

prospered. They recommended teetotalism to all their neighbours, and ere-long the husband became an earnest and a popular advocate of its doctrines and practice on the platform.

Years passed on, and one night a large temperance meeting was held in Glasgow, which was to be addressed by our friend, and another speaker from the south side of the river. The former was the first to address the audience, and during the course of his remarks he happened to narrate the conversation which had taken place on board the steamer many years ago. When he sat down the other speaker rose, and in tones which deeply impressed all who heard him, said:—

“Our eloquent friend, who has just finished has told you of a conversation which he had with a young man on the Clyde, one Queen’s birth-day. I can tell you more about it. I was that young man. We have never met since, and I would not have recognized him, had he not alluded to the circumstance. But the conversation itself I have had terrible cause to remember. In one month after Mary and I were married, and true to our intention then expressed, we continued to partake of strong drink. I said I never would be other than a moderate drinker, and I never was. But my wife—my wife acquired an appetite for the accursed thing, and every week that appetite increased, till she was a confirmed drunkard. In horror and despair I urged, I prayed her to abandon it, but in vain. Oh, then I saw how that for the sake of others, if not for his own, every moderate drinker ought to abstain; and, in the hope that she would follow the example, I took the pledge. But, ah! no. It is easier far to teach evil than to teach good, and in two years I buried my wife in a drunkard’s grave. Since then I have laboured with heart and soul to persuade moderate drinkers to join the temperance cause.”

Moderate drinkers, read this and behold the precipice on which you stand.—*Scottish League’s Weekly Journal.*

THE DRUNKARD’S APPETITE.

Mr.—was at one time of considerable respectability in a certain district of Scotland, and his connexion with the commercial world was such as to put him in possession of a sufficiency for the ordinary wants of life; but a course of dissipation was entered upon, which, in the end, compelled him, along with his dissolute wife, to leave the scene of his early life and labours, and take up their abode in the city. In his case, as will be seen in the sequel, the old proverb had an awful verification—viz., that ‘the candle lighted at both ends soon burns down.’ I never saw him, though I have been in his house and seen his wife. I have conversed, however, with those who were well acquainted with him, who described him as a person who possessed more than ordinary intelligence, a most agreeable and fascinating manner, and who, even in the lowest state of his degraded career, gave indication of that culture and polish which at one time dignified him in the sphere of life in which he moved. It is apparently deep-seated grief for the excesses he was ever and anon perpetrating, made him an object of pity with those who were brought into contact with him. No improvement, however, was visible; the career pursued in this, his new location, being worse, if possible, than in the district from which he had withdrawn him-

self. In all his orgies, he was invariably accompanied by his partner; truly, they went ‘hand-and-glove’ together. For a time he filled a position of some trust, but it was not long till he found it impossible to obtain any employment. Latterly, he continued to pick up any stray job, however humble. In course of time their circumstances (always bad) were truly wretched; he was overtaken with sickness—a sickness unto death—the fruit of his dissipated life. Whilst thus situated, the house contained nothing in the shape of furniture, except the mattress on which he lay. But she who had been his companion when able to walk abroad, was not so now; day after day she left him in his miserable condition, whilst she prowled up and down to procure fuel for the consuming flame which raged within her. One afternoon, she returned to the dwelling, having been absent all the former part of the day. The great glazed eyeballs of her poor husband told that he was fast nearing the confines of the unseen world, but despite the awe-inspiring circumstances of the time, she commenced to pull the wretched pallet from beneath her dying partner, who imploringly looked up, and besought her to allow it to remain. Deaf to his entreaties, she continued her efforts till she got the mattress from beneath him, carried it away, and disposed of it for the merest pittance, which was expended on drink. Ere she returned, the messenger of death had entered the wretched domicile, and summoned away the miserable victim of strong drink. And there lay the corpse, with no other covering than an old tattered shirt: but even this she stripped from off the lifeless form of her husband; and having covered the body with several posting bills (the remnant of a quantity which the deceased had been employed to post previous to his illness), she speedily disposed of the shirt, and proceeded to gratify still further her horrid propensity. Oh, what a price! Will any one affirm that even a spark of humanity remained in the bosom of this wretched one.

“OBSERVE THE RULES.”

The following excellent observations are extracted from the Annual Report of the G. W. P. of the G. D. of Ohio.

In my semi-annual report, I had occasion to speak of the insubordination and disregard of the known rules and usages of the Order, which then prevailed in the Order to an alarming extent. A case was purposely presented to the Grand Division, so that decisive action might be taken, that would at once crush such a spirit. The action of the Grand Division was not, in my judgement, sufficiently decisive, but was too much of a temporizing character. I feared such a policy would have a bad effect, and I regret to say that my fears have been realized. The moderation which characterized the Grand Division at that time, and which was deemed sufficient to restrain subordination and disregard of our known rules and usages, did not have the desired effect, and we will again be obliged to reconsider this unpleasant subject.

Rules and regulations are absolutely essential to the correct government, prosperity, and indeed to the perpetuity of all organized associations: and when rules are prescribed by acknowledged authority, they should in all cases, be strictly enforced. A departure from any of them, even from those apparently unimportant, made upon the ground of

supposed expediency, or because the rule is unimportant, opens the way to departures of a graver character, and ere long, all rules are disregarded, and confusion, disorder and insubordination result.—While in legislating for Subordinate Divisions a strict conformance to the law, as given us by the national Division, should always govern us; yet in cases where we have discretionary power, a liberal and moderate policy should characterize the action of this body. But our moderation and liberality should not lead us to pass over lightly, acts of wilful and deliberate disregard of rule, and of insubordination. The prosperity, healthfulness, and to a great extent, the perpetuity of the Order, in a great measure, depend on the right enforcement of the laws of the Order. Gross disregard of law, wilful departure from well established usage, and acts of defiant insubordination, should be promptly checked, and if necessary, exemplary punishment should be inflicted. A just, decided, and firm administration of our laws should ever characterize this body.

I have dwelt thus at length upon this subject, because there is now a necessity for decided action upon the part of this Grand Division. I sincerely trust that your action will be of such a character that all insubordination, and all disregard of our laws and usages will be so rebuked, and if you please so punished that we may have no more trouble from such a source.

Poetry.

THOUGHT AND DEED.

BY CHARLES B. KENNEDY.

Full many a light thought man may cherish,
Full many an idle deed may do;
Yet not a deed or thought shall perish—
Not one but he shall bless or rue.

When by the wind the tree is shaken,
There’s not a bough or leaf can fall,
But of its falling heed is taken
By one who sees and governs all.

The tree may fall and be forgotten,
And buried in the earth remain:
Yet from its juices rank and rotten
Spring vegetating life again.

The world is with creation teeming,
And nothing ever wholly dies;
And things that are destroyed in seeming,
In other shapes and forms arise.

And nature still unfolds the tissue
Of unseen work by spirit wrought;
And not a work but hath its issue,
With blessings or with evil fraught.

And thou may’st seem to leave behind thee
All record of the sinful past;
Yet O, be sure, thy sin shall find thee,
And thou shalt know its fruits at last.

Correspondence

RAGGED ISLAND.

RAGGED ISLAND, Dec. 29th, 1856.

DEAR SIR,—

Allow us to offer you a sister’s welcome, whilst we hail with a degree of