

a dark corner to hide his nakedness: there was no fire on the hearth to prepare a morning meal, no kind hand to send them, neat and clean, to join their young companions at school. And oh! while no wise parental advice was heard, no good parental example seen, how could it be expected that, of themselves, hungry and ragged, they would frequent the place of instruction, and publish from week to week their own and their parents' shame.

But Temperance Societies have visited the hovels of drunkenness; and as a single illustration, from many, of what they have effected, I state the case of a mother and daughter not far from my own neighbourhood:—the mother having long been, to all appearance, an irreclaimable drunkard, and being now, as for two years past, a consistent member of a Christian congregation; and her daughter, who had frequently ranged the streets of her native village in a state of drunken madness, from the temptations of her mother, being now a most faithful, successful teacher of a Sabbath school.

Many a time and oft' the heart of the minister of the gospel has sunk within him, to find that all his advices to drunkards about drinking moderately, however apparently successful for a little, were powerless as **infancy in the end**. Resolution after resolution was broken,—oath followed oath, but all was vain;—health, and property, and character were passing away like the shadow of a cloud, and the impenitent soul was rushing to the tribunal of her Judge; when Temperance Societies taught the man of God to recommend entire abstinence, and all was well. The poor drunkard, clothed and in his right mind, sits at the feet of Jesus; his family are round about him and call him father, and the wife of his early love rejoices to find in him a husband once more. All this is no picture of imagination, but sober reality and truth: these eyes have seen, on different occasions, such scenes as I describe;—this heart has been often gladdened by scenes like the return of the prodigal son, when the reformation of a poor drunkard had changed a house of mourning into a house of joy; as though from every lip there burst at once the cry, "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

The reclaiming of drunkards, however, though many have been reclaimed, is a small part of the temperance reformation: prevention is its great work; the stopping of the moderate drinker in his road to drunkenness,—the saving of the young from temptation, before evil habits have been formed. Temperance Societies come, it is true, to arrest the murderer's arm as distilled spirit goads him to the work of blood; and to raise up the besotted drunkard from the kennel to

respectability and happiness;—they come, it is true, to rescue the poor from the grasp of drunken beggary,—the drunkard's servant, the drunkard's wife, the drunkard's child, from the grasp of drunken tyranny;—they come, as the friends of charity, to diminish the number of the poor, as the friends of humanity, to diminish the amount of disease, of crime, and premature mortality;—they come, as friends of education, to fill, from the families of reclaimed drunkards, the daily and Sabbath school;—they come, as the powerful allies of the ministry of the gospel, to bring those once drunken to attend, in a right frame, on the house of God. But their chief end is to regenerate public opinion on the grace of temperance, and to preserve the rising generation: so that, however drunkards may refuse to be reclaimed, and prejudice and passion may blind the old, they may be able, for the rising generation, and for sons unborn, to say to that flood of spirituous liquor which now rages as an ocean of fire, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

Short as has been the time, and few the instruments of reformation in Ulster, very much has already been done for securing the temperance of coming years. Such a change has, since the close of 1829, been effected in the pulpit and by the pulpit, as few, even of the most sanguine of the temperate, ever expected to see.

The students who now enter the ministry of the Presbyterian Synod of Ireland, distinguished by the name of Seceders, are, with scarcely an exception, temperate in the true sense of the term. Church discipline has arisen as from the dead, and drunkenness trembles through all her borders; a mighty spirit has arisen in the land, and drunkenness, with all the dark host of falsehoods and evil customs by which he deceived the nations, is hastening away before it.—By Temperance Societies, as one powerful means, the Lord is turning again the captivity of our Zion, as he has done with her sister in America: Religion revives where temperance prospers; and God's people of different denominations, united on the common ground of Temperance, are answering one another, with glad hearts, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

Much, however, as has been done in Ulster, a great work is yet before us; our air is still polluted with the smoke of distilleries,—head manufactories of poverty, and crime and death; and day and night the doors of spirit shops stand open, wide and numerous as the gates of the grave. Prejudice, and self-interest, and drunken appetite are still against us, with all their might; and the great enemy, whose kingdom is shaking to

pieces, is more malignant and desperate than ever. We have many difficulties, and the want of funds is none of the least; we have not the means of circulating publications as they should be scattered—every where.—We were obliged to relinquish our prospect of having a powerful agent, (and without this, how can we succeed?) from want of means to support him. The whole expence hitherto, and it has been considerable, has been borne by a few, and it is too much for them, though they never complain. English benevolence has done more for poor Ireland than gratitude can ever repay.—Should it contribute to rid her of drunkenness, it will exceed ten-fold all the obligations conferred before.

Whoever may be God's honoured instruments in accomplishing the temperance reformation, it is God's own work, and in his own time, and by his own means, he will perfect it. That the good work will now go forward with greater prosperity than ever, I am confident, not merely from the general signs of the times, but from the assured hope that much of the benevolence and united power which achieved the victory of justice and love for the West Indian slave, will now be turned to break asunder the yoke of bondage, which, in our land, grinds the body, and destroys the soul.

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Dr. Franklin.

From a Memoir written by himself.

On my entrance upon work at the printing house of Watts, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, I worked at first as a pressman, conceiving that I had need of bodily exercise, to which I had been accustomed in America, where the printers work alternately as compositors and at press. I drank nothing but water: the other workmen, to the number of about fifty, were great drinkers of beer. I carried occasionally a large form of letters in each hand, up and down stairs, while the rest employed both hands to carry one. They were surprised to see by this and many other examples, that the American aquatic, as they used to call me, was stronger than those who drank porter. The beer-boy had sufficient employment during the whole day in serving that house alone. My fellow-pressman drank every day a pint of beer before breakfast, a pint with bread and cheese for breakfast, one between breakfast and dinner, one again about six o'clock in the afternoon, and another after he had finished his work.

This custom appeared to me to be abominable; but he had need, he said, of all this beer in order to acquire strength to work. I endeavoured to convince him that the bo-