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# JOURNAL OF TEMPERANCE.

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

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## CONTENTS.

	page.		page.		page.
Benson—A Soldier's story.....	145	CONVENTION TO CARRY OUT MR. DUNKIN'S		Queer Things.....	157
An Eloquent Apostrophe to Cold Water.....	146	BILL.....	153	Intemperance in Japan.....	157
Dignified Enterprise.....	146	THE MESSENGER.....	153	Only Think.....	158
Liberty.....	146	Moderation and Total Abstinence.....	153	'Twont Hurt You.....	158
The Rumseller and the Musquito.....	146	Expenditures of the Working Classes on		A Question Answered.....	159
Correspondence—By John Mair.....	147	Drink.....	153	Test of Insanity.....	160
Walking and Talking.....	147	I Would not be a Drunkard—No, not for		An Old Man's Story.....	160
Jack and the Yellow Boys.....	147	the World.....	154	A Capital Maine Law.....	160
Fool's Pence.....	148	A Reformation.....	154	A Good Stimulant.....	160
What a Man About to be Hung Thinks		Lost Labour.....	154	The Rumseller's Rights.....	160
of Liquor.....	148	Licence or no Licence.....	155	Damascus.....	160
Mercantile Integrity.....	148	The Reconciliation.....	155	English Judges on Strong Drink and	
The Moulders.....	149	German Drinkers.....	156	Crime,.....	160
Blind Minnie.....	150	What Young People Should Know.....	156		
Advice to Parents.....	150	The Troubles of a Brewer.....	156		
Feeling and Doing.....	151	Hall's Journal of Health.....	156		
The Drunkard's Grave.....	151	An Unfortunate Mistake.....	157		
OBSTACLES AND HINDRANCES TO THE PRO-		The Drunkard can be Saved—By Rev.			
GRESS OF THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.....	152	Joel Fiske.....	157		

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### POETRY.

Water.....	155
The Pines of Canada.....	158

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# JOURNAL OF TEMPERANCE.

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

## BENSON.

### A SOLDIER'S STORY.

The battle was over and the day was lost. The fight had been terrible. The dead and wounded lay thick on the field.— Shots were still flying, and shells screaming and bursting through our retreating ranks.

"Comrade," called a dying man, and his feeble hand took hold of one of the retreating soldiers, "Comrade!"

The soldier paused.

"Ah, Benson, God bless you! Take my pay from this pocket and send it to my mother!— She needs it. Take her letters too; I give them to you. You will find them a treasure. God reward you!"

The wounded soldier lay back to die, and his comrade passed on—a more thoughtful man for that trust—for those few dying words. So much is sometimes centered in so little.

Benson had been a reckless, desperate man. An orphan from his birth, cast loose upon the world to fight his way through it among the base, the grasping and selfish, he had grown selfish and fierce. He had despised law, defied restraint, and followed his own strong will without fear and without principle—a reckless, dangerous man. But he was a man still. Down below the roughness, stains and crimes of years, lay a tenderness born of a gentle mother; seldom touched, but there. He had a heart in him that could be stirred by love, and trust and confidence. The trust of that dying man had moved him. He had trusted him with his last message for home; had given him his letters of affection; implored God's blessing on him. That trust was not misplaced; that confidence will not be abused; that prayer will not be unheard.

"Ah, Benson," shouted his fellows, as he joined them, "give us a share! How much of a haul this time? Fierce enough for fight; but fiercer for plunder."

"Plunder!" repeated Benson, and his eyes flashed. "Plunder? Say that again!"

"Blood's up," said one of the boldest; and no further remark was ventured.

The comrade walked on in silence. The ear-liest, and most confident look of the dying man parted at before him; his failing voice

still in his ears; his letters, his money in his bosom. His thoughts went forward to his own last hour. Would a comrade pause to hear his last words? What would they be? For whom? Who would care when he should die? Who mourn for him? For whom had he lived?— Whom had he blessed? Could he call on God for help in the final, fearful struggle? How could he appear before God in judgment?

The soldier at his side tried to rally him.

"What's the trouble, Benson?"

No answer.

Benson obeyed the request of the dying soldier. He delivered his last message; remitted his pay. Remembering the words, "She needs it," spoken so feelingly, he added to it his own pay. He had no need of it, clothed and fed as he was; no mother, nor wife, nor child to care for. Let it go to the bereaved mother. She may perhaps feel her loss somewhat the less for it. Better so, far better, than it should go in gambling or in drink. His letter closed.— "Had I not been motherless from my birth I might perhaps have been worthy to fill the place of him you mourn, to be a son to you, but I have been too abandoned. I can only offer you respect, and contribute my poor earnings for your comfort."

He read and re-read the letters given him by the departed son; so pure, so tender, so elevating. He found them a treasure, as the son had found them. They awoke in him a desire for purity; an aspiration for the better things than he had ever known; to be a better man than he had ever been. They spoiled his taste for gambling; they made him abhor villainy and arousing.

His comrades rallied him again and again.

"What ails you, Benson? Come let's have a hand at cards. It's a month since you have played."

"No," was all his answer.

"Drink with us. You don't drink now."

"No."

"Why not? Guess you're getting pious."

No answer; and they who knew him, knew better than to jest when he was silent.

A letter came for him; a letter of thanks from the bereaved mother. It was full of

gratitude and kindness. Benson's lips quivered, and he shaded his eyes with his hand, as he read:

"I shall regard you as my son. Your generosity, your filial tenderness, your sense of unworthiness, make you not unworthy in my eyes. My prayers go up to God for you! My blessing rests on you!"

Benson was indeed another man. He had new relations, new hopes, a new future. But will the change in him last? Will he not shake off his new relations? Will he not go back to his old ways?

Why should he? Were they the paths of ease and delight? Were they the paths of blessedness and peace? Were they not rough and thorny, full of pit-falls, and were not beasts of prey crouching beside them? Why should one escaped from folly again seek it? Escaped from danger, again rush into it? Escaped from death, again lie down in corruption? Will he go back? Is not virtue better than vice?— purity than villainy? love than lust? worship than blasphemy? Can he go back?

He can. Such is man's weakness, madness; such is the power of evil. Pray God he may not go back!

Pay-day came. "Now Benson, treat!" they call. "Not a red cent have you spent for weeks. You're getting stingy with your money."

Benson drew back. They rallied him again as they freely drank.

"How many boys here have mothers?" he asked, and waited.

"All!"

"Have all mothers? My poor mother needs all I have and it shall be hers. She shall not want while I riot."

Some, who had forgotten or tried to forget their mothers in want and waiting far away in their lonely homes, remembered them now, and put down their cups.— The next mail carried their welcome letters and a welcome remittance. Some laughed and a keel— "Where did you get your new mother, Benson?"

"God gave her to me," he answered, in his manifest tone, "and I'll not neglect her!"

Next day he, with other men, his timely remittance received, and then at last it came no more, she who had made him her son in place of the dead, knew

well that she was soulless once more; that he, too, had fallen in fight, and she mourned his death. She was newly bereaved by his loss.

He died not without God, nor without hope. He had learned to call on God.—He had learned that He was his father, tender, loving, caring for him always—that Christ was his elder brother. He had received his words—"Whosoever shall do the will of my father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."—*Selected*

#### AN ELOQUENT APOSTROPHE TO COLD WATER.

Colonel Watt Fornan exclaimed, in a sneering voice, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised us not only a good barbeque, but better liquor. Where is the liquor?"

"There!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the matchless Double Spring, gushing up in two columns, with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet, like a convicted culprit. "There is the liquor which God, the eternal, brews for all his children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water; but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play. There God brews it; and down—down in the deep valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high on the tall mountain-tops, where the native granite gitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunder-tones crash; and away far out on the wide, wide sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, 'sweeping the march of God,' there he brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty—gleaming in the dew-drop, singing in the summer rain, shining in the ice-gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in the hail-shower; folding its bright snow-curtains softly about the wintry world, and weaving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful, that blessed ice-water! No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its clear depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of despair! Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol?" A shout like the roaring of a tempest answered "No."

Critics need never tell me again that backwoodsmen are dead to the Divine voice of eloquence; for I saw at that moment the missionary held the hearts of the multitude, as it were, in his hand.

#### DIGNIFIED ENTERPRISE.

An enterprise like ours may well be thus dignified; we may well advocate it in such a place as this. An enterprise that has fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, and healed the sick, and taught the ignorant, and elevated the degraded, and gladdened the sorrowful, and led to the cross multitudes that had been wandering far away; an enterprise that has gathered again the fortune that had been scattered, and built again the home that had been ruined, and raised again the character that had been blasted, and bound up again the heart that had been broken; an enterprise that has given peace where there was discord, and gladness where there had been woe; that has broken open many a prison door, and restored to his right mind many a maniac; an enterprise that has prevented many a suicide, and that has robbed of the gallows many a victim that would otherwise have been there; an enterprise that has thinned the work-house, and the hospital, and the gaol, but that has helped to fill the school, and the lecture-room, and the industrial exhibition; an enterprise that has turned into useful citizens those that were the pests of society—one of the best educators of the masses, one of the very chief pioneers of the Gospel; an enterprise which is not Christ, but which is as one of the holy angels that go upon his mission. Like some fair spirit from another world, our great enterprise has trodden the wilderness, and flowers of beauty have sprung up upon her track. She has looked around, gladdening all on whom her smiles have fallen; she has touched the captive, and his fetters have fallen off; she has spoken, and the countenance of despair has been lighted up with hope; she has waved her magic wand, and the wilderness has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. Like the fabled Orpheus, she has warbled her song of mercy, and wild beasts, losing their ferocity, have followed gladly and gratefully to her train. She has raised up those that have been worse than dead, sepulchred in sin, and she has led multitudes to the living waters of salvation—multitudes! many of whom are going on their way, rejoicing in the hope of heaven, and multitudes who this night are before the throne of God, praising the Lamb who bought them with His blood, and therefore, we say, 'Not unto us, not unto us, but to Thy name, Oh God, be the glory and praise. Amen.'—*Rev. Newman Hall.*

**LIBERTY.**—The 'Razor Strop Man' says: "When first I got acquainted with strong drink, it promised to do a great many things for me. It promised me LIBERTY—and I got liberty. I had the liberty to see my toes poke out of my boots—the water had the liberty to go in at the toes and go out at the heels—my knees had the liberty to come out of my pants—my elbows had the liberty to come out of my coat—I had the liberty to lift the crown of my hat and scratch my head without taking my hat off. Not only liberty I got, but I got music. When I walked along on a windy day, the crown of

"My hat would go flipper flap,  
And the wind whistle 'how do you do?'"

#### THE RUMSELLER AND THE MOSQUITO.

A red-nosed rumseller was reclining one day by a brook of water, musing on the "inalienable rights" of his craft, and cursing temperance men, when "Buzz, buzz!" said a mosquito, who had been "doing all day in a crevice of a rock; "I am hungry and thirsty for a drop of blood," at the same time alighting on the rumseller's hand. There he walked about for some time, surveying the fields which were found spread out on the back of his hand.

"What are you about there?" said the man.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the mosquito; "I am looking for a convenient spot to insert my bill."

"What! do you intend to suck out my blood?"

"O, don't be alarmed; you will have plenty left. Why, that jugular vein, which I see begins to swell out so much that I could soon fill my sack, contains enough to drown me and all my kindred."

