

goods do men sell, whose customers have to go into those dirty holes and shut the doors? Better by far go into the lock-up. These holes are indeed masked batteries for men. More drunken men come out of these holes than go into them. Keep watch at the door, boys, and see who are the customers. Men with red faces and tattered characters enter there—men with "blue ruin" written all over them. They have faced masked batteries before. They think their disgrace is a secret, while everybody knows they have been "battered" till there is little left of them. Watch the door boys, for nobody goes into those dog-holes except to conceal their shame.

These are not the only masked batteries that might be pointed out to the young men and boys in every community. There are others more dangerous, because more deeply masked. Go to the constituted authorities of your city or town, and ask them to protect you from them—and tell them that, if they fail to do it, the responsibility is theirs. Go, young men, and lay your interests before them, and ask them how they dare, in the face of God and their constituents, thus to neglect their duty! Possibly—possibly they may hear you.

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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, MAR. 21, 1866

SOIREE.

Orusado Lodge, B.O.G.T., intend holding a Soiree in the Brock Street Hall, on Thursday evening, March 29. Tickets 25 cents each. A splendid programme is guaranteed. Tea from 7 to 8. We hope there will be a large attendance.

TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY.

We beg to remind our city readers of the meeting on Friday evening in the Temperance Hall, Temperance Street, at 7.30 p.m. Rev. E. Caswell, and other gentlemen, will deliver addresses. A good choir will be in attendance to enliven the proceedings.

Don't forget Orusado Lodge Soiree on Thursday evening, March 29.

ADDRESS BY GEORGE ROY, Esq.

The following is an extract from an address delivered by George Roy, Esq., before an audience of 2,500 in Aberdeen, at a New Year festival, on Monday evening, Jan. 21, 1866:—

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, when I sat down to think what I should say to you on the present occasion, my first thought was, that I would warn you to beware of ever becoming temperance orators, for if you ever do, you may bid adieu to many quiet, social enjoyments. For many years now, so soon as the first of January has dawned, when all good citizens are setting about the enjoyment of their annual holiday, it has been mine to wrap my plaid about me and take my seat in a railway carriage, and have my bones rattled over many miles, that I might, to some mass of mankind, denounce our drinking customs. So often have I gone on these temperance missions, that I am beginning to have the comic notion that, by-and-by, I will be pointed at by observing fellow-travellers, as a poor man labouring under a strange delusion. I can imagine I hear them whispering, "Do you see that man with the long beard? poor man; he believes that if on the first day of each year he travels to some distant city, and holds forth on the horrors of drunkenness and the beauty of temperance, that he will convert everybody to his teetotal notions." I can easily fancy the looks of pity which I the poor enthusiast, will receive. I can imagine some phrenological philosopher setting about the examination of my bumps, that he may find out the strange combination of heights and hollows which produce my foolish fancies. I am quite sure that the disciple of George Combe will find himself far at sea as soon as he puts his hand upon my cranium; he will at once discover that mine is not the head of an enthusiast; his science will tell him that hope in me is small, and that almost every other faculty is large, so he will be in no way surprised when I tell him that I have no hope of making all who hear me sign the pledge. I have for instance, little hope of producing much effect on very fashionable people; no, there is something so charming in the display of the crystal and silver on the dinner table, that I have no hope of my being able to induce Mrs. Buckram to give them up. When Mrs. Buckram last had the pleasure of being present at the grand dinner party given by her friend, Madame Starch, Mrs. B. was both astonished and stimulated by the variety and rare qualities of the wines that graced the dinner table; and so Mrs. Buckram

must in her turn, treat her friends not only to whisky, sherry, and brandy, but must also be great in hock, claret, and champagne. The fact is Mr. Buckram has plenty of money, and so the wine merchant must cover his bottles with a mixture of ashes and sawdust, and charge double price for them, that Mrs. Buckram may win the sweetest smile from Parson Flunky, by treating him to the vintage of, we shall say, 1823. I have no hope of making much impression on those distinguished families, the Buckrams and the Starches—nor yet have I much hope of making a very great impression on high official circles. Just fancy a grand public dinner without wine. How could it ever be got through without the usual loyal and patriotic toasts? The Social Science Congress deplore our excess in drinking, and deal largely in the social evil, and then wind up their business with a grand philanthropic vanity fair—public dinner—at which they give the full weight of their influence to the most stupid of our drinking customs. Now it seems to me that this is not so much the fault as it is the failing of our great people; originality amongst such people is very scarce. Few of high position think for themselves in matters of social etiquette; all this is done for them by French and English flunkies. If ever these authorities decide that toast-drinking is quite out, of course polite circles will at once assent. But I have no hope that my counsels will in such quarters be attended to, so I console my temperance friends by reminding them that for one great public dinner at which drink is publicly used, we have now many public tea-parties conducted entirely on temperance principles. In the city of Glasgow now, even the wine and spirit trade have their annual temperance soiree. Not expecting them to influence highly fashionable or official circles, it may be asked, whom I do expect to impress with my eloquence? My answer is I desire and hope, in some measure, to influence the most intelligent portion of the young men and women who are now listening to me. As I look into your fair young faces, I feel I can say in sincerity, I love you all. I feel to you as to younger brothers and sisters, and I pray to God that he would impress on all your hearts the counsel contained in the beautiful lines,—

' In life's gay morn, when sprightly youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms,
That beauty can disclose
Deep on the soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name,
And character engraven."