

to ascertain for himself how far these assertions were borne out. For this purpose, he made a point during three months of making himself acquainted with the history of every individual applying to the board of guardians for relief. "And during the whole three months, [said this gentleman,] I never met with a solitary instance of an abstinence making an application."—*Model Parish.*—[On careful investigation, it will be found that national idleness and poverty have been the uniform concomitants of free indulgence in the use of intoxicating liquor. The injurious effects of intemperance on industry were found by the Parliamentary investigation, which took place a few years ago, to be the "extinction of dispositions for practising any useful art or industrious occupation." Such, indeed, will be found to be the universal tendency of this vice.—*Bristol Herald.*]

WHAT THE WESLEYANS COULD DO!—A correspondent of the *Wesleyan*, who supposes 1s per week to be spent by the members of the Wesleyan Society, on the average, in intoxicating drinks, makes the following calculations, shewing what might be accomplished by abstinence, in seven years:—

470,000 members, at 1s per week, is	£23,500
In one year	1,223,000
In seven years	8,551,000

The amount, he calculates, would provide for the spiritual wants of mankind to the following extent:—

1,000 chapels at £3,000 each	£3,000,000
5,000 preachers at £250 each	1,250,000
5,000 schools at £500 each	2,500,000
5,000 schoolmasters and assistants to missionaries, &c., at £100 each	500,000
20,000,000 Bibles and general school books at 1s each	1,000,000
3,000 missionaries' schoolmasters' outfit at £100 each	300,000
	£8,550,000

Leaving a balance in favour of the amount of £4,000.

Let your school education be ever so excellent, what can a few hours a day do, in counteracting the pernicious influences which must ever be at work under the drunken parent's roof? Can any discipline be more deplorable?—*Prize Essay on Juvenile Delinquency*, by Thomas Beggs.

EFFECTS OF CUSTOM.—SABBATH DESECRATION.—In Bristol, we have about 812 houses in which strong drink is sold every Sabbath evening, and which decoy thousands of our citizens from attending their places of worship, and furnish the incentive to every kind of immorality. If an equal number of shops, kept by butchers, bakers, and others, selling good nutritious food, were opened in our principal thoroughfares on Sunday evenings, what an outcry would be raised by our religious professors against such enormous wickedness; and yet they quietly allow the keepers of beer-shops and public-houses to continue their body and soul destroying vocations on the Sabbath, without raising so much as a warning voice against the abomination.

THE TRAFFIC IN STRONG DRINK.—The number of persons connected with the traffic in intoxicating drink, is stated in the last census of Great Britain to be 90,870.

BEWARE OF EVIL.—Let no man say, when he thinks of the drunkard, broken in health and spoiled of intellect, "I can never so fall." He thought as little of falling in his earlier years. The promise of his youth was as bright as yours; and even after he began his downward course, he was as unsuspecting as the finest around him, and would have repelled as indignantly, the admonition to beware of intemperance. The danger of this vice lies in its almost imperceptible approach. Few who perish by it know it by its first accessions. Youth does not suspect drunkenness in the sparkling beverage, which quickens all its susceptibilities of joy. The invalid does not see it in the cordial which gives new tone to his debilitated organs. The man of thought and genius detects no palsyng poison, in the draught which seems a spring of inspiration to intellect and imagination. The lover of social pleasure little dreams that the glass that animates conversation will ever be drunk in solitude, and will sink him too low for the intercourse in which he now delights. Intemperance comes with a noiseless step and binds its first cords with a touch too light to be felt. This truth of mournful experiences should be treasured up by all, and should influence the arrangements and habits of social and domestic life in every class of the community.

—Dr. Channing.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.—In St. Just, Cornwall, with a population of 8,000, there are 2,600 pledged teetotallers, including three ministers, and forty reclaimed drunkards, twenty-five of whom have joined Christian churches. Carnarvon, N. Wales, contains above 200 reclaimed drunkards, of whom 120 have become regular attendants at divine worship. In the county, about 2,000 members have been added to the churches. All the ministers (save one) are teetotallers.

TEN THOUSAND TO ONE.—Because they see some few old drunkards of fourscore, waded through an accidama of their neighbours' skulls, young men imitate them in drinking, not considering that their president, had he trimmed his lamp and wisely managed the flame, might have lived to have been an old Par, or a Jenkins, &c., but alas! where one claret professor lives to eighty, ten thousand of their tyros sink under it.—*Dr. E. Bayard, 1706.*

LOSING CHARACTER.—I am glad to find that alcohol is losing character, wherever I travel I meet with some teetotallers.—*Rev. James Gaughey.*

ADULTERATION OF LIQUORS.—Vitis is mostly used in gin, rum, and brandy, and other spirits where much reliance is with the eye. Copperas is used in turning rye-whisky into West India rum! (Somewhat rum we think.) Sweet nitre and corrosive sublimate are used in wine and beer.—*Massachusetts Cataract.*

Blackwood's Magazine says that the number of paupers in Great Britain is four millions, or a seventh part of the population of the Empire. No wonder, when sixty millions sterling are annually expended in strong drink.

A WARNING.—To the watchmen upon Zion's walls I would say, our security and our influence demand immediate and entire abstinence.—*L. Beecher. D. D.*

WESLEYAN METHODISTS.—By the report of the proceedings of the last Wesleyan Conference, it appeared that the number of members belonging to the Wesleyan Society, had fallen off several thousands, during the past year. Must we not consider the opinion of the Rev. Henry Gwyther, Vicar of Yardley, and a warm friend to Wesleyan Methodism, true, when he says that "nothing more seriously impedes the progress of Methodism in this country, than the indifference with which its leaders have viewed the temperance question?" "Were they (says the editor of the *South India Temperance Journal*), as a conference to enter heart and soul into this all important subject, they would soon regain the undisturbed love and sympathy of the thousands of their own people who are stumbled and grieved at the indifference if not contempt, manifested towards this cause; and would thereby save themselves much annoyance from those they may perhaps choose to call disaffected. As a conference they may take a stand; they must help to roll on the temperance car, the temperance car will roll over them."

CONSTANT COMPANION.—The town of Chelmsford contains many breweries, maltsters, publicans, &c., than any other town of the same size and population for many miles round; and the effect is that it has one of the largest prisons, as an accompaniment to the bibulous propensity of the inhabitants.

MORAL SEASON OF RUMSELLERS.—The Burlington, Vt. *Record* and *Journal* gives the following definition of the rum-sellers' ideal moral suasion. It contains nine striking points; 1. No Law. 2. No Gospel. 3. No telling facts; if a man gets drunk don't say anything about it. 4. No objection to drinking two or four times every day. 5. Let every man mind his own business. 6. No preaching on temperance on the sabbath. 7. Don't say hard things against the good creature. 8. Let every man drink as much as he pleases. 9. I am not my brother's keeper. To which we add another, for rum-sellers are getting very religious in these parts, and their decalogue, to be complete, must have ten commandments. 10. Rottenberg every Temperance Lecturer who comes into the town.—*Ed. Gaz.*

THE RUMSELLER REMEMBERED.—A rum-seller once visiting a victim of his murderous traffic on his death-bed, said to him "Do you remember me?" "Yes," said the dying man, with a startling emphasis, "I do remember you, and I remember you and I remember your shop, where I formed the habit which has ruined me for this world and the next; and when I am dead, my beggared widow and fatherless children will remember you. Yes, and the avenger of blood will remember him." "When I maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them—forgetteth not the cry of the humble."

The number of gallons of Irish spirits brought to charge