

and duties of moral suasionists, and we shall work as hard as any body to clear the land of its abominations. At present, we shall do, and recommend to be done all that seems fairly possible; but it is quite certain that the efforts of all Christian temperance people must be directed to the attainment of a prohibitory law. Shut up the grog-shops, banish the liquor traffic. In the meantime, we solemnly protest against this burning disgrace of our city—the liquor shops. We appeal to High Heaven against the reckless ungodliness of our liquor authorities. We have more to say shortly, but conclude these remarks with a portion of a good article from the *Montreal Witness* :—

“Many, we fear, think that all has already been done that can be accomplished against the habits and laws which produce intemperance; or, if any thing farther should be attempted, suppose that the temperance societies will attend to it. But no excuse for personal inaction can be more fallacious. All is not done that can or ought to be done, so long as a single poor wretched drunkard remains unreformed—so long as a single custom which is calculated to produce drunkards continues fashionable—so long as a single rum-hole continues open to pollute its neighborhood with moral and physical poison. If much has been already accomplished, it is an encouragement to expect much more. If much remains to do, it is a reason why we should labor the harder.

Sad accounts of the progress and ravages of intemperance in our midst are again beginning to multiply in all their melancholy variety and yet terrible sameness.

It is not long since a once respectable man cut his throat in this city, under the influence of delirium tremens. Still more recently, another was found dead in his bed, who had previously degraded himself by keeping an unlicensed groggery, and who was instrumental, not long ago, in putting to death a man who was to appear as a witness against a third party, by administering liquor to him in large quantities, at the instigation of that third party. In one family a father and son, and son-in-law, all heretofore highly respectable, are now decidedly intemperate. In many other families the fell destroyer is gaining an entrance, or has made more or less progress in undermining domestic happiness. And our saloons and hells lighted up till midnight, or long past, and rendered attractive by gambling, music, and other delights, are drawing our youth in crowds to destruction, like sheep to the slaughter-house. From Canada West also the wail over victims of intemperance comes by almost every mail; scions of the best families being prominent among the crowd who are rushing with strange infatuation to destruction.

Ministers of the Gospel, will ye not throw yourselves heartily into this fearful breach and stand between the living and the dead, that the plague may be staid? Politicians, will ye not abandon speculative projects and join together as one man for the enactment of the Maine Law? Rum-sellers, will ye not give up your soul and body-destroying business,—your avocation, deeply steeped in the blood of the most aimable and promising members of society, and seek instead some of the many honorable and praiseworthy avenues to prosperity which are opening all around you? Temperance Societies, will ye not put on your first love and labor with resuscitated vigor for the advancement of the pure and holy cause ye have espoused? When the enemy is coming in like a flood, may the Lord give his people a banner to be displayed against it!”

Female Tavern Keepers.

This subject, says a correspondent, has lately been the theme of our thoughts. Pity and sympathy for those

who deal out the deadly poison and soul-destroying mixture arise in our hearts, and we wish we had an antidote for this great evil. We have often wondered how it can be possible that woman—the angel of earth—can so lower her dignity, her innate pride, her gentle and tender feelings, as to lend herself to this traffic, solely for the love of lucre and gain; to stand behind the bar of intemperance and deal out to the votaries of alcohol the draughts of perdition; to have attached, above her dwelling-door, a sign, indicating the spot where spirituous liquors are retailed, such as “Jane Barrack, Licensed to Retail Spirituous Liquors.” The objects daily attract our notice, and our cry and appeal to them is, touch not, handle not, use not, and vend not that which is destructive to body and soul. Woman was created for man’s comfort and happiness, and not for his degradation and misery. If it be a pitiful sight to see man hourly and daily toiling out his miserable existence in administering the bowl of intemperance to his fellow-beings, then how much more pitiful, debasing and degrading is the like situation for woman. No person can find words sufficiently striking to pourtray the position of a woman placed in such society. Surrounded, as she must be, and is, by the devotees of drink, who, when in a state of intoxication, indulge in gross and lewd remarks, and which must inevitably, if not purposely, reach her ears. She is forced to hear those insulting and unvirtuous remarks, and that without reproof or censure, for fear of provoking the displeasure of her customers. Her thoughts cannot be those of modesty, exposed as they are to the reception of such libidinous conversation. The air that she breathes is impregnated with the fumes of liquor, and of its concomitant, the filthy, loathsome and poisonous weed—tobacco. Her position is far from being enviable, and she is not only obliged to attend during ordinary days to the duties of her calling, but she infringes on the sanctity of that day appointed for rest from daily toil and labor, and for the exercise of those duties she owes to her God and Creator.

How can woman, pretending to be a disciple of our Lord, a worshipper of God, and a petitioner for His mercy, conscientiously deal out poison to her fellow-creatures, knowing full well that intemperance is forbidden by God’s holy word—that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven? Does woman, when undertaking such a business, look to the evil results which ensue? Is she not cognizant of, or does she not see the pernicious evils arising from, or is she unaware of the many sins and harms committed to the body and soul by such a traffic? Is she not aware that in administering the intoxicating cup to a husband, to a father, to a brother, or to a friend, that she is implanting a canker in the heart of the wife, the children, the sister, and the companion, there to produce the fruit of remorse and bitter anguish? Does she not know that her traffic robs the wife and the orphan of their livelihood and comfort? Is she blind to the miseries and wants of her fellow-creatures around her, caused by the use of alcohol? Is she blind to the fact, that our prisons, poor-houses, hospitals and charitable institutions are filled from one end of the year to the other with the victims of alcohol? Is she indifferent to the