

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!!

The following letter has been sent to us, depicting the present condition of Toronto as to Rum shops. We are sorry to say the picture is not over drawn. Our Mayor, however, has but one vote, and we have reason to believe that individually he is not opposed to Temperance; and would had he power curtail the license system. The majority of our Council Board are to blame, and it is disgraceful to see the miserable Inns or rather bar rooms opened in all parts of Toronto to sell grog in only:—

OUR CITY INTERESTS.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER.—If the following remarks are worthy a place in your valuable paper, please insert them; if not, then consign them to the flames.

Fellow Citizens and Voters of Toronto—Believing the true and legitimate objects of all Municipal Governments to be, the preservation of the public health, the promotion of morality, good order, and social happiness, the protection of individual rights, and the fostering of all legitimate business interests; believing also that it is the dictate, alike of sound sense and humanity, to adopt measures for preventing social disorder, individual pauperism and misery, the formation of vicious and criminal habits, instead of restricting our Municipal action to a mere system of palliating the effects of these evils, when fully formed; we would fulfill our duty as citizens, by calling a public meeting to remonstrate against intemperance, and meanwhile ask your serious and patient attention to the following considerations.

1st. It is the sacred duty of every voter to exercise the important trust reposed in him, as one of the agents in the carrying out of just and efficient municipal regulations, not only by just voting, but by always doing it with deliberation, and under a full sense of the responsibility necessarily resting upon him. In thus acting, it is his further duty to keep in view all the important interests of the community in which he lives. In this rapidly growing city we have important commercial interests, relating directly to a proper regulation of our harbour, wharves, channels of trade, &c.; we have educational interests relating to the fostering of schools, and the proper training of children; we have sanitary interests relating to the preservation of public health, by enforcing street cleanliness, sewerage, and securing an adequate supply of wholesome water; we have police interests designed for the protection of life and property, and the detection and punishment of crime. All these are interests of importance to our city. They have engaged the attention of municipal authority heretofore, and they will continue to engage the attention and elicit the action of whomever shall be the official agents of the city hereafter.

2nd. But while all these should receive their due share of attention, there is another interest in this city, the magnitude and importance of which cannot be estimated. An interest which involves the character, the happiness, the property, and the most sacred rights of thousands of our citizens, of both sexes and ages. That interest is the sale and use of intoxicating drinks. We have now in the city of Toronto over three hundred houses, licensed and unlicensed, where liquors are drunk, of all grades, from the filthy "hole" that can be imagined, up to the most imposing specimens of architecture. Careful inquiry shows that not less than 100,000 pounds (currency) of the hard earnings of our citizens are annually swallowed up for liquor abuse. An actual loss, by the way in a single year, of a sufficient sum to erect the most ample Hydraulic works for supplying the whole City with pure water, as free as air.

This loss, taken, as the greater share of it is from the laboring class, has filled the City Hospitals to overflowing, furnished an ample supply of victims for the Provincial Prison, the Orphan and Lamentable Asylum, the Medical Faculty, with subjects for the knife of their Students, and the Gaol is filled with the victims of Intemperance (according to Law) besides leaving to-day in our midst more than a thousand helpless mothers and children, bereft alike of their means of support, their happiness, and their every right that was dear and valuable in life. Yes, reader, what you are perusing these lines, there are hundreds of destitute men and women, and children whose rights are as sacred as yours, whose afflictions were once as strong

but who are now despoiled of both by that curse of man, —Alcohol. And what action has this monstrous evil, this accumulation of human wretchedness and woe, elicited from the men who have charge of the Municipal interests of this city? Have they espoused the cause of the weak, wretched and oppressed? Have they vindicated the rights of the weeping mother or the suffering child, who have been despoiled by the dram shop? Have they finally protected the public moral and enlightened the burdens of pauperism and crime, by an honest and earnest effort to remove their chief cause? Oh, humanity, let thy cheek be mantled with a blush of deeper shame while we confess the humiliating truth, that here, in this goodly City, in sight of churches, whose spires point Heavenward, and in a community calling itself Christian, our Chief Magistrate and Council have not only turned a deaf ear to the cries of the destitute, and the wretched, but they have deliberately licensed over two hundred men among us, to literally hold the intoxicating draught to the lips of their neighbours; and when poor infatuated victims have drunk so much of the very liquor licensed as to lose their reason, they have been dragged to the Gaol or Watch house, robbed of what little money they had left in the form of a fine, while their wives and children were only saved from starvation and nakedness by the agents of the Relief Society or some other hand of charity. Nor is this all, Candidates for the highest offices in our City, have repeatedly and deliberately deposited money in these dram shops, for the express purpose of inducing men to drink. And we have seen men who had drunk to intoxication, liquor thus paid for. Nay more, we have seen the mother with her head bruised, swollen and bleeding from blows inflicted by the father of her children, while thus intoxicated; and, that too, within the past twelve months. And yet we talk about the wickedness of slavery and boast of our freedom at the very time that we are thus leaving the helpless mother, the innocent child, and the infatuated father, husband and brother, all at the mercy of the rumseller.

