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MONTREAL, AUGUST 15, 1854.

CANADA

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

DEVOTED TO

Total Abstinence, Legal Prohibition, and Social Progress.

Vol. XX.]

MONTREAL, AUGUST 15, 1854.

[No. 16]

Lead us not into Temptation.

"I can take my glass, or I can leave it alone." How often is this silly boast heard, and how often have many continued to take their glass, who afterwards found to their shame and to their sorrow that they were not able to leave it alone. Some few are happy or fortunate enough to brave danger and escape it, but it is better if possible to keep out of danger's way. We copy a little story on this subject for the benefit of our readers:—

"William, you were to tell me how you managed the alligators when you were in Africa, and you may as well tell me now."

"Very well, Master Frank," said old William, (William was a shoemaker in the village, but in early life had been a servant to a gentleman, and had attended him in his travels in many parts of the world,) "you shall know all about it; and then, if you ever go to Africa yourself, you can act on the same plan."

"But first tell me how big they are."
"Oh! they are of all sizes, from a dozen inches to a dozen feet; but, by my method I can manage the biggest among them, let him be in the water or let him be out."

"I am glad of that; for, perhaps, I shall be able to manage him too."

"You would like to see an alligator's nest, I dare say; and, perhaps, to treat yourself with an egg or two."

"What! do alligators make nests and lay eggs?"

"To be sure they do. When I first went abroad to Cape Coast Castle in Western Africa, as servant to your father, I remember finding an alligator's nest made of decayed grass, leaves and weeds, closely matted together, and when I put my hand into it, it was almost as hot as a baker's oven."

"How large was the nest? and how big were the eggs?"

"The nest was made of as much as two or three cartloads of rubbish of one sort or other; and the eggs were white in color, and perhaps three or four times the size of a goose's egg. Alligators are cunning creatures."

"What do they live upon?"
"Why, to tell the truth, they are not over particular; for they take up with just what they can get—whether it be a mouthful of flies, a water-fowl, a monkey, a young antelope, or a sailor in his check shirt, blue jacket and white trowsers. In short, Master Frank, they would eat you, if they could get hold of you, without so much as asking the question whether it would be pleasant to you or not."

"I dare say they would, William; but I will take

pretty good care they do not. Now tell me how you manage them."

"I manage them the same way as I do [a rattle-snake, when I hear his rattle, and see him just ready to spring upon me."

"What, can you manage a rattlesnake, too?"
"Yes, that I can; or a cobra capella, or a boa constrictor, or any other kind of snake, even though he be big enough to swallow a tiger."

"I never heard of such a thing! I should have thought that he would have clung round your neck, and stuck his poisoned fangs into you in a minute."

"And so he would, if I did not know how to manage him. There is nothing like going the right way to work, Master Frank. If I knew at this moment that a savage tiger was in Carey wood, or that a cruel Turk with a drawn sabre was waiting for me on the Hill Common, I would sally out directly and manage them both."

"You would? Why I would not go near them for all the money you could give me. Do tell me, William, how you manage them. Do you take a blunderbuss with you?"

"Nothing of the sort. I might, perhaps, have a thin walking stick in my hand, or a light switch; but I could do without either of them."

"Now, then, please tell me without waiting another minute what your plan is?"

"Well, then, my plan is this: when I see an alligator, ten or a dozen feet long, disposed to do me a mischief, let him open his mouth as wide as he will, the very first thing that I do is—to get out of his way."

"Oh, William! William! that is too bad."

"Too bad, Master Frank! How can it be too bad when it is the very best way in the world?"

What e'er be the danger, by night or by day,
Snake, tiger, or Turk—I get out of the way.

But if you can acquaint me with an easier, a safer, or a better method, then I will give up mine and adopt yours."

"I thought you had some wonderful plan that required a great deal of courage."

"Courage is an excellent quality, no doubt; but wisdom and prudence are much more so. Depend upon it that, in all cases of danger, temptation, and sin, to get out of the way is the best thing that we can do. 'Lead us not into temptation' is an excellent prayer; and to fly away from temptation is an excellent practice. Oh! what misery and remorse, what repentance and despair, have been brought on mankind by their going to meet evil instead of running away from it! Think over what I have said, quietly, Master Frank; and then, very likely, you

will be ready to acknowledge that my plan is well worth your attention.

What e'er be the danger, by night or by day,
Or the sin or temptation—get out of its way."

Considerations about Signing Licences.

(Editorial Corres. of the Cayuga Chief.)

AMONG THE MAPLES, (Wis.)

