

THE WINE CUP.

Look not at the wine when 'tis red,
Giving its color in the cup,
It presages darkness and dread
Oh! pause—ere thou raise it to sup

Look not on the wine when 'tis red,
Lest tempted to taste thou shouldst be,
The deceitful poison is there,
Fruit of the forbidden tree.

Look not on the wine when 'tis red,
For many through looking partake,
A mania turneth the r head—
God—kindred—and self they forsake.

Look not on the wine when 'tis red
When it moveth itself aright,
Lest a dizziness turning thy head,
Disgrace all thy prospects should blight.

Look not on the wine when 'tis red,
At the last like a serpent 'twill bite,
The sting of the soder is there
Though seeming to promise delight.

—Union Ark

GOOD SOLDIERS ARE WATCHFUL AFTER THE BATTLE.

There are very many Sons and Temperance men, who tell us that the Maine Law is sure to pass, and that the rum interest is prostrate—the work all done. They will therefore relax their efforts and let agitation alone. The Maine Law came into operation in the State of Maine in June, 1851, and has consequently been in force over a year. The Watchmen Clubs for a time grew a little cool. As a consequence what do we see? Why, that a powerful rum party is rearing its head again there to repeal the law. Various means are resorted to elect a legislature and Governor that will either repeal or modify the law. Temperance men have been obliged again to turn out, organize, agitate, and act. They have learned this truth, that the beauty of political like that of mental or physical health, is dependent upon eternal vigilance and action. To be free and wise in social institutions and government, we must always be on our guard. To be vigorous in mind, or healthy in body, we must be studious and industrious. The Sons have sent many tens of thousands of names, for the passage of the Maine Law, to Quebec—they have organized Divisions in Canada and held meetings in every part of the Province. Let them not think with all this that their work is done. No, if to-morrow the Maine Law were passed, their organization would be quite as necessary as now. A garrison is wanted to watch the enemy. He will arise. He is sleeping now in Maine and Massachusetts, and awaits the slumbers—the disorganizations, the indifference of temperance men, to show again his bloated visage. A law when passed requires friends to keep it in force. The scenes that have occurred in Kingston, in the counties of Simcoe, and Halimand, all go to show that there is a secret opposition that Sons little dream of. The rum party too, are not like Temperance men—their trade is profitable, and they mind not thousands of dollars to protect it. A dissipated man spends with apparent good will ten dollars, when a truly Temperance man would not spend a dollar. When asked to subscribe in Kingston they immediately put their names down to a fund for hundreds of dollars to form a committee, and funds to carry on an agitation against the Maine Law.

MANY DIVISIONS ARE GOING BACK.

It is a truth that must not be disguised, that in many parts of Canada, especially west of Hamilton, and even in our own county, many Divisions are decreasing instead of multiplying. We could name dozens that number now only the half of their last year's complement. What is the cause of this, and what has come over the spirit of the movement? There are three sorts of persons in our Divisions—naturally temperance men—such as would continue so even if the Order did not exist—reclaimed drunkards and moderate drinkers, and men who join from interest and in view of the benefit system, most

of whom were moderate drinkers. Portions of all three join from curiosity. These classes swelled the Divisions in 1851 to an unnatural extent in many places. Curiosity has subsided—taverns have drawn from duty, and want of principle has changed the minds of many, who one by one have left the Divisions. Meagre attendances have chilled the small flocks left, and thus Divisions have gone down. Working men, farmers, and city people have trampled under foot, one of the noblest instruments ever devised for advancing Temperance, and improving man socially and mentally, in conjunction with religion. Want of principle—want of true love for the order and an enlarged Philanthropy,—a mean parsimonious spirit in many—a fear of paying a few dollars in dues are at the bottom of these failures. We say to these Divisions arise again—cast off the vile spirit of sloth and indifference, and let the Spirit of God awake to duty and the upholding of prostituted vows. Let not energy flag so soon in a good cause. We must remember that our children are concerned in this matter. God will visit on our posterity the fruits of our neglect, and as we sow, so will our children reap. No one Division formed in Canada need have gone down, had true energy been used. The battle in Canada is only just begun; and we have only tasted of the edge of the cup of good, that might be realized from the Orders of the Sons and Cadets.

RENFREW SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

MR. EDITOR,—Being on a journey, and having occasion to call at the Village of Renfrew, where I remained over night; and being always a well-wisher to the Temperance cause, I can assure you that I felt proud to hear of the progress making in Temperance in this place.

It appears that the Renfrew Division, No. 151 Sons of Temperance, was instituted January 20, 1852, with thirteen chartered members; since that period the figure has now changed to a hundred, and from what I can learn they are still rapidly increasing. A Section of Cadets is also about being organized in the Village; and it is anticipated that, in a very short time, the Cadets will outvie in numbers their elder brethren of the Order. And what is more enterprising and laudable than reany might be expected in a Village where but a few years ago stood merely an unbroken forest, is that they have just now got up a "BRASS BAND," so that after making a few outlandish discords, as may be expected at first, they are determined to sound their own praise throughout the length and breadth of Renfrew and vicinity, and that too in such harmonious strains, that even the surrounding forest will be compelled to join in and chant at least the chorus.

