

more successful accomplishment of his sanguinary purposes. Let none be deceived by his devices. He is not quiescent, but couchant, in ambush watching with the utmost assiduity, ever ready, when opportunity occurs, to pounce upon the victim. "He lieth in wait secretly, as a lion in his den." No occasion is neglected. He screens himself behind the habits of the present age, and in the customs of antiquity seeks a safe retreat. Wines drugged with hellebore, opium, or hemlock, and fermented wines or distilled spirits are both adapted to his purposes, in both he finds a friendly aid. Intemperance in varied forms has, in all ages, furnished a vast diversity of ambush all well suited to the cruel ends designed—the stupefying, maddening, and destroying human nature. To the adversary, the labyrinths of the still, the caverns of the malster, the vaults of the vintner, and the cellars of the ciderist are in a variety of ways available. Against all these devices, total abstinence supplies a most efficient safeguard, and, were pledged abstainers sustained by legal restrictions, intemperance would no longer furnish lurking places. To elude this contingency, an imperious concealment is sought under cover of moral suasion; and here, alas for human fallibility! "the beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places." On this modern Gilboa—*heap of inflamed swelling*—"the shield of the mighty is wily cast away." Of redeemed inebriates, as of Saul and Jonathan, might it be stated, "they were stronger than lions;" but of the lapsed abstainer, as of the Israelitish monarch, may it be affirmed, "an evil spirit troubleth thee." Over them, in the language of the sorrowing David, may we lament, "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapon of war perished."

(To be continued.)

Scatter Blessings.

I don't know of anything in the world that makes a body feel so good as to scatter blessings. Good temper, good luck, a good wife, rosy children, are well-springs of pleasure, and they'll make almost any man want to live long in the land, but this scattering kindnesses and mercies with a generous hand—oh! it's the most splendid thing ever heard of to make a man completely comfortable—to give him songs in the night, and an ocean of delight by day.

If there is anybody living who thinks his match for misery can't be found, I wish he'd come right here to me, and I'll put him on the right track for comfort. This whining, this being unhappy, how it makes a man feel and what a shame it is to him. A very unhappy man told me he was so miserable he didn't care for any body. I told him he didn't care for any body, and that made him miserable. He didn't like it much that I wouldn't let the horse stay behind the cart just as he put him, but wasn't I right? I don't know a great deal, and I never expect to, but my restless, wandering eye has at last discovered the lurking place of pleasure. I know the secret of happiness, yes I do. Scatter blessings—run with your bucket, and help to fill the ocean of happiness.

Don't be frightened because you are not quite as big as every body else—because you are not quite as showy as Goliath of Gath. Run straight along with your bucket, and pour it into the ocean of human happiness. Don't tremble on the road for fear you'll meet some mighty man, who'll ask you about "those few sheep you left in the wilderness." Go ahead with your bucket—get through your business, and you'll go home with a light heart, and your face won't look so like "Old Hundred" as it did before. You won't have to say, that you live in a bright little world of delight, but that your face is so elongated by your discomforts, that no yard-stick can measure it.

Oh! scatter blessings—it's holy—it's sublime to do it. Scatter blessings, and comforting angels will be your guard—you will not be in trouble like other men, or plagued like other men, and a joy "that passeth understanding will fill your heart."—*New York Evangelist.*

Each One hath a Part to Do.

Men and brothers! up, be doing,
Help each other by this way,
Aid with hand and heart the dawning
Of a great and mighty day.
Think not earth hath fixed teachers—
Progress centred in the few;
All men more or less are missioned—
Each one hath a part to do.

Lend your aid, however little—
Lead your talent, though it's small;
Trifles thrive by combination,
Working for the good of all.
Truth is slow, and wants assistance
Of the many with the few;
Every man, however feeble,
Hath a part he's skilled to do.

Faint not, lag not, in your doing;
Still press onward, ye will find
Brilliant sunbeams flashing ever
From the archives of the mind.
Earth holds not a human creature—
Meanest pauper ye may view,
If he hath a spark of reason,
But he hath a part to do.

All men may assist each other,
Though it but a trifle be;
The flowing streams make flowing rivers—
Rivers make a mighty sea.
One may do the work of many—
Many help the toiling few;
Thus with all men, high or low,
Each one hath a part to do.

Many pillars bear the temple,
Varied in their strength and height;
And, though versatile in greatness,
Each contributes to its might.
Thus, though men proclaim their weakness,
And their talents small and few,
Each one shares in human greatness—
Each one hath a part to do.

Men and brethren! onward! onward!
Lag not till the work is done;
Grow in ardor—grow in earnest—
For the dawning has begun.
Let no heart be found to tarry,
Stirring impulse bear you through,
All men aid the day that's dawning—
Each man hath a part to do.

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