

fashion, it must imitate the herd; it cannot be odd, and the wine cup must grace the board from which the courtly set would withdraw, if it was omitted. The man cannot bear to be thought mean or vulgar, and his coward soul deserts the post of duty, the mission of benevolence, the call of God, and follows the multitude to do evil."

My friends these temptations I have felt; my family have felt the consequences of daring to differ on this all but universal question of "the bee society," but I am proud to say, we never yielded.

My daughter will be 21 years of age on the 15th of November, and she never saw intoxicating drinks on my table, and by the blessing of God sustaining me, I am resolved she never shall.

I have passed through trials of mind and body, and the ordinary vicissitudes of life, and I contend that to persons in health stimulants are not only never necessary, but always injurious. I contend that men in labour more endure more reverse of fortune—play more sing more, dance more, if these were necessary, than those who stimulate. But if you turn to what is man's true dignity and duty then will not all admit that man can read God's word better, attend his service better labor in every holy vocation, and pray better when his mind is free and unexcited, than when under the very slightest degree of excitement. Oh! my friends, I am as fond of mirth, amusement, and exercise, as any among you, but to enjoy these fully you should be **TEETOTALERS**! Many fancy the Main Law is a failure, temperance organizations upset, and the whole fanaticism exploded, but let me assure you it is not the case. The cause of temperance is the cause of truth and of God. Arising out of "the necessities of the case" and while there is a benevolent heart, as there must ever be where there are Christians, men will begin where the movement first begun and work for a revival of its principles and influence.—*Abridged from the Canada Temperance Advocate.*

## Poetry.

### TRY AGAIN.

There is always something in the breast,  
Which whispers clear and plain,  
"There's work to do; why idly rest?  
Up, Up, and try again."

There's magic in these little words,  
Which have a greater power  
Than levelled guns, or flashing swords,  
In danger's darkest hour:  
And when they're used to prompt the right;  
To soothe the distress and pain,  
They bear a tone of glorious might—  
"Up, up, and try again!"

The little flower which lifts its head  
Up to the sunlit sky,  
Bowed down beneath the heavy tread,  
Does not lie there and die;  
There is a voice, borne by the winds,  
Which vibrates o'er the plain,  
And says, unheard by passing hinds,  
"Up, up, and try again."

The student, poring o'er his books,  
By the dim midnight oil,  
With wearied eyes and baggared looks,  
Fails, but renews his toil;

The man of science, searching out  
Great truth, with throbbing brain,  
Says, 'mid confusion dark, and doubt  
"Up, up, and try again!"

And that should be the watchword cry  
Of all the good and wise,  
Together banded, sworn to dry  
The mourner's weeping eyes;  
To set up Love and earnest Work  
Where Vice and Sloth now reign;  
Though long they toil, still let them cry—  
"We'll conquer—Try again!"

### WE BLOOM AMID THE SNOW

The following lines were read and presented to Mr. Somerville, on the occasion referred to in another part of our columns. They were  
WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION BY J. B.

Around the cheerful festive board,  
We gladly welcome you,  
To share a social hour and give,  
A warm, heartfelt adieu.  
Life is a thorny path at best;  
Yet in this world of woe,  
Are hearts, that like the Mayflower,  
Doth "bloom amid the snow."

Farewell! and mark thy future path.  
A path of pleasure prove,  
Accompanied with Purity,  
Fidelity, and Love.  
Tho' you may travel far and wide—  
We hope, where'er you go,  
You'll ne'er forget the Mayflower  
That "blooms amid the snow."

At parting, how the heart is rung,  
What heart can better tell,  
Than when a brother's faltering tongue  
Breathes out that word—*farewell*.  
Farewell! should wintry tempests howl,  
A brother's heart, you know,  
Is like the beauteous Mayflower  
That "blooms amid the snow."

Adieu! but yet we hope to meet  
Upon that happy shore,  
Where parting hours can never come,  
And farewells are no more.  
Where fairest flowers, (whose rich perfume  
Through endless seasons glow,  
'Neath brighter skies,) shall ever bloom;  
But not amid the snow.

Where charity shall ever reign,  
And friendship be sincere;  
And Time, himself, be swallowed up,  
In one eternal year!  
Thus, brother may we there complete,  
This work, begun below;  
A faithful band! may we be found  
Pure as the spotless snow.

## Review.

AN ARGUMENT, LEGAL AND HISTORICAL,  
FOR THE LEGISLATIVE PROHIBITION  
OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC: By Dr.  
Frederick Richard Lees. The Essay  
to which the Alliance first prize of one  
hundred guineas was awarded. London:  
12 mo., pp. 318.

(Concluded.)

In the fourth chapter Dr. Lees shows that the Liquor Traffic is indefensible on the score of benefit to the country, or

addition to the revenue. Here again, crowds of facts are adduced in evidence. The revenue question was discussed in Nova Scotia, and the opponents of Prohibition took this ground, that we should lose £24,000 a year, the amount of revenue derived from intoxicating liquors, in consequence of which the railroad works would have to be stopped! That was all *bosh*, as every sensible man confessed—but it served the purpose. It mystified the weak minded and frightened the timid, and furnished time-servers with an excuse for breaking promises. All thinking persons agree in opinion that the suppression of the liquor traffic would be followed by such an increased expenditure for necessary and useful articles, and such a diminution of charges for police establishments, criminals and pauperism, that the advantage to the country would be inconceivable. This opinion is confirmed by an appeal to history. In times of scarcity the distilleries have been stopped, and what has been the result? Mr. Colquhoun, in his *Treatise on the Police of London*, says:—

"It is a curious and important fact, that during the period when the distilleries were stopped, in 1796-7, though bread and every necessary of life were considerably higher than during the preceding year, the poor were apparently more comfortable—paid their rents more regularly, and were better fed than at any period for some years before, even though they had not the benefit of the extensive charities which were distributed in 1795. This can only be accounted for by their being denied the indulgence of gin, which had become in a great measure inaccessible from its very high price. It may be fairly concluded that the money formerly spent in this imprudent manner had been applied in the purchase of provisions and other necessities, to the amount of some £100,000. The effect of their being deprived of this baneful liquor was also evident in their more orderly conduct; quarrels and assaults were less frequent, and they resorted seldom to the pawnbroker's shop; and yet, during the chief part of this period, bread was 15d. the quarter loaf; meat higher than the preceding year, particularly pork, which arose in part from the stoppage of the distilleries, but chiefly from the scarcity of grain."

Dr. Lees remarks respecting Ireland: "On reference to the Tables of Imports into Ireland, and a comparison of the years of the stoppage of the distilleries, and the consequent comparative sobriety of the nation, with the years when they were in full activity, destroying food and demoralizing the people, we arrive at the startling anomaly, that a year of scarcity, with prohibition, is better than a year of plenty without it! The years 1809-10 and 1813-14 were seasons of