

lic mind by either *mysteries* or realities, that soul and debase the bright source of sense and virtue, publications which ought to be brought forth and publicly burnt, seeing that they are a darkly disgusting exhibition of all that demoralises mankind! Humanity weeps to see such trash in the hands of the toiling artisan. But to our too true tale. Of course our wedding party were principally from the same factory, and had all been acquainted from early years.

The sense of delicacy with many of those females is utterly lost sight of. They interchange their loves in the mill so many times, that it would be a difficult thing to know who was the affianced one in most cases. Now it seemed, that the young woman just married, was, for some time, courted by Bob Burley. He, however, at the time of the wedding had another, to whom he was shortly to be married: and *they all danced and drank together until midnight*; when, in the midst of their drunken freaks, Bob staggered towards the bride, and in the wild delirium of his drunken fancy, declared his sorrow for allowing any one else to marry her, as he had always intended having her himself! This, too, was accompanied by an actual demonstration of his fervency: he was embracing and otherwise showing his familiarity with the bride, when a blow from the husband changed the scene. They were both acknowledged to be pugilists, both strong and young,—the contest was terrible,—but Bob *“was the worse for liquor,”* and he fell dead on the floor!

It is impossible that we can gain admission into the factory, or have an opportunity of reasoning daily with the millworkers upon the necessity of their striving to come out from the filthy haunts of sin, and learn to think and read: to honour the spiritual, and leave the earthly; to cultivate an acquaintance with high moral principles, to know a proper self dignity; with love to God and love to man, which shall enable them to enjoy peace. We cannot be allowed to dictate to them as to what they shall do with their earnings, or how they shall dispose of their leisure hours; but, surely, we can hold up to their view living pictures, which *must* claim their attention, being faithful transcripts of their own life and manners.

How shall we better serve them, than by showing them the results of a certain line of conduct, terrible in its form and expansion, and awful in its end! Again, the pleasant path of rectitude must be laid out before them; nor must we fail to tell them that one road is rude and thorny, abounding with savages more rude than the untamed beasts of the forest; and that the other is frequented by the wise and good of all countries.

The fate of poor Burley was no uncommon case, save in the instance of the wedding. Parties quarrel on their way home from the tavern, and we frequently hear of men receiving lifelong ailments at those times. Sceldom do we read the assize news of any large county but we are apprised of the fact, that intemperance has been at work in some brutal assault or other; sometimes upon unprotected females;—and too often, as in Bob Burley's case, death has ensued from the blows of an associate, under the maddening influence of strong drink! Reason and love depart when the monster drunkenness

makes his *début*, and it is impossible that any pen shall draw the dark limits of what may be the horrors of such a life. It almost seems impossible to describe the loathsomeness of the inebriate,—now, when the trees are budding, and the fields smiling in their vernal dresses around us; we feel that it is a going back into dreary winter,—that ten thousand thunders open their voices in the dark midnight of sorrow, at which humanity recoils and shudders!

At this period when the million are more than urgent for an extension of their political rights; it is of the greatest importance that they duly consider the necessity of *raising themselves in the estimation of Government*. It is quite evident, there is a prevailing opinion in high quarters, that, until a disposition is manifested by the operative of using his senses as befits a man, there is already as much citizenship allotted to him, as he is worthy of. The improvidence that necessarily accompanies drinking indulgences, robs the people of their independence; throws the glance downwards to the earth, that ought to look proud defiance to the oppressor,—Ignorance and insolent bullying, is all that the besotted brute brings forward, as *his* argument against lordly wrong; he is treated as a worthless nonentity by his rich and more fortunate fellow mortal; Avarice thinks him to be just a slave moulded for slavery; and the political tyrant wields over him the sword of wrath, so the brute tamers awe the wild beasts of a travelling menagerie! Artisans of England, think, oh think!

MR. CHINIQUY'S TEMPERANCE MANUAL.

We copy the following extracts from the English edition of this excellent work:—

Nevertheless, if one persisted in repeating, “Am I bound to abstain from intoxicating drinks?” we should not reply until the following questions are answered:

“Was Christ bound to descend upon earth and to be born in a manger?”

“Was the Son of God bound, in the garden of Gethsemane, to redeem your sins and to experience such a suffering, that he sunk in a frightful agony, and bedewed the earth with his own ‘sweat and blood.’”

“Was the Son of God bound to bear the insults of an exasperated and blind mob and soldiery?”

“Was the Son of God bound to be tied at a pillory, and there to be whipped like a criminal?”

“Was the Son of God bound to carry upon his bruised shoulders the heavy and ignominious cross prepared by his executioners?”

“Was the Son of God bound to allow his hands and feet to be torn and lacerated by nails?”

“Was the Son of God bound to end all his sufferings by drinking the bitter gall, which was presented to him?”

“And, finally, was Christ Jesus bound to suffer an infamous death between two malefactors?”

No. He was not bound to undergo all those sufferings; *but through love for you he endured them*. And we who have so much interest in loving God, and we who can do nothing without him, and who ought to pay him constantly our homage, shall we, unless we are