"But, thief, what right have you to suck my blood?"

"Right! verily, that is a strange question. Don't you know that we mosquitoes have an inalienable right to suck blood?" Here the mosquito drew out a nicely polished spear, and rubbed it with his right fore foot. "Mr. Rumseller, the world owes us a living, and we intend to have it."

"But you ought to get your living in an honest way. You neither regard law nor conscience."

"There, sir, you mistake. We are all warm friends of the license law, passed by the great council of grave and wise mosquitoes, which meet on the first warm day in May. This law gives to every one the privilege of bleeding men when he gets the chance. Every mosquito will defend this at the point of his lance. But any law opposed to this we hate as rumsellers hate the Maine Law. As to conscience, every mosquito, sir, has a conscience just as long as his sucker, and beyond this he never goes."

"Well, I would not regard the loss of a little blood, if you did not poison me every time you insert your pump."

"Poison, indeed?" exclaimed the mosquito, holding up both his hind feet at once. "Why, Mr Rumseller, into how many veins have you poured poison! You poison the fountain of domestic peace and public morals. Blame me for sucking a drop of blood, while you suck away the time, and the money, and the reputation, and the life of your fellow-men; at the time you pour poison into their hearts, and the hearts of their wives and children. If the biography of every mosquito were written, from his wiggletailhook to his death, you would not find one guilty of such meanness."

Here the Rumseller lifted his hand to crush the mosquito; but he saw over and as he did so, he pointed one of his fingers at the man, and cast upon him a look of loathing and disgust. The rumseller, for the first time in

his life, felt a pang of shame.—*Tr*

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

KINGSTON, C.W., Dec. 14, 1864.

To the Editor of the Journal of Temperance:

DEAR SIR,—Do you think you could find space for the following extracts from my letters on Biblical Temperance, addressed to that distinguished Temperance reformer and philanthropist, E. C. Delavan, Esq., of Albany, in the next number of your excellent Journal? They seem *a propos* at present, when alcoholic intemperance is robbing the churches of so many members, and hindering so many from "confessing Christ before men."

Dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

JOHN MAIR.

Another class of reasons may be assigned for the belief that the wine created by Jesus at Cana was *unintoxicating*—derived from a consideration of some of the chief ordinances of our holy religion, viz.: Marriage; Sabbath, or the Lord's Day; Baptism; and the Lord's Supper: all links of the same sacred chain which binds heaven to earth; so that when one link gives way the continuity is dissolved, the celestial influences are interrupted, the sensual and terrene operate with full force, and the progress downward is rapid and certain. But what is it which most tends to corrode the links of this celestial chain, if not alcohol? Thus let two members of the church begin by having their marriage solemnized with alcoholic liquors, under the countenance of the officiating minister, and what is likely to follow from the initiation of the bride and bridegroom into alcoholic usages (if not before tainted with the love of alcohol), but that they will continue to use "wine or strong drink" in their family, soon acquiring a liking for it, and command their children and household after them, not according to the example of faithful Abraham, "the friend of God," so that their children should do "justice and judgment"—but after that of some luxurious, pampered, obese worshipper of Bacchus, leading them by precept and practice to become drinkers of intoxicating wine from their youth, as if in doing so they were presenting "a spiritual sacrifice, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ."

Again,—Let the starting point of the evil habit be Baptism, and similar effects will follow; for what is more natural than for the parents to think or reason thus: "Jesus used alcoholic wine at the marriage of Cana (so I believe, for so I have been taught by my Sabbath-school teachers and ministers), and also at the institution of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He must have been right in doing so. I must be right in following His example at a ceremony of equal equally binding and equally sacred."

could find fault with him for reason- and acting accordingly! Or let table be the starting point, the does will follow. The use

of alcoholic liquors will be consecrated in all religious families. While the belief remains the practice must follow, except amongst the small and despised sect of teetotalers. Moreover, if the habit has commenced at the Lord's table, alcoholic wine being identified with the precious blood of the Lamb, may be deemed a true friend of man under all circumstances, as Jesus certainly is; and therefore be applied indiscriminately and with equal partiality in health and disease, lassitude and excitement, cold and heat, joy and sorrow; in short, in diseases of mind and body, however contradictory, as a certain remedy for them all!

Once more. The Lord's Day being most intimately and indissolubly associated with the Lord's Supper, no marvel if people think they should be more liberal in their potations upon that day than any other! Whether they have been so or not, let the keepers of taverns and police-courts testify!

On the other hand, let "the truth as it is in Jesus," upon this most important question prevail, and the results will be blessed indeed. Instead of one religious festival and ordinance after another becoming a snare to entrap, a tyrant to enslave men's souls—a deadly venom to corrupt and destroy their bodies, and an inlet to all sorts of crimes, they all of them would be what their all-wise and benevolent Designer, with perfect wisdom, intended they should—*channels* to transmit gracious streams from the river of the water of life into the spiritual mind, making it like "a well-watered garden filled with the fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ, to the praise and glory of God;" while the body, preserved in health and vigour to a good old age, by the same means, would unite with it—singing the praise of their beneficent Creator, Preserver, Redeemer, and Sanctifier—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in this world till their separation at death, and in the New Jerusalem forever and ever, when re-united at "the resurrection of the just."

To conclude. *Marriage* may be viewed as the Divine model-institution for regulating and preserving pure intercourse between the sexes:

*Baptism* as the Divine model institution for teaching the necessity of internal spiritual purifying by the Holy Spirit, and the connexion between inward and outward purity:

*The Lord's Day* as the Divine model-institution for the sanctification of time: and *the Lord's Supper* as the Divine model-institution for teaching the necessity of washing away of human guilt with the sacrificial blood of the Lamb.

"The fruit of the vine," with all its holy associations, has been wisely designed and admirably adapted by Divine Providence, as an instrument for the sanctification of believers, in connexion with all these ordinances; and I believe was dispensed by our blessed Redeemer at the marriage of Cana and at His own Supper (for this, with other reasons), to give us "an example that we should follow His steps."

The poison alcohol, the product of cor-

ruption, is opposed to the pure purposes to be subserved by all these institutions, and is therefore forbidden by the Almighty in the domestic circle (the house of man), of which marriage is the source and guardian; in the Church ("the house of God,") of which "the blood of the Lamb" symbolized by "the pure blood of the grape" at the Lord's Supper, is the price and the purifier: and at all repasts, and upon all occasions (except in disease) connected directly or indirectly with these blessed ordinances.—*Nephaleia: or, Total Abstinence from Intoxicating Liquors, as man's normal state of health, the doctrine of the Bible.* In a series of Letters, &c., to E. C. Delavan, Esq. By John Mair, M.D. Edin. Pp. 236-8.

**WALKING AND TALKING.**

There is one rule to be observed in taking exercise by walking—the very best form in which it can be taken by the young, and the able-bodied of all ages, and that is, never to allow the action of respiration to be carried on through the mouth. The nasal passages are clearly the medium through which respiration was, by our creator, designed to be carried on. "God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life," previous to his becoming a living creature. The difference in the exhaustion of strength by a long walk with the mouth firmly closed, and respiration carried on through the nostrils instead of through the mouth, is inconceivable to those who have never tried the experiment. Indeed, this mischievous and really unnatural habit of carrying on the work of inspiration and expiration through the mouth, instead of through the nasal passages, is the true origin of almost all the diseases of the throat and lungs, as bronchitis, congestion, asthma, and even consumption itself. That excessive perspiration to which some individuals are so liable in their sleep, which is so weakening to the body, is solely the effect of such persons sleeping with their mouths unclosed. And the same unpleasant and exhaustive results arise to the animal system from walking with the mouth open, instead of, when not engaged in conversation, preserving the lips in a state of firm but quiet compression. As the heat and velocity of the blood through the lungs depend almost entirely upon the quantity of the atmospheric air inhaled with each inspiration, and as it is unavoidable that it should be taken in, in volume, by the mouth, whilst it can only be supplied in moderate quantities, and just in sufficient proportion to serve the purpose of a healthy respiratory action whilst supplied through the nostrils, it is clear that the body must be much lighter and cooler, and the breathing much freer and easier, when the latter course rather than the former is the one adopted. Children ought never to be allowed to stand or walk with their mouths open; for besides the vacant appearance it gives to the countenance, it is the certain precursor of coughs, colds, and sore throats.

**JACK AND THE YELLOW BOYS.**

'Halloa, Jack, you look very yellow,' cried a landlord to a Jack Tar, who had once been a good customer.

'No, not old Timbertoes,' cried Jack, 'it's my pocket that's turned yellow since I gave up drinking.' Jack, suiting the action to the word, drew about twenty gold eagles from his pocket, and placing them upon the palm of one hand, pointed with the other, saying, "See here, it's my pocket that's yellow with these yellow boys!"

FOOLS' PENCE.

In a town not many miles south of the Border, there dwelt a man who was by trade a mechanic, and who was the father of seven children. For sixteen years he had never wanted employment (which he chose to work) and his earnings averaged from five-and-thirty shillings to two pounds a-week. But, with a number of associates, he was in the habit of attending, daily and nightly, what they termed their house of call. In the morning, as he went to his labour, he could not pass it without having what he called his "nipper," or what some of the good people in Scotland call their "morning," which, being interpreted, meant a glass of gin, rum, or whisky. At mid-day he had to give it another call; and to pass it on returning from his work at night was out of the question. Sometimes, and not unfrequently, when he called in for his "nipper" in the morning, he sat down—in a room which had two windows, looking east and west—and forgot to rise until, after he had seen from the one window the sun rising, he beheld it set from the other. But it was the force of habit—it had grown in upon him, as he said; and what could the poor man do? He beheld his wife broken-hearted, going almost in rags, and their affection had changed into bickerings and reproaches. His children, too, were half-starved, ill-clad, and unschooled; and for what education they got, he thought not of paying the schoolmaster—he felt nothing in hand for his money, and therefore could not see the force of the debt. But the poor man could not help it. It was true he earned about two pounds a-week, but which way the money went he could not tell. He did not, as he thought, deserve the reproaches of his wife. His "morning" was only fourpence, his call at mid-day the same, and his evening pipe and glass a shilling or eightpence—that, he thought, was nothing for a man working so hard as he did; and when he did take a day now and then, he said that was not worth reckoning, for his clay could not keep together without moisture; and as for tobacco or two which he took on a Sunday, why, they were not worth mentioning. Thus he could see no cause for the unhappiness of his wife, the poverty of his house, and the half-nakedness of his family. He had to "do as other people did, or he might leave this society;" and he attributed all to bad management somewhere, but not on his part. But one Sunday morning he had lingered in the house of call longer than his companions, and he was sitting there when the church-wardens and parish-officers went their rounds, and came to the house. To conceal him from them there, and avoid the penalty—

"Tom," said the landlady, "here the wardens a-comin'. If they fin thee here, lad, or meet thee goin' out, thou wilt be fined, and me too; and it may give my house a bad name. Coom up stairs, and I will show thee through the house, while they examine the tap and the parlour."

