

Poetry.

THE WAY TO BE BRAVE.

Speak kindly to that poor old man,
Pick up his fallen cane,
And place it gently in his hand,
That he may walk again.
His bundle, too, replace with care
Beneath his trembling arm;
Brave all the taunts that you may hear,
To give his life a charm.

A braver deed than scorners boast
Will be your triumph then,—
A braver deed than annals tell,
Of some distinguished men.
Yes, leave that thoughtless, sneering crowd;
Dare to be good and kind;
Then let them laugh, as laugh they may;
Pass on; but never mind.

Pass on; but think once more of him,
The wreck that you have seen,
How once a happy boy like you
He sported on the green;
A cloudless sky above his head,
The future bright and fair,
And friends all watching o'er his couch,
To breathe affection's prayer.

But, ah, the change! He wanders now,
Forsaken, lone, and sad,—
Thrice blessed is the task of those
Who strive to make him glad.
Speak kindly to that poor old man,
Pick up his fallen cane,
For that will ease his burdened heart,
And make him smile again.

The Family.

The Drunkard's Bible.

"MR. PRESIDENT," said a short, stout man, with a good-humored countenance, and a florid complexion, rising, as the last speaker took his seat, "I have been a grog-seller."

At this announcement, there was a moving through the whole room, and an expression of increased interest.

"Yes, Mr. President," he went on, "I have been a grog-seller, and many a glass I have sold to you, and to the Secretary there, and to a dozen of others that I see here,"—glancing around upon the company.

"That's a fact," broke in the President, "many a gin-toddy and brandy-punch have I taken at your bar. But times are changed now, and we have begun to carry the war into the enemy's camp. And our war has not been altogether unsuccessful, for we have taken prisoner one of the rum-sellers' bravest Generals! But, go on, friend W—, let us have your experience."

"As to my experience, Mr. President," the ex-bar-keeper resumed, "in rum-selling and drinking, for I have done a great deal of both in my time, that would be rather too long to tell to-night—and one that I would much rather forget than relate. It makes me tremble and sick at heart, whenever I look back upon the evil I have done. I, therefore, usually look ahead with the hope of doing some good to my fellow-men."

But there is one incident I will relate. For the last five years, a hard-working mechanic, with a wife and seven small children, came regularly, almost every night, to my place, and spent the evening in my bar-room. He came to drink, of course, and many a dollar of his hard earnings went into my till. At last he became a perfect sot—working scarcely one-fourth of the time, and spending all he earned in liquor. His poor wife had to take in washing to support herself and children, while he spent his time, and the little he could earn, at my bar. But his appetite for liquor was so strong, that his week's earnings were usually gone by Tuesday or Wednesday, and then I had to chalk up a score against him, to be paid off when Saturday night came.

This score gradually increased, until it amounted to three or four dollars over his Saturday night's pay, when I refused to sell him any more liquor until it was settled. On the day after I had thus refused him, he came in with a neat mourning breast-pin, enclosing some hair, I thought, of a deceased relative. This he offered in payment for what he owed. I accepted it, for the pin I saw at once was worth double the amount of my bill. I did not think, nor indeed care about the question, whether he was the owner or not; I wanted my own, and in my selfish eagerness to get it, I hesitated not to take a little more than my own.

I laid the breast-pin away, and all things

went on smoothly for a while. But he gradually got behind hand again, and again I cut off his supply of liquor. This time he brought me a pair of brass andirons, and a pair of brass candlesticks, and I took them, and wiped off the score against him. At last he brought a large family Bible, and I took that too—thinking, no doubt, I could sell it for something.

On the Sunday afterwards, having nothing to do, for I used to shut my bar on Sundays, thinking it was not *respectable* to sell liquor, I opened this poor drunkard's family Bible, scarcely thinking of what I was doing. The first place I turned to was the family record. There it was stated, that, upon a certain day he had been married to Emily—. I had known Emily—, when I was a young man, very well, and had once thought seriously of offering myself to her in marriage. I remembered her happy young face, and seemed suddenly to hear a tone of her merry laughter.

