

oieties, as it will consequently bring greater pleasure to ourselves and enable us to exert a more powerful influence.

Up then, fellow Youth, up and gird on the armour of Temperance, enlist under its banner and let all our powers be devoted to it!

"Bright and glorious is the day before us, girded and strong are the companions that will go with us," and though clouds and darkness may for a while obstruct our path, yet the Cause is the Cause of God, and it will prosper.—Maurice E. Viele, Charles N. Waldron, George A. Haynes—Committee.

[Where are our Canadian Youths Temperance Societies? Ed.]

DECLAMATION FOR A LITTLE BOY.—I'm a little fellow, but I'm going to talk upon a big subject.—'Tis not too big for such as we are either. Some men laugh about little boys and girls forming Cold Water Armies and say, what good can they do? I will tell you.

You have read about a little mouse that a lion helped out of a little trouble and laughed at him because he said something about returning the favour; well, this great lion got caught in a hunter's net, and he roared and growled and bit, and that was all he could do. By-and-bye the little mouse came along and gnawed off one by one, all the cords of the great net and let the lion go. That is what we mean to do; we may be little mice, but are going to gnaw off every thread of the great net that has bound down our country for so many years.—The net is intemperance, and our cold water pledge cuts off all the deceiving threads that look so pretty and delicate, as wine, beer, cordial, cider, as well as the stouter cords, rum, gin, brandy. Now don't you think we can do something? we know we can. Intemperance shan't catch us, at any rate.—C. W. Army.

Poetry.

THE DRUNKARD'S DENOUNCEMENT OF HIS ENEMY,

FATHER MATHEW,

An Irish Song: By Colonel Blacker.

Away with Father Mathew, away with sober thought,
Away with silly notions of doing as we ought;
We'll drain the overflowing bowl, a fig for life and time,
Hurrah! hurrah for whisky, the source of every crime,

Away with Father Mathew, away with good advice,
About our comfort, cleanliness, and cottage trim and nice;
Sobriety and Temperance on life are heavy drags,
Hurrah, hurrah for drinking, or poverty and rags.

Away with Father Mathew, and his efforts for our good,
The change from squalid penury, to raiment and to food;
Let him talk of starving children and the sadden'd mother's wail,
Hurrah, Hurrah for whisky, the treadmill and the jail,

Away with Father Mathew, and his eloquence so fine,
What reck we of commandments, whether human or divine;
Who bend before our idol glass in adoration low!
Hurrah, Hurrah for drinking, come future woe or woe.

Away with Father Mathew, and his wishes for our peace,
That quarrelling should be no more, and discord ever cease;
Give me the joy of fisticuffs and rolling in the mud,
Hurrah, Hurrah for whisky, the bludgeon and the blood.

Away with Father Mathew and his energies to win,
Our minds from dissipation the flowing source of sin;
Another and another cup, give revelry full scope,
Hurrah, Hurrah for whisky, the gibbet and the rope.

Ho Tapsters to the rescue, ye Publicans come on,
Let Vintners sound the War-hoop, for your occupations gone
Shout every advocate of vice, who in a word can edge,
Away with Father Mathew, the Medal and the Pledge.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TEMPERANCE AND MISSIONS.—At the late meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the president, in speaking of the hopes excited of the speedy conversion of the world, remarked:—"These hopes derive a powerful encouragement in view of the triumphs of the temperance cause. Hitherto intemperance has been a mighty obstacle to the conversion of the world. In every place where it has held its sway, deliverance seemed to be hopeless, while thousands were sealed over to perdition. But a glorious light has broken through the gloom. Europe has felt the quickening influence; and Ireland, degraded, misled, abused, noble Ireland, has completely thrown off the shackles of her wretched bondage, and her recovered millions may now bless God, while they look back with shame at their folly, and rejoice at the opening of the prison door to them that were bound. Over the whole world there have been triumphs achieved which give the brightest promise, and speak of still more magnificent and blessed results. No serious mind can mistake all these indications. God is preparing the way of a glorious progress. The predicted day draws nigh, and the church is about to receive the fulfilment of her desires in answer to the prayer, "thy kingdom come."—*Journal American Temperance Union.*

CIDER.—Reader, don't startle at the word Cider; as small as you think this cider matter to be, it is of vast importance to us. Who would believe that Cider is one of the greatest obstacles in the way of the complete triumph of our principles? It is so—and is the humble means of holding back the wheels of the car of temperance. Many of those that have fallen, and we regret to say there are too many tell us that they were induced to drink Cider, thinking they could do so with safety; but alas! the Alcohol, the demon that destroys was there; and with a force irresistible carried the poor victim back to the gutter again. What horror must seize the once reformed man, when he finds himself again in the gutter; and how must he curse in his heart the simple beverage Cider—for it is this that slays, and is now blasting the best hopes of many a wife. Oh ye cider men! remember, 'tis your privilege, and your duty to throw away, what to you cannot be a great sacrifice, for the good of those that are tumbling over you into a drunkard's grave. Think of these things.—*Portsmouth Washingtonian.*

A SCOTCHWOMAN.—A respectable gentleman at Edinburgh related, a few years ago, a most affecting fact:—A religious lady at Edinburgh was sent to visit a woman who was dying, in consequence of disease brought on by habits of intemperance. The woman had formerly been in the habit of washing in this lady's family, and when she came to the dying woman, she remonstrated with her on the folly and wickedness of her conduct, in giving way to so dreadful a sin as that of intemperance. The dying woman said, "you have been the author of my intemperance." "What did you say?" with pious horror, exclaimed the lady; "I the author of your intemperance?" "Yes ma'am, I never drank whisky till I came to wash in your family; you gave me some, and said it would do me good. I felt invigorated, and you gave it me again. When I was at other houses not so hospitable as yours I purchased a little, and by and by I found my way to the spirit shop, and thought it was necessary to carry me through my hard work, and by little and little I became what you now see me." Conceive what this lady felt.

DR. BEDDOES AND THE ANCHOR-SMITHS.—Dr. Beddoes, an eminent physician of Bristol, and a most humane man, satisfactorily solved the question—"whether ale was beneficial in hard labour?"—near half a century ago. He went to the hard-working men employed in forging ship anchors in the royal yards at Portsmouth—men who were exposed to great alternations of heat and cold, subject to the greatest muscular exertion, and in a constant state of perspiration and excitement. Under the prevalent delusion of its necessity, they were allowed a free use of "strong beer," as it is erroneously termed. He selected a dozen of these anchor-smiths, and proposed that six of them should drink only water for one week, and the other take the usual allowance of beer. The men looked at the doctor in amazement at his strange proposal, and replied—"Why, you want to kill us! Do you think that we can do such work as ours, and drink water only? You must mean to kill us." No—said Dr. Beddoes—"I have no such desire or design. I am a physician, and will carefully watch