

black, bitter, and burning pitch? Give me my husband! Undo your basilisk spells, and give me back the man that stood with me by the altar.

The ears of the rumseller, ever since the first demi-john of that burning liquid was opened upon our shores, have been saluted, at every stage of his traffic, with just such appeals as this.—Such wives, such widows and mothers, such fatherless children as never mourned in Israel at the massacre of Bethlehem, or at the burning of the Temple, have cried in his ears, morning, nig't, and evening, 'Give me back my husband! Give me back my father! Give me back my boy!—Give me back my brother.

But has the rumseller been confounded or speechless at these appeals. No! not he. He could show his credentials at a moment's notice with proud defiance. He always carried in his pocket a written absolution for all he had done and could go on in his work of destruction. *He had bought a letter of indulgence—I mean a license!* A precious instrument signed and sealed by an authority stronger and more respectable than the Pope's. He confounded! Why the whole artillery of civil power was ready to open in his defence and support. Thus shielded by the ægis of the law, he had nothing to fear from the enemies of his traffic. He had the image and superscription of Cæsar on his credentials, and unto Cæsar he appealed; and unto Cæsar too his victims appealed, and appealed in vain.

Washingtonians! Need I say that you are the last court of these appeals! That the forlorn hope of the cause is now centred upon your exertions! How the strongest statues of human legislation have sunk into ridiculous impotence, when opposed to the progress of this mighty ruin! How have you found them mere characters written in the sand, compared with the sublime and eternal principles of that law which you have illustrated and enforced in this great work of philanthropy, the law of sympathy and love a law enacted in heaven, to fill earth with the perpetual sunshine of its bliss, and to make man the fellow of angels! And brethren, during your short experience, have you ever found this law of love an inadequate substitute for all the legal institutions of human wisdom.

Go on, then; carry out the principles of the gospel, until the world shall see their infinite aptitude for all the emergencies and relations of human life and society; until it shall induce that millennial consummation, when nations shall accept it as a substitute for human legislation, and abrogate the laws which produced and perpetuated such monstrous inequalities in the commonwealth of humanity.—*Total Abstinence.*

Out of the Decanter.

A wealthy gentleman, who lived leisurely, and drank profusely, was assisted out of his carriage one morning, in front of the office of a celebrated physician, and enquired of the servant in attendance if the doctor was at home; being answered in the affirmative, the wealthy gentleman hobbled in, supported on one side by a crutch, and on the other by his coachman, and took a seat. Directly the doctor made his appearance, and enquired the symptoms of the patient. The gentleman related his feelings as well as he could—stated that he could not sleep—could not walk—was continually oppressed with pains in the head—swellings of his eyes and legs, and finally every thing that "flesh is heir to" he was afflicted with. "What have you done for yourself?" enquired the physician. "Nothing—only dieted. I eat nothing but the coarsest food, and very sparingly of that; in fact my wife says I do not eat enough to keep a rat alive," replied the gentleman. "But," said the physician, "you drink enough to kill an ox, which is a great deal worse." "Oh, no—you are mistaken, sir, there. I do not drink more than I have for the last twenty years. That is not my disease, certainly. But where in the world, or how, I got these beautiful legs, I cannot divine." "I will tell you," said the doctor, "for I like to deal plainly

with all men. You got them out of a brandy bottle. Now, take my advice. Go home; eat more and drink less, and you will soon be well." "Doctor," said the wealthy man, "I thought you were a skilful physician; but I am satisfied of my mistake now. We live in an age of humbug. You have fallen into the channel, and by aping (I cannot consider it real) the practices of its most eccentric proselytes, you have gained an enviable name; but, sir, it will avail nothing with me—I am not to be duped. What is your charge for this advice?" "Five dollars." "There's your money—good morning." And the wealthy gentleman crawled back into his carriage, and was whirled out of sight in a moment. The sequel: The physician has since retired upon an ample fortune, and is now living, in a green old age, in the bosom of his family, surrounded with every comfort, and enjoying that quiet repose which makes age a blessing. The wealthy gentleman has tumbled from his high estate, and is now a poor, degraded, houseless, penniless, bloated drunkard, despised and pitied—alike a burden and disgrace to his friends. The grave will soon open to receive him, and his name will become a blank in the memory of man.

This is a history of but twelve short years. Let those who read it remember that a host of diseases are drawn "out of a decanter."

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

The Anniversary meeting of the Toronto Temperance Reformation Society, took place 31st May last, when the following gentlemen were elected:—Jesse Ketchum, Esq., President; Rev. John Roaf, Rev. J. Richardson, Vice Presidents; Mr. James Leslie, Treasurer; Mr. A. Christie, Mr. E. F. Whittemore, Secretaries; with an executive committee of 10, and 5 Conveners of wards.

EXTRACTS FROM REPORT PRESENTED ON THE OCCASION.

Your Committee believe that it will afford pleasure to all interested in the progress of Temperance to learn, that the accession of Members to the Society during the past year has been fully equal to that of any previous year: 617 have been added to the general list, besides an increase of Juvenile Members, and a steady augmentation from the ranks of the 93rd Highlanders. The aggregation on the general list is now 2070. So large an increase to our numbers may surprise some, who, from the omission of the usual monthly meetings—which, from unavoidable causes, have been held much less frequently than your Committee could have wished—have thought that nothing was doing. While the larger and more general meetings have been omitted, the Conveners of several of the Wards have been exemplary in sustaining the weekly meetings, at which considerable numbers have signed the Pledge: and your Committee would not here neglect to express their admiration of the zeal of an un-official member residing eastward of the city, who has usually held monthly—sometimes semi-monthly—meetings, in his own immediate neighbourhood. For some time he laboured amidst many discouragements, but, ardent in the cause, he persevered, and latterly his exertions have been crowned with success. Between one and two hundred about the Don Bridge have thus been induced to reflect on the evils of drinking, and persuaded to lay aside the intoxicating cup; and there is good reason to believe, that, in a few cases, under a higher and holier influence, individuals have been led to "add to their temperance, godliness," and the other graces of the Christian life. The removal of a portion of the 93rd regiment from this city will, of course, decrease the number of military members; but your Committee rejoice in the reflection, that wherever those consistent, zealous, and intelligent "Highlanders" are stationed, there will be exerted a salutary moral influence in favour of Temperance and every other good work.

Temperance efforts throughout Canada are greatly paralyzed by the all but unlimited license granted to sell intoxicating liquors. The Magistrates—in whom the power of granting licenses is vested—with a few honourable exceptions, evince a greater willingness to aid and abet this ruinous traffic, than to limit and restrain it. In no one place, perhaps, from Gaspé to Fort Malden, have such facilities been extended to this business as in our own city, and the consequences have been truly