

and take my name off immediately."

"Take your name off!" said she; "no, no! let it be there. I shall now have no more solicitude in reference to your becoming a drunkard. I shall spend no more wakeful midnight hours. I shall no more steep my pillow in tears."

Now, for the first time, the truth shone upon his mind, and he folded to his bosom his young and beautiful wife, and wept with her. Now, I can't stand these facts, and I am going to sign the pledge.—*Speech of Governor Briggs.*

A WORD TO THE WISE.

WANTED, a boy as Clerk in a Liquor Store." Such was the advertisement which we saw, while glancing over the columns of a daily paper, and the words have since been graven on our memory.

We can feel saddened when we think that this summons may be answered, and another young heart, fresh and pure as an unfolding rosebud, be exposed to the influence of that traffic, which has proved the bane of so many human lives.

We can but ask ourselves if any parents, having the slightest sense of duty, will consent to place a child in such a perilous position.

Oh, no—it would seem that poverty in its worst form would be preferable to this, and we appeal to our readers to know if among them, there is one who would respond to this call. That dark-eyed boy, bending so thoughtfully over his book in the humble honre, of which he is the pride and joy, may, perchance, read this advertisement. His widowed mother toils wearily upon her stitching from the earliest flush of dawn till the still "noon of night," when shadows brood darkly over earth and sky. Many times during the long, cold days of win-

ter she has sat shivering over her work while warm tears gushed from her eyes and fell like summer rain upon her thin pale fingers. The lad knows that penury's icy hand has swept the glow from her cheek, the glad light from her eye—the sweet smile from her lips, and this knowledge has given him such thoughts as seldom visit the brain of childhood.

Many a vision of wealth flits through his dreams—many a hope burns in his heart, that at some future day he shall be rich and great.

But let him resist the temptrtion, which that advertisement holds out before him, and closing his ears against the song of the syren, resolve to live in poverty, till he can earn his bread by honest means. A crust and a straw pallet are better than costly viands and the luxurious couch, purchased by this detestable traffic.

There is another lad in a comfortable home, whose father sees the "Wanted" to which we allude. He is a man of the world, and wishes his son to rise to wealth and influence. To him the situation of clerk in a liquor store may seem attractive, but let him not follow out the inclination which it has aroused. Let him not place his child amid the thousand temptations of such a place—let him not hold to the bright lips of his boy the fatal draught, for if he does he will too late repent of his folly.

Mother, will you permit your son so tenderly nurtured to launch his life-barque on such a sea. Sister, have you a brother whom you can willingly see accept the offered situation? Would to Heaven that from all the homes of our land we might hear one emphatic no—that a clerk in a liquor store might ever be "WANTED."—*Boston Olive Branch.*