

## THE CHURCH VS. TAVERN.

BY LAURIE TODD.

In seventeen hundred and ninety-three when Louis the sixteenth was beheaded and the French revolution was in full blast, I was a thorough-going radical.— With seventeen more of our club, I was marched, under a guard of the King's officers, and lodged in Edinburgh jail. After a summary hearing, I got liberty to banish myself, and accordingly I took passage in the good ship Providence and landed at New York in June 1794. I was then in my twenty-second year. When the ship cast off from the wharf in Scotland, and swung round with the breeze, my faineer stood upon the shore. He waved a last adieu, and exclaimed, "Remember the Sabbath day." I arrived at New York on Saturday, and the next day being the Sabbath, at 9 A. M., three young men of our company called at my lodgings.

"Where are you going to-day?" they enquired.

"To the church," I replied.

"We have been ten weeks at sea; our health requires exercise. Let us walk out to-day and go to church next Sabbath," they replied.

Said I, "you can go where you please, but I'll go to church; the last words I heard from my father were, 'Remember the sabbath day'" and, had I no respect for the fourth commandment, I have not yet forgotten his advice."

They went to the fields; I went to the church; they spent forty or fifty cents in the tavern; I put a one penny bill in the plate at morning, afternoon and night service—total, threepence. They continued going into the country, and in process of time the landlady's daughter and the landlady's niece would join their company. Then each couple hired a gig at two dollars a day, wine, cake and ice cream, on the road, fifty cents each; dine at Jamaica, one dollar each. They got home at eight o'clock P. M., half drunk, and having been caught in a thunder shower, their coats, hats and mantles were damaged fifty per cent. They rose next morning at 9 o'clock, with sore heads, sore hearts, muddy boots, and angry conscience, besides 12 dollars lighter than when they started. I went to church, rose at 5 A. M., head sound, heart light, bones refreshed, conscience quiet and commenced the labours of the week in peace and plenty. They were all mechanics; some of them could earn 12 dollars a week. My business, that

of a wrought nail maker, was poor; the cut nail machines had just got into operation, which cut down my wages to a shaving. With close application, I could earn five dollars and fifty cents per week. Never mind, at the end of the year my Sabbath-riding ship-mates had fine coats, fine hats, powdered heads, and ruffled shirts; but I had one hundred hard dollars piled in the corner of my chest. Having lived fast, they died early. Nearly forty winters past, and forty summers ended, since the last was laid in the Potter's or some other fields; while I having received from my Maker a good constitution, and common sense to take care of it, I'm as sound in my mind, body and spirit as I was on this day fifty-six years ago, when first I set my foot on shore at Governors wharf, New York. Besides, it's a fact, (for which my family can vouch,) I have been only one day confined to the house by sickness during all that period.

A PRESBYTERY ON TEMPERANCE.—The Catskill Presbytery, at its last meeting, echoed the universal sentiment of clergy and church, in the following righteous resolve:

Resolved—That this Presbytery most heartily approve of the principles of the law for the suppression of intemperance, recently adopted by the Legislature of the State of Maine, and also by the legislatures of several other States, and would hereby earnestly recommend to the churches and congregations under our care to adopt such a course of practice as may secure, as speedily as possible, its adoption by the Legislature of our own State.

MAINE LAW IN VIRGINIA.—A convention has been called to meet at Stanton, Va., August 4th, the principal topic of which is to be the necessity of the Maine Law in the Old Dominion. The Sons of Temperance, and indeed, all temperance organizations favor the enactment of such a law. With their powerful advocacy, its success is promising.

A CLOSER—A country surgeon, who was bald, was visiting at a friend's house, whose servant wore a wig. After bantering him a considerable time, the doctor said 'you see how bald I am, and yet I don't wear a wig.' To which the servant replied: 'True, Sir, but an empty barn needs no thatch.'