first public opponent of Temperance Societies in this place, declared his accession to the cause at the former meeting, in a letter addressed to the Chairman; and at the second, appeared on the platform as an advocate. Such is the force of truth! Last winter Mr. R argued against us with all his might, and maintained that our plans and principles were subversive of the gospel; but, convinced of his mistake, he now comes forward as the decided friend and supporter of Temperance Societies. We honor him for the honest sincerity with which he follows truth, and the moral courage he has manifested in acknowledging that he was formerly labouring under a mistake. How few are there whose pride would permit them to do so!

Varieties.

In Sweden, Bernadotte, the king, has become the chairman of a temperance committee. If a man in that country violates his temperance pledge, his name is given at the church, and the prayers of the congregation are desired for him.

VENDERS OF ARDENT SPIRITS, SEE WHAT YOU ARE DOING!—Of 781 maniacs in different insane hospitals, 392, according to the testimony of their friends, were rendered maniacs by their own traffic. Of 690 children prosecuted and imprisoned for crimes, more than 400 were from families rendered vicious by your traffic. Of 4292 in one year in Philadelphia, 700 were, in the opinion of the college of physicians and surgeons, the result of your traffic. Of 77 persons found dead in different parts of the country, 67, according to the coroner's inquests, were occasioned by your traffic. Of 1969 paupers, in different almshouses, 1790, according to the testimony of the overseers of the poor, were made such by your traffic. Of 1764 criminals in different prisons, more than 1300 were under the power of the liquor which you sell for money, when they committed their crimes.

A DEFINITION.—A physician is an unfortunate gentleman, who is every day requested to perform a miracle, namely, to reconcile health with intemperance.

SIR F. B. HEAD'S OPINION.—"I must own I never see a fashionable physician mysteriously consulting the pulse of his patient, or with a silver spoon on his tongue, importunately peering down his throat, but I feel a desire to exclaim, 'Why not tell the poor gentleman at once, sir, you've eaten too much, you've drunk too much, you have not taken exercise enough!' The human frame was not created imperfect, it is we ourselves who have made it so—there exists no donkey in creation so overlaid as our stomachs."

There is a story preserved in ancient history of Mithridates, King of Pontus, I think, who it was said fed on poisons. This has puzzled the learned for many centuries. If Mithridates were a modern, the enquiry would be very easily solved, by saying, that he chewed tobacco and drank brandy.

Poetry.

The Drunkard's Wife.

I'm worthy of the world. My heart loves not
A home earthly. False friends, false teachers,
False every thing below has proved to me.
E'en those on whom did rest my fondest hopes
Forsook me, and I'm left alone to pine—
To waste away and die. My heart has felt
For other's woes—but others feel not mine.
They love to crush the stricken and the sad,
And smile to see the sorrow of my soul,
Brought on by poverty and wretchedness.

Once parents smiled on me. Their only child
Was precious in their sight; with tenderness
They sought to gratify my every wish;
And taught me early to obey my God.
But since I've grown to womanhood—and they,
The dearest, kindest friends I've known, have passed
Into the narrow tomb, I feel their loss
Most keenly—for I'm linked to one who loves
Me not; the intoxicating draught has chilled
The love which once he bore to me, forever;
More will he not come home, with smiles to greet;
But nauseous is his breath—and I'm in fear
Continually, lest death should meet him now.
O, Thou, who hearest when the afflicted cry,
Give ear unto my prayer. O, send me not
Unblest away: I pray for strength and grace.
The trials now in store for me to bear.
But, Father, I would rather die than live
If 'tis thy sovereign pleasure, take me hence,
And give me rest where sorrows never come.

Thus breathed Althea. She was a drunkard's wife,
And bound to him for aye. She once had friends,
But they forsook her all. They could not help
For charity on her was oft bestowed,
And he, the imp incarnate, drank it all.
And then abused the best of womankind.
She long had borne abuse, but now her soul
Seemed rent in twain, and agony was stamped,
With wretchedness and woe, upon her brow.
She seemed a maniac quite. But still she felt,
And agonized with God in earnest prayer.
It was her only hope—and low she knelt
From morn to eve, begging for strength or death.
Her prayers were heard. Upon her bended knees
In secret she was found, with life extinct.

O, bury up and hide the name forever,
Of him who won a woman's heart to kill!
Drunkard, desist;—drop now the bowl—thy wife
Perhaps is on her knees—begging for death.