So saying, Tom, the mechanic, followed the hostess from room to room, wondering at what he saw; for the furniture, as he said to himself, was like a nobleman's, and he marvelled how such things could be; and while he did so, he contrasted the splendour he beheld around him with the poverty and wretchedness of his own garret. And, after showing him through several rooms, she at last, with a look of importance, ushered him into what she called the *drawing-room*—but now-a-days, drawing-rooms have become as common as gooseberries, and every house with three rooms and a kitchen has one. Poor Tom, the mechanic, was amazed as he beheld the richly-

coloured and fancy-figured carpet; he was afraid to tread on it—and, indeed, he was told to clean his feet well before he did so. But he was more astonished when he beheld a splendid mirror, with a brightly gilded and carved frame, which reached almost from the ceiling to the floor, and in which he beheld his person, covered with his worn-out and unholiday-like habiliments, from top to toe, though they were his only suit. Yet more was he amazed, when the ostentatious mistress of the house, opening what appeared to him a door in the wall, displayed to him rows of shining silver plate. He raised his eyes, he lifted up his hands—"Lack! ma'am!" says he, "how d'ye get all these mighty fine things?"

And the landlady, laughing at his simplicity, said—"Why, lad, by fools' pennies to be sure."

But the words, "fools' pennies," touched his heart as if a sharp instrument had pierced it, and he thought unto himself, "I am one of those fools," and he turned away and left the house with the words written upon his conscience; and, as he went, he made a vow unto himself that, until that day twelve months, he would neither enter the house he had left, nor any other house of a similar description—but on that day twelve months he would visit it again. When he went home, his wife was surprised at his home-coming, for it was seldom he returned during the day. He had two shillings left, and, taking them from his pocket, he gave them to one of his daughters, desiring her to go out and purchase a quarter loaf and a quantity of tea, sugar and butter. His wife was silent from wonder. He took her hand and said—"Why thou seemest to wonder at me, old lass; but I tell thee what—I have had a lesson this mornin' that I shan't forget; and when thou findest me throwing away even a penny again, I will give thee liberty to call me by any name thou likes."

His wife was astonished, and his family were astonished; and in the afternoon he took down the neglected and dust-covered Bible, and read a chapter aloud—though certainly not from any correct religious feeling. But he had made the resolution to reform, and he had learned enough to know that reading his Bible was a necessary and excellent helper towards the accomplishment of his purpose. It was the happiest Sabbath his family had ever spent; and his wife said that, even on her wedding Sunday, she was not half so happy.

But the day twelve months from that on which he had seen the splendid furniture, the rich carpet, the gorgeous mirror, and the costly plate, arrived. It was a summer morning, and he requested his wife and children to dress before seven o'clock. During the last twelve months his wife and his children had found it a pleasure to obey him, and they did so readily. He took the arm of his wife in his, and each of them led a younger child by the hand, while the elder walked hand in hand before them; and they went on until they came to his former house of call, and standing opposite it, he said unto his wife:

"Now, old woman, thou and the fittle ones will go in here with me for five minutes, and thou shalt see something that will please thee."

So they went into the house together, and Tom, the mechanic, found his old associates seated around the room as he was wont to see them twelve months before, just as though they had been fixtures belonging to the establishment; and as he, with his wife and children, entered, his former companions rose, and exclaimed in wonder: "Hal! Thomas! what wind has blown thee here?" For, though they called

him merely *Tom* before, he had *Thomas* from them now. And, as the landlady entered and saw a well-dressed man and woman, with seven clean and well-dressed children around them, in her tap room, she wondered exceedingly, for their appearance contrasted strangely with that of her other customers, amongst whom they were seated.

"Why, don't you know me, Ma'am?" inquired Thomas, observing her look of curiosity and wonderment.

"Why, I can hardly say as how I do, sir," he replied; "and yet I am sure I have seen you somewhere."

"That you have, ma'am," answered he; "I am your old customer, Tom Such-an-one."

"Lack me! is it possible?—and so you are! Why, what a change there is upon thee! thou art quite a gentleman turned. And is this lady thy wife, and these thy children? Well, now! how smart you have them all! How in the world do you manage it?"

"O, ma'am," said Tom, the mechanic, "nothing in the world is more easy—the *fool's pennies* which I before gave to buy your fine carpets, your mirror, and your silver plate, I now keep in my own pocket." So saying, he bowed to her, and wishing her good morning, with his wife's arm in his, they and their children left the house and returned home. Such is the true story of Tom, the mechanic.—*Wilson's Tales of the Borders.*

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WHAT A MAN ABOUT TO BE HUNG THINKS OF LIQUOR.

"O, Mrs.—, little did I think, when I saw you in Ohio, that I would come to such a condition as this! Little did I think I would ever come to the dishonorable death I am doomed to die, and break the heart of my poor old mother, and disgrace all my relatives! O, my God, my heart will burst! I never killed Wood; but I was drunk, and I was present at his murder. Had I not been drunk, I would never have been there. It is whiskey that has ruined me! Whiskey led me to bad company, and it is whiskey that has brought me to the gallows! Yes, Mrs.—, the whiskey-shop has been to me the road to hell; and now, if I was able, I would have printed over the door of every whiskey-shop in Dubuque, and everywhere else, in big letters that everybody could see, these words of truth: 'THIS IS THE ROAD TO HELL!'—*Letter from a prisoner in Dubuque jail.*

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MERCANTILE INTEGRITY.

The Boston Journal says that "Some thirty years ago a dry-goods dealer in Washington street failed in business, but soon started again in another branch of trade in State street. Not finding his second enterprise profitable, he applied for and secured a clerkship at one of our moneyed institutions, from which he has risen to be one of its chief officers. He has been, for some years, paying the most needy of his early creditors, whose claims were outlawed long since. On Saturday last he was able to pay the last of his creditors the full amount of his indebtedness. Some of these persons had forgotten the debt, and were equally surprised and gratified at such a note-worthy instance of his integrity. The debts in this case not paid with the funds gained, or good fortune in business, and honorable appropriate salary, not very large."

"THE MOULDERS."

The piece was neatly executed, but, when Andrew Carlyle glanced across to Robert Pender's bench, his countenance fell, and he suddenly left off whistling.

"What's amiss?" asked Robert observing the cloud on Andrew's cheerful face, as he looked up from his work.

"It's no use trying, Bob; I will never come up to your mark," replied Andrew, despondingly.

"What are you after?" said Robert.

"Just look at those flowers," said Andrew, pointing to Robert's work. "Why, that is the idea of perfection."

Robert gave a light laugh.

"I see nothing particular in this bit of moulding," he answered; "the last 'cast' was more to my mind."

"I wish I could cut and carve by your pattern, that's all," said Andrew, as he doffed his apron with a hopeless sigh.

There was no doubt about it—Robert Pender excelled at his trade. His taste was exquisite, and with wonderful skill he wrought out the designs his graceful fancy formed. The oldest "hands" could not approach his "mouldings;" and if ever one had a chance of turning his genius to profitable account, Robert Pender had.

It was three minutes past six, but Robert was finishing a centre ornament, and he meant to give it the last touch before he dropped working. Andrew stood looking on admiringly.

"That will be a rare specimen when it's fitted up," he remarked. "Where is it going?"

Robert had caught up the tune Andrew closed so abruptly. He whistled it out before answering.

"Lennox Castle."

"There's not another fellow that could have turned off groups like these," insisted Andrew.

"I can't say," was the laughing rejoinder. "Any way, I'm glad the piece is done," continued Robert, stepping back to examine the work with a careful eye.

"Bob, I bet you'll make a fortune yet at moulding," said Andrew with profound solemnity.

"Get along," returned his friend bursting into a laugh.

"If I had your chance, I would," said Andrew.

"Oh, you'll make a spoon or spoil a horn," laughed Robert, "but give us a hand to cover this precious bit of work, will you?"

"If it were mine I would never grow tired of admiring it," said Andrew, as he gave the assistance asked.

"Perhaps you'll be the one to make the fortune, Andrew," said Robert, assuming a prophetic air.

"Well, I don't mean to stand still where I am," answered Andrew, "but you will keep foremost to the end that's certain."

"We shall see," laughed Robert Pender, as they left the cast-room.

The young men did not walk home together, although they were neighbours—they parted at a certain corner, which was

ornamented by a splendid "establishment," all glass and gold, and fragrant with the aroma of sparkling nectars, which bubbled over crystal fountains to the tune of "gill, or mneikin, or pint."

Andrew Carlyle walked straight past; but the lime having got into Robert's throat, he barked a sixpence, and turned in to take a pull at the pleasant waters.

Straight on walked Andrew, through dusty streets and smoky lanes, without so much as deigning a glance at the "brilliant corners." His mother's house was a good way off. She was a widow, poor soul, and her husband having left her nothing (on account of a constitutional weakness for strong drink) but a little helpless child, she had a sore struggle for many a day, but she had a brave heart, though delicate and timid; and with a noble independence that scorned charity, she fought a hard battle with poverty, and sent out Andrew to the world with as much credit and honour, as if the weary old mangle had been "Aladdin's lamp."

It was usual for Andrew to come home from his work whistling. When he entered silent and downcast, his mother looked up in surprise from the stocking she was darning, in the last gleam of daylight.

"Are you not late to-night, Andrew?" she asked, rising to get his supper.

Andrew glanced at an American clock he had adorned the mantle-piece with out of his wages.

"Robert Pender was finishing a centre ornament and I waited for him, mother," continued Andrew. "I hate to look on my clumsy attempts when Robert Pender's work is before me."

"Robert has been longer at the trade," said his mother.

"Yes, but he has such splendid taste," said Andrew. "We are all like dolts beside him."

"Well, well, lad, aye do your best, and leave the rest to Providence," said his mother, with a gentle smile.

Happy is the son who has a wise mother. She shall crown him with everlasting honour, when her comfortable words are hushed on the dumb lips of death.

Andrew drank his coffee in silence, but he thought of what his mother said.

"Yes, I'll do my best," he resolved, as he sat looking into the empty cup. "I'll do my best, I like that good old mother, and leave the rest to Providence."

Robert Pender kept far ahead of all his imitators; and, his genius having been heard of in London, he had offered him a highly lucrative situation in the great metropolis.

By the advice of his employers, who were too generous to make their own interest a first consideration, Robert went to London; and in token of the estimation in which he was held by his friends, a handsome testimonial was presented to him before his departure.

Among his warmest well-wishers was Andrew Carlyle, and certain was he that Robert Pender would return a master, and

a rich man ere age had dimmed his fine discerning eye.

"London will bring him out," argued Andrew; "and if Bob will only look past the corners, he is booked for fortune."

Be it known, Andrew Carlyle did not know the taste of strong drink, and he saw nothing alluring in the tempting invitations of "Old Tom," at the corners.

On a clear, shining May morning, Robert Pender shook hands with the companions of his apprenticeship, and, laughing, they bade him mind old friends when his name was blazing on the shining roll.

Robert and Andrew were to correspond, and for a time Robert kept to his promise faithfully. Glowing descriptions of London life kept the winter nights cheery, and Andrew Carlyle heard with joy how famously Bob was getting along in the glorious capital, and how he was rising into repute.

By and by, however, Robert became lazy, and his letters gradually shortened, and at last came to a stop altogether. Three of Andrew's remained unanswered, and neither did Robert make his appearance to account for his negligence.

"Bob's got a rise, and he means to cut old days," thought Andrew, and with a dash of pride he gave scorn for scorn.

Ten years of struggling life rolls over Andrew Carlyle's head, and only once in all that time did he hear of Robert Pender. He had taken it into his head to go out to America. There was a whisper of his having become unsteady in his habits. That bit of gossip Andrew would not credit. Bob might be a little free and easy in his way, and take a drop now and then to clear the lime out of his throat, but he knew what he was about, and his principles were sound. He yearned over his old friend, in spite of his cold neglect, and the ambition of his life was to emulate his fine taste.