Yours, truly,
(To be Continued.) C. J.

SPEAK KINDLY TO THE GUILTY.

There is a kind of magic power in words of kindness. Their mild and holy influence sweep through the chambers of the heart, and like the voice of Jesus as he stood upon the bosom of the tempestuous sea they hush the raging elements. Kind words seem to fall upon the heart with a kind of softening and warming power. As the stray sunbeam flies from its far off home and melts the crystal ice and causes the rivulet to flow and give life and beauty to the verdant vale; so do kind and gentle words warm and expand the human heart; and cause the streams of joy to flow through the soul. But angry words are like the cold breath of old Boreas, as he comes from his icy cave, with a beard of frost and hair of scorpions, freezes up the tender feeling of the human heart and throws a cold chill around the warm emotions of the soul. It matters not, although a fellow mortal has done wrong, and gone astray from the path of rectitude and truth. Gentle words are more apt to find alimony in his heart than words of bitterness and revenge. How oft in the case of the drunkard whose heart seemed steeled against all the eloquence of the *Orator*, and the teachings of his judgement, has a kind word from some loved one like the bright wing of an Angel, swept the cloud from his mind and reason has poured its light down into the deep chasm of his soul. The guilty soul at times feels its deep depravity and would fain throw off its load and be free. At such moments kind words breathe a sort of heroic fortitude into the mind and aid it in its struggle for freedom. It aids not the drunkard in his efforts to reform, to pour upon his mind in burning streams all his former guilt and woe.

"But if thou wouldst his soul redeem
And lead a lost one back to God,
Wouldst thou a guardian Angel seem
To one who long in guilt hath trod,
Go kindly to him—take his hand
With gentle words win him thy own,
And by his side a brother stand,
Till thou the demon canst debase."

Love and kindness are the sunshine of life. Without them this world of ours would be a moral waste, the streets and public walk of life would be a mere vista of

moving statues as repulsive and cold as those who adorn the last resting place of mortals. It matters how the principles of love and kindness seek development, whether it be in the bright and simple, the friendly shake of the hand or the sympathetic tear which glistens in the eye, there is an eloquence in them which reaches the heart. Then speak gently, the guilty, impart to his mind the joys of his once loved but now disordered home. Carry him back to his halcyon days of youth, to the time when the soap pleasure fell delightfully upon his ear. Tell him the friend of his speaks, and bid him beware of the false glass, although it may sparkle in his sight it is a false light which glazes within the dark chamber of death. The rubies which flash upon your sight, hide the spectre of death which flits beyond. The path which leads you on is a false light. It is deceiving, that shore which is strewn with wrecks of more than all the material universe. The wail of the shroud warn you. The death moon which comes every passing breeze from that gloomy shore. Ah! to which none should be heedless.

F. B. ROLE

Orono, February 5, 1852

ACTS PROVE A MAN RELIGIOUS.

"Then said Jesus unto them, I will ask you a thing, is it lawful on the Sabbath day to do good to do evil? to save life or to destroy it?—St. L. chap. 6, verses 1 to 9."

Sometime since we met a company of Sons who asked us this question—"Is it right to help a sick man on the Sabbath under peculiar circumstances? As in our neighborhood became sick in the summer of 1851. He was a farmer with a large family, dependent upon crops. His grain was ready to cut and was likely to be if not to be ruined by delay. All of his neighbours were busy in their own harvest fields during the week and none could spare time. The Sons of the District to which the sick man belonged determined to help him and for this purpose assembled on Sunday, during the busy time of harvest, and in a day, cut, put up and housed the sick man's grain. Some complained of the impurity of the act, and thought it wholly unjust, whilst a majority approved of it, as excusable, good, and approved of by God. The motive was good—the result good. The Brother died soon after, and his orphan and widow, caught the bread saved by the hands of his neighbors, voluntary labor on the Sabbath, given of necessity. The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. It is a day set apart for rest, and wisely such such, and one in which to worship God. Is it right to do an act of the kind above alluded to?" If such an act be had, the angel of God who records it as such would drop it on upon the record and effect it forever. It has been often said by eminent divines, that the eternal proofs of the divine character of the Religion of Christ, are no less strong than the historical and miraculous ones. One of the first is the fact that Christ repeated denunciations, aimed at one of the most common faults of human beings in all ages of the world. That fault consists in, laying greater stress on ceremonial prayer or mere passive worship, than in good and in manly acts. The world is a passing scene of struggles, and trials of life and death—all is motion—affording in the nature of things a grand theatre of acts and omissions. Christ acting in unison with the interests of human society, ever laid great stress on good and disinterested acts. It was the motive he looked for, not the profession or the form. The instances of the widow's mite—the good Samaritan—the sinner's prayer—after all—the buried talent and others, all go to prove that God judges of the heart by its acts. Faith is necessary, but its only proof are good acts. The incidents above referred to occurred among the Sons of the Broomfield Division.