

their God!" * * * This writer has not over-rated the importance of its character. For through all those extraordinary revolutions and changes which have retarded the advancement of the human mind, it has maintained that character: until now, it rears itself in pride and majesty, and is a colossal statue, erected to the memory of its founders, far mightier in strength than the vast pyramids of Egypt—more magnificent in grandeur than any monument that ever graced the tomb of Warrior, Statesman, Philosopher or Poet!

If then the past tendency of the Press (when comparatively limited) has been productive of so beneficial results, surely, it may be presumed that its influence on the political, social, and moral reforms of this and future ages, will be incalculable. Oh! it is a glorious field of usefulness and honor yet before it. As, day after day, new agents of its power are springing into existence, new objects for the exercise of that power are appearing on the world's vast stage. For years it has been heroically battling with the Despots of Europe, some of whom, trembling at its wide spread operations, are at this very time attempting to trammel it. War, too, with its glittering paraphernalia and false glory, has felt its renovating lash. It has disclosed the great but obnoxious truth, spanning like a rainbow the new heavens of humanity:—"That God hath made of one blood all nations of men!" Capital punishment, one of the most disgraceful blots on this boasted age of enlightenment, has also begun to wither as it diffused the principles of true philanthropy. Of all these, however, the Temperance movement has met with, and *must* assuredly continue to receive, the attention and support of the Press.

The damning scourge of intemperance destroys everything good or beautiful in its path. Like a cursed, pestilential spirit, it stalks about creating sorrow and woe wherever it goes. Its stream of burning lava sweeps over the mountain—enters the peaceful valley—leaving nought behind it but death. It dwells in the populous City, increasing murder, rapine, theft, with other vices of the worst description. It visits the homes of the rich and poor, leaving unhappiness behind in both alike. The mother mourns as she sees it lead the husband or son to certain destruction; the sister weeps tears of bitter sorrow when she beholds it impel the dearly loved father or brother on towards the pit of utter desolation; little, helpless children, feel its sting as, starving,

their hungry vitals cry for food, or their tender limbs are pinched by winter's icy blast! * * * Regardless then of its deleterious effects on Commerce—putting aside the political economy of the question—in spite of the outcry against "mock" philanthropy—(as it is often termed) the Press is bound, and eventually will, espouse this glorious reform. No insignificant portion of it, both in Europe and America, already give their approval, if not their entire concurrence; while many join heart and hand in aiding to overcome the numerous difficulties that have to be contended with. And that they are succeeding, full evidence is afforded by what has been effected in Maine, and other parts of the American Republic. Let not, therefore, doubting dispositions recur to the fashions, customs, or prejudices of ages—they have been set at defiance there, why may we not hope for a similar result everywhere? No one can positively assert that the cause of Temperance will be triumphant; for the veil that conceals futurity is closed—and the portals of the present cannot be passed. But whoever looks abroad in the world and beholds her sons, marshalled in bright array, all aiming at one grand object—the improvement of the human race—must feel convinced that the results will be commensurate with their efforts.

Origin of "Rum 'un."

A lady had established a free school in a poor district and defrayed its expenses. The master held an examination to show the lady and her friends the progress of the pupils.

Spelling class called.

John Smith, spell *wine*. W-i-n-e. Good.

Thomas Wilson, spell *cake*. C-a-k-e. Very well.

James Tripp, what does m-i-l-k spell? Don't know sir. Spell silk. No answer. Well s-i-l-k spells silk. Now spell milk. No answer. M-i-l-k, what does that make? Don't know. What does your mother put in her tea? Quite cock-sure, the boy shouted *Rum!* Sir. The lady evaporated.