It was dreary work, but Andrew possessed his mother's indomitable spirit, and by perseverance he attained his end. His industry and determination to excel were observed by his master, and in course of time he was promoted to a charge.

"Perhaps I'll get near enough Bob yet to give him a tap on the shoulder, mother," laughed Andrew, as he told her of his own promotion.

Years passed, and Robert Pender was forgotten by all save his old friend Carlyle, who continued steadfastly to pursue his ideal of perfection. Pender's mark to which he had never seen equalled. Where was that cunning hand, and nice discerning eye? How often Andrew Carlyle turned away from his best effort to recall a leaf or flower of Pender's, although it was almost to lose heart by comparison! And what of this master moulder? He is lost to us for twenty years, whilst Andrew Carlyle is advancing, step by step, nearer his mark. We cannot follow him, in our small space, through all his toils; but, with perfection as his aim, and the secret of success engraven on his heart, we may expect to find him, after the heat of the day, resting on his golden sheaves, with triumph on his brow.

Ah! well, one would think so, but when twenty years have come and gone, there stands Andrew Carlyle a working man still! We find him—not where we first looked in upon his apprentice work, but still amongst the “moulders,” in a dusty, noisy work-yard, where no idle people are wanted. He looks twenty years older, of course, and his dark, curling locks are dappled with gray. He wears black clothes now, instead of white, as befits his grayer years; and if you go nearer, you will find he speaks with authority. He is the master there, ay, and he counts his hands by *hundreds!*

But who helped Andrew Carlyle on to fortune so rapidly? Ah! if you ask him, he will take you to a feeble old woman, reclining languidly on cushions, and bending down to her dull ear with a smile, he will bid her give you the true secret of success—*Do your best*, and trust Providence.

Looking at a piece of work one day, the foreman observed Mr. Carlyle suddenly start!

“Giffard, who did these?” he asked, pointing to a bunch of grapes exquisitely moulded.

“A man who has recently been taken on,” was the reply. “A poor old man, who was in great poverty, seemingly.”

“I only knew one man who could work like that,” said Mr. Carlyle.

“Beveridge knows his trade,” said the foreman.

“Beveridge!” repeated Mr. Carlyle. “I could have sworn Robert Pender’s touch was here.”

Months afterwards, Beveridge and his master met face to face, and long and sadly they looked at each other, as memory recalled the past.

After many years of wandering, Robert Pender had drifted homeward a shattered wreck, ashamed even to take his own name. Nobody pitied him, for all his misfortunes were owing to his fatal appetite for strong drink. He could not restrain his craving, and from one stage to another, he fell into hopeless drunkenness! His friends forsook him, and the world turned its back upon him for acting like a fool. Drifting down the black waters of despair, Mercy stretched out her hand, and led him to a door of hope! Ah! who could have dreamed, twenty years ago, that Robert Pender would one day become the servant of the humble apprentice whose highest ambition was to shine in his copy!

#### LESSONS FROM A WATCH.

“A *Watch* may represent the Mind of man, While it assures him that his life’s a span; The *Wheels* its Powers; the *Balance* Reason shows, Thoughts are the *Hands*—declaring how it goes; Conscience, the *Regulator*, sets it right, The *Chain*, Reflection, wind up every night, With self-examination as the *Key*; The figured *Dial-plate* your Heart may be: Four words and actions best its goodness prove,— They strive by these to show its Maker’s love!”

#### BLIND MINNIE,

In a pleasant farmhouse in the west of Scotland, not many years ago, there lived a blind girl, the only child of Mr and Mrs. Grey, and a dear & lovable she was. Her fair hair was parted smoothly over her calm, open brow, and the eyelids which drooped over the sightless eyes were fringed with long heavy lashes. The sweet disengaged gravity of her face, and the too bright complexion, though beautiful, boded but ill for long life. Whether she was knitting in the cool parlor, or feeding her chickens, or strolling in the garden under the faithful guardianship of the old sheep-dog, she was always very neat and tidy.— Yet Minnie Grey had not been always blind. Would you like to know how she lost her sight? I will tell you.

Six years before, Mr. Grey promised to take his little daughter a trip to the market-town, eight miles off. The long-wished-for morning came, and Minnie, prettily dressed and very happy, was placed in the gig beside her father; and Mrs. Grey, proud and happy too, whispered to her husband ere they started. “Now John, you’ll no’ taste to-day, but mind the burn and come home early.”

“Never fear, wife; have the tea ready”—and with a touch from the whip, Molly set off at a quick trot.

Minnie was to be left with a Mrs. Watson until her father should finish his business; but before taking her there, Mr. Grey alighted at a large toy-shop, and bought a beautiful wax doll for her, much to Minnie’s delight. She was then left with Mrs. Watson, her father promising to be back there to tea. This lady was very kind; and dinner-time soon came, bringing with it Mr. Watson. After dinner came the desert, and Minnie munched raisins and almonds contentedly.

“Here is some wine for you, Minnie,” said Mrs. Watson, handing her half a glass.

“No, thank you, I don’t like wine.”

“Did you ever taste it?”

“No; but mamma says it isn’t nice.”

“Try for yourself, my dear. See, isn’t it pretty?” And Mrs. Watson held the glass up to the light.

“I don’t know,” said Minnie, almost crying; “but mamma says I wasn’t to take it.”

“Come take it. Mamma need never know; besides, it will do you good.”

“I don’t care although mamma never knew: I won’t do what she told me not to.”

“Don’t bother the child,” said Mr. Watson. “You’re a good little lass,” he added, patting her; “here’s an orange for you.”

In the afternoon, Minnie had a walk with Mrs. Watson, but the child began to weary for her father, and when after tea he had not come, she said to Mrs. Watson: “I know where papa put up the gig; perhaps he is there. Might I go and see?”

“I think you might. He’ll be sure to be there, and he will also be sure to come with you.”

The little girl started on her errand, and

soon arrived at the Albion Inn. Men were coming and going on the flight of steps which led to the door; bells were ringing and servants hurrying hither and thither. Minnie was standing, hesitating on the steps, frightened by so many people when a drunk man, reeling out, fell against her. She was thrown backwards, her head striking the stone pavement. There was one faint scream, and then all was still. She was lifted up, still breathing, but none knew her, so she was carried to the hospital.

Meanwhile where is Mr. Grey? Stupid with drink, he had staggered from the inn, got into his gig, and set off home, entirely forgetting his child. His wife, who was waiting for the travellers returning, in a startled tone demanded her child. Stupidly he muttered something about Mrs. Watson. His wife waited for no more: getting into the gig, after having hastily thrown on a shawl and bonnet, she drove straight back. Mrs. Watson, who had heard the news of the accident, told her what had happened. Mrs. Grey hurried to the hospital, and asked for her child.—Minnie was unable to be moved, and very seriously hurt. In time she recovered, but it was at the cost of eyesight. The fall had hurt her head, and Minnie had seen the last of the blue sky and the bright green fields. It was some months ere Minnie returned to the farm, and never will the sad remembrance of that day leave her parents. The wax doll was locked away; her father could not bear the sight of it. Only one ray of light beamed from that sad day—Mr. Grey became an abstainer. From that day no strong drink entered his house or passed his lips.

#### ADVICE TO PARENTS.

A lawyer, a friend of mine, related to me that a wealthy gentleman called upon him, and after ascertaining that they were alone, locked the door, and then said, in great anguish, “My son has committed a great crime, and is now in prison, and I want you to visit him.” They went and found this son of wealth behind a grating of iron, and when he thrust forth his hand to his father, that father recoiled, and said, “I would rather have seen you in your grave a thousandfold, than to have seen you here.” But the truth of the matter was, that that same father had himself set the example that had resulted in the ruin of the son and brought him to that prison. Father! said the speaker, are you setting such an example to your son as will make him a drunkard? If so, go home and banish your decanters, and put away the pernicious example. Let all sign the pledge of abstinence, and cease using alcoholic drinks as a beverage, and there will be no more drunkards—and this we can say without exaggeration. Father! mother! do this, if not for your son, for somebody’s son. Like that mother who kissed the dying soldier, although not her son, yet she kissed him for his mother.—*Dr. Kirk Boston.*

FEELING AND DOING.

One day, in passing along the street, I was attracted by a crowd gathered about some object which was engaging their attention. Drawing near, I found that a boy had been kicked by a vicious horse, and had his leg sorely hurt. The boy was sitting on one of many seats, provided for the use of wayfarers by a kind lady since dead, and his trousers being pulled up, the bleeding wounds were exposed to view, and were exciting the sympathy of those around.

"Poor fellow! how did he get it?" "What a pity?" "Whose horse was it?" "Such a horse should have been better looked after," "How did he go so near?" These, and expressions and remarks like these, were uttered by persons in the crowd; but, if I except two who were close beside him, I saw no one doing anything for the boy, in any way.

Just, however, as I was pushing my way towards him, a butcher had stopped his spring cart, and learning what had occurred, pressed in through the crowd, right up to the boy, looked at his leg, and speaking a few words to him, took him up in his arms and carried him to his spring cart, lifted him in and drove off with him to a surgeon's. Every one cheered the lad.—He had done that which reached every heart—the right thing, at the right time, in the right spirit. You may be sure I joined in the hearty approval of his conduct; it had in it so much of the good Samaritan. There was so much right feeling, good sense, and Christian-like action in it; and I mention it now to the readers of this for their learning, that, when they see any suffering, they may remember it, and—though not perhaps in the same way—imitate it.

I want you to learn a Temperance lesson from it. The drink system, like a vicious horse, notwithstanding all the bits and bridles put upon it, is doing great injury—sad havoc to multitudes. The kick the boy got is nothing to what thousands have suffered from the drink—nothing. Many look on, lamenting over the mischief done, blaming sometimes those who have charge of the horse—the Government and licensing magistrates, and the sellers of the drink; or calling out for more curbs upon the horse and greater care of it, or expressing their sorrow or condemnation at those who are suffering should have put themselves within its power. Compassion in expression, and perhaps in feeling, is not uncommon, but little or nothing is done for the poor sufferers. Now, I would have more from you than all this. Want you to be like the butcher lad, to work—to pity, but to show your pity in action.

Perhaps you tell me that you are willing to do something if you only knew how. Take a hint then from this butcher. He saw this boy suffering. He felt for himself was but little acquainted with rounded limbs or broken bones, and to little for them; but this he knew—surgeons had studied these things,

and had alike skill and ability, and so he set off with the boy to one of them. If he could not have taken him to a surgeon, I daresay he would have tried to bring a surgeon to him. Now this is just what I would have you do, if you feel you can do nothing yourselves for those who are suffering from drink. There are persons who though they have got no diploma as temperance doctors, for curing the inebriate, yet have, by God's blessing, been greatly blessed in binding up the broken and healing the wounded, and they are always willing to do what they can, in God's strength, looking for no fee or reward.—Bring those who have been hurt by drink to them, or see to get them to the hurt.—Don't you know some who would be happy to help? There is no locality now without them. They have no signboard, or ornamental lamp, or shining brass plate, with some temperance title on it, to show where they reside; but you will get the names of some of them in almost every part of the country and you will find them ever ready to help you in all you try to do for those who have been wounded by this wild kicking horse. And remember yourselves to keep away from the horse altogether, that he may not strike and wound you.

