

the histories of the past! He might have been all that was noble and true and pure. He might have been the brightest light of home, the dearest treasure of loving hearts! He might have been one of His jewels, to get a Saviour's crown in the light of eternity. But he looked upon the wine when it was red; he touched and tasted! Year after year was added unto life, but the cup was never drained for him. All of earthly pleasure merged in this one wild, deadly situation. The voice of friendship ceased to influence, and love was powerless to shield him. Onward, with strange impetuosity, he pursued the sinning way, and hoped from the hearts that loved him. He has vanished from among men; his grave is in the sea, lonely, and scarce remembered now. Perchance, in the last dread hour, the spirit breathed an agonizing prayer to Him, who turned not from the dying thief. He who pardoned *then*, hath power to pardon still. It might have been, but who can tell? Who can remember the brief life, whose dawn had seemed so full of promise, nor weep to think how easily God's best gifts may be misused. Such are the dark, sad shadows that can fall upon our earthly homes; shadows which reach the heart, leaving too oft a sadness there, lost only in the grave. And not alone to youth the tempter comes, not such alone have owned his power. The hoary head, alas! is not exempted! There is one who sometimes crosses my daily path, whose steps are tottering, not with the weight of years alone, though time has left a winter touch upon his head. His home to outward seeming is very fair; but is there no shadow by the hearth, when he (at whose coming it should grow brighter,) bringeth no light there? Falls there no shadow upon the mother-*less*, when he (who should be to them a guide and joy,) is often missing there? Shadows such as these are in many homes. The Death-Angel may bear from earth's dwellings, their bright flowers, and earth's children weep not alone, they sorrow one for another. For such the tears of sympathy may fall; but the grief, that for very shame are shrouded in the heart's inmost folds, are all unshared. Such must be borne all silently, save when, to the pitying ear of the Father, goes up the anguished supplication—"Forgive them, for they know not what they do." Such are painful memories, sad revelations, and wherefore bring them unto other eyes? Perchance God may give them power to win a place in other hearts! power to turn them to the better way!

Would that hopes could ne'er be blighted thus! that eyes might never weep the fall of such as these; that homes could ne'er be darkened by the quaffing of that cup whose bitterness may be forever!

ORLA.

Baltimore, March 7, 1852.

### Death of Robert Kettle, Esq.

It is with feelings of deep and poignant sorrow that we record in this place the death of the President of the Scottish Temperance League, Robert Kettle, Esq. This very sad and mournful event took place on the morning of the 23d of March last, in consequence of a severe attack of bilious fever. During the last ten years he had enjoyed a larger measure of health than during almost any former period of his life; and especially did this appear to be the case during the winter that has just gone by. About a fortnight before the day of his decease, he complained as if he had been seized with cold; by and by the symptoms became aggravated, and at last terminated his earthly career, in perfect peace and serenity of mind, without a struggle and without a groan, about half-past three o'clock on the morning named.

Thus there has suddenly passed away from the midst of us one of the noblest of men. He was on the borders of his sixtieth year; but the indications of health, in the ordinary course of nature, would have led to anticipate many years of usefulness still to come. This, however, in the movements of the Supreme Wisdom, has been determined otherwise, and he who stood, out of the reach of all competition, at the head of the Scottish Temperance Reformers, has been removed from the scene of conflict and toil to the blessed dwelling place of the pure in heart. In the dark and dim conjectures of our reason, we might have said, too soon for us, and too soon for the interests of humanity. But humble acquiescence says, assuredly, not too soon for himself, nor for the purposes of Him who governs all after the counsel of His own will. We, therefore, bow in humility, and adore the Sovereign Disposer of all.

The late President of the Scottish Temperance League, was not, however, as most of our readers must be well aware, merely distinguished as an enlightened, zealous, and thorough-going Temperance Reformer. This was only one phase of a character adorned with almost every excellence. As a merchant, he took his standing on ground the simplest and most easily tenable of all—perfectly transparent integrity in all his dealings. The fair and honorable movements of the market he abode by, without grasping and without grudging the advantages gained by others. And the consequence was that on 'Change his word was his bond—his representations the truthful index of a truthful and upright mind; and the confidence awakened was confidence never disturbed by an after revelation. As a philanthropist his heart moved in harmony with every virtuous aspiration of our common nature, longing for emancipation from evil. The friend of the slave, he lent his aid to the great anti-slavery movement of our times. The uneducated, the outcast, the forlorn, in consequence of folly or crime, he befriended and assisted personally, and through the various public channels which appeal to benevolent minds. And, as a Christian, his whole being stood in perfect sympathy with the revived spiritual religion of the present day; pre-eminently he was a lover of good men, and mingled his contributions and prayers with those that sought to enlighten the heathen of other lands, as well as the dark and debased myriads found in localities nearer home. His whole spiritual being was undeniably sustained in living contact with the fountain of all that is fitted and intended ultimately to remove moral and physical evil from our race.

When shall we look upon his like again? One so beautifully bearing in his own person a wide-seeing intelligence, a heart warmed with the purest charity, a spirit bathed in the deepest humility? So kind, so generous, so forbearing, so considerate, so wonderfully removed from all selfishness, as to be regarded as a universal friend! We are tempted to all but say, "In this generation we ne'er shall look upon his like again."—*Scottish Temperance Review*.

### Progress of Canada.

On the evenings of the 13th and 27th ultimo, the Rev. Professor Lillie lectured in the Mechanics' Institute, Toronto, on the "Growth and Prospects of Canada." The audience was large and respectable, and highly delighted with the interesting details. The lecturer said:—The population of Canada, at the time of its surrender to Britain in 1760, was between 66,000 to 69,275, exclusive of Indians. In 1791, the white population of Upper Canada was under 50,000; in 1811, it was 77,000, according to the statement of the Board of Statistics. Hence, it is only forty years it can be said to have begun to grow, if so much. By 1824 the population reached 151,067, nearly double in thirteen years; in 1834, it was 320,693—double, with 18,492 over; in 1850, when it was 791,000, it was more than ten times its number in 1811; over five times its number in 1825. Its growth during the last half century was shown by statistical returns to have been in a ratio about thrice that of the Free States. By statistical returns it was shown that Canada West, taken as a whole, has been growing for the last forty years at a rate about equal to that of Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois conjoined, for the last twenty, at a rate somewhat over theirs. By way of illustration, the Home and Gore Districts were selected out of Upper Canada, and their rate of growth shown to exceed that of the Western States. Indiana contains now a population of 177½ times what it was in 1800; while the Home District contains over 500 times its number of inhabitants in 1799—which was in that year 224; in 1850, 112,996.

Coincident with this rapid growth in population, a corresponding advance has been taking place in the quantities of land under cultivation, agricultural products, stock, &c., and in the value of land, which was illustrated by statistical returns. A comparison of assessed values in the State of New York and Upper Canada, respectively, for 1848, brought out the fact that, supposing the principle of the valuation the same, our neighbors of the Empire State have, with a population over four times ours, property under five times ours—N. Y. City included. The growth of the country was next illustrated by the contrast it presents now to the published descriptions of travellers, comparatively recent. What they described as wilderness, is filled with towns and villages—many of them handsome, and not a few of them large and