

CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

DEVOTED TO

Total Abstinence, Legal Prohibition, and Social Progress.

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Philadelphieion.

A stranger to this metropolis, in passing up the busy thoroughfare that connects Charing Cross with Temple Bar, is certain to be interested in the long and bending line of handsome shops on either side, belonging to houses that always seem to us—let not our friends fresh from the country smile—to have a touch of the picturesque about them.

But perhaps our stranger is most arrested with the sight and din of that ceaseless traffic, which continues rattling on the roadway, and pattering on the pavement, until, or even after, the friendly bell of St. Clement Danes has sonorously tolled the midnight hour. At length the pedestrian visitor, wearied with the uniformity of such scenes and sounds, experiences a relief when he arrives opposite a building differing conspicuously from its neighbours—with an oblong entrance, narrow and tall, flanked by fluted pillars surmounted by the Corinthian acanthus; the whole colored, or discolored rather, so as to resemble the complexion of some dusky Ethiop. What can this place be?—a bazaar? a warehouse? a bank? a museum? a gallery of paintings? Not one of these. Let him look up and spell out, if he can, the letters of that word inscribed upon its front, and serving as its indicative premen. The characters are those of a foreign tongue—but they denote a building such as no city of ancient Greece possessed. In English characters they are Philadelphieion! a name which marks the edifice as consecrated to that holy sentiment of Brotherly Love which ought to pervade the hearts of all whom "God has made of one blood to dwell on all the face of the earth."

In what corner of the civilized world does not the name of Exeter Hall pass current as of sterling interest among the wise, benevolent, and good? How pleasing to contemplate the difference of use to which in the lapse of time its site has been devoted. Formerly, under the name of Exeter Change, a house of merchandise and a menagerie of wild and cruel beasts flourished on the spot, where now a place of concourse is erected for christian men, where the "wonderful works of God," through human instrumentality are recorded, and made the incentive to augmented diligence and zeal. A celebrated living orator, essayist, poet, and historian, was once tempted to speak in contemptuous terms of "the Bray of Exeter Hall," but Mr. Macaulay has probably repented of this indiscretion of speech. Doubtless all is not pure gold and refined silver that goes into, or flows out of, Exeter Hall; but what place in England or the world is so distinguished for the innumerable purposes of pure philanthropy and piety to which it is set apart? Exeter Hall has not yet disgraced the password of Fraternal Love which spans its lofty portal.

And with the utmost propriety the Temperance Society can assemble, as it has repeatedly, and once more lately done, under such a motto, and claim it as its own. If any one is disposed to doubt, we appeal to the origin of our movement. Did it not arise among men who loved their fellows and felt for them a brother's tenderness—renouncing for their sakes the use of ardent spirits; and when that remedy was found ineffective, the use of all that could intoxicate? We appeal to the history of our movement. Whatever the acerbity which has characterized some of its advocates, no faithful observer can deny that it has increased the aggregate of brotherly kindness, both by rescuing thousands from that degradation in which the warmest affections of the soul grow cold and dead, and by the exercise it has afforded to the sober and reclaimed, of manifesting the power of fraternal love in a thousand varied and delightful modes. We appeal to its principle, that it is right to abstain: and why right? Not only because strong drinks injure us, but also because they injure our brethren. The bulk of abstainers we believe would say—"If they did not injure us—if we were insured against any harm or hazard—we would not touch them, because they are baneful to those who "are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," and soul of our soul; and because their influence upon others is deleterious in those respects where the evil surpasses calculation."

In what way can the Temperance reform transgress the law of brotherly affection? Not in the case of the moderate drinker, when it wishes him to prefer, instead of an artificial and sensual gratification, those pleasures which flow from abstinence, for the sake of the victims—innocent and guilty—of intemperance. Not in the case of the drunkard, with whom it reasons and pleads, that it may win him from his path of shame and sorrow, and reinvest him with the dignities of manhood and joys of home. Not in the case of the drink-manufacturer and seller, when it exhorts him to wash his hands clean of a traffic which is dyed all colours, of white and black and red, with grief, crime, and murder. The Temperance Society is the trafficker's best friend, for it urges him to relinquish a business which is not, and never can be, conducted—however scrupulous and respectable the persons engaged in it may be—without the certainty of doing evil, and that continually. Brotherly Love is the rock on which our reformation rests—the temple in which it is enshrined—the light by which it is illumined—the incense which burns upon its altar.

What then is the duty of Christendom towards our cause? We are bold to say, not to repulse or frown upon, but to foster and promote it. Its position towards religion is not that of enemy or rival, but of friend and herald; it is the very agency of christianity for doing in