And let me add. There are many around wounded and bleeding by sin.—There is a physician who can cure them. He has never failed; he is ever willing; he wants them to be brought to him.—Will you not tell such about Jesus, and get them to go to him to have their wounded souls made whole? But how can you ask others to go if you have not gone yourselves?—*The Adviser.*

THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

What a dark and loathsome place! No ray of hope pierces its dense gloom. The godly minister must not, dare not, repeat over the polluted clay, as it enters the place of sepulchre, that touchingly beautiful passage in the burial service: "We commit the body of this our departed brother dust to dust and ashes to ashes," in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection from the dead at the last day." Hope for the drunkard in death? Alas! there is none. Inspiration inscribes upon his death tablet, in letters of fire, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." Despair eternal sits enthroned upon the drunkard's grave, and in utterance of awful truthfulness proclaims its undisputed right to hold the prisoners as his lawful prey until he shall "awake to everlasting shame and contempt," to receive his final doom. Every clod, as it falls upon the coffin lid, declares with terrible significance, the hopelessness of the lost man.

While kindred shed their tears of anguish and friends perform their last act of kindness, how terrific the thought that demons are holding a festival of merriment over another soul-plunged by the mad denigrating cup into perdition's fiery depths.

Imagine, if you can, all the drunkard's who have from the first transgression until now been brought by some invisible power into one place. How vast the multitude! How immense the mound of debased humanity. What a commingling of the great and small, the wise and the ignorant, the civilized and the rude, the rich and the poor, the honorable and the ignominious! As you gaze upon this mountain pile, this commingling of nations, of divers sects, of all classes, you see written upon every brow, by the pen of an outraged divinity, "DIED WITHOUT HOPE."

It matters not how brave, or learned, or rich, or generous or noble, or eloquent, or influential that drunkard was in his day the shroud of despair covers him.

The drunkard's grave is the very citadel of eternal HOPELESSNESS. What bolts and bars and chains are here! And all the more fearful because they were forged by the miserable victim as he went forth in his day, under the sunlight of heaven. It is of no consequence to him now when or where he lived—whether in a palace or a wigwam—upon a throne or in serfdom—in luxury or in poverty—at home or in a foreign land, the result is essentially the same. His life was spent in digging a grave, which to him is the home of despair.

Strange that the living will not take warning; but they will not. How many in this very city, and all over the land, are every night engaged in forging the chains that will ultimately bind them in this grave of ruin. With many the business for this terrible consummation is well nigh done. A few more glasses from the poisonous flood and all is over. The final stagger made and then the hoary-headed sinner falls in the pit of gloom he has dug for himself. O, if he would listen to the voice of wisdom and repent before he makes the final plunge into the place where repentance comes not!

But what is still worse, as these old veteran drunkards die off there is no lack of others to take their place. What a legion of young men have already entered the pathway leading to the drunkard's prison house. O, could we speak to them, one and all, we would plead with them in accents of burning love to pause before they take another step.—Another glass—another spree—another bacchanalian feast, and it may be too late! By the yearnings of a mother's bosom, by the first love of her to whom you have given the nuptial pledge, by the obligations of yourself, by the compassion of a Saviour's heart, and the wrath of an offended God, we beseech you to proceed no further in the downward way.—Shun the revelry of the dram shop and the glee of the festive board as you would the scorpion's bite. Remember young man, that every liquor hotel—every drinking saloon—every dram shop of every sort, is the gateway to the drunkard's hopeless destiny. To every one who indulges in the cup that intoxicates, we would in all affection address the solemn warning of the prophet: "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil way, for why will ye die?"

## TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

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## TERMS

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**Obstacles and Hindrances to the Progress of the Temperance Cause.**

The efforts of Temperance men, in connection with the Temperance cause, have on the whole been very successful. This is not only to be discovered from the multitude of Temperance organizations, from the number of members belonging to these organizations, or to the direct energies that are put forth against this giant evil, but from the difference of prevailing sentiment among those who do not belong to such organizations, compared to what it was twenty-five or fifty years ago. It is true that there is still much to be done, but what has been accomplished can only be realized when we can adequately conceive what the state of society would even now have been, if the enemy had continued to roll along, sweeping everything before him as a flood, without any standard being lifted up to stop him in his mad career.

The progress already attained is encouragement to continued exertion. But those who are now enlisted on the side of the cause, must not imagine that they will not have to contend with obstacles from enemies, and hindrances from friends in the present day, just as others had in the days that are passed.

The obstacles with which the Temperance cause has to contend, among its enemies, are:

1st. *Selfishness.* Those who are engaged in the manufacture of alcoholic liquors, and those who are engaged in the traffic in various forms, are not animated by the glory of God, or stimulated by the love of their fellow men. No doubt many of them are benevolent and generous-hearted men. No doubt some of them are also religious, but they do not engage in their business, either as a means of glorifying God, or of benefitting their fellow men. They are animated more by a desire for a competency for themselves and their families, or

by an intense love of money. If their selfish desires were not satisfied, to some extent by the traffic, they would not remain at it for an hour; but because they are gratified, their own interests prompt them to do all they can to oppose the efforts of Temperance men.

2nd. *Fashion stands in the way.* Fashion sways the mass of mankind, and as long as anything is unfashionable thousands will not follow it. They live for the good opinion of their fellow men, and they would not for the world do anything that would be regarded as singular. The tyranny of fashion has a more universal sway than any monarch on the earth, and but few have the spirit to resist its power. Alcohol is fashionable. It sparkles on the tables of the noble, the great and the gay. It is fashionable among wits and wise men, and hence thousands follow suit, and content themselves with doing what others do.

3rd. *Relish for the drink is another obstacle.* There is no denying the fact, that to the great majority alcohol in its various forms is in itself agreeable to the taste. Many love it for its own sake, and on this account they do not wish to favour the Temperance cause. If their love of drink was so strong that it led them into excessive indulgence, to the ruining of their health, to the injuring of their character, or if it interfered with direct usefulness in their occupation, they might deny themselves the indulgence; but as their love is only for a "little drop," as they have not a strong, natural inclination for it, they think there is no need that they should deny themselves the pleasant and innocent enjoyment.

4th. *The Temperance cause has to contend with direct opposition.* Some men appear to be so constituted that the instincts of their nature are opposed to everything that is benevolent in its tendency. Without reason, and contrary to reason, these men will hurl disagreeable epithets at the advocates of any cause, and raise up objections from sheer malevolence. They are the natural allies to Satan, and in so far as the Temperance cause is unfavorable to his kingdom, so far must its supporters calculate on their opposition.

Besides obstacles from without, the Temperance cause has enemies from within. Like Christianity, just in proportion as it becomes successful and respectable, the number of its false friends increase and become hindrances to its progress.

The hindrances that flow from professed friends are:

1st. *Half-heartedness.* In connection

with the Temperance cause there are a number of as truly devoted men as can be found anywhere. Whole-hearted in the work of Temperance reformation, and if it were possible for them, unaided, to grasp every poor drunkard in the land and hold him in a place where he would not be exposed to temptation, by their unaided efforts, they would spare no effort or expense to accomplish it. But while there are these whole-hearted men, there are now in connection with the Temperance cause, a number of cold, careless, half-hearted men, that do nothing for it. If this class belonged to those who never derived any personal advantage from the reformation, we could easily understand it; but in many instances, those who have been saved from the evils of a drunkard's life, and the misery of a drunkard's death, through the instrumentality of the cause, have manifested as much indifference as others. It is a standing reproach against many such, that after they have been saved from penury to wealth through its instrumentality, they have been as illiberal with their means as though they had never received the slightest advantage.

2nd. *Desertion.* The cause has suffered from the desertion of individuals that have become prominent in its advocacy. There are many instances of individuals who, after being prominent advocates of Total Abstinence, have not only fallen into the practice of tipping, but have taken to the keeping of taverns. Such cases as these have always a very injurious influence in the districts in which they occur.

3rd. *Self exaltation, or political power, rather than temperance principles.* It is a melancholy fact connected with the Temperance cause, that a number of individuals take a prominent part in connection with it for the sake of the political power it affords them. It is unnecessary to mention instances, as every intelligent observer within the last few years, has seen not a few such cases. Whenever such occur they operate as checks to the advancement of the cause.

Other obstacles and hindrances might easily be named, but in the mean time let this suffice. They may retard but they will not effectually interfere with the progress of the cause. The work is an important one. The end, one that every patriot and Christian must desire, and with the help of the Lord it must go on and prosper.

Keep thy heart, and then it  
be easy for thee to keep the tongue  
—Leighton.

**Convention to carry out Mr. Dunkin's Bill.**

This convention, held in Montreal, on 27th of January, 1865, consisted of prominent Temperance men, from all parts of the province.

The following resolutions were passed at that meeting:

1. That this convention recommend the holding of public meetings in central places, and also that the officers and friends of the various Temperance organizations hold meetings in all school districts, and as far as practicable, visit from house to house to secure the efficient working of the Temperance act of 1864.

2. That the convention consider the desirableness to pass an act to divert all monies derived from the sale of licences, into the Provincial Exchequer.

3. That Judge Haggarty's address be published as a circular, and that every exertion be made by local societies, to have it published in the newspapers.

4. That the central committee be directed to prepare an address to the ministers of Canada, urging upon them the duty of giving greater prominence to the Temperance question, in their pulpit ministrations, also to urge upon them the importance of reviving Total Abstinence Societies and of using all other means to educate public opinion aright respecting the Temperance reform.

5. That this convention respectfully suggests to clergymen and office bearers of the various churches, the propriety of banishing from the Lord's table all intoxicating wine, especially seeing that an un-intoxicating wine can now be easily obtained for all sacramental purposes.

6. That this convention feeling itself under obligations to C. Dunkin, Esq., M. P. P., the Hon. James Ferrier, Hon. Alex. Vidal and the Hon. B. Flint, and all others who aided them in carrying the Temperance act of last session, desire to put on record their obligations to these gentlemen, for their praiseworthy efforts in the legislative halls of our country.

**THE MESSENGER.**

THE MESSENGER is the name of a new semi-monthly periodical devoted to Temperance and Education. It is published in Hamilton, C. W., and edited by Dr. J. W. Ferguson.

The Messenger is a well printed sheet, and promises to be an ably conducted Journal.—It is edited by a gentleman well known among the ranks of Temperance reformers, who is to be assisted by a large staff of clerical contributors.

**MODERATION AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE.**

One evening a friend was speaking to me on moderation; he said there were various grades in the use of drink, as in other things—as in the use of money there is prodigality, economy, and avarice; and said they answered to drunkenness, moderation, and total abstinence; and that as the moderate use of money was preferable either to prodigality or avarice, therefore moderation was preferable to drunkenness or Total Abstinence: but I contend that the things compared are quite ferent. Avarice is a sin, Total Abstinence not, but is free to every man; there is evil deduced by avarice, and none by Total Abstinence. There is no doubt that moderation is better than abstinence when one overlooks motives; the man who can rule this creature Alcohol, and keep it in subservience to his will, is, Blondin-like, in a higher grade of virtue than he who does not touch it at all.—London on his giddy rope is no doubt far

higher than the crowd below, but there have been such things as broken limbs resulting from the imitation of his marvels. If the world was made moderate, Total Abstinence Societies would be glad to close to-night; but temperate worlds are in Utopia now; experience has proved that so long as alcohol is used in society, it must be followed, more or less, by all the evils of drunkenness. Total Abstinence is a practical and useful remedy, and we believe that a world of Total Abstainers would be a thousandfold happier and better than a world of moderate drinkers and drunkards.

