

community was ever more temperate, religious, moral or refined than its women.—In all benevolent movements the ladies do not ever *follow*, but always *lead* their lords. So long as *wine* is smiled upon by *Woman*, so long will it by *Man* be quaffed to madness. She moulds the manners and customs, and holds in her hands the temporal, and to some extent the eternal destinies of humanity. Like sunlight streaming through apertures into dark and dusty apartments, her teetotal, reformatory and refining influence penetrates the more sombre-hued character of surrounding man, and transforms the floating seed-motes of Bacchanalian revelry and vice, into golden and redeeming bars of teetotalism and virtue. Such being the influence of woman, either for good or evil, it becomes the sex—and especially all that are *teetotal*—to be instant and active in exerting it in behalf of temperance and humanity.—*Mass. Cat.*

BRITAIN'S JUGGERNAUT.

What little boy or girl has not heard of Juggernaut, one of the gods of the heathen? Who has not heard of his idol-car, like a mountain on wheels, and decked with the richest and most gaudy trappings; of his great festival days, when tens of thousands assemble to do him reverence; and of his costly sacrifices, when human beings, blinded by satan and sin, throw themselves beneath his wheels, that they may be crushed to death, in hope of receiving a great reward? And who that has heard of these things is not ready to exclaim, what blindness, what folly, what madness in men, to worship a huge pile of wood, and mangle and destroy themselves beneath its wheels! The poor ignorant worshippers of Juggernaut have found pity in the bosoms of British Christians. Good men have been sent across the dangerous ocean to tell them of their folly, and lead them to the only fountain of happiness, the living and true God; and children have been taught to pity the wretched worshippers of Juggernaut, and to do something for the purpose of saving them. We rejoice that this is done. It is a glorious work. May every child who reads this engage in it, and may the Lord bless the work, and make it successful.

But there is a Juggernaut nearer home than India. There is a Juggernaut in Britain. It is in the very midst of us. Ay, there are more than one, but there is one which surpasses all the rest in the splendour of its appearance,—the number of its worshippers, and the costliness of its sacrifices. Its name is Bacchus, it is the Juggernaut of intemperance.

Look at its temples. They are far more numerous than the temples of the living God. They are often, too, far more splendid. They are to be seen in every parish,—in every village—at the corner of almost every street.

Look at its priests. They stand inviting you to enter. They have got laughing countenances and soft words, and they are very full of zeal in adding to the number of those who worship this great idol.

Look at its convert-makers. They are generally jolly-looking, smooth-tongued, middle-aged men; and they resemble the pilgrim-hunters of India, who go about catching and ensnaring men to worship the idol.

Look at its sacrifices. How costly! One man sacrifices his fortune, even to its last farthing. Another sacrifices his business, and becomes an idle and ruined man. Another sacrifices the happiness of his wife and children, and drives them forth to the cold world to be tossed about helpless there. While all sacrifice their character, their comforts, their health, their prospects, and not a few their immortal souls. For, alas, how few drunkards ever turn from the worship of Bacchus to the worship of the true God. But this Juggernaut has got worshippers of a different kind,—respectable worshippers: they go not to its temples, but worship at home and in private. They hold high festival days, too, when they gather together their families and friends to pay honour to the customs of the worshippers of this idol god.

Look at the number of these worshippers. They can hardly be estimated. They consist not merely of thousands, but tens of thousands, yea, of hundreds of thousands. The king as well as the beggar, gentle women as well as stern men, the man of three score years and ten as well as the youth, the sons of genius as well as the stupid sot, are all numbered among the worshippers of the British Juggernaut. No fewer than 60,000 annually sacrifice themselves in its service; how great then must the numbers of its worshippers be!

And now, children, what think you of this idol god? Do you not see that it is the enemy of the true God, and the friend of satan? Do you not see that it is blinding and destroying millions of your fellow men? Do you not pity its poor victims? Surely you must. Oh, then, worship it not yourselves. Help to destroy the idol. Many good men and children too, are trying to do so. In plain words, the idol is strong drink. Never touch it then, and teach others to do the same, and the idol will soon be destroyed. And, oh! what a happy morn will that be when this event shall happen. It will cause rejoicing in heaven, and boundless happiness upon earth.—*Juvenile Temperance Messenger.*

THE FREE CHURCH ON INTEMPERANCE.

At the meeting of the Free Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, Dr. MacFarlane of Renfrew brought forward an overture to the General Assembly on intemperance. A petition was presented from Laurieston on the same subject.

Dr. MacFarlane said that his overture was exceedingly general in its terms. It was evident that intemperance existed to a very great extent, and that some measures ought to be taken for its remedy. The memorial from Laurieston left them to say what these measures should be. He would not occupy the Synod by going into the extent of the evils of intemperance, as he was addressing men who were more accustomed than him to meet scenes of intemperance in their parochial visitations. He recollected some years ago when he visited his parish in this city, that, in some districts, every third, fourth, or fifth family might be regarded as intemperate. He did not mean to say that they were all absolute drunkards, but there were many of them given to tipping, which was immoral, and destructive to society. Taking the excise returns for the year 1841, the year in which the census was taken, and comparing these returns with the population, we are warranted to infer that more than two gallons and a half of ardent spirits were used by every man, woman, and child in Scotland. He went on to contend that the crime of intemperance was the chief cause of the evils of society, and took occasion to show that Scotland consumed more ardent spirits than England, Ireland, or any other country in Europe, and that it required a strong effort to be made to root out the drinking system from the customs of social intercourse, with which in this country it is so interwoven. He sat down by moving the adoption of the overture. Mr. Hutchison of Johnstone begged most cordially to second the motion. He remarked that the presbytery of Paisley, with which he was connected, was at present publishing a series of tracts on intemperance, from which he found, that within the bounds of that Presbytery alone, not less a sum than £115,000 per annum was expended on ardent spirits. After a short discussion, the overture was unanimously agreed to. On the motion of Dr. Paterson, the memorial from Laurieston was received, and the Synod agreed to memorialize the magistrates within their bounds on the subject of licensing public-houses.

ADVANTAGES RESULTING TO WORKING MEN FROM THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

The first advantage arising from it was this:—it broke through that cold indifference which had always been felt by