

destroys the health? And would their guests as soon think of finding poisoned food or drugs upon their table, as wine? These and other similar questions are not asked and answered without effect. One decided temperance family is a purifier to a whole neighborhood. Each family is conscious that it is right; that it acts on the only safe principle; that while the children of other families may go to the drunkard's grave, the children of this family, whatever may be their outward allotment, will be sober and estimable, and that "the blessing of Him who dwelt in the bush," will be upon them. Here is a secret, silent, but all-controlling influence, under which thousands of families throughout this nation are already rejoicing; and in their turn, exercising an influence over other families, which will continue to spread like the circles in a disturbed lake, till they reach the utmost boundary.

*Fifth.*—Family temperance secures a blessing to distant generations. When the family of Rechab became a temperance family, and he and his household said, "We will drink no wine," a principle was established which was to descend and bless all future generations. It remains to this day. And though century after century has rolled away, not a drunkard has been known among them; nor will there be to the end of time. What family in any Christian land can say this? The future drunkards of this nation will be chiefly from the families who now refuse to give up the intoxicating cup and sign the pledge. Their children will boast of the independence and spirit of their fathers; drink, and go in troops to the drunkard's grave. And as they go, they will curse the memories of those fathers who set them the example they so fatally followed. Others, and they will be thousands and millions, descended from those who have now the boldness and virtue to sign the temperance pledge, and shun the drunkard's drink, will spread along these iron-bound shores and over the mighty prairies of the west, a happy race—sober men and sober women—rejoicing in an era, not even second to that which gave them and their children civil independence.

Should not family temperance then, be the great object of the friends of reform? Is it not loudly demanded by the ruin brought upon a thousand households by drunken fathers; by the bitter curse of a drunken mother; by the wo inflicted upon venerable age through a drunken son; by the broken heart-strings of a lovely daughter, broken and scattered to the winds by the intemperance of him to whom she had given her all in the morning of her days; called for by all its powerful restraints and blessed influences upon present and distant generations and its connection with religion and the salvation of the soul? Is your family, reader, a temperance family? Have you a family pledge, which you, and all your house have signed? Is there no son, no daughter, out of this ark, over whom you may yet mourn as swallowed up in the gulph of intemperance? Is your family recognized in the community in which you dwell as a temperance family, decided, thoroughgoing—touching, tasting, handling not the accursed thing? This is a day of accumulating light. If you still continue in your house the intoxicating cup, you assume a fearful responsibility. You support the traffic which spreads around fiery desolation. You give over your children and children's children to the enormous folds of the fiery serpent. Will you, can you, longer do it? O, rise in your manliness and dignity as an enlightened Christian, and at once banish the curse forever.—*Jour. Am. Temp. Union.*

#### What often makes a Drunkard.

My situation in life renders it more difficult for me to express my feelings than many others, but as I am a member of a Ladies Temperance Society, I take the liberty to say something which I deem for the benefit of all. In relation to the cause of temperance, I would say, that within my circle of acquaintance which intemperance pre-

vailed much, in many cases the evil should be attributed to my own sex. To prove this, I will give an instance in point. I have frequently seen a man come home in the evening somewhat exhausted with hard labour, and to all appearance in good humour; probably before he got a seat—which by the by he would have to procure himself—the first sound that would echo from the lips of the wife would be the slang of some new or old fault of his, which she would keep upon, till by her fretting and scolding she had taken away his good humour and exhausted his patience, and he, to all appearance, in order to get rid of it, would leave the house, and that too sometimes without eating his supper, and go to some tavern or grocery, where he would meet with several others beginning to be full of mirth, and passing the bottle freely, and where he, not being divested of all pride, conforms to the fashions of the day, by treating the company with liquor merely for the benefit of the house. Others do the same, each partaking of each other's calls, until he becomes quite tippy, when it is time for him to go home. These facts occur from time to time, until the man becomes a *drunkard*. Then what is the state of the family? Alas! it is soon too awful to describe. Now in such a case as this, was not the woman to blame? I do not by any means pretend to justify the man, but surely his wife was the cause of his fall; and it may be if they succeed in raising a family, that she might not only be guilty of making one drunkard, but probably many, because it is well known, that the example of one person goes to a very great extent. Now would it not be far better, that the wife should try, all honourable means, to please the husband, by being cheerful and lively, abstaining from scolding, seeing that the cooking, washing and mending, &c., were well done, and that her house was ordered with economy and neatness, and thus make her husband's home pleasantly and cheerfully welcome to him when he returns from the labours of the day. No fear then of his becoming a drunkard, if he loves his family, and no fear then of want and trouble entering their abode. Let every wife, who is now suffering from a drunken husband, but strive to make his home comfortable, and it may be that his heart may become touched, and she will soon reap with joy what she has sown in tears. On the other hand, cross words and ill humour are like throwing oil on fire, they only irritate and make deeper the wound, and the poor wife finds, too late, they all recoil upon herself. It is a bitter, bitter thing to be the wife of a drunkard, but ah! that bitterness is tenfold increased, when we have reason to feel that our faults have brought the monstrous evil upon us.—*Olive Plant.*

#### A Simple Scene.

It was a sultry day, not a breath of air stirred the foliage, and the scorching July sun was pouring its fiercest rays upon the brick walls and stone pavements, when word came that the Washingtonians were to have a Pic-nic in a delightful grove a short distance from town. It effectually roused me from my waking dream, and, like others of my sex, my next source of pleasure was to find some one to whom to communicate the news, and to wonder at what hour it would take place. So sallying forth to my next door neighbour, I was most fortunate to meet there one of the expected party. I had before known her, but how changed did she now seem to when last I had seen her. Her countenance had then worn the expression of constant care and anxiety so long, that the features had, as I thought, become unalterably fixed. Deep gloom also had rested there, but now it was supplanted by a cheerful smile and a sweet expression of peace and contentment. I was not slow in divining the cause of all this change, and longed to hear her speak of it. I therefore asked if she was one of the party to-day. "Yes," she replied,