JONATHAN PACKER, ESQ.—DEAR SIR:

There happened a little circumstance to-day, which put me in mind of my native town. Thought followed thought, and its people and past history passed distinctly before me. I looked again upon the dead and the living, it hardly seeming possible that so many years have elapsed since I left the hills, or that the darker locks of boyhood are now silvered with white. You are still further advanced in years, and need not be reminded by me, that the foot-prints of a hoary plague have been left in our native soil as deep and abiding as its graves. Not until the marble shall crumble away, and the history of the past cease to be remembered, will they be eradicated.

Upon that soil, long years since, those now in their evening of life and linked to myself as closely as human ties can bind, suffered wrongs which are remembered as keenly as they were felt when visited upon their unoffending and defenceless childhood. That hate, planted deeply by the poisoned barb, and nourished by bitter waters wept amid the desolations of hearth-side ruins, and strengthened as proud spirits have been crushed under all the humiliations of poverty and wrong, has been inherited in undiminishing energy, and will be religiously inculcated to burn with intensity, in Hannibals yet to bear arms in future conflicts. By the letter of a friend, I am sadly reminded that the same wrong has been legalized in Preston. A great falsehood, infamous in principle and devilish in results, has been once more officially endorsed.

You are on record in favor of that infamous principle. Your name is affixed to the "Parchment of Death." You stand before your townsmen as an endorser of the right and necessity of rum-selling. The price of blood has passed into the—treasury! Under your sanction, a man pursues an avocation which ever inflicts irreparable injury upon individuals and communities. The weak-minded seller is but a chosen instrument of your selection. He deals grog by your permission. All the evils resulting from his course are evidences against you, and furnish the most scathing commentary upon your solemn official acts.

I learned to esteem you in boyhood and esteem you now. I was as grieved as indignant when I heard of your action. You have not forgotten the large meeting of last season where it was my privilege to address my old neighbors and friends. You then, at the close of the address, took broad grounds against the evils of rum-selling, and expressed your satisfaction at finding my humble labors arousing public sentiment to a full sense of their enormity. With that pleasant impression strong in my mind came the news of your deliberate betrayal of every principle of the temperance reform. Treason comes naturally from some men, but from you I did not expect it. Your intelligence, education, and family relations for-

bade such a supposition. How then, sir, came you to affix your name to a LIE?

Do you think I am talking too plainly? I am impelled to do so. Position, as well as duty, make imperative great plainness of speech. And besides, your acts as an official, especially when so deeply affecting the public welfare, belong to the public, and are legitimate subjects of investigation and comment.

Why did you sign that license? What necessities demanded a grog-shop in your pleasant country village? What portion of the community wished it? *Who is to be benefited by it?* You cannot answer these questions without showing in a glaring light the injustice of your action. Long years since, that action would have been deemed honest, for all were in the dark. But you will not assume ignorance with a noon-day light burning around you, and yourself familiar, by reading and observation, with the unmitigated evils of rum-selling. You deliberately become an abettor to all the bad results of a petty country grogger; and yet, I am sorry to say, I do not believe you can bring forward one good reason in support of your course. *Your own conscience*, Mr. Packer, was outraged, and to-day would bear evidence against you. In all the wide creation of God, you cannot hunt out a spot where the rum traffic, however guarded by the devilish arrangements of law and agencies of "good moral character," has not proved an unmitigated curse. It never has produced good. Even in the retired township of Preston, the history of families and individuals has written the blackest damnation against it. So speaks the sodded mound and the weather-beaten stone. So would speak the dead. Nor this alone. *There are living evidences* which speak trumpet-tongued against you. A citizen degraded and urged onward in the way of ruin, or a home rendered desolate and cheerless, will leave a darker stain against you. Those who deal in rum and those who drink it, have motives, however base, for asking grog shops. You would be indignant were you charged with such motives. What reason, then, can you give for continuing a known scourge? When a man lets loose upon community an evil which is ever surcharged with dangers to every interest which the good citizen can cherish, he should be able to present reasons of the most weighty character.

