

much benefited by the steadiness of my men, as the men will be by the saving of their constitutions and money."

The next is from John Jarman, labourer, Clipston, Northamptonshire, who writes under date, June 3, 1840, and says:—

"By the blessing of God, I have done the chief part of my work for the past four years without any intoxicating drink; and for the last nineteen months have been a total abstainer. Instead of beer, my master pays me one pound for the harvest month, and for grass mowing one shilling per acre extra. I am thankful to say, that I never enjoyed better health, or did my work with as much ease and comfort."

Mr. D. Ellis, farmer, Clipston, says:—

"I give my men one pound for the month of harvest, instead of beer, if they like, and I can truly say, that I have a great deal more work done than when I gave them strong ale, and particularly in hot weather. I always find that the men that drink broth, milk, gruel, &c., stand their work best when they are most wanted."

We quote the following from the *Cambridge Chronicle*:—

TEE-TOTALISM PUT TO THE TEST.—On Tuesday week Mr. Edward Shelford, a tee-totaller, of Great Chesterford, was challenged to mow three acres of oats on that day, which extraordinary task he accomplished in 14 hours and 23 and a half minutes, commencing at a quarter past four o'clock in the morning, and finishing at 12 minutes to seven, without drinking any beverage stronger than tea or coffee. It is remarkable that whilst the field in which the labour was performed was rendered unusually difficult, in consequence of the vast quantities of grass being intermixed with the oats, yet the amount of work done was quite double the quantity generally accounted a good day's work. This circumstance will tell well in behalf of the water-drinking system.

The last testimony we shall adduce at present, is an interesting letter from an agricultural labourer, which we find in the October number of that valuable periodical, the *Temperance Recorder*, (published by Mr. Burton, Ipswich).

WICKHAM MARKET, September 13, 1841.

"By the blessing of God I have completed the labours of another harvest upon temperance principles, and have great pleasure to inform you that I have been able fully to prove to a demonstration the fallacy of the declaration which many make, that hard work cannot be done without the use of strong drink. The weather being rather showery at the commencement of the harvest, we lost some little time, which brought all our powers into action when it was fine; and I can truly say that we never did so great an amount of work in so little time during the nine harvests that I have been through; and I am thankful to say, I have had the power to do my share in every respect with the eleven men that worked with me, leaving them at least without excuse. It would be an act of ingratitude on my part were I not to tell you, that my master, in every respect, allows me the full amount in money which I otherwise should have in malt, although, as you are acquainted with his liberal principles, on that point you would not have entertained a doubt. You will recollect that I told you at the Temperance Hall that I had a tee-total cow, the result of tee-totalism last year, I have great pleasure to inform you that I have got the price of another cow rounded up this year, ready to buy one as soon as I can happen on one to my liking. Some of our Christian professors tell me that it is all for the sake of getting of money that I abstain from strong drink, but I can say that three societies receive benefit every week from my abstaining. It is not well to make a boast of what we do, therefore I shall withhold the amount of my subscriptions; but suffice it to say, that I have given more towards the spread of the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ these last eighteen months, than I did for eight and twenty years before. My motto is, get all I can and give all I can. I have not the fear of the man of sin now, being a member of the honourable Order of Rechabites. I could enlarge, but thinking this will probably produce as much effect as would a volume of words, I leave them with you to insert or not as you may think best,—I remain, &c."

EDWARD LENCH.

We could easily extend this list of testimonies, but think the above quite sufficient to satisfy any reasonable person that laborious work can be performed better without stimulating drinks than with them. We are glad to observe that the custom of furnishing workmen with intoxicating

liquors to "support" them while engaged in laborious employments, is everywhere on the decline; and we are convinced that, just in proportion as men get enlightened, and follow the dictates of common sense, will this absurd and ruinous practice be entirely abandoned.—*Scottish Temperance Journal*.

[We ask the attention of Canadian Agriculturists to the above article, and in case they should object that the climate of England is not so warm and oppressive as ours, we beg leave to assure them that in the United States, where harvest weather is even hotter than in Canada, the same great truth is almost universally admitted and acted upon, viz.: that intoxicating drinks are neither necessary nor useful, but rather injurious in the harvest field, and that there are many substitutes for these drinks, incalculably preferable.—*Ed.*]

The Tavern-keeper's Reward.

(ORIGINAL.)

About eighteen miles from K——, on the shore of the Bay of ——, there stands a beautiful edifice surrounded by commodious outbuildings, which commands a magnificent prospect of the Bay and surrounding country, where it might appear to the traveller that the inmates must possess happiness, if happiness can be enjoyed in the abundance of worldly goods; but alas what is its history. The proprietor of this grand establishment about twenty years ago was a prosperous yeoman: he had an only son on whom his paternal affections, and hopes of domestic happiness were in a manner concentrated. Not being contented with the ordinary income of a happy farmer, he engaged in the sale of fire-water, and converted his peaceful home into a tavern, which increased his wealth with rapid progress—and every thing glided along smoothly down the tide of life, whilst his son was approximating toward manhood. As a natural consequence, however, the boy acquired a great taste for the article which he was every day engaged in handling; but the father was insensible to his danger, and would oftener extol him as a manly drinker, than reprove him as a dissipated youth.

This young man moved in a respectable class of society, and married a beautiful and amiable young girl, who exulted in the thought that prosperity and happiness were dawning on her youthful head, as she became the wife of an only son, who heired such a great estate—

But oh sad disappointment's car
Roll'd swiftly to her door,
Prosperity's bright morning star
Had set to rise no more.

His habits of dissipation soon increased to such an alarming extent that the disappointed girl began to despair of ever beholding the happy days she so eagerly anticipated. She was soon the mother of a child, born to the neglect of a drunken father, and the care of a faithful and feeling, but unfortunate, mother. Only a few years were numbered with the past, when his habits became so intolerable that she was obliged to leave him alone with his demon, to be numbered with the mighty to drink strong drink. She returned to her home with a care-worn brow, denoting that she was the sister of sorrow and the child of adversity. After some months' separation, however, they again became reconciled to each other,—as he was full of promises of reformation, and affectionate woman is every ready to forget and forgive; but, alas! the old habits appeared altogether unconquerable, and he soon again was reduced to a complete state of penury, his family living on charity, and he a poor unfortunate scabby bloot. His last resource was a steer, which he sold for £3, swearing that with the money he would drink himself to death, and in accomplishment of his design poured the liquor down at the rate of two or three quarts a day, until he could do nothing but roll about on the floor, with the liquor running out of his mouth as fast as he