"Poor creature!" I sighed involuntarily, as a thought of her present condition passed my mind—and then with no pleasant feelings, I turned over another leaf. There was the record of the birth of her four children; the last had been made recently, and was in the mother's hand.

I never had such strange feelings as now came over me. I felt that I had no business with this book; but I tried to *soothe* my feelings, and turned over several leaves quickly. As I suffered my eyes to rest upon an open page, these words arrested my attention:—

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; whoso is deceived thereby is not wise."

This was just the subject, that, under the feelings I then had, I wished to avoid, and so I referred to another place. There I read—
"Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow?
Who hath wounds? Who hath babbling?
Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine. At last it biteth like a serpent, it stingeth like an adder."

I felt like throwing the book from me; but once more I turned the leaves, and my eyes rested upon these words—

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunk."

I closed the book suddenly, and threw it down. Then for half an hour, I paced the room backwards and forwards in a state of mind I never before experienced. I had become painfully conscious of the direful evils resulting from intemperance, and still more painfully conscious, that I had been a willing instrument in the spread of these evils. I cannot tell you how much I suffered during that day and night, nor describe the fearful conflict that took place in my mind, between a selfish love of the gains of my calling, and the plain dictates of truth and humanity. It was about nine o'clock, I think, on the same evening, that I opened the drunkard's Bible again, with a kind of despairing hope that I should meet there with something to direct me.

I opened at the Psalms and read two or three chapters. As I read on without finding anything directly to my case, I felt an increasing desire to abandon my calling, because it was injurious to my fellow-men.

After I had read the Bible, I retired to bed, but I could not sleep. I am sure that during that night I thought of every drunken man to whom I had sold liquor, and of all their beggared families. In the brief sleep that I obtained, I dreamed that I saw a long line of tottering drunkards, with their wives and children in rags. And a loud voice said:

"Who hath done this?"
The answer, in a still louder voice, directly I felt to me, smote upon my ear, like a peal of thunder—

"Thou art the man!"
From this troubled slumber I awoke to sleep no more that night. In the morning the last and most powerful conflict came. The question to be decided, was—

"Shall I open my bar, or at once abandon the dreadful traffic in liquid poison?"

Happily I decided never to put to any man's lips the cup of confusion. My next step was to turn the spicket of every keg or barrel of spirits, wine, beer, or cider, and let the contents escape on the floor.—My bottles and decanters were likewise emptied. Then I came and signed your Total Abstinence Pledge; and what is better, never rested until I had persuaded the man whose Bible had been of so much use to me, to sign the Pledge likewise.

And now, Mr. President, I am keeping a temperance grocery, and am making restitu-

tion as fast as possible. There are at least half a dozen families, to whom I furnish a small quantity of groceries every week, in many cases equal to the amount that used to be spent at my bar for liquor. Four of my oldest and best customers have already signed the pledge by my persuasion, and I am not going to rest until every man I helped to ruin, is restored to himself, his family, and society."

A round of hearty applause followed this address, and then another of the reformed drinkers took the floor.

YOUTHFUL NEGLECT.—Walter Scott, in a narrative of his personal history, gives the following caution to youth:—"If it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages, let such readers remember that it is with the deepest regret, that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance; and I would this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if, by doing so, I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

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\$2 00 per year draws	\$2 00 per week,
3 00 do do do	3 00 do do
4 00 do do do	4 00 do do
5 00 do do do	5 00 do do
6 00 do do do	6 00 do do
7 00 do do do	7 00 do do
8 00 do do do	8 00 do do

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Yearly payment for females who draw for the first week of sickness.

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" 3 00 " " "	3 00 " "
" 4 00 " " "	5 00 " "

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Paying \$2 00 per year draws	\$2 50 per week.
" 3 00 " " "	3 75 " "
" 4 00 " " "	4 00 " "

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Edw. D. VERY, for Committee, at Garrison & Masters' Office Custom House Building, June 17, 1851.

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