

spirit trade within the said district. It is this man's interest of course, to do all he can to increase the consumption of spirit among this people; and this he does not fail to do. What a herd of tigers must his agents be! Now this is but a sample of the principal provinces within the kingdom, of which there are twenty or more. Here you may have a glimpse of the flood-gates of intemperance and ruin that are opened upon this people.

[What difference is there between the licensing of rum holes in Siam and in Canada?]

STATE OF CRIME IN LONDON.—Among the speakers at a meeting of the Scripture Readers' Association lately was the Hon. and Rev. Montagu Villiers, who quoted some statistical returns respecting the metropolis, which, though not altogether new, are curious:—"It appeared that in the year 1843, 62,477 persons were taken into custody by the police; and of those, 16,918 could neither read nor write. There was a number of persons to whom the printed Word of God was perfectly useless, and to whom it could only be communicated by word of mouth. It was estimated that 8000 women of abandoned character died annually in their sins, without the least attempt being made to save their souls." There were no less than about 30,000 cases of drunkenness annually entered on the police sheets. They all knew it was declared that the drunkard could not enter the kingdom of heaven; and yet every encouragement was given to that sin—as in the raising of splendid buildings. It has been ascertained that the entries of men, women, and children, into fourteen gin-shops within one week, amounted to the enormous number of 269,138. No less than 30,000 rose daily in London without knowing how to subsist or where to sleep. Out of 700,000 people, inhabiting 121,080 houses, it was found that 35,393 families had not in their possession a single page of Old or New Testament. Upon a moderate computation, it was calculated that in a circumference of eight miles round St. Paul's, there were 1,000,000 Sabbath-breakers.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.—We learn from the New York papers, that along the whole of the American seaboard, Mariners' churches, and temperance boarding-houses for seamen, are fast increasing. Of the latter there are now about fifty. The "Sailors' Home" in New York, has had within the past year 3916 boarders; and in three years 11,008. The several Marine Temperance Societies on the coast number about 40,000 members; and the number belonging to the New York Marine Temperance Society is 17,833. Out of 450 on board the "flag ship" in the Mediterranean, 445 are reported as having stopped their grog; and 300 out of 303 on board another ship. In the Seamen's Savings Bank in New York, within 16 years, there have been deposited more than nineteen hundred thousand dollars, leaving in the Bank nearly half a million of dollars, a large portion of which is from seamen and those intimately connected with them. Twenty years ago what was well nigh universally the condition of seamen? Drunkards, profane swearers, Sabbath breakers, none to regard their souls. We should bless God for the organization of this Society. It has met with opposition, but is now advancing with power.

A SOBER THOUGHT.—"What were you studying?" inquired a gentleman of a loafer, the other day, who was holding on to a post in C— Square.

"Wal, I were jest thinkin' how big I used to step up to the bar of that ere 'fashionable Hotel' and take a respectable horn, and be a welcome customer. But now, I'm 'poor loafing Bill Walters,' wat dare'n't show himself in that door; or if I does, I gets kicked out for my pains; but its' all one, let 'em talk away; 'twas them who had the honour of makin' me a loafer; and here comes Tom Bentley—"tis a sober thought," but he was just as good and well thought of as that ere rum-stripling in the bar there; now we're both about ditto:—come, Tom, let us go up to old 'swell-head's' and liquor."

By this time the "gentleman" was taking his "brandy and water" at the bar of that "fashionable" loafer manufactory. Soon he may be like poor Bill and Tom!

The principles and feelings of men may generally be known by the associations in which they are found.

Those who apply themselves too much to little things, commonly become incapable of great ones. No man who uses intoxicating drinks, can be sure of a year of life, a month of health, or a week of character.

The greatest ambition entirely conceals itself, when it finds what is aspired to is unattainable.

POETRY.

THE INEBRIATE'S WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

My husband—aye, there was a time,
Thy first-born on thy knee;
I felt thy heart was only mine,
And I was all to thee.

But wine will warm, when love doth cool,
And I have lived to see,
With other love that heart so full,
That there's no room for me.

Our happy home, the peaceful rest,
Of faith, and hope, and prayer;
Where sinless things alone had rest,
And gold nor guile were there.

Alas, for wealth, for thou must now,
To other joys aspire;
The feast of folly, and the flow
The wine cup doth inspire.

And art thou dearest, happier when
The wasail bowl goes round,
Amid that group of heartless men,
Whose tongues like vipers wound:

Than erst beside our cottage hearth,
When all was peace within,
These little, loved ones stayed their mirth,
To join our ev'ning hymn.

Ah no, upon thine ear a voice
Doth wake, when all do sleep;
And ever when they shout rejoice!
That voice doth answer weep!

Yet these thy idols, this the prize,
For which we have endured;
The shrine at which the sacrifice,
Of tears, and blood is poured.

Each pulse that doth my heart surround,
Throbs on for thee the same;
As when my youthful heart did bound,
At whisper of thy name.

As come the dead when men do dream,
With health upon their brow;
I think of thee as thou hast been,
Ah, not as thou art now.

Awake, my husband, oh, awake!
And up as waves o'er thee;
The bonds that bind, thou yet mayest break,
One effort and be free.

Maryville Nichol.

G. P.

THOU ART THE MAN.

Who spends all his labour,
Who spreads ev'ry toil,
The soul of his neighbour
To snare and beguile?
Who forgets the fatter?
Who sharpens the knife?
Makes bonds for the debtor,
And weeds for the wife?
Whose gods are at Horeb, at Bethel and Dan;
Whose victims are Moloch's?—Thou, thou art the man.

The widow howling,
All hopeless her dead;
The orphan assailing,
The homeless, for bread: