

you. But, if in an evil hour, Satan should gain the mastery, and you should stumble and fall, do not despair, but with humble and sincere repentance go straight to God and lay your burden at the feet of Christ. Think not He will not save you. Has He not, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Again, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Nothing is too difficult for Christ.

Now let me say a few words to those who style themselves moderatists. God has perhaps in His mercy, given you more self-command, you can govern your appetite and desires better than some others can. Is that any reason why you should be a stumbling-block in the path of your weaker brother? For the sake of others, I say "abstain." "It is good neither to drink wine nor strong drink, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." Will you not come forward and join in this great work, thereby spreading light and happiness among your fellow-men, and earning for yourselves a rich reward?

And now to those who are abstainers, I would say God speed. Continue your labour of love. If you often fail, be not discouraged; one soul won to Christ is a rich compensation for a lifetime of disappointment.

Have I wearied you, my friends? If so, forgive me. Methinks could I speak all that is in my heart it would have some effect. Oh, how it urges to do some good; willingly, joyfully, would I devote my life to the Temperance cause. It is my constant prayer that I may be made useful in this blessed cause, that the education given me, and paid for with the profits of the liquor-trade may be used, with God's help, in trying to reclaim those who have unfortunately become drunkards. Oh, but not a word be spoken in vain! Will not the voice of one crying unto you from a town where drunkenness abounds, move you, especially when you know that it is a publican's daughter who writes?

God grant that it may.

Before inserting this article we have had undoubted proof of its being the *bonafide* production of a publican's daughter.

—British Workman.

PROFANITY IN THE CARS.

A writer in one of our exchanges has the following to say about what has been observed by many persons, viz., the rapid increase of profanity and vulgarity on the cars: "Ears polite have often been shocked by profanity in the cars running on different railroads. To so great an extent has this come, that ladies having respect for themselves have been compelled to change cars because of the shocking and lamentable want of common decency, as exhibited by some of the passengers. If a gentleman, out of polite deference to the ladies, should happen to even gently reprimand the uncouth and vulgar fellows, instead of having a desirable effect, it seems to make them worse. In such cases, the conductors should turn the self-condemned immoralists out of the cars. The boards of railroads have long since passed stringent resolutions to prevent smoking in the ladies' car, and a special car is attached for the smokers' benefit. The smoke of a cigar is not offensive to people, as a general thing; but the smoke of immorality, suggestive of fire and brimstone, is entirely too stifling to every body except the low, the vulgar, and the vile; and it should not be permitted to impregnate the atmosphere of a public passenger car, or any other place where promiscuous crowds of people are apt to collect. It is an intolerable nuisance, and, with a view to its abatement, we would suggest the propriety of attaching a profane car in front of that occupied by smokers, for the accommodation of those who have no regard for the laws of God, or for the feelings of those who may be within the sound of their voices."

REAL X, XX, AND XXX ALE.

Fellow Citizens: What rightly constituted mind can observe the numerous barrels of ale, marked as above, which are drawn through our streets to their temporary destinations in the vaults of the poison-dispensers, *alias* the beer-sellers, without perceiving that the letter X may very significantly imply some important particulars respecting the ale, both as to its tendency and effects,

Ale is X-ceptionable—because of its aptness to hurry the pulse, to inflame the blood, to fire the brain, to deaden the feelings, to debase the mind, and to destroy the immortal soul of the drinker.

Ale is X-asperating.—Under its influence, the wife is exasperated into a vixen, and her husband into a brute and pot companion; who were, when sober, the best of friends; after "swigging" the XX, fall to quarrelling; and cracked heads, black eyes, scarred faces, fractured limbs, and loss of life, sometimes mutual murder, the result. Witness the frequent accounts of fatal fights and assaults, originating in beer-houses, with which the newspapers abound.

Ale is X-posing.—It exposes its lovers and habitual users to inconvenience, poverty, premature death, and eternal misery.

