

consider the advancement of the temperance cause as closely identified with the subject of revivals. I will give one case in point. I had occasion to visit one of the mining districts in the north of England, where I met with an Independent Minister, who lamenting the low state of religion in his congregation, and in the neighbourhood, told me he was unable to hold a prayer-meeting for want of persons to pray. I urged upon him the necessity of attempting to establish a temperance society as a means to the revival of religion. The people in that district were not in the habit of using ardent spirits; they only drank cider and beer; but on the subject being proposed to them, they said, it is of no use for us to say we will abstain from ardent spirits, for we do not use them, but we will at once become members of a society to abstain from cider and beer. They did so—and on my visiting the place twelve months after, the minister told me that his church and congregation were so revived, that he was able to hold a prayer-meeting every evening, and on some evenings two, and from what did this arise? Why from the people getting their neighbours into the house of God; and from their inducing them by their habits of self-denial and zeal, to bow the knee at the mercy-seat. The beer shops were no longer frequented: the means of temptation were removed: and the society appeared as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God.'—*Report New British and Foreign Temperance Society.*

YOUNG LADIES—ATTENTION.

You are in many ways interested in the cause of temperance. It will give you kind and tender brothers who will never crush your fond hopes of happiness, and it will perhaps give you something else. When a young man has signed the pledge, who once loved his cups, and has mingled in the society of those who have made the bottle their companion to enliven their spirits, he forsakes these companions, and naturally needs some one to share with him his happiness, and the first thing he thinks of, is, getting a wife. So young ladies, you that want good husbands had better lend your aid to help on the good cause. One of you can accomplish more with your winning smiles and witching eyes, in getting young men to sign the pledge, than a dozen sober faced business men. Come, ladies you are interested in this matter, now just go to work and do your duty, and we promise you all first-rate teetotal husbands.—*Teetotaler.*

Poetry.

OFF AT THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

Air—"Oft in the stillly night."

Off in the midnight hour,
When all around are sleeping—
Tears fall in many a shower,
While I my watch am keeping!
Deserted—lone—I muse upon
The hours of joy departed—
When love's bright beams lit all my dreams,
Ere I was broken-hearted!
Thus, at the midnight hour,
When all around are sleeping—
Tears fall in many a shower,
While I my watch am keeping!

Ah! he once loved me well,
And how his smiles did cheer me!
Oft have I heard him tell
'Twas bliss to be so near me!
His own fire-side was once his pride—
With joy his eyes did gladden—
But love has fled—and now, with dread,
For coming steps I listen!
Thus, at the midnight hour, &c.

How, like a lovely dream,
Have all my bright hopes faded!
Gone—like the star-light's gleam,
By mournful clouds overshadowed!

I love him still, though cold and chill,
And though the world may blame him:
I weep and sigh for days gone by,
And wish I could reclaim him!
Thus, at the midnight hour, &c.

THE CUP OF WINE.

From the Journal American Temperance Union.

Stop! Wanderer, stop! Why flee away from home?
Home! home! Sweet home! The sacred place of earth:
The circle whence the heart should never roam,
The museum, where we treasure up its worth.

Is there no garden near that chosen spot,
That yields the fragrance of some beautiful flower?
Some modest, humble, sweet Forget-me-not,
To charm thee at the Morn and Evening hour?

Has sympathy for thee no tender heart,
To welcome cheerful thy returning tread;
To whisper kindness when you daily part,
And fond affection's pure repast to spread?

Hangs there no portrait on the walls around,
On whom thine eye with fondness loves to gaze;
With whom in secret musings, without sound,
Thy heart, in rapture, friendship's offering pays?

Is there no golden chain to bind thy soul,
From error's pathway, and the course of life;
No mother's voice, thy temper to control,
And lull to peace thy early passion's strife?

Hast thou forgot the round of childhood's range,
From hour to hour, as wonders rose to view;
When gladness swell'd thy heart with every change,
And fancy painted all her scenes as true?

Have all these joys forsaken thy cold breast,
Has memory lost her holy power to bless?
Does inward clamor oft disturb thy rest?
Is former pleasure changed for new distress?

The cause! the mournful, the destructive cause
What is it, but the witching, sparkling bowl?
Wanderer from home! wilt thou not listening pause
Before its deadly poison fills thy soul?

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the statistics forwarded to us by the Hon. Mr. Slade, from Washington, (and we thank him for them, he has done us and the public a great favour,) it appears that, in 1840, the year of the commencement of this new impulse, 71,120,089 gallons of distilled spirits, wines, beer, ale and porter, were drunk in this nation; four gallons, on an average, to every man, woman, and child; that nine millions of capital were invested in their manufacture, and more than 12,000 persons engaged in this unnatural and horrid business, —though justice to the long continued and faithful laborers in the cause in years past bids us say, that according to the statements of Judge Cranch, there were consumed, in 1831, 72 million gallons of ardent spirit alone by 12 millions of people; 6 gallons a year to each man, woman and child, of distilled spirit, beside vinous and malt liquors and cider.—*Jour. Amer. Temp. Union.*

IN A SCRAP.—A Washingtonian entered the house of a friend and presented the Pledge—"Your cause is a good one," said the friend, "and is doing much good, but I will not sign the Pledge myself." "Why not?" asked the Washingtonian, "you acknowledge it is good, then why not take hold and help it along?" "Why I said I wouldn't" replied he, "and you wouldn't have me tell a lie, would you?" John he continued, speaking to a little son who was standing by, "bring me a stick of wood." "No I won't," said the boy. "Why! what do you mean by talking that way to your father," exclaimed he, manifesting symptoms of anger. "Father I did wrong," said the boy repentantly. "Then go along and do what I told you" demanded he. "Why father I said I wouldn't" returned the son, "and you wouldn't have me tell a lie would you?"—*Organ.*