

both of which will assure lives with certain amounts of disease,—no drunkard is admitted at any increased premium. 'This, as an acting opinion of the first medical authorities in Great Britain, is important; and, doubtless, its mention will not be lost upon the public.' Well, certainly, such remarks ought not to be lost—but how is the public to profit by them? A teetotaler thinks he knows, and recommends total abstinence;—that "slight excess," and "little above the average," which we have italicised, seems to him a hard thing to gauge, and he thinks that to let the "whole range" alone altogether is the safest way. But according to the philosophy of the writer in the *Illustrated News*, we must drink some stimuli if we would enter a life assurance society, for, says he, "We cannot find, as a universal rule, that the lives of teetotalers are preferred." Cold-water men are "pale, fleshy, and do not exhibit the full standard of strength and health," in the opinion of some assurance office examiners. We are not now about to discuss this question, but only to point out the absurdity of the case, as put by our cotemporary. The very fine line between propriety and "slight excess," never has been drawn; and that "little above the average" is a measure hard to calculate,—while it is also perfectly plain, that even a little below the average would leave thousands astonishingly drunk.

We cannot pretend to judge exactly of the reason which induced the writer in the *Illustrated London News* to introduce his remarks about teetotalers and their efforts, when he was required only to describe what was in the Crystal Palace. But we may draw an inference. He laments that the "whole range of alcoholic drinks is poorly represented." "They have been sometimes turned to a bad purpose." Teetotalers have made out a clear case, that they are bad generally. Prince Albert knows something about temperance men and their principles, and they are now virtually blamed for causing the exclusion of alcoholic drinks. Most cheerfully will they take the blame, or rather praise. Especially will all peace-loving people rejoice, that in the refreshment rooms strong drink is excluded. If they had been admitted, every person who was likely to take a drop or two on any pretence, must have been accompanied by a policeman, whose duty it would have been to accompany such and decide against the "slight excess," and pronounce judgment against the least "little above the average." As it is, the five shilling days and the shilling days pass off with equal quietness and order. Yes, that world's fair is a great idea, and its success has been greatly aided by the exclusion of strong drink. May we not hope that mayor's banquets, scientific dinners, political demonstrations, and the feasts of St. George, St. Andrew, St. Patrick, and St. David, will hereafter be celebrated without the introduction of "alcoholic drinks." If such a consummation should follow, it would be worth vastly more to the civilized world than a thousand-fold the whole cost and value of the Great Exhibition.

Since writing the above, we have received the August number of the *British Temperance Advocate*, in which the Editor has rebuked the writer in the *Illustrated London News*, for his unnecessary and illiberal observations on teetotalism. The remarks of our *British* namesake are much similar to our own; but concerning the testimony of medical men he says, "The writer in question cannot name fifty in support of his assertion, much less two thousand, who are men of any mark as practitioners." He also asks, "If this writer ever heard of either man or woman who was rejected by any assurance office,

simply because they were teetotalers. We opine not." We add the concluding paragraph from the article referred to.

"We can easily imagine how much the Barclays, the Hanburgs, the Buxtons, the Hoares, and the whole fraternity of brewers, must be annoyed with the prohibition of the sale of their manufactured articles in the Crystal Palace. When they go to look at the 'World's Industry,' and see the notices in the refreshment rooms proscribing the sale of those things by which they live, how must their virtuous indignation rise at the insult offered to the traffic. The trade is doomed; it is a curse, a blight upon the world; good and earnest men are seeking its overthrow; heaven is prospering their efforts, and the influences evoked by the Great Exhibition, will hasten the day when this excrescence upon the face of human society shall be cut off, to cause pain and death no longer."

Prospects.

In our notice of the American Temperance Magazine, we referred in terms of commendation to the article by the Rev. H. D. Kitchel, bearing the above title. We then stated that it was a calm review of the past, the present, and the future, of the Temperance Reformation. At our first reading we were struck with the clear and earnest manner with which the writer uttered his admirable and spirit-stirring sentiments and admonitions. A second reading of the article has convinced us that we shall render an essential service to the cause of Temperance in Canada by placing the chief topics of Mr. Kitchel's article on permanent record in our own pages.

Our author takes as a motto, "Watchman! what of the night," and introduces his subject by a brief statement of the sanguine anticipations entertained by many an ardent friend of the cause, respecting the speedy overthrow of intemperance, when years ago they first awoke themselves and the world to the horrors of the traffic and the disastrous effect of strong drink. The good time was just coming—but it did not come,—would not come. The fires of the still are yet kindled,—intemperance prevails, "and even yet, the good time lingers on its way."

And now, may it not be pertinent, about this time, to inquire what o'clock it has got to be, and whether after all it is time for daylight yet? You are up some morning while it is yet dark, and stand watching from your window the approaches of day. Long waiting, watching, you have counted the changing hues of the East. But slowly the red blush creeps up the sky. Long since the stars faded. Impatiently you count the tardy moments—when, when will the sun arise? At length you ask yourself, "after all, is it time for the sun to rise? What time ought it to rise?" At six. And what o'clock really is it? A little after five. So then it could not possibly be sun-rise yet? You had no right to expect it yet. The day is doing as well as it could be expected.

So is this Temperance Reformation. It is not an hour yet on the great dial of the World's progress since this Reform shot up its first rays into the unbroken darkness. When did ever a moral movement complete itself in five-and twenty years? When did ever a great practice, truth like that which has come down to us in this reform, displace old, popular, universal error, and win the world to its embrace so soon? Let us prophesy, but more discreetly. The light shall shine more and more unto perfect day. The dawn was never yet baffled and quenched in the sky—and the light of this Reform, in the name of the Lord, never hasting, never resting, shall yet come to its noon-tide. When it is time, the sun will be up. Already we can see to work. And the grosser forms and methods of this vice already hide themselves, like creatures of the night retreating to their dens.

The writer then argues that we ought to take a just and rational estimate of our work. We are not to be discouraged and faint from hope deferred. The career of this reformation has been slow and embarrassed, but we ought to "contemplate the