

miserable woman who consumed it. Probably this man does not use liquor himself; we never heard that he did. But in the way of his business, for a paltry sum, he became accessory to crime, pauperism, suffering and death.

Just so we may say of the farmer and merchant who sell the bread stuff and other material to the distiller to be converted into the deadly fluid. The sober men—some of them at least—vote for men who repudiate the Maine Law, and who connive with the rummies in allowing the accursed beverage to be used. Thus Society by common consent are linked together. O, we fear the retributions of a righteous God will be executed on our guilty nation, if we do not speedily repent. The blood of martyred Abel, it seems to us, does not cry more effectually to God against his murderous brother, than does the suffering, degradation, and death of thousands of the innocent and the young in our midst. But we forbear further remarks, lest we exceed the limits of brevity, so desirable in newspaper communications.—*Boston Herald and Journal.*

The Honey Bee's Choice.

BY JOHN WESLEY WHITEFIELD.

Dedicated to—

The fair and the foolish,
The humble and true;
To all those who need it,
And therefore to you!

A crazy Daisy,
Very lazy,
Lay beside the way,
Nothing doing,
Nought pursuing,
Worthless, though so gay;

A sprig of Clover,
Not a lover,
Any more than she,
There was growing,
Yet kept throwing
Honey to the bee.

The Daisy proudly
Spake, and loudly,
Being full of pride,
And did grumble
At the humble
Clover by her side.—

"You shabby clover,
Red all over,
Lacking ev'ry grace;
Just look at me
And then you'll see
There's beauty in my face."

"I'm tall and slim,
I'm neat and trim
A truly charming sight;
With gold I'm crown'd
And all around
I fling my arms of white."

The clover blush'd
For warm blood rush'd
In torrents to her cheek;
The Daisy's scorn,
Her heart had torn
So that she could not speak.

She bow'd her head,
Still nothing said,
But dropp'd a crystal tear;
—*Utica Testator.*

And as she sigh'd,
She then espied
Her love drawing near.

A little Bee,
Right glad to see,
The clover's well known hue,
Roll'd up his wing,
And sheath'd his sting
Then close beside her drew.

He calmed her fears,
And drank the tears
That trembled on her face
And soon her heart
Forgot its smart—
Made glad in his embrace.

The daisy strove
To win his love
By glitter and by show,
But still he chose
Each reader knows,
To be the clover's bee.

He found her neat
With temper sweet,
Heart humble, kind and true:
And so he wed
The clover red,
As wise ones ever do.

The daisy's face
And form of grace
Were pleasing to his eye,
But 'twas her mind—
Her heart unkind
That made him pass her by.

This we should know
'Tis not by show,
By glitter or parade;
Nor by our birth,
But by our worth
That we must all be weigh'd!

Speech of the Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New-York.

I should be very glad, my friends, if I had a fair sea before me to take up the whole subject in its length and breadth. My friends seem always to estimate the value of my influence very much upon the system of distillation; and although they are not friends to the Still, if they can finally get the *Still* so perfect that they can leave but a few drops to come forth, they think that will answer the purpose of Doctor Tyng. I never have had any chance since I lived in New-York, to take hold of this matter of intemperance literally by the throat, and I have been striving to get it for many years. I have stood upon this platform as late as eleven o'clock at night, to see if it were possible to get an opportunity to say something, and yet I have waited until that time in vain. Now I am delighted that we have not only got a wind from the East, but a little breeze blowing up from the *North*. The West End of London is the great end, and the North End of New-York, and yet somehow or other, to-night, our *North* end, which is the very aristocracy of the place, comes out and spits in its own face. My impression is, in spite of this North air, that comes down upon us not very blandly to-night, if we can fairly convince the intelligent, the intellectual and educated aristocracy, if you please to call it so—but I hardly know what aristocracy is in a land like this—if you can convince the citizens of New-York of the real propriety and importance and the real practical expediency and desirableness of a prohibitory law, gentlemen of standing, and influence, and wealth in this city will never be the last to take hold of it. I do not believe that the virtue of this city is to come up from the lowest regions of mere earthly power and earthly influence. I do not believe that you are to speak always in this contrasted language of democracy and aristocracy. I have lived nine years with the citizens of New-York, only every year to respect them more highly, and every year to confide more thoroughly and completely in their principles and spirit. A nobler set of men, a more liberal set of men, a bolder set of men, when you persuade them of the propriety of an act, and the course of action in maintaining it, I have never seen; and our Chairman to-night, and the other gentlemen with whom I have acted, are but samples of those who can be brought forward by hundreds in this city. I desire then to bring down a little breeze from the northern part of the Island, that every north wind shall not blow upon us discouragement and doubt in reference to the character of our population. I know that whenever we take hold on this subject we must be as David, "Fenced with iron and the staff of a spear." We live in times when it is impossible to take up any cause with success for which we are not content to have some bloodshedding. Bad times! Bad times when six thousand murdering rum-holes in this city provoke the notice of a conciliatory police in vain—perfect patterns of French politeness. Times, when brothels rival palaces in splendor of their furniture, and keepers of prostitutes lol in their bouches, clad in ermine, and waited upon by liveried servants, as if they were the princes of the land. Times, when hundreds of gambling-saloons are illuminating Broadway, and our Chesterfield Police bow with a grace that Ministers might well learn, and if lawyers could imitate it, would doubtless greatly promote their prosperity. We live in the midst of times, notwithstanding all the sin, and corruption, and wrong, when the simple preaching of the Gospel in the streets.