It is estimated that there are at least 500,000 confirmed drunkards in England, and in a few short years 500,000 graves will close over their dishonoured dust; and a startling question arises, "Who are to fill their places?" The answer is more startling still—"500,000 who are now moderate drinkers will be drafted into their position." Does not a fearfully close connection exist here between moderation and drunkenness? I firmly believe that if you could all get a glimpse into the future evil effects of moderate drinking, you would exert yourselves to the utmost to arrest its progress.

Total Abstinence we bring before you now as a practicable means under God's blessing for the drunkard's cure, as an effective way of escape for those who are in danger of becoming drunkards, and as a safeguard to all against drunkenness.

Few there are to deny the first of these statements, the inebriate's appetite never dies; true, Total Abstinence may cause it to slumber, and as the duration of abstinence increases the slumber deepens: but while the reclaimed one is in the body it never dies—it is the man's weak point, Satan cherishes it there, in the fond hope that at some distant day the man, yielding to the invitations of mistaken friends, will take a little; then Satan laughs, he stirs up the awakened appetite, and lashes it into fury a hundredfold more furious than before, and ere there is time to think, the man is swept into the world of spirits. Foster observes, "The mind is weak where it has once given way. It is long before a principle restored can become as firm as one that has never been removed." We have the testimony of the reclaimed. "A thimbleful of spirits would convert me into a demon," says one; another says, "I shall, if pressed to take a single drop, produce the page whereon my resolution is recorded, and if still enticed, I shall look upon that person in the light of an infernal fiend." And John B. Gough—one who loves the Lord, and is devoting his life to the removal of a great obstruction to His cause—says he dare not with safety touch one glass of wine.

With such testimony from the reclaimed before us, we cannot avoid seeing the great temptations they are exposed to by the present drinking customs.

When we invite individuals to drink we would require to know all their past history to be sure that we are not about to call into action a long dormant passion; and we would require to know all their future history to be sure that we were not about to sow the seeds of a disease that would bear fruit in hell.—How great, then, is the responsibility of him "who giveth his neighbour drink, who putteth the battle to him!" I cannot conceive how Christian people can identify themselves with the drinking customs while that woe is denounced against such in the Bible; they might just as well cut such texts out, for all the effects they produce. When a reclaimed drunkard mixes in the moderate drinker's society, he has numerous appeals to resist,

and as many temptations to overcome. I ask, has he those temptations with the total abstainer? No, he is not marked out as a drinker there when he abstains, but he meets the man who has come down to his own level; he clasps the right hand of fellowship, he leans on the strong arm and will of his brother, he hears words of comfort, and finds that he is not alone—that there are some who care for him, and for his sake are willing to give up what is to them a lawful indulgence, lest it should cause a weak brother to offend.

There are those who cannot be moderate drinkers, but thank God all can be Total Abstainers. A man may be very well able to resist the first glass of wine, but that first glass, if taken, may make him unable to resist the second; and while men's constitutions remain the same, so will the results of moderation.—Selected.

**EXPENDITURE OF THE WORKING-CLASSES ON DRINK.**

It is impossible to deny that a vast amount of workmen's earnings, squeezed from human thighs and sinews, is put, as soon as earned, into a bag with holes. First and foremost among the causes of this gigantic mis-spending are the drinking habits of a large proportion of workmen. The facts that have again and again been given to the public in illustration of this, are utterly overwhelming. At a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held in Edinburgh in 1851, Mr Porter first gave publicity to a fact that ever since has, in forms innumerable, been exciting the amazement of the world. It is, that the working men of the United Kingdom consume every year upwards of twenty millions' worth of spirits, up wards of twenty-five millions' worth of beer, and upwards of seven millions' worth of tobacco—making, in all, £53,413,165 sterling!

Mr Clay, of Preston, in analysing carefully the expenditure of 131 workmen employed in one mill, found that their gross earnings were £154 16s a week, and that of that sum £34 15s was spent in liquors. Excluding twelve, who were teetotallers, it was found that the average yearly expenditure of the rest was £11 7s 9d each, while fifteen spent upwards of 25 per cent, of their earnings on drink, and forty-one more from 25 to 75 per cent. Mr William Chambers mentions, in his tract on *Mis-expenditure*, that several years ago, in visiting a large printing office in London, he was struck with amount of beer supplied for the workmen, and ascertained that few of them spent less than a shilling a day on beer, making an expenditure for each, on that article alone, of £18 a year. In an ironwork at Sunderland, a man was pointed out to him, who at one time earned a guinea a day, or from £300 to £400 a year, but having spent all on drink, he was reduced to a lower department, with a guinea a week in place of a day. In another work, a Frenchman was pointed out to him who earned £5 10s a week, but by exercising economy, he was on the way to realise a competency, with which he would probably return soon to his native country.\*

Of all wasteful and improvident workmen, perhaps none can surpass the navy. A civil engineer\* acquainted with railway undertakings, has calculated that navvies usually spend

\* French and German workmen have frequently more economy and forethought than British. The author of *Workmen and their Difficulties* mentions a remarkable instance of this. A French workman, in the employment of Chance Brothers, Birmingham, receiving the unusually high wage of £10 a week, was found on leaving to have accumulated in the hands of his master no less a sum than £5000, while no Englishman at the time had more than £50.

on drink from 7s to 8s a week each, and that on an average, for every mile or railway, upwards of £1000 has been squandered in liquor. If the railways of the United Kingdom extend to 10,000 miles, this would give the vast sum of ten millions as thrown away on drink in this construction. We say deliberately, thrown away (and if thrown away, it is worse than thrown away), because, if medical testimony and wide experience be worth anything, it is certain that the habitual use of strong drink and tobacco, by men in good health, and in the full enjoyment of their physical powers, is not only not a benefit, but an injury.—*Dr. Blakie.*

### I WOULD NOT BE A DRUNKARD— NO, NOT FOR THE WORLD.

*First*—Because I want to be a man, to do my duty to myself, my family, my friends, the community in which I live, and to my race.

*Second*—I want to serve my God, here and forever.

*Third*—I want to be saved. No drunkard can do either of these. He cannot take care of his body or estate—drink will disease his body, stupify his mind, sear his conscience. He may have been the kindest and most affectionate husband and father—it will dry up the best feelings of his nature and harden him to indifference, if not hatred, against the wife that he loved and the children he had begotten.

In a woman who becomes a drunkard, you have an answer to the question of the prophet: "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion upon the son of her womb?"—Isaiah, xlix. 15.

A man will spend in the tavern or grog-shop, or at the bottle, the products of labor which should be given to his wife and children. He will drink while they are in want. He will drink and starve his own body. Can his family or friends rely on him? Can the community confide in him? He is conscious of the reason why, and at times will answer, "Because I am a drunkard."

No word in the English language carries with it such a helpless character. It breeds despair in the man himself, in his family; paralyses exertion; destroys his hope among his fellow-men. While he would lean on them, or turn to them, they withdraw from him, until he feels that he is loathsome to them, and turns away to seek company suited to his habits.

*No drunkard can serve God.* This is the great end of a man's being:—to serve and glorify God with the sincere worship of the heart, and to adorn the religion of God his Maker and Saviour, by a life becoming it. How can he serve or enjoy God? The man who does, reads the Bible, prays, attends upon the House and worship of God. He will try to live according to the Gospel, and train up his children and family for that service. The drunkard reads not the Word of God, seeks not the sanctuary, has no family altar, calls not upon God by prayer—while he profanes His name, scorns the sanctuary and fellowship with God's people.—He makes himself companion with those "who sleep not unless they cause some to fall."—Prov. iv. 16.

*He cannot be saved.* God has said it. Make all the temperance speeches, tell all the terrible incidents, get up all the processions, endeavour to arrest the attention from what source or by what way you please, there is a tremendous and overpowering influence, like the most deadly and fatal pestilence, from which their there seems no escape and no cure.—Nothing, nothing but the almighty power and divine influence of the Holy Ghost can work in his heart that change, or give him

that help which can effectually rescue him. No sentence can be written more fearful than that of the drunkard—"he cannot inherit the kingdom of God." The man that will be a drunkard, makes, must make, can do nothing less than make his damnation sure. Nothing this side of death can more certainly and irreversibly seal the doom of a man's soul. *I would not be a drunkard*—because I want to be saved. The influence which have operated to ruin others, I wanted to avoid. I would flee from them. I know that I cannot be a drunkard if I do not drink intoxicating drinks. I do not know how much or how long it would take me to acquire the habit of drinking. I do not know if I drank, how soon I might become drunk. I know—I'm certain if I don't drink I never will, never can be a drunkard. As Paul said about eating meat offered in honor of an idol, if I should thus tempt any one to eat in honor of the idol, I will eat no more meat while the world stands. Lest I should myself, acquire the habit of drinking, or encourage any person, however humble, in pursuing such a habit, I will not drink while the world stands.

To be safe for my self friends, my neighbors, and to give the force of my example, "I will not touch, taste, or handle as a beverage, any liquor which intoxicates."

### A REFORMATION.

"While there is life there is hope," and this is as applicable to the drunkard's cause as to any other. The most inveterate tippler may be reclaimed. Some seem to think that it is quite impossible; but I am entirely of a different opinion, and I have good reason for my belief. It is true, however, that Divine aid must be invoked; for without it the most strenuous efforts of men are weak. But I intended to give an instance of a wonderful reformation which took place in a person not far distant from where I am writing. Come with me, kind reader, not many stadia to the west. You see a long winding river shoot up into the heart of the country, fed by several little streamlets rushing with lion impetus from their hilly sources. Well, near that pretty cottage on the left bank of the river, around which trees of every size and shade entwine, before which a merry rivulet gurgles on to find the sea. What a fine orchard! what a lovely dwelling! what commodious outhouse! I hear you exclaim: Yes, all as you say, beautiful and deserving your highest encomiums; but let us enter. A thrifty and intelligent housewife presents herself at the threshold. "Please walk in," and we are pleasantly ensconced in the parlor.—Reader, allow me to introduce you to Mr.—an elderly, clever, and well-informed gentleman. You observe what a happy family. There is Dr.—our host's eldest son, an apt lad. There is his brother who took the first prize in Metaphysics in the University; and there is Jamie arriving at high honours in our Academy. Now, here is Miss Dollie, as you see, a blooming maiden of twenty-four. Sitting near the old gentleman is playful Sosie. What a happy family you exclaim! how prosperous! they truly live beneath the smiles of Heaven. Yes, reader, they are now happy; but there was a time when direst gloom overhung this household—when the father shouted loud and impious imprecations against his Maker—when the children, instead of clustering around their parent stem as now, and listening with pleasure to his voice, scampered off so soon as his heavy footsteps fell upon their ear. Then he was bloated, and fierce, and demoniac, now he is temperate, and gentle and Christian. Only a few years ago a

rude log-house contained them—no trees sheltered and beautified the premises. Only ten years since Mr.—(he will pardon me, I know, for announcing to his case) on a frosty December night, was found lying stiff and cold in a saunter in the neighbouring town. Some good friends raised him for dead. He was carried to an "inn" and was taken care of. At last he recovered; his senses returned. Even the generous Samaritan's tendered him good advice, and he went home, but a changed man. He henceforth devoted himself to repair that family which he himself had almost wrecked.—He endeavoured; and reader you have seen the result. Truly it may be said that the wilderness has become like Eden, and the desert like the garden of the Lord.—*The Abstinence.*

### LOST LABOUR.

Proverbs xii. 17—The slothful man ~~reaches~~ not that which he took in hunting."

