

unable to support them. How can he love his country, who loves no part of it, not even his wife and his child? How can he watch the public interests, who cannot guide his own affairs? How can he be bound by oaths who spurns moral restraints? How can he support national virtue who is the victim of vice? How can he be a freeman who is a slave to drink? No drunkard can be a true patriot." He may call his muddy passions by the name of public spirit, and love of country, he may rant and cry out against tyranny and tyrants, but when we see the brandy bottle in his hand from morning till night we are very much inclined to designate his spirit and his patriotism, sheer conceit, mere hollow pretension.

I have merely taken a hurried glance at a few of the arguments by which the cause of temperance is supported. Some of the very strongest have not been spoken of at all. I intended to enter at some length into the distinction often made of the proper 'use' and the 'abuse' of ardent spirits, and to show that in the main it is purely chimerical, and that its practical adoption is the very beginning of sottishness. It was less, however, for the purpose of hearing a lecture on the subject of temperance than for that of supporting the band that you came here to-night. You have heard nothing that you had not known before, nor do I seek any merit or notoriety than that of being an accidental means of bringing you together to stamp a virtuous cause with your approbation.

A very daring robbery lately committed in Halifax has created considerable excitement, and especially since the unhappy perpetrator has been discovered. It is generally supposed that he committed this crime in order to give annoyance to his family who would not gratify his unreasonable demands during a career of dissipation which he has run for some time past. But we do not see how his family are at all accountable for the misdeeds of such a person. We have heard that he was once as well disposed, and as well conducted as any member of them, and that he was a remarkably kind husband. We fear that intemperance, that frightful source of misery, has been his ruin. His whole case is an awful warning to those who indulge in intoxicating liquors. We have heard some remarks on this painful subject which are both unchristian and unfeeling. No one should presume on his own strength, or his own perseverance in a virtuous cause. No man knows what he may come to, before his death, and he that stands should take heed lest he fall. We will

add that if every family were to be blamed for the sinful deeds of a refractory member, very few would escape in this world of affliction and crime. We have known very few families in our experience who had not some domestic pest or calamitous member that was a constant source of uneasiness and sorrow. Whilst, therefore we condemn and deplore the crimes of the guilty, let us respect the feelings of the innocent, and tremble for our own frailty.

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## LITERATURE.

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### CORPUS CHRISTI AFTERNOON.

(Concluded.)

"And it shows, too," said Alfred, "what fine fellows those old knights were. Where would you find a modern nobleman that would act as Rodolph did? And why should they not? Is it that they are ashamed? Why should not an English gentleman, who has a priest living with, or near him, and has often little or nothing to do, be glad to know when he is going to take the holy Viaticum to a sick person, perhaps in his very grounds, and consider it an honour to accompany him, and join him in the prayers, and at any rate do honour, as Rodolph did, to the Blessed Sacrament."

"Alfred," said the old colonel, quite moved, "you are right, my boy, and you completely put me to shame, for not having done as you suggest; but what you have said shall not be lost on me at least. However, I must put in a good word for the moderns, and tell you an

#### ANECDOTE OF CHARLES II. OF SPAIN.

which is very like the history of Rodolph, whose descendant he was. On the 20th of February, 1685, this king went to take a drive in the environs of Madrid. The day was remarkably fine, and the place was crowded with people. Suddenly a priest in surplice, attended by only a boy, approached; and the king doubting whether he was going to give the holy communion, or only extreme unction, questioned him, and was answered that he was bearing the holy Viaticum to a poor man in a cottage at some distance, and had been able to procure no better attendance, owing to the fineness of the day, which had left no one at home.

"In an instant, the king opened the carriage door, and leaping out, fell upon his knees and adored the Blessed Eucharist; then, with most respectful words, entreated the priest to take his place, shut the carriage door, then walked at the side, with his hat in his hand. The way was long