

under the auspices of Mrs. Lay, with other aid, and for her benefit.

— The *National Magazine* says, that in "New York, within the last year, nineteen murders and thirty-five suicides were committed through drunkenness, and one hundred and twenty persons died of delirium tremens." Reader, think of these things.

— The *Fountain and Journal* comes out with a new head and a fresh heart. It is a capital paper, worthy to emanate from the noble State of Maine.

— "A SLANDER PUT TO REST.—It seems that Barnum, with all his zeal for temperance has been charged with renting a portion of his museum building as a saloon for the sale of liquor. This he indignantly denies, says he does not own the museum building, and shall not have control of it until 1854, when he says, 'Bacchus will take his departure if my life is spared.'" Well said, friend Barnum—a good preparatory hint.

"A Daughter of England."

This designation of an esteemed correspondent will be familiar to the readers of the *Advocate* and *Cadet*. It is our painful duty to state that she can no longer instruct and edify our numerous readers, except by the recital of her admirable productions. By an inscrutable providence she has been removed from the land of the living, or rather the dying, leaving a large circle of sorrowing friends, who keenly feel the breach which death has made. We were anticipating fresh proofs of her attachment to the temperance cause, and of her skill in writing for the press, but by a note from her surviving father, we were informed of her death. Mr. Simpson says, under date Feb. 15, "It is my painful duty to inform you of the death of your late correspondent, my much lamented daughter (Caroline Simpson), who departed this life Dec. 30, 1852. The immediate cause of her death was water in the chest." "I need not add," says Mr. S., "it has made a breach in our family that time itself can hardly repair, and those who knew her best will lament her most." We sincerely sympathise with the bereaved family, and deem it only an act of justice to accord our high sense of her work as a valued and estimable writer. Her articles were always acceptable, and could not be otherwise than profitable to our readers. The sublime realities of eternity are now open to her vision, and we are persuaded she does not regret any efforts she made to arrest the tide of intemperance or strengthen the hands of our co-workers and friends. In her death let all our young friends be reminded of the uncertainties of this life, and let them seek to improve the present opportunity of doing good.

Temperance Tales, &c.

Our correspondent, F. D. of Brock, calls attention to a conversation he has had with a "young gentleman," about temperance stories, especially referring to "The Bottle" and "The Pledge." This "young gentleman" thinks they ought not to appear in the *Advocate*, and designates them "fiction and falsehood." F. D. wishes us to favor him with an "explanation of the case." Does that "young gentleman" know the difference between what is called "fiction" and what is known to be "falsehood." In our choice of fiction we take care to cast out that which is false or contrary to the general rules of evidence and credibility. Our stories, original and select, are usually agreeable to nature and probability. In publishing them or anything else we do not expect to please everybody, but we do our best to profit the whole body of our patrons.

Some people are amazingly fastidious, and do not seem to consider that there are other tastes besides their own. Other

than this we have no explanation to give. The *Advocate* is found fault with by some because it is too elaborate and argumentative. What is to be done? We think we hear ten thousand readers say, Mr. Editor don't listen to that "young gentleman," or the other old gentleman, but be assured your course is about right.

We have before us a communication bearing the seal of the "National Division." Its signature would be regarded anywhere as high authority in literature and taste. We are not at liberty to give the name, but we may give a quotation, "The *Temperance Advocate* is in my judgment a pattern paper. I frequently consider its articles with great profit and pleasure. Where it goes it must leave a luminous track. May it prosper." Thank you, brother; we shall go a-head.

Sudden Death of Brother R. W. Lay.

The respect we entertained for the above named deceased brother, as a Son of Temperance, and as a Christian man, as well as the high respect with which we regard his bereaved widow, induce us to devote a short space to the following notices from esteemed contemporaries:—

We deeply regret to announce the sudden death, in this city, of our esteemed Brother, the late Mr. Robert W. Lay, Proprietor and Publisher of the "Maple Leaf," Montreal. It appears that on Friday afternoon, the 18th inst., our deceased Brother was seized with a fit of Apoplexy, and only survived a few hours, his death taking place the same evening. Deceased was a Son of Temperance, in connection with a Division in Montreal. During the short time Mr. Lay had been in this City and neighborhood, he had gained the esteem of all with whom he became acquainted.—*Toronto Watchman*.

The intelligence of the sudden decease of Robert W. Lay, Proprietor and Publisher of the "Maple Leaf," has come upon us like a thunder-clap. Many of our readers will know that Mr. Lay has been in the city for a couple of months past, pushing his little Miscellany, the "Maple Leaf." Now and again in passing he called upon us, and we learned with pleasure that the little Magazine was meeting with great success in the city. So well pleased was he himself, that he contemplated removing his family to Toronto, to superintend the Magazine here, while he traversed the Western Townships in its behalf, thinking that by this means he would be much nearer the centre of the field of his operations. But his career has been suddenly cut short. On Friday afternoon he was seized with apoplexy and paralysis, and died about 11 o'clock the same night. Mr. Fletcher, bookseller, Yonge Street, was with him till within a short time of his death. As the deceased was a Son of Temperance that body turned out very numerous on Sunday afternoon to attend his Funeral. He was interred in the Necropolis. None of his relations were present. Deceased has left a wife and family in Montreal to lament his sudden and untimely end.—*North American*.

We take the following from the "Maple Leaf," for March:—

We have a painful and melancholy event to state to the readers of the "Maple Leaf." The former Editor and Publisher, Mr. Robert W. Lay, is now no more. He is gone, we are confident, to a higher, and a better world! He died, suddenly, and unexpectedly, at Toronto, on the 18th inst., from a fit of apoplexy, thus adding another to the many proofs which almost every day presents, that:—

"Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

"To-day, we are upon the stream of time; to-morrow, we are floated forth upon the Ocean of eternity. There is