

allowed him to use cider, wine, and beer. On the lot where he located was an orchard, and that year he made a considerable quantity of cider, froze two barrels into one for his own use, and spiced it with three gallons of whisky. This was designed for the hay and harvest field, for by this time he was a farmer as well as a tailor. But New Year's day came, and with it came some of his liquor-loving friends, who persuaded him to bleed his barrel; and he did not go to bed sober until the last drop was consumed. When he discovered the barrel was empty he went to town, a distance of two miles, to purchase two jugs of whisky; on his return, with one jug at each end of a bag, he ascertained the jugs were quarrelling, and seemed determined to huddle together at one end of the bag. He put them together, and then they commenced fighting. The handle was broken off one, and the neck off the other, and the upshot of the affair was, he lost his favourite beverage. The next morning he started to town again with another jug, and he saw by the snow tracks his down-sittings and uprisings, and made some calculation respecting his crooked course, and found that he had travelled about twelve miles to reach home, only a sixth part of that distance. This fact affords satisfactory evidence that liquor will not assist the traveller. That day when he returned he could not recognise his own house, so he staggered two or three miles further into the woods, then wandered back to the distillery again, where he discovered his mistake. His wife, after we returned from a temperance meeting in the neighbourhood, related the following fact, and I have no doubt she could relate many others equally interesting. At midnight, in the depth of winter, when the snow was waist deep, she heard the voice of her husband. He had a clear shrill voice, and could whoop like an Indian. She arose from her seat by the fireside, and stood shivering in the cold, and every now and then his shout rang on the crisp air. Sometimes the fearful cry would seem to come from the north, sometimes from the south, then from the east, then again from the west. Her children were too young to be left alone, and the snow was too deep for her to wade through it, and she did not know in what direction to go. Her feelings can be better imagined than described. She put a light into a lantern, and made a beacon of her little boy, who went trembling and tottering over the snow-crust, obeying the orders of his mother by responding to the shouts of his father. In a few minutes they both came in, but the unhappy drunkard's feet and hands were cold and hard as ice.

Uncle William once went to the United States to receive a small legacy. On his return he got drunk, lost his portmanteau containing portraits of the family, and other valuable articles. He stopped at Gravelly Bay, where he became acquainted with a gang of tiplers. He had been absent from home three months, and was now within two days ride of his own dwelling, and yet he remained there drinking brandy three weeks. Whilst there he was seized with a fit of *delirium tremens*, and he became so alarmed that he hired the landlord to take him home. It was sleighing time, and whenever they came to a pitch in the road he would scream in the most terrific manner, for he imagined they were driving him directly down to hell. When he reached home the ground appeared to gape under him, and he thought he was sinking into perdition. He shouted and screamed, and the wild-wood echoed with his appalling cries. The neighbours were alarmed, and came to see him. They were not acquainted with the fact that he had been drinking brandy three weeks, and these unsophisticated people arrived at the conclusion that travelling or trouble had turned his brain. He continued drinking more and more. His usual plan was to procure two or three gallons of whisky, and get drunk every day until the last gill was exhausted; then he would work like a slave, and make business spin and

hum again, and then he would drink again for two or three weeks. In this miserable manner he lived until 1840, when the teetotallers had a Pic-nic within a few miles of his residence. Whilst he was there an idle looker on, one of his neighbours (a sober and influential man) said to him "William, I will sign the pledge if you will." After a little parleying he wrote his name, and he has not tasted a drop, as a beverage, or even as a medicine, since. He however, tastes fermented wine at the communion table, and regrets that an unintoxicating article is not universally used on such occasions. He experienced religion soon after he became a total abstinence man. Yesterday I walked over his fine farm, and saw his poultry, hogs, sheep, cattle and horses; his cellar and barn are crowned with abundance. This year he got through haying, harvesting, and seeding, sooner than any other man in the settlement. He has a good mind, and a generous heart, and he sings well, and frequently speaks in public. In fact, he sometimes spends weeks and months during the winter season from home, lecturing on the subject of temperance. He has quite a knack at rhyming, and, by-and-by, I will furnish you with a few extracts from his "unpublished writings." His labours are not in vain, for he has received upwards of four thousand names to the pledge. At a late celebration a number of ladies presented him with a medal, and the following expression of approbation;—"The ladies of ——— Temperance Society wish to present this medal to ——— as a token of esteem for his exemplary, zealous, and persevering exertions in the temperance enterprise. And we hope that God will bless him in time, and reward him with a crown of glory in eternity."

EDUCATION.

ROLLO PHILOSOPHY.

BURNING IRON.

When Rollo went out into the kitchen that evening to get his safety-lamp,—the one which he usually took to go to bed,—he found Jonas sitting at the kitchen table reading; and, while he was lighting his lamp, he asked Jonas if he would not get him some iron filings the next time he went near any blacksmith's shop. Jonas asked him what he wanted of iron filings, and he said he wanted them to burn. He then repeated to him what his father had said in respect to the combustibility of iron.

"I can make iron filings enough for that experiment in five minutes," said Jonas.

"How?" said Rollo.

"With a file," replied Jonas.

"Well," said Rollo; and without waiting to hear anything further, he ran back to the parlour to ask his mother to let him sit up long enough to see Jonas make a few iron filings, to try the experiment.

"Won't it do as well to-morrow morning?" asked his mother.

"The scintillations will look brighter in the evening," said Mr. Holiday.

"Very well, then," added his mother, "go; and, if Jonas succeeds in his experiment, ask him to send some filings in to us."

So Rollo went out to find Jonas again. Jonas was gone. Dorothy said that he had gone after a file. In a few minutes, he returned, with a file in one hand, and a large iron spike in the other.

"What is the spike for?" asked Rollo.

"Only for a piece of iron to file," replied Jonas. So saying, he took a small piece of paper out of a drawer, and laid it upon the table. Then he rested one end of the spike upon the paper, and, holding the other end in his hand, he filed it several times in such a way, that the filings fell down upon the paper.

"What fine filings!" said Rollo.

"Yes," said Jonas; "the file is almost worn out, and it does not cut very well."

Rollo looked upon the paper. There were quite a number of small black points upon it, like grains of very fine sand. Jonas