The idea in these words manifestly is, that a great deal of labour is often lost because it is not followed up; or, that things in themselves fitted to be useful, and which one may have bestowed much trouble to obtain, often yield no good in the end for want of the additional care and attention which may be necessary to apply them properly to their proper purposes. We follow the chase with energy, but what we may succeed in capturing is often allowed to rot and go to waste.

As an instance of this, there cannot be a doubt a very large proportion of the poverty and wretchedness to be met with throughout the country is owing to the cause so graphically described by Solomon. It is not, generally speaking, because men are unwilling to work; it may be sometimes because trade is dull and they cannot find employment; it may be sometimes because of the necessities of a large young family; but very frequently, indeed, it is not for any of these reasons, but because of recklessness or dissipation, or some other species of unthrifty management, that so many are in such constant straits, live in such squalid houses, and are every way so pinched and depressed. You visit two families living in the same street,—earnings the same,—house rent the same,—number of children the same,—ages of children about the same,—and yet in every other respect what a complete contrast! You find in the one case everything tidy, clean, respectable,—children at school,—house in the best of order,—prints on the walls and flowers in the windows,—and the large family Bible, with some suitable companions, on the book-shelves near the fire. You find in the other case filth, squalor, confusion, children in rags, everything to indicate misery. Both are the houses of hard-working men. It is not in that the difference lies. The difference is that the one is the home of sobriety and thrift; the other, of improvidence and mismanagement.

Nor is it by any means to what are called the working classes only that remarks like these apply. In other ranks of life the same thing holds equally true. It may be to unavoidable misfortune; but, in a very great number of cases indeed, it is to

Improvvidence and mismanagement that those embarrassments are attributable which, wherever they exist, are always attended with much discomfort, frequently occasion severe distress, and often lead into great sin. It were to speak with a partiality far from becoming in one who is appointed to urge upon his fellow-creatures the laws of that God who is no respecter of persons, were he to denounce in strong language the improvvidence, and recklessness which to a large extent prevail among the poor, and yet have not a word to say,—or only the gentlest whisper,—with reference to those extravagant and ostentatious habits too common in the present day among other classes of society, and which are a fertile source both of private suffering and of public scandal.

I cannot think that such observations are of too secular a nature to form the subject of Pastoral Counsel. It will be granted readily that a minister of Christ ought to inculcate the duty of carrying religion into common life. But in doing so, must he confine himself to general terms? May he not sometimes descend into particulars? If so, certainly it is an important particular in the religion of common life, that we should be careful and considerate in the distribution and expenditure of our income, whether large or small. Much room is here afforded for the application of Christian principle, and for the cultivation of self-denial, temperance, and charity. I do not know a more religious thing than to remember habitually, that whatever we have, whether much or little, comes to us through the bounty of God, and ought to be used; therefore, not only with care, but with a certain degree of reverence, and an anxious desire that it be so employed as to promote God's will. For this reason I cannot see that I am departing in the least from the functions which strictly belong to the pastorate if I venture to remind—servants in families, for example, that there is such an institution as the savings bank, where it might be well for them, while still they are able, to lay up something against an evil day,—working-men's wives, aye, and other men's wives too, that the roasting of what their husbands have caught, or, in other words, the utilising of their husbands' industry by so managing its proceeds as to promote the comfort and welfare of the house, rests in a great measure with them, so that, without being narrow, it is their Christian duty to be prudent and frugal,—working-men themselves, that nothing can be more foolish than to quarrel by any sort of intemperance what they have earned with so much sweat of the brow,—and all in every station, that as it of God's gift we possess our temporal blessings, as well as our spiritual privileges, should the former, as well as the latter, be put to use with reverent thankfulness to the great Giver, and in such a way as to advance His glory.—*Dr. Robertson.*

We grieve that our days are so inharmonious. Our hearts are continually going in and out, as it were of eclipses. Yesterday's to-day and to-morrow will carry them away captive.

WATER.

BY THE REV. GEORGE BAYDON, M.A.

Is not water  
The sky's daughter;  
Nature's chart'r,  
Which all may scan;

Bright as morning  
First adorning  
Earth's blue awning  
When time began?

Flowers it sprinkles,  
Then unwrinkles;  
Bell-like, tinkles  
In babbling streams.

From rocks rushing,  
With light blushing,  
It sings, hushing  
Birds into dreams.

The All-giver  
Bids the river  
Flow for ever  
To feed the main.

Dewdrops dancing,  
Like fays prancing,  
Eye-entrancing,  
Bedeck the plain.

Nature's Peri,  
Earth were dreary,  
Man were weary,  
Without thy smiles;

Which gives pleasure  
Beyond measure;  
Pure minds treasure  
Their sparkling wiles.

Trouble-haunted,  
Bards have chanted  
Lays that vaunted  
Wine's cheering strength.

Which oft brightens  
Man's face, lightens  
Care, but heightens  
Its sting at length.

LICENCE OR NO LICENCE.

The inhabitants of a thriving town in Pennsylvania having assembled, as was their custom, to decide what number, if any, of spirit licences the town should petition from the County Court, there was a very full attendance. One of the magistrates presided, and upon the platform were seated, among others, the pastor of the village, one of his deacons, and the physician. After the meeting had been called to order, one of the most respectable citizens in the borough rose, and after a short speech moved that the meeting petition for the usual number of licences for the ensuing year. He thought it was best not to get up an excitement by refusing to grant licences; they had better licence good men and let them sell.

The proposition seemed to meet with almost universal favour. The president was about to put the question to the meeting, when an object rose in a distant part of the building, and all eyes were instantly turned in that direction. It was an old

woman, poorly clad, and whose careworn countenance was the principal index of no light sufferings; and yet there was something in the flash of her bright eye that told she had been once what she then was not. She addressed the president, and said she had come because she heard they were to decide the licence question. "You," said she, "all know who I am. You once knew me mistress of one of the best estates in the borough. I once had a husband and five sons; and woman never had a kinder husband, mother never had five better or more affectionate sons. But where are they now? Doctor, I ask where are they now? In yonder burying ground there are six graves filled by that husband and those five sons; and oh! they are all drunkards' graves! Doctor, how came they to be drunkards? You would come and drink with them, and you told them that temperate drinking would do them good. And you too, sir (addressing the pastor), would come and drink with my husband; and my sons thought they might drink with safety, and follow your religious example. Deacon, you sold them rum, which made them drunkards. You have now got my farm and all my property, and you got it all by rum. And now," she said, "I have done my errand. I go back to the poorhouse, for that is my home. You, rev. sir—you, doctor—and you, deacon, I shall never see again, until I meet you at the bar of God, where you, too, will meet my ruined husband and those five sons who, through your means and influence, fill the drunkard's grave." The old woman sat down. Perfect silence prevailed, until broken by the president, who rose to put the question to the meeting, "Shall we petition the court to issue licences to this borough for the ensuing year?" and then one unbroken "No," which made the walls re-echo with the sound, told the result of the old woman's appeal. There were no more licences granted.—*Selected.*

THE RECONCILIATION.

I once picked up a man in a market-place. It was said to me, 'He is a brute, let him alone.' I took him home with me, and kept him fourteen days and nights through his delirium; and he nearly frightened Mary out of her wits one night, chasing her all around the house with a boot in his hand. But she recovered her wits, and he recovered his. He said to me, 'You wouldn't think I had a wife and child?' 'Well, I shouldn't.' Yes, I have, and God bless her dear little heart. My Mary is as pretty a little wife as ever stepped,' said he. I asked him where they lived. 'They live two miles away from here.' 'When did you see them last?' 'About two years ago.' Then he told me his sad story. I said, 'You must go back again.' 'No,' he replied, 'I musn't go back. I won't; my wife is better without me than with me. I will not go back any more. I have knocked her, and kicked her, and abused her; do you suppose that I will go back again?'

But at length he consented to accompany me to the house. I knocked at the door and his wife opened it. 'Is this Mrs. Richardson?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, this is Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Richardson this is Mrs. Richardson. Now come into the house.'

They went in. The wife sat one side of the room, and the man on the other. I wanted to see who would speak first; and it was the woman. But before she spoke she fidgeted a good deal. She pulled up her apron till she got hold of the hem, and then she pulled it down again. Then she folded it up closely, and jerked it out through her fingers, an inch at a time; and then she spread it all down again, and then she looked all about the room, and said, 'Well, William,' and he said, 'Well, Mary.' He had a large handkerchief round his neck, and she said, 'You had better take the handkerchief off; you'll need it when you go out.' He began to fumble about it. The knot was large enough, he could have untied it if he liked, but he said, 'Will you untie it, Mary?' And she worked away at it, but somehow or other her fingers were clumsy, and she could not get it off; their eyes met, and the love-light was not all quenched, he opened his arms gently, and she fell into them. If you had seen those white arms clasped about his neck, and he sobbing on her bosom, and the child look in wonder, first at one and then at the other, you would have said, 'It is not a brute, it is a man with a great warm heart in his breast.' Oh, how many hearts and homes might be cheered, if Christian men and women would visit poor drunkards, and point them to the cross of Christ.—*John B. Gough.*

#### GERMAN DRINKERS.

What is set up as the master-vice among ourselves is in him a sort of amiable weakness. He is like the husband who was pronounced "a good kind of a drunken body, with no harm in him." "He does not take raw spirits, like our wretched working classes," you say; but even that is not strictly true.—The Schnaps is a considerable institution in Germany, and if you are an early riser you will often see a glass of brandt-wine, or kirsch-wasser, or bitters taken, to fortify the stomach for the heavy beer-drinking of the day. But let us look at fermented liquors alone. It will shock no German to impute to him the consumption of a couple of bottles of wine in any given day—not though you should make it out to be three or four. Now the sages in chemistry tell us that the mildest wine made has 8 per cent. of alcohol in it—that without that it cannot be wine at all.—Strong ports and sheries have 24 or 25 per cent. Take the average German at half of this—12½ per cent. Well, in proof spirit, which is a good deal above the average of the gin palace, the amount of alcohol is 50 per cent. It follows that in a couple of bottles of this very harmless stuff there is as much spirit as in half a bottle of good gin or brandy. Then we are told that the strength of the strongest malt liquors just comes up to 8 per cent.—that of the weakest wines. If we suppose that excellent liquor, Bavarian beer, to be half as strong as this, there is room for it to communicate a good deal of fire

when consumed on the enormous native scale. In any place of entertainment in Bavaria, if a Kellner sees your beer-flagon empty, he immediately fills it for you without request or hint. Bavarian nature abhors such a vacuum, and the nerves of a kindly Kellner will not permit him to hold such a type of misery as an empty beer-flagon. I was told in this region that the universal passion for beer was made a highly available instrument for the suppression of crime—seeing that in countries where nothing of the kind prevailed, it is impossible to bring punishment up to so afflictive a height, consistent with the preservation of the criminal's health, as the stopping of a Bavarian's beer; while, for the purposes of prison discipline, the power on some occasions slightly to relax the prohibition was a bribe to good conduct, so potent as to leave far behind anything we can accomplish through our inferior social institutions. How much beer the inhabitants of this or any other part of Germany habitually consume, can only be matter for guess work; but any one who knows the country will not denounce from one or two gallons per day as extravagant. Now, on the supposition of the 4 per cent., a gallon of beer is equivalent to half a bottle of spirits. In the novel by Freytag, called "Debit and Credit," supposed to be so accurate a picture of German manners, we are told that the average allowance of beer to a pucker—the allowance which it is not creditable to him to exceed—is forty pints a day—more than three gallons, and certainly endowed with more alcohol than a bottle and a half of ordinary spirituous liquor.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### WHAT YOUNG PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW.

