

made such by the foolish and wicked customs of society. The habit has grown upon him unawares, he finds himself a victim to appetite before he was conscious that the spell was upon him. He then tries to free himself, but in vain; the rumseller tempts, thrusts the bottle to his lips. He staggers with his resolution, resolves and re-resolves to be free; but it is hopeless work, the infamous trafficker won't let him reform, he can't afford to lose a customer. The poor man falters, falls, dies a sot and fills a drunkard's grave at last. The unprincipled tempter goes on with his business, drives a brisk trade, laughs over his profits, seeks new victims, fancies himself a gentleman, wraps his broadcloth around him, lives luxuriously, and goes on preparing souls for hell, and says, when asked to give up the business, "Who is to blame? if I don't sell, somebody else will."—*Portland Watchman.*

Asylum for Inebriates.

The Hon. Horace Mann wisely remarks, "why not keep sober men sober, in the first instance, and thus save all cost of machinery, partial losses in all cases, and total loss in many? I would not contract a consumption, even if an experimenter could prescribe a certain, instead of his uncertain nostrums for my cure. I would not melt a purse of gold and mingle it with dross, even on the mint master's assurance that he would refine it and coin it for circulation again. And for better reasons than these, I would not consent to forfeit years of happiness, and incur loathsome degradation and consuming pain, even though God himself would assure me by one miracle that he would restore me by another.

"My friends, the only true and proper Asylum for inebriates has been constructed. It was constructed in the year 1850, in the State of Maine. Neal Dow was the builder,—a nobler architect than Sir Christopher Wren, or those who poised the dome of St. Peter's in the upper air. It is the grandest Asylum ever erected or conceived; for its base embraces the whole territorial area of the State; its walls are co-extensive with the boundaries of the State, it has a dome no less lofty and resplendent than the arch of heaven above. Wherever the means of inebriation are excluded, there is the true asylum for inebriates. Massachusetts and Rhode Island have spread the protecting arches of this roof over their soil. The youthful

territory of Minnesota has already done the same,—like a young man resolved to be strong and great, and therefore taking the early vow that promises wisdom and length of days. I trust that the "Excelsior" State of New York is about to follow their example, and to become an empire state in morals as well as in power; and then, from the ocean to the great lakes, water and not fire shall be the nourisher of man, and joy and not woe the companion of his household."

The Family Meeting.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

We are all here!

Father, mother,

Sister, brother—

All who hold each other dear,
Each chair is filled, we're all at home;
To-night let no cold stranger come.

It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found,
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot,
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour—
We're all—all here.

We're not all here!

Some are away—the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour of guiltless mirth.
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Loaked on and thinned our little band.
Some like a night-flash passed away,
And some sank lingering day by day.
The quiet graveyard—some he there,
And cruel Ocean has his share—
We're not all here.

We are all here!

Even they—the dead—though dead so dear.
Fond memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How life-like through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears;
We see them as in times long passed,
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words; their smiles behold,
They're round us as they were of old—
We are all here.

We are all here!

Father, mother,

Sister, brother—

You that I love with love so dear—
This may not long of us be said,
Soon we must join the gathered dead,
And by the hearth we now sit round,
Some other circle will be found.
Oh, then, that wisdom may we know,
That yields a life of peace below;
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat in words of bliss,
We're all—all here.