

## WHO ARE THE FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE?

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

GLANFORD, SEPT. 24, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—Having a few leisure moments, I thought I would employ them in writing a few lines to trouble you and the readers of the *Gem*, (if you think proper to publish what I may write), with a few remarks on the following question, viz: *Who are the friends of Temperance?*

The following query has often come into my mind: By what can we judge a friend to Temperance, for I believe there are staunch friends to "our cause" that do not belong to the "Sons." But how are we to judge them? Is it by their professions of love for it while they are in the presence of its friends? By their disputations about it? Or by their manifestations of zeal, and that too, for the purpose of showing to its real friends that they are one of them? Is such the motive and such the evidence necessary to convince one that they are consistent and truth-loving men? Reader, would you deem such proof sufficient to satisfy you of the honesty and sincerity of one who fain would make you believe that he is a friend to a cause you highly esteem? Would you ask and demand nothing of him, but his professions and pretensions, and they too, made while there were no opposing influences? Would such satisfy you, and warrant you to believe him what he professes to be? Or rather would you not believe him sooner for his work's than his profession's sake? Would you not feel disposed to wait and see his honesty and love of truth tested, by opposing influences and adverse circumstances? Men are sometimes strange and inconsistent beings. When the sky is clear and weather fair, they are ardent friends; but when clouds lower and storms gather, their professions of friendship are like the "sound of the brass." When all is prosperity; when they can avow their sentiments without injuring their popularity, or diminishing their coppers, they are warm and firm friends, but when the avowing of their sentiments will cost them the loss of the esteem of one whose esteem is of little or no worth, or cost them a penny or shilling, will keep back or disown their real sentiments, and curse and swear that they "know not the man." Reader, know you not men of this character? Professing Christians, have you not seen persons of this stamp? Are you one? You may think you are not,—I do not accuse you. I hope you are not one of these. But have you had your love of Temperance tested, by influences brought to bear upon your character? Your love of popularity? Young men have you had such tests applied to you, for the purpose of trying your honesty of intention, your love of Temperance? If so, how have you endured them? Has the temptation found you an honest man?—a lover of Principle. Or has it found you weak and unstable? Have you adhered to principle, despite of every influence to win you from it? If you have been thus regardful of principle, yours is a moral courage honorable and honoring to its possessor, and well worthy the imitation of all men. Honesty in Temperance matters—in avowing on all proper occasions one's peculiar opinions, is what should be expected by and of all men.

This is a subject on which mankind should be honest. *Dishonesty here is dishonesty everywhere*, (being convinced that it has to do with our present and future welfare. A man who will be dishonest in matters of so deep and vital importance—will be dishonest in matters of a less important nature, unless his selfish interest requires him to be otherwise. Mark this when and where you will, you will find it to be true. A man, who, to gain the respect, and secure the esteem of some, will drug his honest sentiment and pretend to be something else; will sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, for a glass of whiskey,—and resort to means low and dishonorable to effect his selfish purposes, i. e., if he thinks he will not be found out, and detested in his hypocrisy and meanness. Is such a man—if man he may be called, a friend to "Our Order?" Is he of any use to community? Of any benefit to any society? It may be said that, so far as he contributes of his means, he may be of worth to sustain a society. Yes, but how far will he give of his means? Any farther than to cover his meanness and foster a show of honesty? A hypocrite of all men is the most to be despised. His conduct is the most unreasonable and uncalled for of anything I can conceive of. His garb is so thin that a man with half an eye can see through it. And even those whose praise he seeks, who openly profess to honor him, quite as hypocritical as himself, secretly abhor and detest him as a base, unprincipled tool. How much has the cause of humanity suffered from such a man or from such men. And how much will it yet suffer, unless the real friends of Temperance seek to discriminate between true and false appearances, and judge and deal with men not according to their professions, but according to their works.

