

to the apartment from which the noise issues. What a sight meets their gaze! There on a bed of rags, a woman lay dead, the body yet warm; and in the centre of the room, is a pool of blood, gasping for breath, lay a man dying by the hand of his son, who now stood before them, brandishing his weapon over his head and shouting:

"My mother has died of a broken heart, and I have stabbed my father. What led me to this crime? It was rum, rum, rum! When I was a child that man gave it to me, fed me with it and called me brave because I swallowed it greedily. When I became a man I could not live without it, I would have bartered anything for liquor. Now hang me, hang me, and end this horrible life; and when you hear a man say, 'Where is the harm of giving a child wine?' point to the gallows on which I swung, and say, 'There is the harm!'"

Is Alcohol a Poison.

 **HISKEY** is about half alcohol, and the remaining half is water. A little boy between six and seven years old was sent by his mother for a gill of whiskey, and he, knowing it was a drink of some kind, sipped away at it until he had drunk half of it. After some hours the child was found in the street senseless. He was taken to a police office, and a doctor worked over him five hours before he was recovered enough to go home. He had been stupefied nearly nine hours from drinking a quarter of a gill, or about two spoonfuls of alcohol diluted with the same amount of water; would we not call any other thing a poison if it produced such effects?

That Red Nose.

 **DON'T** like that red nose, and those bleary eyes, and that stupid downcast look. You are a drunkard. Another pint, and one pint more; a glass of gin and water, rum and milk, cider and pepper, a glass of peppermint, and all the beastly fluids

which drunkards pour down their throats. It is very possible to conquer it, if you will but be resolute.

I remember a man in Staffordshire who was drunk every day of his life. Every farthing he earned went to the alehouse. One evening he staggered home, and found at a late hour, his wife sitting alone and drowned in tears. He was a man not deficient in natural affections; he appeared to be struck with the wretchedness of the woman, and with some eagerness asked her why she was crying. "I don't like to tell you, James," she said; "but if I must, I must; and truth is, my children have not touched a morsel of anything this blessed day. As for me, never mind me; I must leave you to guess how it has fared with me. But not one morsel of food could I beg or buy for those children that lie on that bed before you; and I am sure, James, it is better for us, all of us, that we should die, and I wish we were dead."

"Dead!" said James, starting up as if a flash of lightning had darted upon him. "Dead, Sally? You and Mary, and the young ones dead. Lookye, my lass, you see what I am now—like a brute! I have wasted your substance—the curse of God is upon me—I am drawing near to the pit of destruction—but there's an end; I feel there's an end. Give me that glass, wife."

She gave it to him with astonishment and fear. He turned it topsy-turvy; and striking the table with great violence, and flinging himself on his knees made a solemn vow to God of repentance and sobriety.

From that moment to the day of his death he drank no fermented liquor, but confined himself entirely to tea and water. I never saw so sudden and astonishing a change. His looks became healthy, his cottage neat, his children were clad, his wife happy, and twenty times the poor man and his wife, with tears in their eyes, have told me the story, and blessed the evening of the 14th of March, the day of James's

restoration, and have shown me the glass he held in his hand when he made the vow of sobriety.

It is all nonsense about not being able to work without ale, and gin, and cider, and fermented liquors. Do lions and cart-horses drink ale? It is mere habit. If you have good nourishing food you can do very well without ale? Nobody works harder than the Yorkshire people, and for years together many Yorkshire labourers have never tasted ale. I have no objection, you will observe, to a moderate use of ale, or any other liquor you can afford to purchase. My objection is that you can not afford it; that every penny you spend at the alehouse comes out of the stomachs of the poor children, and strips off the clothes of the wife.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

"Ultra Vires."

 **THE** new Canada Temperance Act went into force in the city of Fredericton, New Brunswick, in May last, and, as might be expected, its enforcement met with the most determined opposition. The liquor interests will die hard. Among the first of the liquor dealers fined was one named Grieves, and an appeal was made against his conviction on the ground of the unconstitutionality of the law itself. The case went, in turn, to the Supreme Court of the Province of New Brunswick, and on the 12th inst. a judgment was given in which the judges declared the Act "ultra vires," beyond the jurisdiction of the Dominion Legislature. We have not yet been able to see any full report of the arguments in the case, or of the judgment, but we suppose the decision of the judges is that it is not the prerogative of the Dominion Legislature to pass an act affecting the retail sale of liquors in the respective provinces.

There have been those from the beginning who have argued that the regulation or prohibition of the importation, manufacture of the wholesale traffic in intoxicating liquors belonged to the