

concur, and commend it to the consideration of all concerned, adding only for the present a part of the concluding paragraph of the editorial in the *National Magazine*:—"Where the general or indirect influence of Christianity actuates the public mind to the due correction of a given public evil, it may not be necessary for the church—that is to say, Christianity in its organic form—to act more specifically against that evil; but where the public mind fails of its duty in this respect,—that is, resists that influence,—should the church connive at its evasion? or, should it not rather speak out in demonstration and power against the sanctioned wrong? Representing, as it does, the moral government of God in the world, it apostatizes from its integrity whenever it allows that government to be infringed, except when it wisely waits only a better opportunity to vindicate it."

Interesting Discussion—A Sign of the Times.

Through our recent trans-atlantic exchanges we learn that a rather singular and somewhat interesting discussion is in progress, on a subject of great public importance. We cannot help looking on with gravity while the belligerents of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin and London are each striving to prove that this or that city is not more drunken than the other. The *Scotsman* endeavors to show statistically, that "Glasgow is three times more drunken than wicked Edinburgh, and five times more drunken than lost London." The *Glasgow Herald* defends poor Glasgow against this dreadful impeachment, but flies to Dublin for facts to relieve the gloom, which he admits to be dismal enough. While the *Herald* is doubting its own allegations against Dublin, the *Northern Whig* comes out strong, and says "no man in his senses can doubt that, compared to Glasgow, Dublin is a temperate city." The *Whig* "even grows eloquent, and maintains that, "as compared with self-righteous Glasgow, Dublin is an unfallen and sinless paradise." The *Scotish Press*, however, admits a letter from a "Citizen," which at least partially substantiates the statistics of the *Scotsman*.

Observing that dram-shops nestle beneath the very eaves of the venerable Tron Church, he fixes upon one of these places, and watches the guests pass in and out on Sunday:—

"From one to two o'clock [day-time] no fewer than 193 people at one house were buying and swallowing the publican's bad gospel—whisky! whisky! whisky! Amongst the special acts of these apostles who administer spiritual refreshment to the modern heathens of Modern Athens, we must notice their great love of children. They are very kind indeed to them—when children bought and paid for whisky, they generally, it was observed, came away full-handed, for they had spirits in the one hand and sweeties without money and without price in the other. Had these apostles of bad tidings and bad whisky had time to speak, they would certainly have been heard quoting their beloved Bibles, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' It was observed also that many who went there were not content with one dose, but returned and returned over and over again, some to the incredible number of six times. Now this fact naturally demands a moment's consideration of the too fondly-cherished delusions of the Sabbath publican, viz., that they dispense refreshments, and that they are respectable. Were such individuals who came and went so often, refresh-

ed each time, and was it respectable to refresh them so often? An answer to this would be obliging. One old man who had been refreshed very often, at last observed us jotting down the frequency of his extreme periodic exhaustion, and coolly said, 'Here I am again, just put me down again, that 'll make me five times.' This deplorable being seemed to have passed from the human to the sponge species, for he could absorb any quantity. We wondered how anything human could learn to live an hour with so much liquid fire raging in his stomach."

We cannot withhold another extract from the "Citizen's" letter. Sad indeed are the facts here brought to light, from the darkness of a Glasgow Sunday night. Only one house is watched and,

"From twenty minutes to eleven to ten minutes past it, 134 human beings come out of one place, rejoicing in the dignified title of a tavern;—a tavern is obviously now neither more nor less than a place where dissipation and devilry in general can be carried on to a later unchallengeable hour than in other dram-shops. When groups of these beings did come to the door, the scenes were very shocking—such oaths and mad indecent antics as were heard and seen! A sort of square hid them from the thronging streets, and so this pandemonium-promenade was only dispersed occasionally by the police. Blasphemy was their vernacular, and the vocabulary of profanity seemed used up. Though we did not take the statistics of adjoining places, in order to be very accurate with one only, yet we could see at a glance, that all the rest were plying away with all their might, sucking in and pumping out the stream of men, women, and boys with rare devotion. At all of these places we could notice the timid, hesitating, quaking servant girls, coaxed on by sweethearts, so-called, shuddering at the company they probably for the first time were getting a glimpse of. In they went at last, to those legalised moral slaughter-houses, fear, shame, and remorse, soon to be drowned in the eternal dram; holder and baser next time no doubt, merging in sympathy first, and passing soul and body at last into this revolting system. We saw clubs of lads, evidently 'prentices, counting their change and looking big, because, as it seemed, of their successful imitation of their seniors. But the door is shut at last, and then Sabbath dram-dealers seem to shut out also all sense of responsibility as to what may happen with their pupils and victims, either publicly or privately. Well, these doors are shut with a bang, but can the father shut out the drunk son? Can the wife shut out that drunk husband? Can the father shut out the moral contamination from the innocent home circle which the tavern pupil has imbibed? Can the wife shut out the wolf of bankruptcy which devours all that should have honourably fed and clad her family? The husband first learnt to neglect his business by spending too much in this bad school-house of the State, the dram-shop. Can the mother shut out that daughter, or the daughter that mother, each ruined as it may happen, and does very, very often happen, by these legalised Sabbath temptations? What heads and hearts such men must have who either don't see or don't care that when they are shutting out all this from themselves, they are shutting it in upon individual families, and upon society at large."

Yes! and "society" must bear this load and more than human eye discerns, and when society seeks to right itself and annihilate this diabolical system you hear the cry of "ventilating rights" and "property" embarked, and so forth. O tempora. But let us get back again to our editorial brothers in Glasgow and elsewhere. The *Weekly News and Chronicle*, London, may be reckoned a sort of umpire—at least so we consider it—a candid observer of facts and de-