

but the matter was hushed up. None of the clergymen here, with the exception of one (and he is not a Tee-totalier), takes any steps to remedy the awful state of things I have described; indeed there was a flourishing Temperance Society here some years ago; but a clergyman who came shortly after, and who still resides here, set his face against it, and, being powerful in argument, had influence enough to pull it down. He may now see the effects of the part he has taken, and he is likely to see them even more clearly hereafter.

This is a fine country; but I am afraid that the present population will generally be too far gone to be recovered. They must soon, however, if they go on as they are now doing, perish from the earth, and I hope a better race may succeed them. Great efforts must be made, however, here and every where, or the country, generally, will soon witness the abomination of desolation, spoken of by the Prophet.

Some of the principal merchants turn the greatest part of their capital and attention to the liquor trade—thinking that it is the most profitable. Yet in every case, both here and elsewhere, when people have begun business without dealing in liquors, they have made far more money, and done a far more satisfactory business. If our great Montreal merchants who supply the country dealers with brandy, rum, &c. were to follow their liquors into the bar-rooms, and witness its effects, they would surely abandon their business, else their heart must be harder than the nether millstone.

Would it not be well to make a vigorous effort to get some of the most able public advocates of tee-totalism from England to go through the length and the breadth of this country? It will not do to get lecturers from the United States, for the prejudice against every thing from that quarter is so great amongst a considerable part of the population, that they would rather drink themselves to death than live temperately and happily at the bidding of an American.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE AGENT.

W. H. was once a strong and healthy man, but he set up the trade of drunkard-making, and though he made cash rapidly he paid for it with the forfeit of his life. At first he drank moderately as a matter of course, but as his trade increased, his measure of moderation increased too. In process of time he drunk himself into a state of madness, and it became necessary to put him in a place of confinement, in order to prevent him from destroying some member of his family, in a moment of frenzy. He was cured, but when he was set at liberty, he was not cautioned against the use of liquor—perhaps those who had the charge of him thought that such a good creature as alcohol could not possibly work such ruin on his understanding. However this may be, it is certain that he was no sooner set at liberty than he began to drink away as before; and as may readily be conceived, he was soon reduced to his former plight. He used on going into the store in the morning to take half a tumbler of rum or brandy the first thing he did. After a short interval he repeated the dose, till he had five or six, this was his morning—he would then stray into some of the neighbours' houses, and sit down without speaking a word to any one. And when he wandered back to his own house, he went direct to the rum punchon, and drew off half a tumbler, and swallowed it at once. Then the devil within him would be roused, wife and children behaved to flee, for the first thing that came to his hand was hurled at them. After the storm had spent itself he would lie down in bed, and rise after a sleep to re-enact the same things. But at last he could not rise—he was in the grip of the fell destroyer, and no power on earth could help him. He died of *delirium tremens*. He lay on his bed screaming for rum, with which they were obliged to supply him constantly—he cursed his wife, his parents, and his Maker, into whose hands his spirit was surrendered, raving through inebriation, and belching forth blasphemies! How fearful!

Mr. L. was a drunkard, and in other respects, a very wicked man. He too followed the trade of a drunkard-maker; for some way or other this calling seems to have peculiar charms for all those who are either fond of making money, or are too lazy to follow any active employment, or are addicted to vice. A few days ago (last month) L. snuk into the drunkard's grave, into which he helped to drive many others. His death took place in the following manner. He had been sick for some days in consequence of hard drinking, and while in this state was asked by a person who had

come to his tavern to get his morning, to drink with him. L. did so, but he had scarcely swallowed the glass when he was seized with a severe fit of vomiting. He through up a large quantity of blood, and in about two hours was a corpse!

One obvious inference to be drawn from these facts is this; that tavern keepers expose themselves to peculiar danger. They are very frequently taken in the same snare which they lay for others; they suffer the same miseries, personal and domestic, and meet at last with the same fearful end. "Verily, there is a God that judgeth in the earth."

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND:

Being a series of Conversations between the Canada Temperance Advocate and a Drunken Neighbour.

ADV.—Good morning, James, I have come again to have some conversation with you; I presume I am welcome.

JAMES.—I scarcely know, Sir, every body speaks against you. It was voted last night at our club that you was a dangerous man, however you may sit down.

ADV.—Thank you. I wish those rummyes may lie as lightly on the consciences of those who utter them, as they now do upon mine. But to our subject, have you considered what I have been saying to you, to persuade you to give up the practice of using intoxicating drinks?

JAMES.—I have been thinking of it, but I cannot see it to be my duty to do as you bid me: the drink does me good, sir.

ADV.—Does you good! how?

JAMES.—Oh! in many ways; its one of my best comforts under the miseries of this life.

ADV.—If you can persuade me it gives you any comfort, I will begin to drink with you: but I am of opinion that it is the cause of most of your miseries. Does it help you to clothe these ragged children, or to mend that broken furniture, or to replace it with better, does it put wood in the stove, or help you to get a dinner to cook?

JAMES.—I don't know that it does.

ADV.—And yet if these things were done, I apprehend some of your miseries would be at an end, and you would sit at your fireside with a lighter heart.

JAMES.—That I would indeed, sir, and if I thought your plan would help me to these comforts, I would soon embrace it.

ADV.—Well, what does your drink cost you, let us calculate.

JAMES.—Oh, a mere trifle.

ADV.—How much did you pay at your club last night?

JAMES.—The reckoning was one, and eight pence, a piece.

ADV.—And you are there once every week, and have the same sum to pay every night, on the average?

JAMES.—Yes.

ADV.—Then, that amounts to £4 6 8 a year. But you have your morning besides, regularly; and your pint of beer regularly every afternoon, besides occasionally giving and taking a glass with a friend or fellow-workman.

JAMES.—True, Sir.

ADV.—Well, allowing you to spend only sixpence a week on these occasional drams with your comrades, it will make according to my calculation, £10 18 1½ in the year. You see the sum is mounting up. But besides all this James, you know your drinking often prevents you from getting employment, for no master will take a drunken workman, if he can help it. And even when you are employed it renders you unable to appear in the workshop, at least, one day in the week. May we not assume then that it makes you lose 1½ day's work every week, throughout the year?

JAMES.—I believe you may.

ADV.—That makes, then, another sum of £11 8s., reckoning only 3s. 6d. a day, which is the lowest rate at which you are generally paid. To all this, justice requires us to add at least £3 more, to balance the clothes that are torn, and vessels and furniture broken, and money lost or stolen from you, while in a state of intoxication. The whole amounting to £29 7 9½!

JAMES.—That cannot be, the sum is too large.

ADV.—Calculate it yourself then, the figures won't lie. Now, James what a fool you must be, to keep yourself in pinching poverty, and enrich the tavern-keeper, by giving him all that money. If you kept it to yourself, your house might now be warm, and