

A heavy shadow passed over James' face, for he saw there must have been something hotter than ginger in the 'temperance cordial,' as it is falsely called, that Andrew had taken; else he would have endeavoured to redeem lost time, not to waste more; and he thought how much better 'the real temperance cordial' was, that, instead of exciting the brain, only warms the heart.

'No,' he replied after a pause, 'I must go and finish what I was about; but this evening, at seven o'clock, meet me at the end of our lane, and then I'll be very happy of your company.'

Andrew was sorely puzzled to discover what James' cordial could be, and was forced to confess to himself, he hoped it would be different from what he had taken that afternoon, which certainly made him feel confused and inactive. At the appointed hour, the friends met in the lane.

'Which way do you go?' inquired Andrew.

'Home,' was James' brief reply.

'Oh, you take it at home?' said Andrew.

'I make it at home,' answered James.

'Well,' observed Andrew, 'that's very good of the woman that owns ye. Now, mine takes on so about a drop of anything, that she's almost as hard on the cordials as she used to be on the whisky.'

'My Mary helps to make mine,' observed James.

'And do you bottle it or keep it on draught?' inquired Andrew, very much interested in the cordial question.

James laughed very heartily at this, and answered—

'Oh, I keep mine on draught—always on draught; there's nothing like having plenty of a good thing, so I keep mine always on draught,' and then James laughed again, and heartily. James' cottage door was open, and, as they approached, they saw a good deal of what was going forward within. A square table, placed in the centre of the little kitchen, was covered with a clean white cloth; knives, forks, and plates for the whole family, were ranged upon it in excellent order; the tea-pot stood triumphant in the centre, the hearth had been swept, the house was clean; the children rosy, well dressed, and all doing something. 'Mary,' whom her husband had characterised as 'the patient,' was busy and bustling, in the very act of adding to the tea, which was steaming on the table, with the substantial accompaniments of fried eggs and bacon, and a large dish of potatoes. When the children saw their father they ran to meet him with a great shout, and clung around him to tell him all they had done that day. The eldest girl declared she had achieved the heel of a stocking; one boy wanted his father to come and see how straight he had planted the cabbages, while another avowed his proficiency in addition, and volunteered to do a sum instanter upon a slate he had just cleaned. Happiness in a cottage seems always more real than it does in a gorgeous dwelling. It is not wasted in large rooms; it is concentrated; a great deal of love in a small space, a great, great deal of joy and hope within narrow walls, and compressed, as it were by a low roof. Is it not a blessed thing, that the most moderate means become enlarged by the affec-

tions?—that the love of a peasant within his sphere is as deep, as fervent, as true, as lasting, as sweet, as the love of a prince?—that all our best and purest affections will grow and expand in the poorest worldly soil, and that we need not to be rich to be happy? James felt all this and more, when he entered his cottage, and was thankful to God, who had opened his eyes, and taught him what a number of this world's gifts were within his humble reach, to be enjoyed without sin. He stood a poor but happy father, within the sacred temple of his home, and Andrew had the warm heart of an Irishman beating in his bosom, and consequently shared his joy.

'I told you,' said James, 'I had the true temperance cordial at home. Do you not see it in the simple prosperity by which, owing to the blessings of temperance, I am surrounded? Do you not see it in the rosy cheeks of my children—in the smiling eyes of my wife? Did I not say truly that she helped to make it? Is not this a true cordial?' he continued, his own eyes glistened with many tears; 'Is not the prosperity of this cottage a true temperance cordial? and is it not always on draught, flowing from an ever-failing fountain? am I not right, Andrew; and will you not forthwith take my receipt, and make it for yourself? you will never wish for any other—it is warmer than ginger, and sweeter than aniseed. I'm sure you will agree with me, that a loving wife, in the enjoyment of the humble comforts which a industrious, sober husband can bestow, smiling, healthy, well-clad children, and a clean cabin, where the fear of God banishes all other fears—make

THE TRUE TEMPERANCE CORDIAL.'

### LICENSING SYSTEM.

The following speech of Mr. Taylor, coroner for the borough of Bolton, England, will be read with interest by our friends. It was delivered before the Annual Licensing Meeting for Bolton, on the 24th of August last, in opposition to the granting of additional licenses applied for by numerous parties. Mr. Taylor has made out a strong case, and we are happy to think his statements had the effect of deciding the magistrates to grant no new licenses.

After the names of the persons who made application for Licenses had been read, Mr. Taylor, coroner for the borough, rose to address the bench in opposition to the granting of new Licenses. He (Mr. Taylor) had a memorial to present—one which, he thought, would have its due weight with the magistrates when they looked at the signatures. These commenced with the name of our worthy Vicar, and included, he believed, the names of all the clergymen of the established church, and, with one or two exceptions, those of the clergymen of every other denomination in the borough; also the names of a number of professional men, tradesmen, gentlemen, and others, who, he believed, had at heart the interest and welfare of the population at large. Before presenting that petition, however, he would refer the Court to statistics respecting crime and other matters, from which the magistrates might be able to judge whether more licenses ought to be granted. In the first place, there were 96 inns in Great Bolton, and in Little