

win him back to virtue? Why is it that, when fallen, they are thrust still farther down by taunting and contempt? O, such was not the spirit of Him who came "to seek and to save that which was lost." Such was not the spirit of Him who said, "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more." How often, instead of throwing the mantle of charity over a brother's sin, instead of telling him his fault "between thee and him alone," it is bared to the light of day, trumpeted to a cold and censure loving world, until the victim either sinks into gloomy despondency, and believes it hopeless for him to attempt amendment, or else stands forth in bold defiance, and rushes headlong to his ruin. Not one human being stands so perfect in his isolation, as to be wholly unmoved by contact with his fellows; what need, then, for the daily exercise of that God-like charity, which "suffereth long, and is kind," which "rejoiceth not in iniquity," which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Seven years have gone with their records to eternity—where is James Boynton now?

In one room of a miserable, dilapidated tenement, inhabited by many unfortunate victims of poverty and vice, lives he who, on his wedding-day, had entered a home of which taste and luxury rendered enviable. Squalor and discomfort are on every side. His four children are pale and sickly, from want of proper food, and close confinement in that deleterious atmosphere. They have learned to hide away when they hear their father's footsteps; alas! to his own he is no longer the good-natured man. Fallen in his own esteem, frequently the subject of ribald mirth, his passions have become inflamed, and he vents his ill-humour on his defenceless family. He no longer makes even a show of doing something for their support; and to keep them from starving, his wife works whatever and at whatever she can find employment.

A few more years, and where is Mrs. Boynton? Tremble, ye who set an example to your families of which ye cannot foretell the consequences? Tremble, ye whom God has made to be the protectors, the guides, the counsellors, of the women ye have vowed to love and cherish! Mrs. Boynton, like her husband, has fallen! In an evil hour, harassed by want, ill used by her husband, she tasted the fatal cup. It produced temporary forgetfulness, from which she awoke to a sense of shame and anguish. Ah, she had no mother, no sister, no woman friend who truly cared for her, to warn, to plead, to admonish! Again was she tempted, again she tasted, and that squalid home was rendered tenfold more wretched by the absence of all content and order. However great may be the sorrow and distress occasioned by a man's love for strong drink, it is not to be compared to the deep wretchedness produced by the same cause in woman; and it is matter for thankfulness, that so few men drag down their wives with them in their fall.

Providence raised up a friend who took the barefooted children of the Boyntons from being daily witnesses of the evil habits of their parents; and so dulled were all the finer feelings of his nature, that James Boynton parted from them without a struggle.

O, it is fearful to think how many homes have been made desolate—how many hearts have been broken—how many fine minds have been ruined—how many lofty intellects have been humbled! It is fearful to think of the madness, the crime, the awful death, which follow in the steps of ruin.

MR. KELLOGG, THE TEMPERANCE LECTURER.

(From the Nova Scotian.)

Imagine to yourself, if you have not seen, friendly reader, a full, robust, and healthy figure, with a head and countenance, doing credit to humanity—full features beaming with benevolence—an eye sparkling with ready wit and joy—

a forehead betokening active thought and a large brain, and the general contour of a man and a gentleman—you then have before you the Temperance lecturer, Mr. Kellogg.

Let us attend one of his lectures.

The room in which we meet is crowded to excess. The fame of the lecturer having gone abroad, has attracted many others, like ourselves, to hear, for the first time, the lion of the evening. The meeting is opened—the lecturer is announced.

He rises quietly and looks around upon his audience as if with a momentary feeling of embarrassment. Upon the table before him are loosely laid the few stray notes of the principles, arguments, anecdotes and pictures he is about to give his audience. Eyes are anxiously fixed upon him—ears are opened to listen to the first sound which may fall from his lips. He commences slowly and with not the most mellifluous voice (for its tones are somewhat rough and grating) utters some common-place remarks upon the necessity and progress of Temperance. A feeling of disappointment already moves in the breasts of many of the audience, created as if by the artistic skill of the lecturer, to be presently banished by a torrent of words, thoughts, and eloquence, bursting by magic upon the ear.

Gradually proceeding from step to step, and theme to theme, he has at length rivetted the attention of his listeners. As he warms on his subject, he becomes truly eloquent—uttering with unusual rapidity and stentorian voice a volume of words and ideas which flow as in one wide continued stream, until every auditor is convinced that the lecturer "speaks the truth and feels it." The principles of the cause he is advocating have been adduced—the arguments have been enunciated—the enlivening anecdote has been told, and he proceeds to his peroration. It is then that the lecturer shines—it is then that he produces an effect. He draws a true life-like picture of the drunkard wallowing in his wretchedness and filth—of the drunkard's wife and children suffering in their miserable haunt of grief—of the drunkard's home, bare of comfort and hope—and of the drunkard dying with every glass he takes, and finally sinking "unhonoured and unsung" to the drunkard's grave. It is then, we say, that he shines most. He moves his audience to tears. The picture is true, and told with such fervid power that the drunkard, his wife, his children, and his grave are all before you.—An irrepressible thrill of horror runs through your mind—the spectacle is so true and overpowering. The lecturer was eloquent—and eloquence always moves.

Mr. Kellogg is an argumentative speaker—and whether his arguments be on morality or political economy, he is sound in reducing them to subserviency to the cause he advocates. With a mind full of historical facts and passing events—pregnant with a knowledge of the arts, sciences, and religion—which he makes auxiliary to his arguments, he raises an impregnable barrier to all opponents—and convinces many a man against his will.

Withal, however, Mr. K. is not an orator. He wants that grace of action and studied language, which, to minds and ears polite, are considered the chief requisites of the public elocutionist. But he is eminently "a man of one idea,"—just the man for the times—rightly calculated to work out the aim he has in view. His entire soul (and his heart seems large enough to embrace the whole human family) is devoted to the cause.

Mark him, as his hearers approach the President, to take upon themselves the solemn vow to abstain from that beverage which, to many, has been cursed in its effects: his features beam with gladness, as, with parental feelings, he then looks upon his converts. He betrays the emotion which he feels, as he stands and gazes on the scene passing in review before him.

To be heard favourably, Mr. Kellogg must have a crowded