

No. VI.

"DEAR FREDERICK,—I met Harry Chaslinch yesterday. He seemed to be in high spirits that he has got your permission (at least he assumes he has) to drink three glasses of good port, and a little unknown quantity of brandy afterwards, and he is instantly to be enrolled among the moderate men. I rather took the wind out of his sails by assuring him that you would never concede the quantity; and I further told him that, as I had not yet written my reply to your question, I would endeavour to dissipate his notion of Moderation at all events.

"Now, Fred, all the authorities are against the three glasses. I don't mean the police authorities, but such as Shakspeare and others. For instance, Shakspeare says somewhere, 'A drunken man is like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and the third drowns him.'

"George Herbert writes the following lines in the same context:—

"Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not tame

When once it is within thee; but before
May'st rule it as thou list, and pour the shame

Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.
It is most just to throw that on the ground,

Which would throw me there if I keep the
round."

"So now, Fred, don't be taken in by Harry's plausible talk. I, for my part, cannot get over this, that the great Shakspeare and the good George Herbert are both decidedly of the opinion that the third glass is over the mark, and therefore beyond Moderation.

"You see, Fred, I can better tell you what moderation is not, than what it is.

"Your old friend,

"WM. WARY.

"These, Mr. Gleaner, are the answers I have received to my question. They are all indefinite or else contradictory. It may be that some of your many readers may be set a thinking about this oft talked of, oft be-praised measure of Moderation, which so many urge as a definite cure of the drunkenness of the drunkard.

"Surely, if a medical practitioner were to prescribe a cure for a disease, he would be able to define the exact quantity to be taken, even to the merest scruple weight. All proposed remedies, if they are really designed for actual use, ought to be capable of definition. We hear enough on all sides about curing drunkenness by 'Moderation'; and yet I do not think we could get one whit nearer to a definition of the term than my friends above have succeeded in doing, though we were to challenge a score of such letters. At all events, any of our Teetotal friends may try the experiment for themselves, and thus vindicate our good and holy cause against all comers.

"I am, dear Mr. Gleaner, &c.,

"FREDERICK FAITHFUL"

—English paper.

HOME.

There is something in the word *home* that wakes the kindest feelings of the heart. It is not merely friends and kindred that render that place so dear; but the very hills, and rocks, and rivulets throw a charm around the place of one's nativity. It is no wonder that the lostiest harps have been tuned to sing of home "sweet home." The rose that bloomed in the garden where one has wandered in early years, a thoughtless child, careless in innocence, is lovely in its bloom, and and lovelier in its decay. No songs are sweet like those we heard among the boughs that shadow parent's dwelling, when the morning or the evening hour found us gay as the birds that warbled over us. No waters are bright like the clear silver streams that wind among the flower-decked knolls where in childhood we have often strayed to pluck the violet, or the lily, or to twine a garland for some loved school-mate. We may wander away, and mingle in the "world's fierce strife," and form new associations and friendships, and fancy we have almost forgotten the land of our birth; but at some evening hour, as we listen perchance to the autumn winds the remembrance of other days comes over the soul, and fancy bears us back to childhood's scenes, and we roam again the old familiar haunts, and press the hands of companions long since cold in the grave, and listen to voices we shall hear on earth no more. It is then a feeling of melancholy steals over us, which, like Ossian's music, is pleasant though mournful to the soul. The Swiss general, who leads his army into a foreign land, must not suffer the sweet airs of Switzerland to be sung in the hearing of his soldiers; for at the thrilling sound they would leave the camp and fly away to their own green hills. The African, torn from his willow-braided hut, and borne away to the land of charters and of chains, weeps as he thinks of home, and sighs and pines for the cocoa land beyond the waters of the sea. Years may have passed over him, and strifes and toil may have crushed his spirit—all his kindred may have found graves upon the corals of the ocean; yet were he free, how soon would he seek the shores and skies of his boyhood dreams! The New England mariner, amid the icebergs of the northern seas, or broathing the spicy gales of the ever-green isles, or coasting along the shores of the Pacific, though the hand of time may have blanched his raven locks, and care have ploughed deep furrows on his brow, and his heart have been chilled by the storms of ocean, till the fountains of his love had almost ceased to gush with the heavenly current—yet, upon some summer's evening, as he looks out upon the sun sinking behind the western wave, he will think of home, and his heart will yearn for the loved of other days, and his tears flow like the summer rain. How does the heart of the wanderer, after long years of absence, beat, and his eyes fill, as he catches a glimpse of the hills of his nativity; and when he has pressed the

lip of a mother or a sister, how soon does he hasten to see if the garden, and the orchard, and the stream, look as in days gone by! We may find climes as beautiful, and skies as bright, and friends as devoted; but that will not usurp the place of Home.

There is one spot where none will sigh for home. The flowers that blossom there will never fade; the crystal waters that wind along those verdant vales, will never cease to send up their heavenly music; the clusters hanging from trees overshadowing its banks will be immortal clusters; and the friends that meet will meet forever.
—Mother's Magazine.

"A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING."

"A PHYSICIAN was consulted as to the probability or possibility of medicine being rendered effectual to stop the disposition to intemperance. The poor man *would have suffered the amputation of all his limbs*, could so severe a method have rid him of his deadly habit, which, like a quillure, had fastened upon his very vitals. The physician boldly declared, that if the poor slave would strictly adhere to his prescription, not only the practice but the very inclination for strong drink would subside in a few months. Oh, could you have seen the countenance of that poor man when the physician told him of this: hope and fear alternately rising up, whilst he grasped the physician's arm and said, 'Oh, sir, be careful how you open that door of hope, for should it be closed upon me, I am lost for ever!' The physician pledged his credit, that if his prescription were punctually followed, the happiest results would ensue. The remedy was a preparation of stool; and eagerly did the poor slave begin to devour the antidote to his misery. EVERY BOTTLE WAS TAKEN WITH EARNEST PRAYER to God for his blessing to accompany it.—He commenced taking the medicine on the first week in March, 1816, and continued till the latter end of September following, and to the honour and glory of the Lord God Almighty, who sent his angel to whisper in the poor man's ear, 'I will help thee,' for the glory of God be it spoken, that from the latter end of September, 1816, to the present hour, *not so much as a spoonful of spiritual liquor, or wine of any description, has ever passed the surface of that man's tongue.*"

"The narrative which I have thus detailed might appear almost as a fable, as a fable, a tale got up for effect, but every syllable is *truth*; and to the glory and honour of the Lord God Almighty, the man who has been so marvellously delivered is now in perfect health, the happy servant of the Lord Jesus Christ; and he who has been plucked as a brand from the burning, and delivered from the power of Satan, NOW STANDS BEFORE YOU, and it is from his lips that you have heard the goodness of that God whose mercy endureth for EVER!!!"

As application has often been made for the prescription referred to; it is here