

son; for such men to talk of "their unqualified approbation of the noble efforts made by ministers of religion and other philanthropists, for the suppression of the debasing vice of drunkenness;" such sentiments from men, who, while they tell us "that they would rejoice in the passing of any enactment containing provisions calculated to prevent the abuse of wines and spirituous liquors," are doing all they can or dare do, to spread by means of "wines and spirituous liquors," crime, misery, disease and death among their fellow-men; such sentiments, from such men, I say, make one blush for shame, for they won't blush for themselves. They feel secure under the protection of laws, which, for a paltry pittance paid into the public chest, authorize them to sell "liquid fire," and spread "distilled damnation" all around, that they flatter themselves that their nefarious traffic cannot be touched, and that we must betide all who may or shall attempt to interfere therewith. But the time is not far distant, when they must learn that it will be interfered with, and effectually.

But, I must not prose too long; and promising you another note on the last word of the quotation with which I began, viz., "by imposing penal restrictions upon the offenders when they become obnoxious to the laws of society."

I remain, Mr. Editor,
Yours very truly.

NO QUARTER.

Quebec, May 14th, 1853.

We have much pleasure in giving place to the following letter, from the present highly esteemed and much respected G. W. P. of the Grand Division of the Sons, for C. E.

Beech Ridge, near St. Andrews, May 15th, '53.

Dear Bro. Becket,
I, in common with many of the brethren, felt sorry that we were not favored with your company, at our last session of the Grand Division. But I have great pleasure in informing you that it was both numerously attended, and very harmonious in its working. I believe that the new Divisions which have been organized since October last, six in number, are all steadily prospering. We have been permitted to enjoy peace and prosperity in every place, with the exception of Aymer, and even there, that opposition will tend eventually to further rather than hinder our cause. Our cause is exerting a vast influence beyond the circles of our own dominions, and intemperance is neither so general, nor so indecent in its exhibitions as formerly. It affords me great pleasure to say, that altho' the weather was wet, and the season which was a very busy one, did not prevent our friends at St. Andrews from enjoying a very respectable demonstration from the united Divisions of St. Andrews, Lachute, Point Fortune and Chatham, along with the Grand Division; after which a temperance meeting was held in the St. Andrews Congregational Church. The speaking was excellent, by Bro. Easton, McEachern, Cole and Gordon; and the music rendered all praise. The hospitality of the friends at St. Andrews was the theme of grateful acknowledgment; and I trust a good feeling has been left behind, which will not be soon forgotten. With best respects, I remain, yours in Love, Purity and Fidelity,

ROBERT KNEESHAW.

Warsaw Division S. of T.

Mr. Thomas G. Choat, R. S. of the above Division, informs us that the following resolutions were unanimously carried at their regular meeting, and requests that we give them a place in the *Advocate*:—

Moved by T. G. Choat, seconded by Brother Wm. Manley, and resolved.—1. That the thanks of this Division be respectfully tendered to those members of the Provincial Legislature, and especially to the Hon. Malcolm Cameron, for their able advocacy, in their places in Parliament, of the "Canada Anti-Liquor Law."

2. That the proper officer of the division draw up and place in a conspicuous place in this Division room, a list of the members who voted *yea*; also, a list of those who voted *nay* on the above question.

3. That, in the opinion of this Division, any Son of Temperance being proprietor of a temperance, religious, or political newspaper, who countenances or inserts in his paper liquor advertisements, should be expelled from the Order.

4. That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be sent for publication to the *Temperance Advocate* and *Examiner* newspapers.

To Correspondents.

The lines from "Temperantia" display talent, but are not up to our mark.

The Drunken Mother and her Child.

BY MISS HAMILTON

Last night, the watch found a young boy asleep upon the sidewalk in Blake's Court. He was aroused and taken to his parents, where it appeared that his absence was caused on account of his fear to return home, his mother being drunk.—*Journal*.

Still night is come. The city sleep,
With heavy step and slow,
Guarding from harm, their wonted round
The weary watchmen go.

"What is the hour? Methinks 'tis late,
Our watch must sure be done,"
"Hist! comrade, hist! See! what is that
On which the moon now shone?"

"Some vagabond without a home;
Some wretch befuddled with drink;
Strange that for one short hour of mirth,
Man 'neath the brute will sink!"

"Ah! no, no beastly wretch is this,
It is a child asleep;
Why little one! what brought thee here?
Wake from thy slumber deep!

Come to the light! now, by my faith!
A noble boy to see!
Scarce six, I ween, and yet cast out
A wanderer to be!

Hast thou no home? no little couch?
No friend? no parent dear
To care for thee, to watch thy sleep,
That thou should'st wander here?"

"My home is there, in yonder lane,
I fled from it away,
Oh! do not—do not take me back!
Here, watchmen, let me stay!"

"Go to thy mother, truant boy!
She seeks for thee in vain;
Perhaps she mourns thee 'mong the dead:
No longer give her pain!"

"My mother! no, I cannot go,
I fled from her with fear;
I cannot bear her cruel rage,
Oh! watchmen, leave me here!

The neighbors call my mother drunk—
She raves in fury wild;
She beats me sore; she loves me not,
Would I were not her child!"

Poor boy! when at thy tender age
Home is a hell to thee!
When she who is our angel-friend
A demon turns to be!

No, watchmen; do not take him back!
Go to that dwelling fair,
There lives the man who wronged the child—
Far better take him there!

Ask there for home and all its joys!
Ask for a mother's love!
He took away for sordid gold
What is all gold above.

He sold the poison of the soul;
Poison—how could he sell?
He made the angel friend a fiend,
He made the home a hell.

—*Massachusetts Life Boat.*