

and man-dropping business, and let not the politician, standing on the bleached bones of the fallen, think to raise himself into higher favor with his fellow men, for the curse of God and of man is upon the traffic and its agents.

We can give but a hasty and meagre sketch of this powerful and eloquent discourse. Its positions were as firm and unmovable as its spirit was ardent for the good and welfare of all who suffer from the evils which the atrocious traffic inflicts. We hope it will be repeated in other churches.—*Journal of the American Temperance Union.*

### Temperance in Diet.

A Temperance diet has always been attended with the best effects. A regular attention to this practice is the only infallible nostrum for the prevention of disease. It is sometimes essential for those who are under the necessity of having their minds always on the watch to be extremely temperate;—hence the gallant defender of Gibraltar (Elliot, Lord Heathfield) lived for eight days during the siege, taking only four ounces of rice per day as solid food. Dr. Franklin, when a journeyman printer, lived for a fortnight on bread and water, at the rate of ten pounds of bread per week, and he found himself stout and hoary with this diet. A respectable magistrate has related of himself that, at the age of seventy, he was free from every bodily complaint, and had never paid five shillings a-year for medicine, which he attributed to his having restricted himself to fourteen ounces a-day of solid food. And the number of indigent people who have lived to a great age is a proof of the justness of Lord Bacon's observation—that intemperance of some kind or other destroys the bulk of mankind; and that life may be sustained by a very scanty portion of nourishment. An eminent British army physician (Dr. Jackson) on this subject says—"I have wandered a good deal about the world, and never followed any prescribed rule in anything; my health has been tried in all ways; and, by the aids of temperance and hard work, I have worn out two armies, in two wars, and probably could wear out another before my period of old age arrives; I eat no animal food, drink no wine, or malt liquor, or spirits of any kind; I wear no flannel, and neither regard wind nor rain, heat nor cold where business is in the way." Such is the protecting power of temperance.—*Journal of Health.*

### Now for it.

The busiest portion of the season is passed by. The evenings are growing longer. The time has come to commence with new vigor the strife against the rum power.

Sons of Temperance should everywhere buckle up for the fall and winter campaign, with all the hope and zeal inspired by a righteous warfare. Revive old enthusiasms and reclaim fresh trophies. Talk with your neighbors and persuade them, circulate temperance publications and temperance truth. Be vigilant, active, and discreet. Set an example that can be followed for good. Tell your careless neighbor that whenever he votes for those whom he knows will sustain the rum traffic, he is directly sustaining that business himself. Tell him never to vote that down the throats of others, which he would shrink from having poured down the throats of him and his. Tell him that a vote is pronounced against him who "putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips," and that the voter who casts his suffrages for the support and continuance of the traffic, most effectually does that.

A good time to work! Let no man put on a long face and whimper about past defeats. He is a poor soldier. If we work until we die, and generations after us do the same, our influence will be felt. A band of men once went cold, ragged and hungry, and bled and died, in a seven years' struggle. We are asked to make no such sacrifices. At our homes, in our shops, and in public assemblies, we can peacefully battle for the right.

Fit up the Division Room! Our right for the cause and humanity. Man your brakes when you get there. Don't be so parliamentary and skilful in hair-splitting as to kill all the life in the Division, but work away with a soul warmed through and through. Don't hurry out of the room, but bend manfully to the work.

Sons, and temperance men everywhere! Let the old zeal thrill again along the arteries and fire the sluggish blood into a quicker throb. Remember the triumphs of the past and rejoice at the

bright promise of the future—remember the gigantic power of the evil which is so closely woven with every fibre of our social and political fabric—remember the importance and value of the temperance reform. Remember the rum-cursed living and the dishonored dead, and again to the breach, with the stern determination of good citizens and freemen.—*Cuyuga Chief.*

### On the Appropriateness of the Names "Teetotalism" and "Teetotaler."

An excellent clergyman in the north of England, who is the president of a Temperance society, thus writes:—"I much wish another as expressive, but less trivial and vulgar term than *Teetotalism* and *Teetotaler*, were in use. It offends squeamish tastes and points the joke of drunkards and 'moderates.' *Temperance* does not say all we wish to say, and *Total Abstinence* too much; because it *requires exceptions* as to religious and medical use of alcoholic drinks."

What say our teetotal friends to this? Will they not by their noble and consistent conduct, by their superior enlightenment of mind, and health of body, and prosperity of circumstances, render the name by which they are called so honorable, that instead of its being regarded as *trivial and vulgar*, it may be amongst the most distinguished titles of our country? No other word is so expressive. Men may drink water from choice, they may have a drink to strong drink and thereupon abstain, but this is not Teetotalism. It is a word full of meaning. It implies the *totally abstaining from all intoxicating drinks upon principle, and by means of a pledge*. It implies a strong conviction of the understanding that we are better without them; and it implies an honest and manly determination to confess that conviction before men, and a readiness to confess with our mouth and sign with our hand this principle of safety for the sober, and of cure for the drunkard. Let our clerical friend not be ashamed of the term.—*National Temperance Chronicle.*

### A Visit to the Spirits in Prison.

While walking down the streets of Portland a few days since, in company with the very efficient mayor of that beautiful city, I was invited to step with him across the street and take a look at the imprisoned "spirits" shut up in durance vile, beneath the city hall. I accepted the invitation, and in a moment found myself in a large basement room, surrounded on all sides by the imprisoned fiends, which, under the recently enacted and most righteous law of the State, had been arrested in their march from the mouth of the still, to the mouths of the wretched men who had become already so far demonized as to desire the further acquaintance and companionship of the liquid devils. Three or four extensive seizures of the spirits had been made, and here they were all gathered in one group, and a sorry looking group it was. Their sad plight, piled on each others' backs around the apartment, recalled the language of Hamlet to the skull of poor Yorick:

"Where be your gibes now? Your Gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment That were wont to set the table in a roar?" \* \* \* \* "Quite chop-fallen."

I looked upon the strong oak casks, some of them iron bound, and thought how fortunate it was that the hand of government had arrested them before their fiery and demonizing contents had got spilled into the stomachs of some of its poor deluded subjects. Long and ardently I had desired to see the government, in a true paternal regard for its suffering poor and for the thousands who are being hurled by the liquor traffic to ruin, exert its power promptly and effectually to stay the work of death. And here, at length, I am permitted to see the master spirit of mischief, the giant curse of the civilized world, chained. A feeling of exultation was kindled within me which I have no words adequately to express. Aha! thought I, you, who with your kindred spirits have sent thousands to the watch-house, to the jail, and the prison; who have booted the doors upon thousands of my brethren, and shut them out from the society of their families and the world, have gotten into the limboes yourself! The angel of justice has at length come down, "with a great chain in his hand," and bound you. Here you await your trial, and if condemned, as you probably will be, you shall be led forth to execution, amid the