

TEMPERANCE RECORD.

TEMPERANCE.

In a word, temperance is a virtue, which casts the truest lustre upon the persons it is lodged in, and has the most general influence upon all other particular virtues of any that the soul of man is capable of; indeed, so general, that there is hardly any noble quality or endowment of the mind, but must own temperance either for its parent or its nurse; it is the greatest strengthener and clearer of reason, and the best preparer of it for religion, the sister of prudence, and the handmaid to devotion. But we need no further proof of the sovereign value of a strict and severe temperance than this, that the temperate man is always himself; his temperance gives him the constant command of his reason, and (which is yet better) keeps him under the command of his religion; it makes him always fit and ready to answer the devil, for it takes away the very matter of the temptation, and so eludes the tempter's design, for want of materials to work upon. And for this cause it was, no doubt, that our Saviour (Matt. xvii. 21) told his disciples, that there was some evil spirits not to be dispossessed but by fasting as well as prayer; and I think we may rationally enough conclude, that whatsoever fasting casts out, temperance must at least keep from entering in. It is seldom that a temptation fastens upon a man to any purpose, but in the strength of some one or other of his passions; and there is a sure observation, that where temperance overrules the appetites, there reason is ablest to command the passions; and that till the former be done, the latter will be impracticable.—*South.*

THE DRUNKARD'S HOUSE.

On the side of a bleak and barren hill, stands a miserable house, or rather hovel. It attracts the attention of a stranger, by its ruinous condition, and the pale, sickly, wretched children which shiver at the door. It is the home of a DRUNKARD! Did you ever consider what is to be seen, almost every night, inside that house? Come with me, and see:—

The door, hanging by a single hinge, opens creakingly, and the cold, empty, miserable room, looks even more wretched than you had expected. The sickly, worn out wife is trying in vain, from former remnants, to make out some food for herself and her half-starved children. They sit around the room, or hover over the embers, in a half stupor. They do not cry; the extreme of misery is silent; and these wretched ones are beyond tears. The mother is hurrying through her work, to get them away from an approaching danger. What is that danger, which she does not dare they should meet? Why, their father is coming home. If it was a storm of thunder and lightning, or if it was a midnight thief, she would gather her children around her, and they would feel safer and happier together. But their father is coming home, and she sends her children away. She hides her babe in the most secret place she can find—a thin shivering boy spreads over himself the scanty covering which is all that is left, and draws himself up as if he were striving to shrink away from the cold; and perhaps a girl, by a choice of miseries, has pleaded for permission to stay with her mother.

All this is, however, the mere beginning—the preparation for the scene of real misery, which the return of this abandoned father and husband is to bring. He is a drunkard!—But here I must stop; for if I were to describe the scene just as it is actually exhibited in thousands and ten thousands of families, all over England and America, every night, my readers would lay down the book, sick at heart, at the contemplation of the guilt and misery of man.—*Abbot's Corner Stone.*

There are in London and the suburbs fifty total abstinence societies, with twenty thousand members, of whom three thousand are reclaimed drunkards; in Scotland, there are one hundred and fifty thousand members; and in Ireland, five millions five hundred thousand—nearly two-thirds of the entire population!

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

WESTERN ASIA.

Mr. Howes, of the Mission to Turkey, at a late monthly prayer meeting at Andover, thus depicted the moral character and condition of the people under that Mahomedan Government:—

NO REGARD FOR TRUTH.

Mr. Howes, among other matters, said, that he had, in the course of business transactions in the east, hundreds of times, occasion to charge the person with whom he dealt, with falsehood, and that he never knew a case where there seemed to be any feeling that an insult had been offered. Such a charge was usually met by a jest or a justification. Having made a charge against a woman in Jerusalem, she replied: "Words against words; you blow them out, and there is an end of them." Mr. H. asked a Christian if he ever had known an honest man. He said that he had known one, and that he was a Mussulman. Mr. H. made the same inquiry of a Mussulman, and received for answer, that he had heard of one honest man, but had never seen one. A woman at Jerusalem said to Mr. H., "Every one who comes to Jerusalem must learn to lie." Mr. H. farther stated, that these men, so reckless of the obligation to truth-telling, did not scruple to violate their oaths when their interest seemed to demand it. He said that if, in a case in court, ten witnesses were brought against him, he could easily hire twenty to swear to any thing on his side.

Much has been said about the devotional habits of the Asiatics; but we are assured by Mr. H. that these fasts and prayers which are so scrupulously observed, are considered generally very hard and onerous tasks. They are performed in order that their merit may be set off against the sins to which the people cling so fondly. As to the fasts of the Eastern churches, a meagre allowance of food has nothing to do with the matter. He speaks of attending a dinner at an Armenian house on a fast day. One part of the table was prepared for those who kept the fast, and the other for those who did not. The contrast was so much in favour of the fast day dinner, that he and his companions would fain have been for once zealous Armenians. Mr. H. was robbed by the Governor of a city. He had called upon his honour to obtain his protection and advice as to his future course. The Governor heard his request, but begged him to wait for an answer till he had prayed. Having washed his hands, and recited his Arabic prayers, he sat down very self-complacently, and gave Mr. H. just such directions as enabled him to plunder him conveniently.