The Sons of the Renfrew Division richly merit approbation for the steady, uniform, and unyielding energy they have exhibited in their glorious cause. "Energy" of course knows of nothing but success; it will not hearken to voices of discouragement, it never yields its purpose, though it may perish beneath an avalanche of difficulty, yet it dies contending for its ideal.

Again keeping in view the meagre population of this locality, it is certainly a matter of surprise and amazement to see what has been accomplished in so short a time, contending as they have had to contend, with ignorant and violent prejudice; and even individuals from whom better things might have been expected, have been spitting out their venom and irony whenever opportunity afforded. In short the opposition they have met with has perhaps never been met before by any other Division of the Order. But let them go on maintaining their noble Order, and the time will soon arrive when their heralds will proclaim the glad tidings of victory over everything that opposes Virtue, Love and Temperance.

Yours, &c.,

A "Sax."

Renfrew, August 1, 1852.—*Bathurst Courier.*

Truths, like roses, have thorns about them.

VISITING—As a means to enliven the Divisions nothing is better calculated to have that effect than for members of one Division to visit others, and thus keep up a friendly correspondence. This will put the Divisions upon their sense of self-respect by rallying to give their brothers a respectful greeting, and more than this, tend to instruction and edification. We are creatures of imitation and are disposed to self-improvement when examples meet our eyes and come within the range of observation. We can do many things when we have seen them done, when but for the sight we should never have attempted to try the experiment. Now we propose that the Divisions of Districts revive their former habit of brotherly visitations, so that they may be brought nearer by a closer acquaintance, and quicken each other to duty and to renewed exertions.

RUIN AND CRIME.—In 1851 there were 10,147 persons sent to jails and houses of correction in Massachusetts for crime, 3,850 went there for the simple crime of drunkenness;—besides that, 2,082 who were "addicted to intemperance," though sent there for some other crime. This county alone furnished 2,021 drunkards in 1851, and had in its prison 249 more who were addicted to intemperance. In six years in five counties of Massachusetts, 16,200 persons have been judiciously punished for public drunkenness—8,499 in Boston alone.

RUIN AND THE REFORM SCHOOL.—There have been 569 boys sent to the Reform School at Westboro' in the two years of its existence—72 had intemperate mothers, 255 had intemperate fathers, and 261 of the boys had been in the habit of using intoxicating drinks.

A GOOD COLD WATER ARRANGEMENT.—The Maine Legislature passed a law at the late session, providing that any person who will construct, maintain, and keep in good repair a watering trough beside the highway and well supplied with water, the surface of which shall be at least two feet and a half above the ground, and made easily accessible for horses and carriages, shall be allowed three dollars out of his highway tax for each year he shall furnish the same. It is no more than right that the legislators of Maine, having provided a cold water law for man, should now make a similar provision for beast—"A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

BARON ALDERSON ON DRUNKENNESS.—In lately sentencing a man who, in the fury of intoxication, had killed his wife, this learned Judge said—"If we could but cut off drunkenness, what a small calendar of crimes we should have. It is the most prolific source of eternal misery in the world. He who takes away his own senses, and performs an act of violence or wrong, is responsible for that act, because he is responsible for putting himself in the situation which causes it."—*Liverpool Times.*

License Law.—This is the house that Death built. The Price of Blood.—This is the malt that lay in the house that Death built.

The Maine Legislature.—This is the cat, that cornered the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Death built.

The Wholesale Liquor Dealers.—These are the dogs, that barked at the cat, that clutched the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Death built.

Public Sentiment.—This is the ox with the lofty horn, that cautioned the dogs, that growled at the cat that muzzled the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Death built.

Vagrant Jails and Poorhouses.—These are the men, that all forlorn, that lost their fall pails by the upsetting horn, that maddened the dogs, that snarled at the cat that put screws on the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Death built.

THE DREADED FRUITS OF THE USE OF ARDENT SPIRITS.—On Friday the 13th August, near Weston, a young man named Black, the beloved son of a widow lady, and a Clergyman of the church of England deceased, committed suicide by hanging himself in a barn. Temporary insanity was brought on by excessive drinking. The mother missed her son, went to the barn, and then found him a useless corpse, hanging with his arms outstretched. What must have been the feelings of the mother!!

A few weeks since, a dreadful tragedy occurred at the Holland Landing, the fruits of strong drink.

Douglas Jerrold, the celebrated author, and editor of the London Punch, is said to be "making a sad wreck of himself by the excessive use of intoxicating liquors."