

without pork and potatoes in the cellar. How could they get up their wood in the winter without a mug of gingered cider every turn, or spend an evening with a friend without cider and apples? Planting and hoeing could not go along without it; and it was just the thing to fill in between drains at the workshop and every where else. Our orchards were planted and reared for the purpose of making cider. The object seemed to be to make it as strong and pure as possible. The apples must be mellow, must be ground a day or so before pressed, casks must be clean, liquor clarified and bunged up, in due time racked off, and sometimes brandied and bottled. It was then considered something like wine, almost as good—the Newark quite as good.

The history of our orchards is humiliating enough. We have now learned how blind we were to the true value and proper use of the apple. True, people ate them, and made pies and apple-sauce, but they were used as stinted as the potato used to be a hundred years ago. The grandmother of a merchant, who is now a hundred forty-five, remembers the first potato she ever saw was kept in her mother's work-bag in the 'drawers' to await the season for planting. Its value was not known. Ten bushels was a large stock in a family which would now consume a couple of hundred. We have been as slow to learn the true value of the apple as a food. But we rejoice that it is now being understood. It is now largely and variously used as diet, and experience is constantly opening new combinations and occasions for its use. It was supposed to be very hurtful to cattle, because a cow occasionally broke into the orchard and ate to excess—very much like a child, disposed and apt to eat too much of a thing it liked when obtained by stealth or accident; but now it is found to be food of great value for cattle, hogs, and horses. It is found, too, that the cider made of it and used as a beverage is not only good for nothing, but is a great deal worse than nothing—is a great practical evil in society. It creates in the young a love of intoxicating drinks, and leads on to drunkenness.

Cider is intoxicating, is an allurer to stronger drinks, and is rightfully charged with much of the intemperance of the land. It takes a long time to make a man a drunkard on cider, but when made, he is thoroughly made, is lazy, bloated, stupid, cross, and ugly, wastes his estate, his character, and the happiness of his family.—*Temperance Almanac.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

UPPER CANADA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

Writter, Dec. 18, 1840.

SIR,—Having been requested to attend and address a society in Darlington, in a locality where I had never before been similarly engaged, the evening of the 18th November was agreed upon for that purpose. The meeting had been given out to take place at Mount Pleasant School House, in the sixth concession, which was deemed very suitable, as furnishing an opportunity to many in the concessions in the rear, who it was known were desirous at least to hear. The meeting, though taking place in the most disadvantageous circumstances, was one of the most encouraging I have attended. The weather after the intimation was given out, had taken an unexpected change, the night was dark, and the roads exceedingly bad; and when plodding onward through about fourteen miles of mud, and knowing that the population of the neighbourhood were scattered through the woods, where in such a night darkness I thought must be extreme, I certainly anticipated nothing but a failure. In this I was happily disappointed. The meeting, although by no means so large as it would have been on a good evening, and in favorable circumstances, was respectable, and probably more successful than most meetings where the audience is three times the size. At the close of my address, about fifteen I think took the total abstinence pledge; and several most interesting remarks were made by different persons. Some acknowledged the inefficiency of the old pledge, for the ends they had in view, and came forward with resolution to the total ground; and what is most important of all, a considerable number

of those who joined had not only been greatly opposed to Temperance Societies, but lamentably addicted to the vice it is their object to suppress. And from the way in which they came forward, I am glad to say it was the decided conviction of those who knew them, that they would act vigorously to maintain their standing in the Temperance Army. And surely if but one solitary victim in a neighbourhood could be snatched from misery by such means, are not all the friends of the cause who view the matter in the solemn light of Scripture, amply rewarded for all their efforts, ay and all the obloquy to which they are exposed? Let no caviller insinuate that we regard the reformation effected by this instrumentality as all that is requisite to deliver the victims of intemperance "from going down to the pit." No, we believe that "except a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven;" and we also believe, that many may become sober who are never sanctified. But while we know that "no drunkard" shall ever set his palsied footstep within the threshold of the Kingdom, we justly regard that as a most eventful era which emancipates such from the giant grasp of the destroyer. And while the records of our societies contain the names of so many who are ready to ascribe not only their deliverance to them, but the removal of those barriers which stood between them and the means of salvation, we have surely reason to say with humble rejoicing, "hitherto hath the Lord helped us." I trust that before long there will be an order for the *Advocate* from the above locality.

Allow me, Sir, as one deeply interested in the success of your labours, to express my thanks for the important and interesting articles in the number for this month; particularly the article on the Wine Question. And while the positions there illustrated are those I have long strenuously maintained, I should be far from wishing to see the *Advocate* curtailed in its circulation, by a hasty committal upon this point. Let us endeavour to elicit inquiry, and light must be cast upon it.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

R. H. THORNTON.

[The above letter, which will well repay perusal, is written by a minister of the United Secession Church, whose name stands very high amongst his brethren. If every minister in Canada were as willing as Mr. THORNTON to exert himself in the temperance reformation, the vice of intemperance might be banished from the land in a few years.—ED.]

PORT SARINIA, December 4, 1840.

DEAR SIR,—We had a meeting last Monday evening, which was well attended. It was addressed by M. Cameron, Esq., a Methodist Minister, and others; and, at the close, an addition of thirty members was obtained to the Society, which, considering the size of the place, surpassed all our expectations. Among the rest was an old tavern-keeper, who said that he had resolved to turn his bar into a pantry, and never sell drink again, as he felt that it was not only ruining others, but himself also. There were also a number who had been hard drinkers. Our success is mainly owing to the exertions of our worthy President, Mr. Cameron, who is very zealous in the cause; and encourages all to join, both by advice and assistance. Amongst those who have been reclaimed, there is one individual who used to spend his all in drink. He joined the Society about a year ago, is a respectable, industrious tradesman, and has built a frame house. As he is clear of debt, it is evident the house has been built by water drinking.

But for strangers coming into the village, the tavern-keepers might almost shut up their bars, as there is very little drinking going on here, although it must be admitted some of the higher classes still continue to take their glass after dinner.

We have now divine service in the church every Sabbath, by a Presbyterian and Methodist clergyman alternately; and it is much better attended than formerly, which I attribute, in a great measure, to the spread of Temperance principles; so you see we have much reason to rejoice, and persevere in the good cause.

I am, your's truly,

ARCHIBALD YOUNG, Junr.