The best inheritance that parents can leave their children, is the ability to help themselves. This is better than a hundred thousand dollars apiece. In any trouble or difficulty, they will have two excellent servants ready, in the shape of their two hands. Those who can do nothing, and have to be waited on, are helpless, and easily disheartened at the misfortunes of life. Those who are active and handy meet troubles with a cheerful face, and soon surmount them. Let young people therefore, learn to do as many different useful things as possible.

*Every Farmer's Boy* should know how sooner or later.

1. To dress himself, black his own shoes, cut his brother's hair, wind the watch, sew on a button, make a bed, and keep all his clothes in perfect order, and neatly in place.
2. To harness a horse, grease a wagon, and drive a team.
3. To carve and wait on the table.
4. To milk the cows, shear the sheep and dress a veal or mutton.
5. To reckon money and keep accounts accurately, and according to good book-keeping rules.
6. To write a neat, appropriate, briefly expressed business letter, in a good hand, and fold and superscribe it properly, and write contracts.
7. To plow, sow grain and grass seed, drive a mowing machine, swing a scythe, build a stack and pitch hay.
8. To put up a package, build a fire, whitewash a wall, mend broken tools, and regulate a clock.

There are many other things which would render boys more useful to themselves and others—these are merely a specimen. But the young man who can do all these things well, and who is ready at all times to assist others, will command far more respect and esteem

than if he knew merely how to drive fast horses, smoke cigars, play cards, and talk nonsense to foolish young ladies at parties.

#### THE TROUBLES OF A BREWER.

A Mr. Greene, a brewer and member of Parliament in England, uttered himself at a dinner given to his dependents in the following style, showing that conscience was troublesome. It is so with a good many distillers, brewers and venders, in our country.

If a person think it right to abstain altogether from liquor, he has a right to his opinion, and it is no business of mine, neither do I find fault with him; but I think I am perfectly at liberty to say, that although I don't agree with him, yet I have a right to be treated with that civility which is due from one man to another. I do not call that civility or right, when people deal out hard names to others. We all in this country, stand upon our characters. It is not for me nor any person in the trade to defend drunkenness and excess. It is the great enemy to private peace; it is the great curse of society; and it is the ruin of the trade which I am not ashamed to say is my trade. I come amongst you as a brewer; and I believe that in following the trade of a brewer, if I carry on the trade righteously, no man has a right to raise a finger of scorn against me. I don't like these opinions to go forth; I don't want to produce controversy, but simply to lay down a rule—that if we, who are all in some trade, are to be judged at all, let us be judged by our lives, as worthy members of society, doing our duty in the sphere in which we are placed. We need not then be ashamed of our trade; nor is any person, in my mind, justified in calling us hard names; therefore, I will propose three times three for the old toast, "fine ale, quick sale, and good pay." [Loud applause.]—*Warrington Guardian, Nov. 12.*

#### HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

This is one of the most acceptable of our exchanges, and the longer we have had the privilege of perusing it the more convinced have we grown that it is just the sort of periodical for the community. Most people are deplorably ignorant of the laws of health, and this periodical is well calculated to enlighten them on important matters, in a clear and concise style.

We cordially wish it increased success.

**NINE INCONSIDERATE THINGS.**—Nine never. Fruits healthful. Treatment of bites, burns, scalds, stings; Colds cured avoided; Weak eyes; Travelling hints Music healthful; Young old people; Dyspepsia; Drunkenness; Ice cure; Winter rules; Erect position; Walking; Eating; Drinking; Sleeplessness; Winter shoes; Corns cured; Growing beautiful; Consumption following ill-cured measles; Wearing flannel. Three essentials of health Health without medicine; Cold feet; Constipation rectified by natural agencies; Baths and bathing; Scientific and practical treatise on catarrh, by Prof. Daniel &c. See January and February Nos. **HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH, No. 1** Union Square, New York, near Washington Monument. Single numbers 12 c.

CHEAP THINGS!

A **Wine Bath**.—An American traveller in the city of Paris, seeing the words, "Wine bath given here," exclaimed, "Well, then, French are a luxurious people." Then, with true Yankee curiosity, and the feeling that he could afford whatever any one else did, he walked in, and demanded a "wine bath." Feeling wonderfully refreshed after it, and having paid about five francs, he asked, in some amazement, how a wine bath could be so cheaply. His sable attendant, who had been a slave in Virginia, and enjoyed a sly bit of humour, replied, "O, massa, we jest pass it along into anudder room, where we gib baths at four francs." "Then you throw it away, I suppose." "No, massa, den we send it lower down, and charge three francs a bath. Dar's lots of people who an't so berry pertikler, and will take in it after dis at two francs a bath. Den we let de common people have a franc a piece." "Then, of course you throw it away," exclaimed the traveller, who thought that this was going even beyond Yankee profit. "No, indeed, massa," was the indignant reply, accompanied by a profound bow; "no, indeed, massa, we are not so stragvant as dat com'ly, we jest bottle it up den, and send it to de city for champagne."

**A FORTUNATE MISTAKE**.—A respectable young man in Cincinnati got intoxicated at a wine party, and in that state went home to his wife. As soon as she awoke she sprang from her arms at

INTEMPERANCE IN JAPAN.

round the suburbs, the peach and the plum trees are cultivated chiefly with a view to the beauty of the blossom, which attains the size and fulness of a rose and covers the tree in rich profusion. It is one of the great delights of the Japanese at Yeddo, during all April, to make picnics to these suburban gardens and temples. Groups of men, women, and children, by families, may be seen trooping along the shady roads, on their way to enjoy the beauty of the opening spring; the rich in Normans, the middle and lower classes on foot. It is sad enough that this Arcadian scene is so often marred by intemperance. Not content with inhaling the freshness of the opening flowers, the men drink deep of *saki*; nor is this practice altogether confined, as one would fain have hoped, to the rougher sex. The latter make the streets unsafe on their return,—especially to dogs and foreigners. They may be met in bands of two or three, with flushed faces, and, now and then some of the lower class lie stretched on the road, too drunk to go any further; the vice of intemperance the Japanese nothing to learn from foreigners. At least, cannot be laid to the charge of the northern race. The same as the

THE DRUNKARD CAN BE SAVED

BY REV. JOEL FISK.

A deep gloom was cast over the pleasant village of E—, by the sudden death of Mrs. N., a lovely young woman of decided Christian character. Mr. L. W., a man of intemperate habits, and a great advocate of universal salvation, was engaged to dig her grave. While at work he reasoned thus:

"A Christian is going to be laid in this grave. All feel assured that she has gone to heaven; but if I should die and be laid in my grave in a few days, would my neighbours have as good hope of me? And am I sure myself that I should go to heaven? And am I, a miserable drunkard, a profane man, a Sabbath-breaker, fit for a holy heaven? Though my creed would carry me to heaven as others, yet I must confess I have some fears, after all."

With these reflections, he reached the bottom of the grave; just then the church rang out its solemn notes, calling to the exercise of the faith.

designing men; satan laid a snare for, and caught him; and shall we now give up to satan, and leave this precious soul to perish forever?

The pastor felt ashamed, and beginning to relent, said: 'If you will pray for me and for him while I am gone, I will go and converse with him once more.'

'We will,' was their quick reply.

He went, though it was past the hour of nine in the evening. He found him by his fireside, alone, reading Alleine's Alarm. Oh! those sisters' prayers had gone to heaven before, and the Holy Spirit was still striving with that wretched sinner. He felt himself to be a lost sinner—thought that the wrath of God was even abiding on him, and begged the minister to cry to God in his behalf.

'I will, sir, on one condition.'

'What is that, sir?'

'It is that you pledge yourself, first, never again to touch the intoxicating cup.'

'I can't make such a pledge.'

'Then I have no faith in praying

THE PINES OF CANADA.

The following poem was written by Chas. Mair, Esq., of Litchfield, and was published in the Christianianity of Kingston, by Mr. Joshua Fraser, student in Divinity. We lay this poem before those of our readers who have not heretofore had the pleasure of perusing this young poet's efforts:

THE PINES.

BY CHAS. MAIR, LANARK, U. C.

O, hush to the pines in their solitude sigh,  
When the winds were awakened and night was nigh;  
When the elms breathed out a sorrowful tale,  
And the willows waved sadly over the dead.

When the aspen leaf whitened a legend dread,  
And the willows waved sadly over the dead;  
And the poplar shone with a silvery gleam,  
And trambled like one in a troublesome dream.

And the cypresses murmured of grief and woe,  
And the linden waved solemnly to and fro,  
And the sumach seemed wrapped in a golden mist,  
And the soft maple blushed where the frost had kissed.

And the spectral birch stood alone in the gloom,  
Like an unquiet spirit uprisen from the tomb;  
And the cedar outstretched its lone arms to the earth,  
To feed with sweet moisture the place of its birth.

And the hemlock, uplifted above the crowd,  
Drank deeply of mist at the brink of the cloud;  
And the balsams, with curtains of shaggy green,  
The tents in the distance, were dimly seen.

the pines in th' solitude sighing,  
The winds were awakened, and day was  
storm grew, and darker its fall,  
The pines were louder than all.

THE PINES.

I fear not the rain,  
The wind blows again.

And Spring, who awakens her sleeping buds,  
By the window, and hill, and dale,  
Brings forth no new life to the old domain,  
Bringing, stern and free,  
In solitude, the solemn, vast,  
Whom build, work, and leave,  
We look for their years glide away to the past,  
And we grimly look on their grave,  
Our voice eternal, our song sublime,  
For its sake is the day of you,  
Back through the years of mine time,  
When we met, grew old and here!

TWONT HURT YOU!

I am afraid of these little temptations,  
They are the little leaks that sink the ship,  
They have seamed and shattered the noblest  
fabrics of human character that ever  
towered. They are the little threads,  
gleaming and playful as the springlet in  
the sunbeams, but slowly cutting their  
way through granite even, and flooding the  
holiest heritages of virtue and truth with  
the black desolations of vice and crime.  
Trifles they seem at first, and exultant  
or extolled, they insidiously weave their  
gossamer folds around the victim, until  
the strongest is crushed in the deadly em-  
brace.

These little embraces meet us at every  
corner; drop from almost every lip. Do  
people—many of them claiming to be  
governed by gospel rule—ever dream that  
a word or a sentiment sometimes, is the  
half ounce which sends up a noble purpose  
and a soul to the bottom! Thousands to-  
day, who would suffer martyrdom rather  
than deal rum in the grog-shop, are at  
their own hearth-altars, insidiously doing  
the same devilish work.

Let us to our brief story,  
- drink, of it, man, let  
- wouldn't hurt a  
- went