

tribe lived chiefly by plundering, and confessed that, in the way of their profession, they often killed those whom they plundered.

The Missionary asked why they followed such a bad business.

The Koord said that it was the 'only' business they had learned, and they had no other way of living.

The Missionary advised him to learn some other business as soon as possible, and get a living by honest industry.

The Koord answered that it would be very difficult, and take a long time to get what they wanted by working; but by robbing, they got a great deal of property easily.

Let us only substitute the words rum-selling for plundering, and rum-seller for Koord; and I entreat my friends engaged in the traffic, to say candidly wherein the Koord's business and reasons for following it, differ from their own.

Another point of resemblance occurred in the dialogue. The Koord acknowledged that many of his tribe were killed in following their calling. And we know by experience how many rum-sellers fall into the pit which they dig for others.

Another anecdote suggests itself to my mind. It is stated somewhere by Sir Walter Scott, that the inhabitants of the Orkney Islands, who lived in a great measure by plundering the wrecks of vessels, made great opposition to the establishment of light houses on their coasts. In like manner we see rum-sellers, who live by taking from the people their hard-earned pittance, and giving them a soul-and-body-wasting-poison in return,—we see them, I say, make great opposition to Temperance Societies, which are the light houses to warn people from the bleak and pitiless coast of intemperance. J. D.

A letter from the Western District states that a good meeting has been held a short time ago at Amherstburgh, at which twenty new members joined the Society. There is nothing but teetotalism in this Society.

The Windsor and Sandwich Society has almost broken down, as the chief men who joined it at first have either withdrawn, or yielded to the fashion of society so far as to violate their pledge. A few, however, still maintain a firm stand against the flood of intemperance which is sweeping that interesting portion of the country.

By the request of an individual who pays the expence, the *Advocate* will, from and after this November number, be sent to a considerable number of clergymen of different denominations in the Upper Province; also to all the public Newsrooms, of whose existence he is aware, in both Provinces, as well as to some of the most exalted persons in the country. Those to whom it is directed, are respectfully requested to receive it.

Progress of the Temperance Reform.

CORRESPONDING SOCIETIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

SIR,—If the following notes of a short tour which I lately performed, and in which I endeavoured to promote the great cause which you advocate, can be of any use to you or your readers, they are at your service.

Sept. 17th, La Chute. A meeting of the Society was held this day, but it was very thinly attended. This may be accounted for, perhaps, from the short notice given, yet it will not explain it fully, for I was told to my surprise, that it was the best meeting that had been held for some time. This Society is on the old pledge. I

addressed them in favour of total abstinence, and at the conclusion, a few ladies subscribed the new pledge; thereby taking the lead, as ladies have often been honoured to do, in this, and almost every other department of benevolence. The cause is here at a very low ebb, which I find to be invariably the case, wherever the *total principle* is not adopted.

I was told here of a tavern keeper who had piously given up the practice of selling the poison, in glasses, over the counter; and instead of this, sent his jolly customers to drink it on the gallery at the back of the house. This was selling it to be drunk out of the house, you will observe; and as he did not pay so much for license, in this case, he was able to sell it at a lower price; and, in consequence, intemperance had been considerably increased. Is it not true Sir, that the business of tavern keeping has an injurious effect upon the conscience?

On the road from La Chute to Carillon, I was much pleased at witnessing some ruinous fragments of a dismantled Distillery, Tubs and vats, and casks, and pieces of machinery were to be seen in various directions, but what attracted my attention most, was the skeleton of the worm lying bleaching in the wind. I could not help considering its *serpentine* folds as emblematic of the nature of the liquor which once poured from its throat. May not that piece of machinery, around which its spiral wreaths are coiled, remind us of the poor drunkard, whom the intoxicating drink which it yielded hath been the means of encircling in the folds of a worse serpent, whose sting is eternal death! But its work of destruction hath now ceased. May it rest in peace! and may all similar worms in this province, and throughout the world, be speedily brought to a similar end. A ruined distillery may be considered an evidence that the tide of prosperity is returning, to the agriculture, the commerce, and the moral interests of the community.

Arrived at Carillon in the evening. The excellent refreshments with which I was here furnished, in the tavern at which I stopped, inclined me to form a favourable opinion of the house, but when I entered the bar-room to pay my bill, what a scene presented itself? The dense suffocating smoke reminded me of the state of "darkness visible," and the clamours of intemperance seemed to give the place a nearer resemblance still, to a certain region. After straining my eyes to descry, through the smoke, the confines of the place, I found that it was lined pretty closely, on three sides, by soldiers, French Canadians, and apparently travellers, some of whom were audibly asleep on the floor, and those who were not, were with few exceptions, if any, in a state of maudlin intoxication. The conversation of those who were speaking loudest was disgustingly puerile, now and then filled up with oaths and obscenity. Looking behind the bar, I discovered the tavern keeper seated, eyeing the scene with apparent unconcern, and ready to supply them with more drink as they required it. I could not help thinking, is it right to lend ourselves to be the instruments of thus debasing our fellow-men? It is said in the gospel, "who then is that faithful and wise steward, whom his lord shall make ruler over his household, to give them their portion of meat in due season? Blessed is that servant, whom his lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing." How does this apply to the business of the tavern keeper? Is this the work in which one would wish to be found employed at the coming of the Son of Man?

18th. Arrived at Grenville about two o'clock in the morning, and after spending several hours, very uncomfortably in a low tavern, the only one that was open to receive us, went on board the Shannon, and sailed for Bytown. As the day was fine, the sail up the Ottawa was remarkably pleasant. Several raftsmen were on board, a class of men who have always appeared to me exceedingly degraded. Two in particular attracted my notice, both by the greater savageness of their appearance, and brutality of their conduct—they seemed to be avoided even by the rest of the raftsmen. Their clothes were ragged, their persons dirty, and the hair of their head and beard exceedingly long. They brought a bottle of rum or whisky with them on board, and I observed that they replenished it once at least, in the course of the voyage, at one of the places where we stopped to take in wood. The rum bottle was a fit accompaniment of so much barbarity, and accounted for it all.

After much delay we arrived at Bytown, a city of which the doings of the shippers remind us, that its moral aspect accords but ill with the picturesque beauty of its local situation. I immediately made preparations for holding a Temperance Meeting, and was