Yet Mr. H. assures us, that these men, whether Jews, Mahomedans, or nominal Christians, condemn these crimes, and feel that they are sinners in the commission of them. They hope to atone for them by prayers, and fastings, and giving of alms. "The Gospel," said Mr. H., "is to all men good news. It comes not to tell them of sin. That they knew before they have the Gospel. But it tells them of an atonement for sin; a way of escape from condemnation and punishment through a crucified Saviour."

RUSSIA.

THE Letter of a Correspondent at St. Petersburg draws a striking picture of the estimation in which the Bible and other religious books are held by the inhabitants of Finland:—

A PIOUS FINLAND COTTAGER.

You have already heard of the way in which the Rev. Richard Knill first attempted to recommence the sale of the Sacred Scriptures here, by telling a Finnish milkwoman that she and any of her countrymen might have as many as they pleased at one rouble each.

Of the seed sown on that occasion little was known, till two of our friends, making a short tour in Finland, passed through the village of Halleroa, calling at every house, and leaving one or other of their books. When they had nearly completed their visits, they were interrupted by a person, who running toward them, called out, "You have missed my house—you must come back." They assured him that they had been to every house in that part of the village through

which they had passed. "No," said the man, "you have been in all the houses but mine, and you must visit me too." Being informed that the house of this man stood behind the other houses, they consented to retrace their steps; and found that they had indeed missed his house. They entered, and began to unpack their books; requesting, at the same time, if convenient, that he would supply them with something to eat. The man stood beside them until they had opened their parcel, and he had received from them one of their books. It happened to be a Finnish hymn-book. He no sooner saw what it was, than he exclaimed, "Wife! Wife! look!"—and began to sing; with all his might, the hymns contained in the book. His wife soon joined him; and every thing was forgotten, but the newly-found treasure. There they stood, both somewhat advanced in life, gazing on the book—their eyes filled with tears of joy—each of them having hold of it with one hand, while with the other they marked the time and cadence of the tune, which they sung in such a way as shewed that their hearts went with the song. After singing for some time, the man suddenly stopped, saying, in a tone of regret, "Oh! I had forgotten—you have not had your dinner;" and in a few minutes the table was covered with black bread, eggs, salt, and such provisions as a cottage could supply. Meantime the man never were strangers made more welcomed with astonishment, my friends proceeded to inquire the reason of all this, and how he had been brought to take such a deep interest in religious matters. "I will soon tell you that," replied the man. "About four years ago, we were at the haymarket in St. Petersburg; a milk-woman came to the market; and, holding up a large book, called out to some of her acquaintance, 'See, I have got this for one rouble!' My wife purchased either it, or another, at the same price, and brought it home: my wife and I began to read it: we got deeply interested—sat up all night—read and wept, and read and wept, and read on. I was formerly a great drunkard, but I have never tasted spirits since;—and see how comfortable we are!"

Another friend visited them about three years since, and found things still in the same state—the pious peasant happy and contented, and teaching his children to remember their Creator in the days of their youth; and proving, that Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

MY MOTHER, MY MOTHER.

REV. Mr. MOFFATT, Missionary in South Africa, relates the following affecting incident, to show the anxiety of converted heathen for their pagan relatives:—

"On entering a house to attend a sick child, I said to the mother, who was weeping, 'My child, (for so we speak—she was a convert,) what aileth thee? Is the baby still ill?' 'No, no,' she replied, with a heavy sigh. 'Why do you weep, then?' 'Oh, my mother!' was her reply.—'Which? your mother-in-law?' 'No, not my mother-in-law: my own dear mother, who bore me!' and she paused and sobbed, as if her heart would burst through her bosom. I said, 'What is the matter with your mother?' Holding out the Gospel of St. Luke in her hand, bedewed with tears, she said, 'My mother, (who was still in the native district, from whence this daughter had been brought captive,) my mother will never see this book! my mother will never hear the glad tidings of this book! and sighing and sobbing again, she looked to heaven, and breathed a prayer. It was, 'My mother, my mother! she will never hear that glad sound that I have heard! the light that shone on me will never shine on her! she will never taste that love of the Saviour which I have tasted! Oh, could you have witnessed that sable daughter of Africa weeping for a far distant mother, and looking heavenward and saying, 'My mother—my mother!'"

A LETTER from Rome, of the 24th ultimo, states that an order has been given for public prayers to God, to soften the heart of the Emperor of Cochin China, who had put to death eleven Missionaries, who had arrived in that country to preach the Gospel.