

village on the 19th ult, and the officers chosen for the ensuing year. The movement of the cause in this section, I am happy to say, is progressive. I also have the pleasure to inform you, that after an address, delivered by myself, last evening, at a school-house in an adjoining neighbourhood, about five miles distant, fourteen names were obtained to the Abstinence Pledge, and a society was formed. The prospect of the advancement of the cause in this neighbourhood is truly flattering.—B. J. KENEDY.

**Peston, April 2.**—On the 23d of March, 1813, Mr. G. W. Bungay first visited this village, and held a meeting, James Cowan, Esq., District Councillor in the Chair. A society of twenty-three members was then organized, and the following persons were elected office-bearers:—James Cowan, Esq., President; Andrew Hauffman, Vice President; T. J. Wilson, Secretary, and a Committee of seven. On the twenty-third of March last we held our Annual Meeting, and found fifty-three names in good standing; the following gentlemen were then unanimously chosen office-bearers for the ensuing year, viz: Jacob Lutz, President; C. H. Case and Samuel Cornwell, Vice Presidents; Andrew Hauffman, Secretary; Jacob Lathshaw, Treasurer, with a Committee of seven. This Society is much indebted to James Cowan, Esq., for his liberal support. He was elected President of the District Association. We are opposed by rum-sellers and moderate dram drinkers to such an extent that we are deprived of a public school-house for holding our meetings, and are compelled to hold them in mechanic's shops.—A. HAUFFMAN, Sec.

**BURLIN, WATERLOO TOWNSHIP, WELLINGTON DISTRICT, April 13.**—Many praiseworthy exertions had been made previous to the arrival amongst us of Mr. Bungay, in March a year ago; his powerful eloquence gave a new impulse, and a new society was organized from the materials of the old one, and with the handsome additions of new members, made up altogether about 100 that signed the pledge at that time. Since then, we have endeavoured to keep things in motion, by holding monthly meetings, &c., and we have had two excellent soirees, at which we had the bands of musicians from Paris, and from Guelph, and both were numerously attended. We have at the various meetings received additional numbers, so that now our society numbers about 120 members. We held our annual meeting, for the choice of new officers, &c., on the 30th of March last, when Christopher Culp was appointed President; Frederick G. Millar and Thomas Sparrow, Vice Presidents; and a Committee of six.—WILLIAM BEXTON, Sec.

**ALDHOROUGH, April 14.**—Our society met on the 2nd inst., when after a very animated address by the late President of the Society, Mr. John McDougall, a collection was made, which resulted in the sum of £1 15s., which I herein transmit you. I have the pleasure of informing you that our cause is progressing considerably, having received an accession of twenty-five new members since your visit to this place, which makes our little army now seventy-one strong. We hold our meetings monthly, and we resolve to persist in doing so, for past experience suggests the propriety of frequent meetings. I conclude with expressing our grateful acknowledgments for the impetus your late visit gave the cause in this Township.—ARCH. CURRIE.

The Home District Temperance Convention met, agreeably to announcement, on Wednesday, the 17th April, 1844, in the Rev. Mr. Harris' Chapel, Hospital Street. Twenty-nine Societies were represented, thirty-one Delegates were present, and the number would have been much larger, had it so happened, that the meeting could have been called at an earlier period in the year. The gentlemen present were of the right stamp,—zealous yet prudent; they represented more than 7000 tea-totallers, and their deliberations were worthy of the Representatives of such a constituency. A District Union was organized—a Constitution adopted—Officers appointed—and the Convention resolved to sustain the Executive Committee in supporting a Travelling Lecturer for one year. Further particulars may be expected shortly. In the meantime, societies which were not represented nor have reported, would do well to communicate with the Corresponding Secretary to the Union—the Rev. James Richardson; that such an arrangement may be entered into, as will secure an early visit from the Agent. Union is good, and greatly to be desired, but without action it is useless. The duty of one, in this matter, is the duty of all, and that may be summed up in one word *Act!*

**MONTREAL.**—The Victoria Meetings are kept up with much energy and success. A Rechabite association has also been formed in connexion we believe, with an institution of a similar kind in New York.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**CROSSING THE LINE.**—A gentleman at the late Albany Convention remarked, that much was said about moderate and immoderate drinking, and he had often inquired of intemperate men when they crossed the line, but they could never tell, most generally, they thought, they had not yet come to it. When he was a lad, he went to South America; and he heard much about crossing the line. He was exceedingly anxious to see it, and often enquired when they should come to it. One day to his grief he found they were on the other side, and on expressing his disappointment to an old sailor that he had not seen the line; O, said the old salt, we never see it. Why? asked the boy. Because was the reply, we always cross it in the dark.—*Id.*

**A RUM SELLER NOT A REPUTABLE PERSON.**—At Philadelphia, a poor woman lately made application to a Soup Society for a daily supply of soup, presenting a certificate according to custom. "Whose name is this to your certificate?" inquired the man with the ladle. "Mr. —, the tavern keeper," said the woman. "We are required not to give out soup, unless the certificate is signed by some reputable person," said the other, "and we don't consider grog-sellers as respectable citizens." The woman returned to the tavern-keeper and told him what had been said, when he took the certificate to a neighbor for his signature, complaining grievously that his own name was not sufficient to get a dish of soup for a poor woman. Men whose trade is to make people poor, are seldom credited with honesty, when they profess to feel for the sufferings of the poor.—*Id.*

[Something similar to this exists in Britain, where the Government Emigrant Agents, in granting free passages to Australia, are required to be very particular with regard to the character of applicants, but to receive no certificates signed by spirit dealers.]

**Grog versus GOSPEL.**—The following is taken from Mr. Young's recent work, "*A Residence on the Mosquito Shore*," (in Mexico) and shows the depraving influence of *strong drink*, which is indeed a sad substitute for the Gospel! It is a sorrowful question to ask—Who taught them to like this grog? The Missionary and the European!—"A short time back a Missionary arrived, for the purpose of giving them some idea of a future state. A house was speedily found for him, and he commenced preaching; and for a few Sundays he gave some of the chiefs a glass of grog each to entice them to hear him. At length, one Sunday a great number of the natives attended to hear the white stranger talk: on this occasion the worthy and reverend gentlemen was more than usually eloquent; when one of the chiefs arose, and quietly said, '*All talk—no grog—no good!*' and gravely stalked away, followed by all the natives, leaving the astonished preacher to finish his discourse to two or three Englishmen present."—Thus ended this wretched endeavour to bribe the poor besotted heathen to hear the Gospel, with the besetting agency of grog. Alas, that a Christian Missionary should ever entice souls to Christ with the fellest and foulest instrument of evil!

## POETRY.

## THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,  
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work? work! work!  
While the cock is crowing aloof!  
And work—work—work,  
Till the stars shine through the roof!  
It's Oh! to be a slave  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save,  
If this is Christian work!"