Brethren of the Order of the Sons of Temperance, the question then, at the head of this article, returns and presses itself upon our attention. Who are the friends of Temperance? Is that man its friend who professes to be one thing here and another there? Who is a Temperance man when in the presence of Sons, or temperance men, but something else when with some other one? Would you call that man a friend to Truth who thinks more of his coppers than he does of his Religion? and more of his popularity than he does of his God? Brethren, is that man a friend to "our cause" (though he may be one of us) that will keep away from our meetings because all do not think as he does? or because he cannot have everything done as he wishes? Is that man a friend to "our cause" who will absent himself from our meetings, for months, yea, for quarters, for fear he will be called on for his dues, or who, when he is called on pays no attention to the call? Or is that man a friend to Temperance who will seek to bring reproach on a brother who publicly and privately confesses his conscientious opinions? Does not such an one seek by his sneers and reproaches to intimidate and prevent him from an honest and fearless confession of his real sentiments. Brethren, are we all friends to Temperance? Are we willing on all proper occasions to fearlessly avow our honest sentiments in respect to his cause? Are we willing to make and put forth every exertion within our power, and make every laudable effort to advance what we believe to be Heaven's

own cause? If so, do we put forth that exertion and make that effort. Methinks that some of us are a little slack, that we have come to the conclusion that our work is done, or was when we joined the Division, we do not look around us enough, we keep our eyes too much at home. Are we not a little selfish Brethren? Do we not think that we need not trouble ourselves about others? Do not some of us think that we are in danger of going too far in the Noble Work? especially when we speak about the Maine Law. Such things ought not to be. Beware, lest we get lukewarm, or dead. Let us arouse and put on the whole armour and enter the arena fearless of the contest, for victory will be ours. Let us grasp the drunkard ere he drops in the grave, and when we get him let us stretch around him the "cords" of our Order, and keep him; deal gently with him, not too rough, resting assured that God smiles upon, and will continue to smile upon our humble endeavors.

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## THE DESOLATION OF DRINK.

Drink is the desolating demon of Great Britain. We have spent in intoxicating drinks during the past century as much as would pay the national debt twice over! There are 150,000 gin drinkers in London alone, and in that city three millions a-year are spent in gin. In thirteen years 249,000 males, and 183,920 females were taken into custody for being drunk and disorderly.

In Manchester, not less than a million a-year is spent in profligacy and crime. In Edinburgh there are 1,000 whiskey-shops, 160 in one street; and yet the city contains only 200 bread-shops. In Glasgow the poor-rates are £100,000 a-year. "Ten thousand," says Alice, "get drunk every Saturday-night, are drunk all by Sunday and Monday, and not able to return to work till Tuesday or Wednesday. Glasgow spends £200,000 annually, in drink; and 20,090 females are taken into custody for being drunk." And what are some of the normal results of such appalling statistics?—*Insanity, pauperism, prostitution, and crime.*

As to the *insanity* affiliated on drink, the *Tisbeo* of London states, "that of 1,271 maniacs, whose previous histories were investigated, 649, or more than half of them, wrecked their reason in drinking." As to *pauperism*, it is estimated that not less than two-thirds of our paupers are the direct or indirect victims of the same fatal vice.

As to its *prostitution*, its debauching influence is remotely traceable in the 150,000 harlots of London, and their awful swarms in our large towns and cities.

And as to its relation to *crime*. In Paris last year, it is calculated that 400 out of 500 juvenile prisoners are immured there as the incidental results of parental debauchery.

The Chaplain of the Northampton county jail lately informed the writer, that "of 302 prisoners in this jail during the last six months, 175 attribute their ruin to drunkenness. Sixty-four spent from 2s. 6. to 1lb. a-week in drink; fifteen spent from 10s. to 17s.; sixteen spent all the time savings." "Is it not remarkable," he adds, "that out of 433 prisoners in this jail, I have not had one that has one sixpence in a savings bank; and above six that ever had a sixpence in one. On the contrary, I have many members of friendly societies, of course numerous ones, which, with two or three exceptions, all meet at public-houses, and there they not only learned to drink, but became familiarized with crime."

The influence of the alehouse in consolidating the anti-domestic habits, which lead men into evil companionship and crime, is strikingly illustrated in the case of the canal and railway "navvies," as they are called. The peculiar nature of the employment of these men leading them to strange and distant places beyond the homes, where being unknown, there is little compunction of character, induces a nomadic course of life, as wild and irresponsible as that of the Tartars. Great numbers of them have been recently employed in Northamptonshire, and the county chaplain tells me, "nearly every