

came. With a fearful oath he cursed his wife's fond care, and that mother's silent tears went up to God for witness. Would you know the conclusion—go ask the jail—the almshouse, and the grave, and they will tell you.

### The Responsibility.

A young man in Virginia had become sadly intemperate. He was a man of great capacity, fascination and power, but he had a passion for brandy which nothing could control. Often in his walks a friend remonstrated with him, but in vain; and as often, in turn, would he urge this friend to take the social glass in vain. On one occasion, the latter agreed to yield to him, and as they walked up to the bar together, the bar-keeper said:

"Gentlemen, what will you have?"

"Wine, sir," was the reply.

The glasses were filled, and the two friends stood ready to pledge each other in renewed and eternal friendship, when he paused and said to his intemperate friend:

"Now, if I drink this glass and become a drunkard, will you take the responsibility?"

The drunkard looked at him with severity, and said:

"Set down that glass."

It was set down, and the two walked away without saying a word.

O, the drunkard knows the awful consequences of the first glass. Even in his own madness for liquor, he is not willing to assume the responsibility of another's becoming a drunkard.

What if the question were put to every dealer as he asks for his license, and pays his money:

"Are you willing to assume the responsibility?"

How many would say, if the love of money did not rule, "take back the license."

### "Grog Shops."

We know of no sorer comment upon civil society than the existence of the "Grog Shop." That a people pretending to intelligence and morality, claiming the capacity of self-government, and boasting of institutions best calculated to promote the welfare of man, should tolerate, and indeed foster in their very midst, that which is deadly antagonistic to all morality, self-government, and prosperity, is truly astonishing. Yet such is the case.

In every street, lane, and alley of our city, in every square and at every corner may be seen these Bacchianal hubs of drunkenness, infamy, and crime, ranging from the whitened sepulchre of the brilliant and fashionable saloon, down to the filthy sink of the causeway grog shop. And, notwithstanding all the efforts made in the cause of Temperance for years past, they are apparently on the increase.

Cannot something be done to get rid of these putrid sores—these moral cancers that are so evidently eating into the vitals of society, or is the evil incurable, and society itself so diseased and corrupt as to be unable to throw them off?

The grog shop is the great foster-mother of intemperance, and breeds more ill to man, than the opened charnel-house that spreads a pestilence abroad. It breathes a contagion more foul and deadly in its results. Like the tabled monster of old, that with a siren's voice allured into its devouring jaws the unsuspecting victim, the grog shop, holding out the pretended nectar of pleasure, gives the leviathan thought of moral death. It draws the youth from his home, and the father from his family; stops the traveller on the way, and administering the draught that makes more thirsty, leads on its deluded victim step by step, nearer and nearer the gulf of intemperance, it finally plunges him, lost to friends, home, family, all forever.

They are a constant and irresistible temptation to the frail-

ties of man. The poor wretch, still smarting from the worse than viper's sting of inebriation, and who would flee from it if he could, sees it pursuing and meeting, and soliciting him at every step, and unable to bear up against its temptations, he falls again and again, until he sinks to "where hope never comes, that comes to all." They hold out enticements to our youth which their buoyant spirits, and love of pleasure cannot resist. In them they lose their morality and their honor, in them they contract habits of idleness, prodigality, and intemperance, and issue from them with wrecked hopes and fortunes. In them the poor man spends the hard-earned pittance of his toil and labor, and leaves his feeble partner in life whom he has promised to protect, to struggle amidst want and misery, his children to shiver in the winter's cold, and cry for bread in their hunger.

In them the suffrages of American freemen are bought and sold, the ballot box invaded, and the public morals corrupted. By them, indolent drones are supported, for catering to the vilest of appetites, and grow fat upon public corruption.

And can no remedy be offered? We answer, yes. In many of the States of the Union, laws have been passed, prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors under a definite quantity, and that not to be drunk where sold, apothecaries excepted. Here is a remedy.—How long will Maryland remain without it? Numerous memorials have been presented to the Reform Convention, on the subject; but, as yet, we have seen no action taken on the subject. We are not; however, without hope. Sons of Temperance awake to the measure. Pour in your petitions from every nook, quarter, and corner of the State! Proclaim that your suffrages are in favor of its advocates alone. Let your strength be felt, and our demand will be granted, and the grog shop abolished.—*Monumental Fountain.*

### The Boatman's Hymn.

I was standing on the deck of a steamer lying at the wharf at St. Louis. I had wandered many hundred miles from home, with all its fond endearments in the form of warm-hearted friends, whom I had left with tearful eyes to go forth "a stranger and in a strange land." My heart felt sad as it reverted to the past, and as far as human eye could see, the prospects of the future were far from flattering. Vividly the word of Scripture came to my mind, "Ye know the heart of a stranger;" and I felt, in its full force, all that depth of loneliness and desolation that passes description. Although my confidence was strong in the Divine protection, yet the horrid oaths of the boatmen, the curses of the draymen, mingling in confusion with the noise and bustle on the wharf, all tended to increase my sadness, and make me feel indeed that my heart was not there; and I turned away thinking I would give all I had upon earth for some sweet confidential spirit to whom I could unburden my soul.

Suddenly a rich melodious voice burst upon my ear, which at once rivetted my attention. It proceeded from the fireman of a neighbouring steamer, who, busily prosecuting his labour among the smoke and cinders, had struck that beautiful hymn,—

"O! to grace how great a debtor  
DAILY I'm constrained to be!  
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee;  
Prone to wander, Lord I feel it—  
Prone to leave the God I love,  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;  
Seal it for thy courts above."

And as his clear sweet voice sounded out far above the din and confusion, its earnest, melting tones touched a tender chord in my heart. That hymn was a favorite with a now sainted mother, and full well do I recollect, when