

...ended to possess feelings of personal and rational
The degrading and impoverishing influence of
...in drinking from personal independence, may be
...in general applications for relief from the various
...institutions of the country. Thousands of intemperate
...in the present day, apply to these benevolent establish-
...for the support of the families whose wants ought to have
...supplied by their parent's own industry, had it not been ren-
...dered abortive by habitual intoxication. Were it not for intem-
...perance, few persons, comparatively speaking, would be neces-
...sitated to apply for relief from our public charitable institutions, and
...the various private feeding and clothing associations now in active
...operation, would, in all probability, be done away with, because
...the savings of the temperate poor would be reserved for occasions
...of extraordinary necessity. No state of things can be more dan-
...gerous to national welfare, than the decay of personal independence.
...When men are ordinarily induced to apply for support to public or
...private charities, they are in danger from the degradation to which
...the mind is thereby more or less subjected, of losing that spirit of
...personal freedom, which is both a powerful and honorable stimulus
...to industry and perseverance. Let an examination be made of the
...great mass of persons thus applying for relief, and there is every
...probability, that a large majority will be found to have been brought
...to that degrading condition from the direct or indirect influence of
...intemperance."—*Journal of the American Temperance Union.*

PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.

OR THE INFLUENCE A LITTLE GIRL CAN EXERT.

A little girl about 8 years old took a temperance paper at a temperance meeting, to see how many she could get to sign it. The next morning she presented it to her father, who had been in a drunken frolic for a fortnight, and came home drunk while his little daughter was at the temperance meeting the night before. The cruel father raised his hand and struck his child a blow which levelled her on the floor, and said, "I'll learn you to be saucy to your parents." The little girl got up, and picked up the constitution, which had fallen when she received the blow. She took it with her to school that day, and got the teacher to send it to the scholars to sign it. When she had leisure she would ask her mother if she might go to such and such a neighbor's, and see how many could be got to join the Temperance Society.

Her father could not but see what was doing in the neighborhood. For two weeks he remained at home, and did not use a drop of intoxicating liquor, a thing he had not done for years before. At the end of that period, he said to his daughter, "Mary, how many names have you got on your temperance constitution?" "I will bring it and let you see," she replied. As her father was counting the names, she stood between his knees, and he had looked them over, he said, "You have one hundred and fifty one." She jumped upon his knee: threw her little arms around her father's neck, and impressed a sweet kiss on his cheek, and said, "Do you sign it too father, and then there will be one hundred and fifty one."

The old drunkard's heart was melted. His bosom beamed: his bloated haggard cheek was wet with the tears of contrition—he pressed his Mary to his heart, and said, "I will sign it," and at once affixed his name to the Constitution and *Temperance Recorder.*

A STOMACH OUT OF KILTHER.

A gentleman stopping at the same house with us, soon after he came in, asked for liquor. He drank freely, and was away the evening till ten o'clock, and then came home. The next morning, which was rather cool, he not uncommonly stepped out for a few moments, and came home again. "It is a very cold morning," said he, "I feel very poor—my stomach was all out of kilter, and I slept but little." "My friend," said I, "allow me to say, my stomach would have been out of kilter too, if I had taken such a dose last night as I saw you take. I should have been shivering too, and I should have slept but little either."

Looking rather confused, said he, "I am not in the habit of drinking. I only took it because I was unwell."

"Well, what made you unwell? Didn't you take a dram yesterday morning?" "Yes." "Didn't you take one the night be-

fore last?" "Yes."—"Well, it is the medicine that first put your stomach out of kilter, and it is that that keeps it out of kilter, and it will be getting more and more out of kilter, till you totter into a drunkard's grave, unless you leave off the medicine."

A few moments after we saw him pour out more brandy. He apologized by saying he felt chilly, (the natural reaction from the preternatural heat of the system the night before,) and he needed a little to warm his blood. Poor fellow! It was very evident he was already far gone into the vortex from which there is scarcely any return.—*Temperance paper.*

THE DYING DRUNKARD.

His wife and two little helpless infants, were standing by his bed-side—she gazing with tearful eyes on his pale emaciated countenance, while her little ones clung around her knees, crying for food. Alas! to what an awful standing had he brought himself and family! He was once happy—ay, if ever man was happy—held a character and reputation unsullied and pure as the virgin snow, was looked upon by all who knew him with the deepest marks of attention and respect. Where all those precious qualities now? Fled—buried in the depths of oblivion. He became a lover of his glass, gradually got acquainted with loose and dissipated company, and from thence steered direct for destruction and ruin. His neat little cottage soon lost the mark of respectability which it cherished, his wife soon learned how to weep with a breaking heart, his children soon began to feel the bitter pangs of hunger, and know the want of warm clothing, and himself, he soon what?—No matter; look at him now! And thus it is with thousands. Men who would be our more useful members of society—men who would be ornaments to the country which gave them birth, perish through the baneful and accursed influence of intoxicating drink. But look—see—he opened his hollow and sunken eyes, wrapt in haze, and gazed wistfully round the room. "Margaret," he cried, in a tremulous voice, "where are you? It's growing so dark and dismal that I cannot see;—kiss, did any one call me?" "No, no, love, its no one," sobbed the poor heart-broken wife: "do you want anything? If you do, tell me, and—" "Stop, then, and I'll tell you, interrupted he, "and as he spoke he made a convulsive effort to raise himself up in the bed. "Where is your hand, Margaret?—that: Do you remember how I used to press it?—when I used to breathe my vows of eternal constancy and love to you?—when the nights bounded away from us, as we sat locked in each other's arms, leaving us in astonishment at how they vanished so quickly, eh?" He had touched a chord, a tender one, which had not been awoken for years. "Samuel, my own Samuel," answered she, in choked accents, as she imprinted on his wan but once manly countenance, a kiss, "for any sake, lie down, and compose yourself, and all will yet be well;—with the help of God, all will yet be well." "Ah! no Margaret, that can never be," answered he, "would to God I had the opportunity, I would well profit by it; but,"—as he spoke, his voice faltered, "a few short moments, and 'twill be over. Where are my little ones? Bring them to me, that I may embrace the innocents whom I have starved and robbed of their right." They were accordingly brought to him, and, after pressing to his bosom and kissing them one by one, he requested of his wife to assist him in lying down. This done, a calm and tranquil stillness reigned throughout the apartment, interrupted only by the stifled sobs of the unhappy wife, and the low moaning of his children. Death was hovering near; his lamp had burned down to its socket, and was fluttering. "Mercy—O Heaven!" were his last words. A smile played upon his features—the spirit of life flew—the wife stood a widow, and her children were orphans.—*Ulster Missionary.*

HORSE RACING—ITS EFFECTS.

The races appointed to take place this month came off accordingly on the Sands in the rear of the city. After the races were over a scene was presented that would disgrace the most uncivilized people,—many of the lower sort got intoxicated, and as might be expected high words soon passed between them, which were soon exchanged for blows. Two persons who had been on the course and who were returning home quarrelled on the road, when one of them drew a knife and stabbed his companion in the side—