

The Clarence and Lochaber Division of the S. of T.

I envy not the rich and great,
Who roll in splendor daily;
The miser hoarding up his pelf,
Nor grandee strutting gaily.

I covet not the rich attire,
Of those who crowd the palace;
Nor pant I for the warlike fame
Of Scotland's hero Wallace.

Or Britain's far famed Iron-Duke,
Though brave for England's glory;
And long the name of Wellington
Will shine in British story.

But other themes my thoughts employ,
More genial to my feeling,
Than all the palm's of victory won
Midst cannon's thunder pealing.

Hail! then, ye gen'rous Temperance men
Of Clarence and Lochaber;
And many a laurel may you win
From each true-hearted neighbor.

The gen'rous soul we love to view,
And hold in long remembrance;
Thus, in my heart, I feel towards you
Ye noble Sons of Temperance.

Your gifts to me I highly prize,
I'm filled with admiration;
And wonder that my services
Have met such approbation.

But not the gift alone I prize,
Though much I do admire it;
The *spirit* that provoked the deed
I covet and desire it.

In sacred song, and sacred praise,
I take the greatest pleasure;
You have conferred on me a boon,
These books I deem a treasure.

But most I value that bless'd Book
Which God to man has given;
May every Son of Temperance
Make it his guide to Heaven.

Accept ye these my thanks sincere,
I own myself your debtor;
And I shall still your singer be,
Till you can find a better.

Press on! Press on! for good to man,
We'll work and strive together,
Till alcohol, throughout the land,
Is banished—yes! forever.

Temperance and Madagascar Missions.

The London Missionary Society has resolved to recommence their important Missionary work on the Island of Madagascar. It appears from a letter we find in a London paper, that there are important reasons why the Missionaries should be total abstainers. The writer says "Madagascar contains four million inhabitants; all total abstainers from intoxicating drinks." "In this island, the Maine constitution was on the point of ministering the solemn rite of the sacrament, for the first time, an edict came direct from the throne, ordaining—not for the first time—that no intoxicating wine was to be used, it being a breach of their laws. In obedience to that law, he made use of the pure pressed juice of the grape. It is then for the total abstainers of the metropolis to bring their influence to bear upon the London

Missionary Society, that they send none but pledged total abstainers to Madagascar. Moderate drinkers will not do—even if the law will permit them to drink in moderation. It will lead to immoderation, not, perhaps in themselves, but in the natives. Woe be to that man who first opens the flood-gates of intemperance in Madagascar. It is revolting to our best feelings to think that he might be a British Christian Minister of the Gospel."

The reason assigned why the Missionaries should be total abstainers is good as far as it goes. It is good, because the law of Madagascar is good *in that respect*. But liquor drinking is bad every where. Missionaries know it, and therefore even those who use wine or brandy in *moderation* on foreign stations and especially in heathen lands, do so very *prudently and cautiously*, endeavouring to conceal their practice from those around them. Now if intoxicating drinks are proper for the civilized they are proper for the savage. But as a beverage they are not, good for any either White, Red or Black. Their general use ought every where to be abolished and that speedily. In the mean time of all men; let Missionaries and Ministers set an example of selfdenial and moral courage.

Spirituous liquors on Emigrant Ships.

Mr. William Howitt has in the March Number of the "Illustrated Magazine of Art," published a Diary of his Voyage to Australia." It is replete with beautiful descriptions of various scenes and things. We regret that our space is not sufficient to allow of numerous quotations. His views on one topic we do not wish to omit. He describes a drunken uproar on board, and bears testimony to the sad effects of carrying spirits on emigrant ships. He says:

"I was writing in the *cuddy* after tea, when suddenly there arose a clamour, bustle, and scuffle,—a running, a stamping, and a shouting,—as if all the people were fighting together. I ran up, and found the captain surrounded by a mob of nearly all the men in the ship, and in violent contention with three or four drunken sailors. The system of making the ship a floating gin-palace had produced its natural fruits. All the disturbances in the ship amongst the intermediates had arisen from that cause; they got drunk, and made the sailors drunk. This had gone on till the man at the helm, or the *hellem* as all sea-faring people call it, had let the ship go out of his hands. It was just at sunset, and about a week ago, I was walking the deck, and had been looking directly from the ship's side at the sun, when to my surprise, I saw her going at once directly towards it. At the same moment a number of people cried out that the ship was running round, and the second mate was seen at full speed hastening to the wheel and pushing the man away. Had there been a brisk gale, it would have taken the sails aback, and very likely carried the masts all away together. Now again we had a disturbance from drunken sailors, though there was no danger to the ship, but many dreadful theats on all sides."

Again:—

"The system of the sale of spirits on board these emigrant ships produces the worst consequences. Here are a number of young men whose friends have given them orders on banks here, that they might not spend their money in the ship, yet who, nevertheless, have managed to dissipate it all.