

her arms, and I thought she would have absolutely smothered me with kisses."

Oh, the joys which this reform brings to many stricken hearts!—*W. M. Star.*

The celebrated Miami Chief, Little Turtle, said: "When a white man, trading in our country, meets, an Indian, he asks him the first time, 'Take a drink,' he says 'No;' he asks him a second time, 'Take a drink;' 'No;' he asks the third time, 'Take a drink, no hurt you;' he takes a little then he wants more, and then more—then the trader tells him he must buy. He then offers his gun—the white man takes it—next his skins—white man takes them—he at last offers his shirt—the white man takes it.—When he gets sober, he begins to enquire,—'Where is my gun?' he is told, 'You sold it for whiskey.' 'Where is my shirt?' 'You sold it for whiskey.' Now, my white brothers, imagine to yourselves the deplorable condition of that man, who has a wife and children at home, dependent on him, in a starving condition, when he himself is without a shirt!"

STRONG DRINK AND CRIME.—The places of judicature which I have long held in this kingdom, have given me an opportunity to observe the original cause of most of the enormities that have been committed for the space of nearly twenty years; and by due observation, I have found: if the murders and manslaughters, the burglaries and robberies, the riots and tumult, adulteries, fornications, rapes and other enormities, that have happened in that time were divided into five parts, four of them have been the issues and product of excessive drinking, of tavern or ale-house meetings."—*Judge Hale.*

ADMIRABLE CHRISTIAN SENTIMENTS.—Commended to the special notice of all brewers and distillers, as also venders of intoxicating drinks.

"I believe it will be safest for me to engage in such a business as is moderately profitable, yielding regular returns, and tending to the general and substantial welfare of mankind, to the injury of none, and which will not take up much attention or anxiety. But especially I desire I may never sell to others any article which has an evil tendency, or which evidently and often is misapplied."—*J. BARCLAY*

WHOLESOME BEER.—The hop-growers will not escape the New Tariff, although the import duty on foreign hops is not altered. "Quassia," a well known but pernicious substitute for the hop, now pays a duty of £S 17s. 6d. per cwt. which is to be reduced to 10s. per cwt. This heavy duty was intended to be prohibitory, the reduction of the duty will operate as a premium for using it, and the public poisoned at a cheaper rate.—*Mark Lane Express, April 4, 1842.*

ADVANTAGE OF THE PLEDGE.—When you go into company you may be induced to drink that you may not be singular, but it will save you a thousand anxieties, simply, boldly, and at once to say, I am a tee-totaller, I never touch it.

MODERATE DRINKING.—Every abandoned wretch who wallows in the mire of intoxication began by moderate drinking; persuasion, custom, and taste led him step by step till he arrived where he is.

AN ANOMALY.—A christian professor devoted to the traffic in alcoholic poison!

At a temperance meeting not far from this city, while a reformed runner was relating his experience, he was frequently interrupted by a toper who kept crying, "Bah! bah!" The Washingtonian did not notice him until the "bahs" came so "thick and fast" that he could not go on, when he turned upon him, and with a good natured smile said, "I rather think that calf has been raised by the bottle, and it is high time he was weaned!" The audience roared, and the toper seemed to enjoy the joke as heartily as the rest. He left the house a tee-totaller.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A JUVENILE TEMPERANCE MAN.—A few evenings since, while walking along Broome-street, I overheard the following conversation between a father and son, the latter a boy some ten or twelve years old.

Approaching a grocery, (not a temperance grocery, but a place where rum is sold,) the father observed to his son, "I must stop here a moment, I believe."

Son. No, paps, let us not stop, 'tis so cold. Let us get home as soon as we can.

Father. But I am thirsty, and must stop here to drink.

Son. We shall soon get home, and tea will be ready then.

Father. I will be out again in a moment.

Son. No, don't, papa; don't stop now.

Father. Hush your noise till I come out again.

The little lad here grew desperate, and seizing hold of his father's hand, and pulling it cried, "O, paps don't stop here, mamma will cry again if you do."

The father, who had not yet lost all sense of feeling, yielded to his little son's entreaties, and they both went on homeward together.

Does not the conduct of this little boy speak volumes for the cause of temperance? To the youth of our country we must look for sober, industrious men, to supply the places of the present race of drunkards, who are soon to leave the stage. And when we behold in the rising generation such powerful advocates for temperance, we feel assured that ere long our land must become emphatically the "land of steady habits."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

TOUCHING EXTRACT.—Joseph wept bitterly, and his father asked him what had ailed him. "Oh, father!" said he, "the boys laugh at me, and say that my father is a drunkard.—Pa, don't drink any more rum, will you? it makes mamma cry so. She has cried all this evening, and has prayed for you and all of us." His heart was overcome; his tiger disposition subdued; and he thought of former days, when peace and plenty were in their dwelling. He then and there resolved upon reform, and penitently declared it to his family. The next night found him at the reformed drunkard's society, where he signed the pledge to the great joy of his family.

SIGNS.—A respectable man, in a respectable business, is not ashamed to exhibit his goods, wares and merchandise. The manufacturer places his samples at his window or door, and designs are frequently engraved on cards indicative of the skill of the artisan. What device would be appropriate for the grog shop? Let the following anecdote answer; A little boy, seeing a drunken man protrude before the door of a hotel or store where intoxicating liquors were sold, opened the door, and putting in his head, said to the proprietor, "see there, neighbor, (pointing to the drunkard) your sign has fallen down."

Poetry.

PURE CRYSTAL SPRING.

TO BE SUNG BY THE WASHINGTON GLEE SOCIETY.

What is beauty's deadliest foe?

'Tis the still.

What sheds countless charms below?

'Tis the rill.

See it spread before the eyes,

Beauties of a thousand dies;

O 'tis sent in full supplies,

Drink thy fill.

What can mar the sweetest face?

Alcohol.

What can dress it up with grace?

Showers that fall.

See them on the landscape sink,

Paint the grass and deck the pink;

Come, O come with joy, and drink,

Great and small.

What can wake the angry frown?

Drunkards know.

What can charm the passions down?

Streams that flow.

See the songster drink and fly,

Charming earth and charming sky;

Drinker to the fountain hic,

Fearless go.

What engenders strife and guile?

Belial's bowl.

What brings peace and virtue's smile?

Streams that roll.