Ale is X-citing.—It excites to insubordination, to riot, to frenzy, and to bloodshed. It has excited a soldier to lodge a bullet in the brain of a comrade, who, when sober, was his most esteemed friend. It also excited an unhappy man to such a pitch of fury, that he thrust a knife into the heart of his own son.

Ale is X-pensive.—Passing over the calculations which have been made, proving that immense sums are wasted, even by moderate purchasers of maltwash, are not our streets supplied with beggars; our prisons with criminals; the workhouses with paupers; while whole families testify how expensive intoxicating drink has been to them?

Ale is X-tirpating.—It extirpates the peace of the family and the happiness of the house. While under its influence, many a burly ale-swallower has frequently performed the magnanimous feat of destroying all the furniture in his room and all the crockery-ware in his cupboard.

Ale is X-hausting.—It exhausts the forbearance of employers; the good nature of friends; the patience of creditors; the first love of affection, and the very trifling share of wit, possessed by the sot who drinks it.

Ale is X-cisable.—Those who do not approve of heavy duties on articles of general consumption, pay to the government, etc., more on this article than any other, perhaps, which they use. And those who do respect the government of the country, weaken its stability in the esteem of all wise men, by supporting an excise duty upon misery, destitution and crime, which is our country's disgrace.

Ale is X-ecrable—because it is hurtful in its qualities and destructive in its effects.

So much for single, double and treble X ale, or for ale with any number of X's which its maker's may choose to put upon the barrels containing it. We call, therefore, upon all who love themselves and their fellow men; upon all who are anxious to advance their own best interests, and the prosperity of their country; upon all who would be useful in their day and generation, and promote the honour and glory of their great Creator; we call upon every man, woman and child, to X-ecrate, to X-communicate, and to do all they can to X-terminate, not only ale, but every liquor that can intoxicate. And let each begin by setting an X-ample of Total Abstinence.—*Templars Offering.*

THE ANGEL'S VISIT.

As I among my gems reclined,
From heaven an angel flew,
And folding close his silvery wings,
Unto my side he drew.

"What wouldst thou here, oh, bright one,
say"

I cried, while boding fears,
Were gathering within my heart,
And to my eyes came tears.

"I come to seek a royal pearl,"
The angel softly said,
"To gleam upon the diadem
That decks my master's head,"

"Of all earth's jewels, well I know,
None are more dear than thine,
Say, canst thou give a precious one
Within his crown to shine?"

"I cannot to thy Lord refuse
The boon which thou dost seek,"
My spirit cried submissively,
But ah, the flesh was weak.

With gentle tenderness he laid
My gift upon his breast,
And spread his pinions for the fields
Of everlasting rest.

Heaven's portals opened and they passed
Beyond my mortal sight;
But not till I had caught a glimpse
Of that fair world of light!

Oh, mortal language hath not power
To tell the wondrous calm,
That with that glorious vision fell
Upon my soul like balm!

My anguished fears were swept away,
My burning tears were dried,
And with a strange triumphant joy
My soul to Jesus cried,—

"Take, take, my gem; and shouldst thou
claim

From me my treasures all,
I'll trust them in thy loving hand
Nor faithless e'er recall:

"Henceforth my feet shall nearer draw
Unto the home above,
Till there I gain some humble place
Through thy exceeding love."

—Mother's Assistant.

SOBRIETY OF PARIS.

The remarkable appearance of decency and comfort presented by the humblest classes of Paris, as compared with the same class among ourselves, is, in my opinion, and that of most intelligent Frenchmen, to be chiefly attributed to the greater sobriety of the French people.

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But the connection between drinking and destitution is more certain still; and to the comparative absence of the first we are to attribute the comparative absence of the second in the streets of Paris. The fortnight we spent there on our way to Brittany often found us in the poorer parts of the city; yet there, save in three cases, we never saw man or woman under the influence of drink—a happy state of matters, and one which exactly corresponds with all my former observations of a city which I have repeatedly visited, and where I once spent five or six months of my student life.—*Dr. Guibria.*