

those who triumphantly fight their way through great tribulation, and sit down in the kingdom of heaven as kings and priests unto God. *Witness & Advocate.*

TATTLING.—It is very common for persons to tell every thing they hear, whether they have any grounds for the belief of what they hear or not. To the injury of an individual, something may be spread abroad, when there is not the least shadow of truth in the story. It is against this species of tattling which we should particularly guard ourselves. The wise man knew how prone the world was to this sin when he said, "He that keepeth his mouth saveth his life." Truly that man who is careful what he says—especially when he knows it is in his power to injure the character of a person, or thwart any of his purposes—acts up to the proverb, and gains the esteem and friendship of his fellows. Although by not being sufficiently on your guard, you may excite a degree of interest at the expense of the character of a neighbor, depend upon it, it is only for a moment. You but heap coals of fire on your own head. Beware how you use your tongue; it is a good rule which somebody has given us, to think twice before we speak once. Act up to this, and none will complain of you in this respect—and you will gain the confidence of mankind, which is more to be desired, than all the secrets of a community. *Portland Tribune.*

LICENSE OR NO LICENSE.

THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN.

Governor Briggs, of Mass., in a speech at Albany, related the following thrilling incident. At a certain town meeting in Pennsylvania, the question came up whether any person should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, and physician, strange as it may now appear, all favored it. One man only spoke against it, because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when all at once there arose from one corner of the room, a miserable female. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment of silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated

body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called to all to look on her.

"Yes!" she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience declares its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage in health, is *excess*. LOOK UPON ME. You all know me, or *once* did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in town. You all know, too, I had one of the best—most devoted of husbands. You all know I had fine, noble-hearted, industrious boys. WHERE ARE THEY NOW? *Doctor, where are they now?* You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder church yard; all—every one of them FILLING A DRUNKARD'S GRAVE!!! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe—*excess* alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted *you*, and *you*, and *you*," pointing with her shred of a finger, to the Priest, Deacon, and Doctor, "as authority. They thought they were safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and prospects, with dismay and horror; I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin—I tried to ward off the blow—I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell—in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed; but the odds were against me. The Minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the Deacon (*who sits under the pulpit there, AND TOOK OUR FARM TO PAY HIS RUM BILLS,*) sold them the poison; the Doctor said that a little was good, and *excess* ought to be avoided. My poor husband, and my poor boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape; and one after another, was conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time—my sand has almost run—I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—*your poor house*—to warn you *all*—to warn you, Deacon! to warn you, *false teacher of God's word!*" And with her arms high flung, and her tall form