

gress of the good cause, might here be introduced, one or two, however, may suffice for the present. One individual, exerting some degree of influence in this place, was formerly a faithful friend of the "bottle," and opposed to our little society; since we adopted the "sweeping measure," he has joined our ranks, and is on our list of Committee; he is now an advocate for that cause, which, by his example, he labored to destroy—his zeal in the cause indeed is very commendable. An acquaintance whom he was anxious to convert to the tea-total system, promised to embrace it, provided he would give up the use of tobacco, no easy thing to a man accustomed to the use of it for twenty-five years—he said, however, he would try, and being successful in renouncing the bad habit, his friend's name also stands upon the Temperance list.

Another society, similar in character to ours, has been formed on the Gattineau River, distant from us nearly nine miles. Since the first arrival of the *Temperance Advocate*, we have always been in the habit of sending a few to that neighbourhood. These have been gratefully received, and been the happy means of exciting a spirit of enquiry, and a strong desire for the establishment of a Temperance Society among themselves. Accordingly, in June last, a society was formed, consisting of eight members only, now they number twenty-nine; and, considering the population, and the opposition they meet with, they are doing extremely well. They are desirous of procuring a regular supply of *Temperance Advocates*. A contribution has been raised for this purpose, and the money inclosed is the amount collected. It is not much, but they certainly merit the praise of "having done what they could." The settlement is poor, being yet in its infancy. As for ourselves, we are not able to do much, we shall send, however, now and again, what remittances we can, for the papers we receive. To conclude, I may safely say that, whether we look backward on the past, around us on the present, or forward to the future, we have every reason to thank God, and take courage.

Wishing you and the cause every success,
I remain, yours, &c.

GARDNER CHURCH.

Mr. James Court, }
Montreal. }

Varieties.

VIRTUES OF PORTER.—A man who had been quaffing porter till he was completely drunk, hiccupped out that porter was both *meat* and *drink*. Soon after, going home, he tumbled into a ditch, on which, a companion who was passing him observed, that it was not only *meat* and *drink*, but *washing* and *lodging* also.

RESULT OF TEMPERANCE.—It is stated that the registers of the society of quakers in London show that one half of them live to the age of 47 years, whilst one half of the general population of that city die before they are 3 years of age. One in ten among the quakers arrive at the age of 30, but among the mass, only one in 40. If this statement is true, of which we have no doubt, it offers a strong argument for temperance, not merely abstinence from ardent spirits, but temperance in all things. The temperance of the quakers in enjoyment of all exciting sensual pleasures, and their almost universal equanimity of temper is well known, and to it may further be attributed their extraordinary longevity.

in the following anecdote, reported to have lately happened in Glasgow. On a reduction in the price of whiskey, its votaries, rejoicing at the circumstance, indulged in extra quantities. One man, oppressed with this sense-destroying liquor, fell insensible into the gutter of the street. A dog, commiserating his condition and situation, seized the collar of his coat, struggled until it removed the head of the drunkard from the gutter to the curb-stone, and apparently enjoyed the success of the effort to better the man's position; whilst he, the human brute, lay cursing his disturber, by calling him a thief! What answer can be given to the question, as to which was the superior animal of the two—THAT DOG, OR THAT DRUNKARD; but that the former was the more reasonable animal?

DEATH BY GIN-DRINKING.—On Tuesday night James East, a coachman in the employ of Mr. Kerrison, a proprietor of stage coaches on the Clapton-road, met his death in the following manner:—He was in a half-drunken state in the tap at the Crooked Billet Inn, Clapton, and a pint of gin having been supplied to the company on his account, he at first demurred to the payment, but afterwards said that if he had to pay he would also drink. He accordingly took up the pint of gin and drank it off. The momentary frenzy which the ardent spirit created was speedily followed by a state of insensibility, and he expired in a few hours afterwards in his employer's stables adjoining. He had been for several years known as one of the smartest coachmen on that road.—*Globe*.

An inquisition was held on Wednesday, before Mr. Payne, at the Horse and Cart, Water-lane, Fleet-street, on the body of Sarah Ann Moscati, a child three years old, belonging to poor parents. The child, it appeared, on Friday morning, being left in the room by itself, got hold of half a quartern of gin that had been sent for by the mother, and was brought in in a cup and placed on the table. The child swallowed the whole of the gin and was soon after seized with vomiting; then came a heavy sleep, followed by convulsive fits. Mr. Bradford, surgeon, of Fleet-street, was sent for, and prescribed what he thought necessary, but it proved unavailing, and the child died on the Sunday evening. It was a very weak child. The mother excused herself for sending for gin so early in the morning, by saying she wanted to get change for a sovereign. The Coroner remarked it was a pity she had not sent for tea, sugar, or some useful article. Verdict—Accidental death.—*Globe*.

We are informed by Sir Henry Spelman that, "in the reign of King Edward the Third only three taverns were allowed in London; one in Chepe, one in Walbroke, and the other in Lombard-street."

Facts justify the conclusion, that alcohol has within the last thirty years, cut off, in the United States, more than thirty million years of human probation, and ushered more than a million of souls, uncalled, and in violation of the command, "Thou shalt not kill," into the presence of their Maker. (See Permanent Documents American Temperance Society, pp. 28, 203, 206, 405, &c.)

NOT HALF ENOUGH.—An Irishman being asked how much is enough, said, a pint is enough, but two pints are not half enough.—The man who drinks no alcohol, never thirsts for it—he who drinks, desires more. How preposterous the attempt to quench thirst by a limited quantity of a habit-forming desire for

WHAT IS MODERATION? (i. e. moderate drinking.) It is somewhere, replied a shrewd fellow, betwixt a glass and a barrel.—*Preston Advocate*.

A JOINT CONCERN.—A tradesman in the West Indies, advertises for sale, best London wine—and Coffin furniture.—*Id.*

Portry.

Auld Lang Syne.

TUNE—"Should auld acquaintance"
SUNG AT THE TEMPERANCE SOIRÉE, ST. ANDREW'S
DAY, 1836.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of lang syne.

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne my dear,
For auld lang syne;
Our hearts o'erflow w' kinness yet
For auld lang syne.

Though distant from our native land,
We mind her mountains blue,
Her heathery hills and primrose glens,
Her gowans wet with dew.

We need not fill the madd'ning bowl,
Nor drink the sparkling wine;
We feel our hearts o'erflow with love,
At thoughts of lang syne.

Can we not grasp a brother's hand;
Or, greet a welcome guest,
Without a fiery draught to curse
The day we honour best.

Yet, still amidst our festive joys,
We sadly call to mind;
That oft we drank the drunkard's drink,
In days of lang syne.

And though that drink we taste no more,
Yet thousands drink it still,
Haste then, and let us bring them too,
Our happy ranks to fill.

Here's welcome to the friends we love,
From lands wher'er they come,
And hail to thee Columbia's land
Where Temp'rance has her home.

Here's fond regrets for friends we've lost,
And loved one's left behind,
Though far away, our hearts are near,
When thinking on lang syne.

Original.

Hymn.

Thou author of Temp'rance appear,
And over our meetings preside;
Be concord and unity here,
Be discord forever destroyed.

Our Temperance efforts now bless,
And thousands of drunkards release;
Raise men from the lowest abyss,
And fill them with comfort and peace.

Domestic enjoyments will flow,
And blessings unnumber'd abound;
The fruits of sweet abstinence grow,
Diffusing their fragrance around.