

—A temperance lecturer in Great Britain, formerly : cab driver, related the following incident :—A short time ago, I was coming from Aldbridge's where I had been to buy a horse for my cab, I saw a woman lying dead drunk on the cellar flap of one of the neighbouring public houses ; so I walked into the bar and said to the landlord : "One of your sign-boards has tumbled down." The gouty old publican came outside exclaiming : "Where?" "There," said I, pointing to a heap of rags on the flap. "Why don't you take it inside and put it in the window, like other respectable tradesmen do with their goods, and label it 'Our own manufacture, made to order,' instead of having it here as if you were ashamed to own it?"

The Victims.

Two Sides of One Canvass.

BY WENDALL PHILLIPS.

ONE beautiful afternoon in August, there came to me the heart-broken wife of a prison convict. We tried to plan for his pardon, and restoration to home and the world. It was a very sad case. He was the only surviving son of a very noble man, one who lived only to serve the poor, the tempted, and the criminal. All he had, all he was he gave unreservedly to help thieves and drunkards. His house was their home ; his name their bail to save them from prison ; his reward their reformation. It was a happy hour to hear him tell of the hundreds he had shielded from the contamination and evil example of prisons, and of the large proportion he had good reason to believe permanently saved. Out of the hundreds, he once told me, only two left him to pay their bail, forfeited by neglect to shew themselves in court according to agreement—only two.

Bred under such a roof, the son started in life with a generous heart, noble dreams, and high purpose. Ten years of prosperity, fairly earned by

energy, industry, and character, ended in a bankruptcy, as is so often the case in our risky and changing trade ; then came a struggle for business, for bread—temptation—despair—intemperance. He could not safely pass the open doors that tempted him to indulgence, forgetfulness, and crime. How hard his wife wrought and struggled to save him from indulgence, and then to shield him from exposure ! How long wife, sister, and friends laboured to avert conviction and the state prison ! "I would spare him gladly," wrote the prosecuting attorney, "if he would stop drinking. He shall never go to prison if he will be a sober man. But all this wretchedness and crime comes from rum."

Manfully did the young man struggle to resist the appetite. again and again did he promise, and keep his promise perhaps a month, then fall. He could not walk the streets and earn his bread soberly, while so many open doors—opened by men who sought to coin gold out of their neighbours' vices—lured him to indulgence. So, rightfully the State pressed on, and he went to prison. An honoured name disgraced, a loving home broken up, a wide circle of kindred sorely pained, a worthy, well-meaning man wrecked ? SCROW and crime "*all comes of rum*," says the keen sighted lawyer.

As I parted from the sad wife on my doorstep, I looked beyond, and close by the laughing sea stood a handsome cottage. The grounds were laid out expensively and with great taste. Over the broad piazza hung lazily an Eastern hammock, while all around were richly painted chairs and lounges of every easy and tempting form. Overhead were quaint vases of beautiful flowers, and the delicious lawn was bordered with them. On the lawn itself gaily-dressed women laughed merrily over croquet, and noisy children played near. A span of superb horses pawed the earth impatiently at the gate, while gay salutations passed between the croquet

players and the fashionable equipages that rolled by. It was a comfortable home, as well as a luxurious one. Nature, taste, and wealth had done their best, It was a scene of beauty, comfort, taste, luxury, and wealth. *All came from rum.* Silks and diamonds, flowers and equipage, stately roof and costly attendance, *all came from rum.* The owner was one, who, in a great city, coined his gold out of the vices of his fellow-men.

To me it was a *dissolving view.* I lost sight of gay women, the frolicsome children, the impatient horses, and the ocean rolling up the lawn. I saw instead the pale convict, in his cell twelve feet by nine; the sad wife going from judge to attorney, from court to Governor's Council, begging mercy for her *overtempted* husband. I heard above the children's noise, the croquet, laugh, and the serf waves, the lawyer's stern reason for exacting the full penalty of the law.—*All this comes from rum.*

Correspondence.

To the Editor,

DEAR SIR, — The following pointed anecdote which was related by the Rev. Leonard Gates, at the Grimsby Temperance Camp Meeting, is perhaps worthy of being preserved in your columns : "Some years ago, a church in Halifax, Nova Scotia, having old-fashioned conservative members, thought fit to rent the vaults underneath the sacred edifice for a wine cellar. Shortly afterwards the following notice appeared on the church door, one Sabbath morning.

"There's a spirit above and a spirit below ;
A spirit of love and a spirit of woe—
The spirit above is the spirit divine,
The spirit below is the spirit of wine."

The cutting sarcasm did more good than many temperance sermons would have effected, and the wine was immediately banished from the church.—Yours, &c.,
S.

Toronto, Aug. 21, 1880.