

some consumption in Ireland, during the year ending April 5, 1847, was 7,392,365, or nearly a gallon a piece for man, woman, and child.—Father Mathew notwithstanding.

A memorial in favour of the Total Abstinence cause was presented to the recent Wesleyan Conference in Liverpool, signed by 19 office-bearers and 80 members of the Wesleyan body in the Liverpool South circuit. It was read in the Conference, and a favourable reply communicated to the memorialists. The following are extracts from the document:—

"During the past year upwards of eight millions of quarters of nutritious grain have been misapplied in the manufacture of inebriating drinks. This immense quantity of grain would have furnished food for upwards of twelve millions of famishing beings for the space of six months.

"We rejoice to be enabled to state that the success attending the operations of temperance societies is highly encouraging, and this is a pleasing fact that many through their influence have become members of religious communities and a considerable number to our own knowledge have joined the Wesleyan body. We are persuaded, however, that if you, the ministers of the cross, would take the lead or even occasionally advocate the cause, such cases would be greatly multiplied. We have felt considerable difficulty from not being able to direct the reclaimed drunkard to a place of worship where he would be established in his principles of abstinence. Not many months since, several notorious characters in York, who had been induced to relinquish their drinking habits, and to exchange the public-house for the chapel, sat under a sermon in which the total abstinence principle was condemned and moderation recommended as preferable. The result was lamentable in the extreme; in a few days several returned to their habits of intemperance, and are fast hurrying to the drunkard's grave.

"We beg further particularly to direct your attention to the vast number of useful members, and not unfrequently the most efficient officers in your society, whose gradual decline in piety and ultimate perdition may be traced to the ordinary use of intoxicating drinks, and for the sake of such as may now be in a condition to take a similar fatal course, we entreat your aid in removing the great cause of their spiritual declension."

## Poetry.

### SOLILOQUY OF A DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

*From the Western Recorder.*

\* \* \* Time was when much he lov'd me,  
When we walked out at close of day, I inhale  
The vernal breeze—ah well do I remember  
How then, with careful hand, he drew my mantle  
Round me! fearful lest the evening dews  
Should mar my fragile health. Yes, then his eye  
Looked kindly on me, when my heart was sad.  
How tenderly he wiped my tears away,  
While from his lips the words of gentle soothing  
In softest accents fell.

How blest my evenings, too, when wintry blasts  
Were howling round our peaceful, happy dwelling,  
O, it was sweet,—the daily task performed—  
By the sweet hearth and cheerful fire to sit  
With him I loved: to view, with glistening eye  
And all a parent's fondness, the building graces  
Of our little ones.

\* \* \* Then we had a father,  
My lovely babes, now more than helpless orphans!  
Thy mother more than widow's grief has known:  
Yes sharper pangs than those who mourn the dead,  
Seized on my breaking heart, when first I knew  
My lover husband—O my earthly all—  
Was dead to virtue! When I saw the man  
My soul so fondly loved, transformed to brute,  
O, it was then I tasted gall and sorrow-wood.  
Then did the world look dreary! fearful clouds  
Quick gathered round me: dark forebodings came.  
The grave before was terror; now in peaceful rest  
There to forget my sorrows. But I liv'd;  
And O my heart what years have followed!

I feel my heart is broken. He who vowed  
To cherish me—before God's altar vowed—  
Has done the deed. And shall I then upbraid him,  
The husband of my youthful days—the man  
For whom I gave my virgin heart away?  
Patient,—I'll bear it all!

\* \* \* Peace, peace my heart!

'Tis almost o'er. A few more stormy blasts,  
And then this shattered, sickly frame will fall,  
And sweetly slumber,—where the weary,—  
The wicked cease from troubling.

### SONG OF THE SURGERY, OR TEMPERANCE SONG. FOR 1853.

*From an English Paper.*

In dressing-gown tattered and torn,  
His thin hair all lanky and grey,  
A poor surgeon sat by his surgery fire,  
And thus he was heard to say—  
Oh! would I had never been born.  
'Twould much better have been for me,  
Than here to sit like a being forlorn;  
For nobody brings me a fee.

Wait, wait, wait,  
From ten to half-past four,  
And not a carriage has stopped at my gate,  
Nor a patient has rapped at my door.  
Oh! it was not always thus,  
Not always wait, wait, wait,  
Without a patient to rap at my door  
Or a carriage to stop at my gate.

It was drive—drive—drive,  
Through hail, and rain, and snow,  
It was drive—drive—drive—  
As fast as my horse could go,  
It was pill, and blister, and draught,  
Draught and blister and pill—  
'Till the sight of a phial made me sick,  
And the smell of it made one ill.

I know what has caused the change,  
Why my rounds I seldom go,  
'Tis the Temperance Cause with its serpent laws  
That has left me nothing to do.  
I had but two patients last week,  
And one was too poor to pay  
The other has left off whiskey and gin,  
So he got quite well in a day.

Oh! will it be always thus,  
Will the happy time never come,  
That my purse will refill because people are ill  
With drinking brandy and rum—  
There's dropsy, hysterics, and gout,  
Delirium tremens, and fits,  
This Temperance folly has put to the rout,  
And Physicians are losing their wits,  
Alas! that the people should know,  
What the doctors took care not to say;  
That if they'd abstain from the poisonous drinks  
They'd not have a doctor to pay.

In dressing gown tattered and torn,  
His thin hair all lanky and grey;  
A poor surgeon sat by his surgery fire  
(He'd gladly have ridden through mud and thro'  
mire),  
And thus to himself did say—  
Wait, wait, wait,—  
From ten till half-past four.  
And not a carriage has stopped at my gate  
(Will nobody pity the poor man's fate),  
Not a patient has rapped at my door,