

who should have been the first to swell our ranks, stood aloof, and warned others to beware of the "beast." Many times the "storm king" seemed to threaten to overwhelm us. False friends forsook us, and timid ones fled away; but a few, with "hearts of oak" and "iron will," who had "enlisted for life," resolving to *conquer or die*, stood firm and true to the great and holy principles they had espoused, and they triumphed. Victoria Mines Division still lives, and is in a healthy and flourishing condition.—Twenty have been initiated since last December, and the cry is: "still they come." Our Division room has been rendered more "home-like" and inviting by the radiant smiles and happy countenances of the Ladies—a number having lately been admitted as "visitors." How much more ennobling, how much more like the Great Master, to be thus employed in rescuing their brotherman from the grave, than to be passing to his lips the fatal wine cup, and with that smile "so alluring" urge him to drink but "one glass for my sake." Alas! how much of woe and bitter sorrow do they often bring to themselves. Oh! woman, e'er thou liftest the rosy wine to that manly form, think of him as ruin's victim—ruined! di-graced!! dead!!! and oh! for one short moment pause—contemplate "their end, their dreadful end," when the immortal spirit shall take its flight "beyond the river;" methinks you will then—

"In pity for the broken heart,  
For reason's shattered shrine,  
Lift up your gentle, pleading voice,  
'Beware the flowing wine.'"

But, Mr Editor, I have been digressing. A number of Public Meetings have been held during the winter, in which addresses have been delivered by the Rev Dr Robertson, Rev N. Viditoe, Brothers McKeown, McLeod and others—to the purpose, and with good effect. Thus our cause is advancing; and unless some enemy shall come and sow tares among the wheat, we shall still advance. You will perceive the benefit arising from the triumph of temperance here, being in the very heart of the "Victoria Iron Works." There are no rum shanties here yet, although we have been strongly threatened with these vile dens of infamy. Prohibition we regard as the only effectual remedy, but this we shall never obtain until temperance men, sinking all minor differences, shall carry their principles with them to the Ballot Box, and there practice what they preach. A Prohibitory Law, passed by those who in their hearts "scoff at" and "revile" it, would prove but as a broken stick. We must have a Law carried and sustained by those who love its principles; then the flag of triumph will wave through the lovely valleys and on the mountain tops of our beloved home. That for this we may pati-

ently labor and wait, and finally obtain it, is the ardent wish of

A SON.

Victoria Mines, Nietaux, }  
April 25th, 1857. }

### THE DAUGHTERS.

NORTH SYDNEY, April 24, 1857.

DEAR SIR,—The Mayflower Union, No. 3, Daughters of Temperance, comply with your request, and feel happy to inform you that our Union was formed last July, composed of 14 members; at the present date we number 19. We hold our meetings every Monday evening, and feel impatient for the return of the appointed time. One of our Bye-laws is to this effect: that every sister through the course of the week shall furnish herself with temperance matter with which to instruct and edify each other. We love our Union, and feel honored in being allied to the noble order of Cape Breton Division, whose increasing numbers are telling powerfully on the drinking usages of our community. We are sustained and encouraged by their counsel and countenance. May we ever prove worthy of their esteem! Our monthly periodical, the *Abstainer*, is hailed with great pleasure, while, at the same time, we read with pain the record of drunken females. We trust it will inspire us with an increasing desire to benefit our fellow-mortals, causing us to adhere more firmly to our beautiful motto—"Virtue, Love, and Temperance." Yours,

in the bonds of Total Abstinence,  
A SISTER ASSOCIATE.

### TOBACCO.

LOCK'S ISLAND, April 3, 1857.

MR. EDITOR,—As your valuable paper is the exponent of temperance principles, and the advocate of moral reform, I beg leave to offer a few observations on the use of that mischievous article—Tobacco.

Those who have paid any attention to the rural and town population of our province, must have arrived at the deep conviction that a considerable portion of their earnings is spent in a way which neither ministers to their peace of mind, health of body, nor true respectability in life.

During a short residence in this western county, I have been enabled to form a tolerably correct estimate of the amount expended for the use of tobacco. And as the result of these observations, I would observe that within a very short distance of this spot there are three hundred and fifty persons, divided into eighty families. The population pays annually for the use of tobacco alone the sum of £200,—being for each family the voluntary tax of £1 16s.

This £200 would support a fund which

would allow the head of every family 10s. weekly during sickness, five shillings a-week for life after 65 years, and £8 for funeral expenses at death; and the residue, by being put out at interest and compound interest, would form a very efficient source of relief during any dearth of employment.

Rum and tobacco are twin demons.—During the last winter and spring we have been induced to agitate the subject in connection with temperance, and quite recently several new Societies have been organized embracing in the pledge both rum and tobacco, and the number of pipes which have been broken with the number who have taken the pledge I am not able to inform you, but they are very respectable, and the evil is growing beautifully less. We hope the *Abstainer* will lift up an undaunted testimony against the use of tobacco as well as liquor, and consequently do much good to the cause of truth and righteousness.

GULIELMUS.

### Doings of the Traffic.

READ THE FOLLOWING LETTER.

ALBION MINES, APRIL 14TH, 1857.

MR. EDITOR,—

The page of the *Abstainer* being at all times open to our Order, and to communications on the monster vice of intemperance, it is my painful duty to acquaint you with a melancholy instance of the evils of intemperance. The circumstances are as follows: There is a Shoemaker in this place, a Welshman, named Jonathon Jones, who entered our division about three months ago: having been in the habit of drinking before he joined us, his love for the bottle had left him very empty-handed, but during his adherence to the Pledge, it was appar at that his affairs were mending fast, and himself daily gaining in respectability. On Monday afternoon last he was persuaded by a brother cobbler, named Corbet, to enter a low rum hole, kept by a family named Coghill, who have lately commenced dealing out the poisonous stuff here, doing much towards the ruin of their fellow-creatures; in this abominable place he was tempted to drink, he sipped, and sipped, and at last emptied the glass.—The ice was broken, his resolution of refraining from the "Intoxicating draught," was scattered to the winds, and Jones was carried home that night and put to bed by Corbet and Coghill. Next morning, he rose, with painful evidences of the previous nights' debauch.

Again he entered the den of Intemperance and that night he was carried home totally insensible,—put in bed, and now he lies at the point of death, without his senses, and unprepared to leave this world,—venting execrations against those who led him to break his Pledge. Medical aid has been afforded him, but alas! nothing can be done for him. It is too late! Is not this a fearful warning to those who extinguish reason, by tarrying at the Wine Cup,—still another argument for Sons of Temperance to stand fast in the Cause espoused by them,—to dash the Cup from them before it is too late? Before this reaches you the unfortunate man will be num-