

Mr. Kellogg in St. John's, C.E.

As Mr. Kellogg has recently delivered two lectures in this place, I think a brief notice of them in your columns would be appropriate.

Notwithstanding the imperfect arrangements, and the strong anti-Temperance influences of this town, we had a very good attendance, especially the last evening. The result of the meetings was most satisfactory. Mr. Kellogg not only proved himself fully master of the subject, but maintains throughout an earnest and whole-souled zeal for the cause. His illustrations are always happy and pertinent, and I regard his appearance in Canada at this time as particularly fortunate.

The Wesleyan Chapel was generously thrown open by the trustees, who also gave their influence to the cause. The Sons turned out in a body, with their regalias, which produced a good effect. These lectures have awakened an interest on the subject of temperance here, and the friends of the cause are anxious to make arrangements for at least one lecture each month through the winter.

The pecuniary responsibilities assumed by the Montreal Temperance Society in this purely philanthropic object, deserve the hearty co-operation of the whole temperance community, and the peculiar fitness of Mr. Kellogg for the work, is a sufficient guarantee that their efforts will be productive of the best results.

Keep the ball in motion.

E. H.

Thoughts and Facts.

I have never yet met with a toper who would acknowledge that he was injuring himself by what he drank, and even though here and there, a being, calling himself a man, may be found who will acknowledge that he sometimes exceeds the bounds of moderation, or that at a certain place, under certain circumstances, he got gloriously drunk, still attempts at justification are made which to his own mind may be perfectly satisfactory, but which to that of his friends, his neighbors, or his relatives, can only be considered as shuffling evasions of the fact that the habit of getting intoxicated is being formed, and which they lament. Such, however, is the blinding and deceiving tendency of the use of strong drinks as beverages, that every body sees their effects upon their victim, except the inebriate himself, who always fancies that he is perfectly secure against the drunkard's doom,—sottishness here, and misery hereafter.

I may be told that we exaggerate our statements; that our pictures are overdrawn, and their coloring unnatural. I deny it; and could we raise the curtain so as to behold the havoc made by alcohol all around us; could a catalogue of the families who are suffering from its effects directly; could we depict in sufficiently impressive language the misery and wretchedness, and want, and woe, and crime, which are its legitimate offspring, in our own neighborhoods; methinks there would be more earnestness manifested in promoting the cause of Temperance,—the cause of ALL MANKIND, and of WOMANKIND too, both BLACK and WHITE; we would become most painfully convinced that the hydra-headed monster is recovering from the wounds which had been inflicted upon him, and that there is an awful reality in that assertion of Gen. S. F. Cary, that turn which way we will, almost at our very doors, we

may find pictures more heart-rending than the ablest pen can delineate, or the most powerful language describe.

Does the reader want proofs? Let me furnish him with a few facts of recent date. I might multiply them almost indefinitely, but the following, lest this letter become too lengthy, will for the present suffice:—

No. 1, a few weeks ago, resided in a house facing my dwelling. He is an excellent hand at his business, and there are many pieces of his handicraft in this city, which prove him to be a man of no ordinary abilities; and there can be no reasonable doubt entertained, that had he been a sober man, he might have realized a fortune. The contrary was, however, the case, and all the degradation of powers, both bodily and mental, which follow in the train of habitual drinking, had become his lot. His family was neglected, while a large portion of the little he earned was spent upon himself either at the restaurant or the tavern. After having resided in my neighborhood a short time, he sacrificed the little he had left by auction, and removed westward, ruined in body and mind, his family beggared, his children uncared for, and all by the influence of rum.

No. 2, a gentleman of highly reputable appearance, and courteous demeanor, possesses a good commercial education, came to this city a few years ago, and secured employment as accountant in one of the first houses here. His love of strong drink has been the cause of his losing that and several other situations successively, and now, although very respectably employed, he is only running the risk of dismissal because of his drunken habits. He lives in the neighborhood of No. 1, where his wife died, also a drunkard, about a month ago, with the bottle under her pillow, and he so drunk as to be unable to realize his loss, having been much in the same way for a fortnight previously, and not having been near his office once during that period. On more occasions than one, the last shilling has been sent for liquor, when there has been no bread in the house. Nor has his bereavement caused any change in his conduct. Since the wife's death, the eldest girl has gone the way of all the earth, and the father is left with the rest of the family in a position which must melt any heart into pity.

Let these two cases suffice for the present.—I might write about cases of *delirium tremens*;—I might tell of the infatuation of young ladies in casting their lot with those whose conduct in reference to strong drinks is any thing but reputable;—I might state cases where parents nourish a taste for intoxicants among their children, but I forbear; the mentioning of such cases should be enough to cause a thrill of horror in every breast, and induce strong and energetic efforts on the part of all well-wishers of their kind to stem the torrent of iniquity which flows from that source, and sending the tyrant alcohol back to his native hell.

PHILO.

The Three Preachers.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

There are three preachers, ever preaching,

Fill'd with eloquence and power

One is old, with locks of white,

Skinny as an anchorite,

And he preaches every hour

With a shrill fanatic voice,

And a bigot's fiery scorn

BACKWARD! ye presumptuous nations,

Man to misery is born!

Born to drudge, and sweat, and suffer—

Born to labor and to pray:

BACKWARD! ye presumptuous nations,

Back!—be humble and obey!"