

of God. Can there be any question, then, whether those amusements are sinful, which are inconsistent with religion, or which inevitably withdraw the mind from those things that concern the interest of the soul, and drive away the Spirit of God?—*Tenn. Baptist.*

To Correspondents.

We regret there should have been a few typographical errors in the last communication of our valued friend, J. T. B. The word "went," in the first line, should have been "met." The word "exaggerated," should have been "aggravated." Errors will occur sometimes; but we rather think our *Advocate* is about as free from them as any paper in these latitudes; and, further, we really do hope that both our errors and our conceits are of a "pardonable" kind.

U. A.—Of course, as we have often said, we are willing to receive postage stamps in payment of small amounts.

P. L.—Send your list as soon as practicable. Our new subscribers are coming in rapidly. Don't stop short, friends, of Ten Thousand!

Newfoundland Sons of Temperance.

At the third Annual Session of the Grand Division of the order of the Sons of Temperance of Newfoundland, recently held, the following members were elected as officers for the ensuing year, viz.:—David Sclater, G. W. P.; David Reid, G. W. A.; W. W. C. Carter, G. S.; T. C. James, G. T.; David Rogers, G. Ch.; William G. Bulley, G. C.; William Lilly, G. Sen.

Temperance Papers.

The paper referred to below, as discontinued, was worthy of support, but its failure is to be regarded only as a proof of the folly of multiplying the number of Temperance periodicals, instead of vigorously sustaining those which have been long established, and well conducted. The evil prevails greatly in the United States, and ought to be guarded against everywhere. We cut the annexed from the N. B. *Temperance Telegraph*:—

The *Ohio Life Boat*, an able Temperance periodical which has just been discontinued, put it to its delinquent subscribers after the following fashion, though without much effect upon the sensibilities of its non-paying subscribers, we opine, since they seem to bear a strong family likeness, they do, all the world over.

In his valedictory, the Editor says,—“We have labored to the best of our ability. We need not say that ‘high noon and the wee sma’ hours of the night have found us at our post.’” And yet, and though there are many temperance men in Ohio, and the cause stands in need of advocates, he declares “the income of the *Life Boat* is inadequate to its pecuniary wants.”

We are sorry to hear of our contemporaries dying off one after another, but we trust that the obituary notices will stir up the friends of the Reform everywhere, to renewed efforts to sustain the Temperance Press existing.

“We delayed the publication of this No. hoping to effect an arrangement for the continuance of the *Life Boat*, but we are disappointed. The water is too low—our *Boat* is probably aground. Those passengers who have taken *through ticket*, will be put through, at our expense, by returning the enclosed slip to us, with their name and post-office, this week”;

or if they will take a check on any of our host of able-to-pay delinquent subscribers, we would much rather settle it thus; for having had low water, big bars and lots of snags in our voyage, we have now scant supplies.”

Selling and Buying.

“Sell that ye have and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens which faileth not.” Luke xii. 33.

Sell, sell while ye can,
While the tide of traffic is high;
Lo! Mammon and Crime outspeed the time,
Human bodies and souls to buy;
Houses and Lands! oh! man,
What are they to thy brother's blood,
To his life so foul, to his ruin'd soul,
Crying up, against thee, to God?

Yon herd of children see,
On the devil's own ground at play:
For childhood's sweet smile, what looks of guile,
What curses for prayers they say!
Ease, comfort, pleasure free!
Oh! give all those young souls to buy,
No little one there, but 'neath thy care,
May shine fair jewel, on high.

And yonder thing forlorn,
Of sharp Want and dark Shame the prey—
Sell, sell thy cold pride, nor turn aside,
From her veriest touch away;
Despite her mien of scorn,
Oh! she hath a womanly heart,
And the Magdalene tear, were pity near,
From her poor burden'd soul might start.

That widow'd mother there,
With her clamorous babes around—
And yon head bent low with years and woe,
All shelterless, succourless, found—
Sell, sell to ease their care;
Thy Lord in each weary one see,
And the joy divine of love is thine—
“Thou dost minister unto Me.”

Sell, 'tis the Master's word,
For our ransom himself He sold,
Oh! a breath of His love the heart to move,
And what to us houses of gold?
Take, take them gracious Lord,
Leave us nought but the promise given,
“Bags which ne'er decay, nor thieves essay,
The treasure unfailing in heaven!”

—*Evang. Cath.*

Right is Might.

PATIENCE! and steadfast adamant will!
We will do right, though the great murmuring world
Deride and thwart us, asking, Have you skill
To guide your bark with all her sails unfurled
Against the tempest of my scorching breath,
That nauight can shield thee from except more dreadful Death.

To thee indeed, Death wears a fearful face,
See thou to that, he is our loving friend,
Who calmly leads us with an awful grace,
To where all doubting and all strife will end;
An as the guerdon of our hard-won race
We shall embrace fair Truth, long sought in every place,