

use of intoxicating drinks in this community," but we have *done* comparatively little. To say and not to do, either shows the threat of a coward, or the insincerity of our fairest promises. To say and not to do gives our enemy the vantage ground, while he points the finger of scorn at our irresoluteness and weakness. To say and not to do, is to mock the tears of the drunkard's wife, the rage of his children, the wretchedness of his home, and the destiny of his soul! To say and not to do, is to lie, to deceive, willfully to break a voluntary obligation, entered into in the presence of men, and under the all-seeing eye of God. How applicable are Solomon's words here—"Better had the vow not been made, than having been made, not be observed." Now, respected brother teetotalers, shall we contentedly remain in this inactive, lethargic laodicean state any longer, or shall we wake up, redeem our character, recover our lost ground, renew the attack, and keep on our armour, until an universal shout of VICTORY proclaims a release from the duties of our warfare?

AN UNFAITHFUL TEETOTALER.

Montreal, 26th August, 1845.

JOHNSTOWN DISTRICT.

We understand that the progress of the temperance cause in this District is very marked and satisfactory, and that the Brockville and Prescott societies had recently a great temperance celebration in the way of a pleasure trip, of which we hope to publish a more particular account soon.

KINGSTON RACES.

A serious riot, likely to be still more serious in its consequences, took place at the above named scene of dissipation and vice. As usual it grew out of drunkenness: an Irish sailor and a Scotch soldier, both in liquor, quarrelled, and the bad feeling thus engendered appears to have spread widely through the community. When will the authorities cease to countenance races?

We understand, from good authority, that mechanics in Montreal are making very high wages at present, and that a great portion of these wages is spent in drink. One builder, for instance, who employs a great number of workmen, some of whom can earn nearly 20s. a day, says that he only knows of two who are saving any money. Intemperance is certainly alarmingly on the increase amongst us.

NEED FOR FATHER MATHEW.

We understand that at the erection of a great Roman Catholic Church in Toronto, this summer, the people of that persuasion were prevailed upon to give their labour gratuitously, and as an inducement or reward, were liberally supplied from a whiskey barrel which was kept upon the ground at the foot of a cross, erected for the occasion.

NOTICE TO BRITISH SUBSCRIBERS.

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EDUCATION.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

(Concluded from page 268.)

This is the last number we shall devote to Mary Lundie Duncan, yet we will not believe that our readers are in haste to lose

sight of the lovely picture, however much it may have suffered in our setting. It has been our pleasure to see the loveliness of her character as a daughter, a sister, a friend, a wife, a mother, and we have the sweet satisfaction of thinking that thousands of our readers have inwardly resolved to walk, though at a far remove, in the footsteps of this inestimable woman. In the present number we will follow her to the grave, and dwell for a little while on those talents and virtues that rendered her the object of so much deserved admiration and love.

We have chosen to let Mrs. Duncan speak for herself in this sketch, and doubtless the reader has thus caught a livelier and truer idea of her character, than we should have otherwise conveyed. Reading the record which a private letter to a friend discloses, we are let into the workings of her own pure spirit, and see her in the midst of her domestic or parish cares so vividly as no description will reach. It would be easy to speak of her maternal anxiety as she hangs over the bed of a sick child, watching as none but a mother will, the breath of one she loves. But we do not see her, as when we read in one of her letters:

"My poor little Mary became ill. She became worse, and one day I thought the Friend of little children was going to call her to a better world. Oh, my M——, you will never understand the agony of such a day, unless you are sometime a mother!"

Her two brothers went to the South Seas, one as a missionary, the other an invalid in quest of health, and her heart yearned after them. Her letters contain frequent allusion to them, and to her own feelings in view of the dismemberment their once united and happy family had suffered. How many will feel a chord in their own souls touched by these words:

"I remember the happy days of childhood,—gone for ever,—when we were all united, as we likely never shall again be in this world. But this thought makes heaven look lovelier:

'When I arrive on yonder shore,
There shall be calm enough for me.'

These lines are seldom out of my mind; and I trust every one belonging to us will be gathered where there is no parting, but perfect union of spirit in the praise of Jesus."

And in a farewell letter to the invalid brother, how tenderly she mingles comfort in her own cup and puts it to his lips, as she writes, "God is weakening your strength in a way, my dear brother, that you may lean, more undividedly, on Him who is strong to save. He is changing the plan we all loved to think of, that of your soon being a messenger of glad tidings, a shepherd of the flock of Jesus. But I trust it is, that you might see more of the glory and beauty that shine in the face of this precious Saviour, and may learn the depths of his tender sympathy; for, oh! what is human love to this? And then, having learned the lesson in the school of Christ, how fervently will you declare to poor sinners the riches of His grace; and what a blessing will follow your labors, if, in after years, you are permitted to feed the flock!"

Nor was her muse silent when the hour of her brother's departure to a distant isle drew near. From the beautiful poem which she addressed to her brother George, we quote but a verse or two:—

"Shouldst thou in spirit to thy home returning,
Behold the lessened circle sigh for thee,
And each, with mournful love and ardor burning,
For thee, retiring, bend the suppliant knee.
May faith's assurance soothe thy soul to rest,
'Their prayers are heard, thou shalt be surely blest.'

"With thine, our prayers shall rise, to Heaven ascending,
Nor seas, nor farthest space, a barrier prove,
And at the shrine of mercy, sweetly blending,
Shall find acceptance through redeeming love;
In lands remote, our parted course may run;
But naught can sever hearts in Christ made one."

During the labors, and pleasures too, of her life, she was often afflicted with *dreadful headaches*, which afforded but too much reason to fear that she was liable to acute disease upon the brain. She often mentions these turns in her letters, though without serious apprehensions of their effects. "The last days of September," says her mother, "were passed in a Highland excursion, kindly planned by her husband, with a view to invigorate her frame after nursing her boy. She hailed the charms of nature with never tiring delight, and gave permanence to some of her