What class of society demanded of you and your colleagues in the Excise Board, a liquor shop?—*There are* those who sustain you, but are you proud of their approbation? Tipplers will say you are right. Are you proud of their verdict? Prompted as it is by a base and degrading appetite coming from those in a bondage darker than the negro ever knew, it should mantle your cheek with shame. Ever thirsting for the maddening dram, they applaud you. With their boon companions, heaping odium upon a good cause and its advocates, they applaud you. In the bar-room, where all that is foul and slanderous stanches in its corroding rottenness, they applaud you. Glass in hand, and pushing still farther out in vice and lifting grog with trembling hands, they applaud you. In drooling idiocy or boisterous brawl, they applaud you. Reeling homeward with jug filled with surplus curses, they applaud you. And as humanity looks weeping upon the injured citizen now oblivious to better manhood, she indignantly asks, "By whose authority is

this devilish outrage upon the moral beauty of man?" By yours. "You put the cup to your neighbor's lips, an act against which God has pronounced a woe. You cannot say that there is not much drunkenness in Preston, in excuse. That the people are too virtuous generally, to accept of the facilities for degradation placed in their way, is but little to the credit of those who sell "indulgences."

The rum-seller applauds you. Most fatal praise! Dram by dram, he deals his damning compounds to his insatuated customers. Three cents at a time his ill-gotten gains are clutched from the hand of industry for no useful equivalent. He gorges upon substance he never earned—substance belonging to those at home. A thousand times better for his victims,—better for him,—were he to turn highwayman and plunder the same money from the sober traveller. Better license robbery than rum-selling. The one villainy but takes the man's money; the other, and far greater one, robs of money and manhood, and carries sorrow to the hearts of all who love him.

Tavern owners applaud you. They have grog-shops to rent. As such, they rent for a contemptible pittance more than they would were they to be devoted to the honorable and legitimate purposes of accommodating the travelling public. Honorable men would not rent a house to engage in grog-selling. Those lost to principle and honor and base enough to leech their living out of community, will pay high rent for a grog-house. The owner pockets the paltry difference in rent, and while making himself an injured martyr to the persecutions of the temperance reform, makes his throat a belching crater of all that is foul and malignant. With a hate of men and principles opposed to him as venomous and implacable in feeling as void of reason and common good breeding in expression, he belabors the *absent* temperance people with Quixotic valor, and applauds you. Are you proud of the approbation of a man who will sacrifice the interests and feelings of a whole community for an item of tavern rent?

There are others who applaud you—petty demagogues. This detestable class infests every community. Rum and intrigue is their only capital. Take the grog-shop from them, and they are powerless. But, professing patriotism and principle, they slime down into all that is foul and corrupt in partizan corruption, and over drunken men's shoulders, crawl into petty stations. Without swindling men of their suffrages by treating ruin, they would be powerless; with that aid, they are potent. You place the means of such corruptions in their reach, and they applaud you.

Who else approve your action? The mothers, wives, and daughters of your town? *No!* They have had no voice in the matter. Their interests, more sacred than yours or mine, because entrusted to our manhood, have been deliberately betrayed. They have been sacrificed for a price. The pecuniary interests of one or two men have been looked after, while those which should ever be held as inviolable as the hopes of earth and heaven are sacred, have been jeopardized. Sir, had you taken the application for a licensed grog-shop, and gone out and presented it to the mothers of the town, how many of them—*how many of them*—would have put their names to it!

A community of Christian mothers asking for a rum-shop!—What a thought! The universe of God would hardly have induced you to have commenced such a pilgrimage. Your manhood's cheek would have burned to madness. They would have scorned you—they would have spurned you from their doors. By all that holy and intense love which they bear, the children they have watched over in infancy, now twining closer around their old hearts in riper years, they would almost breathe a curse upon the board which would peril the garnered treasures of their old age. No intelligent mother would ever petition to have temptations placed in the path of her child, with the possibility of seeing that child transformed into a loathsome thing, and her gray hairs brought down in sorrow to the grave.

—The mothers are against you!

Would the wives have signed the application? No—a thousand times No! There are wives *now* within the circles of your grog-shop who would joy to write a name in blood against it with a seal of warm tears. They have already fallen of unalloyed bitterness as the promise of domestic happiness has been beclouded, and the hopes of life have one by one drifted out upon a dark sea. The wife loves the husband for whom she left her father's hearth. The brighter hopes of life are put in his keeping, and even when she looks down into the crater where they all smoulder in ruins, her affections, without a tendril broken, cling and bloom still around the shattered idol. The ingenuity of hell could not invent a more powerful curse than that of yoking a wife to a living corpse. Grog-shops do this. You have aided in planting one in a peaceful community. That community is renowned for its virtue and sobriety, and does not experience as fully the accursing effects of drunkenness, as some others. Yet, if one home is made cheerless and one heart filled with sorrow and despair, the *licensed* groggery has performed its legitimate, devilish work, and you made an accessory to it. If there is one prayer which, more than another, lives and throbs in a woman's heart, it is that she may not be cursed with a drunken husband. And will she petition that the only source of such a calamity may be planted at the very threshold of her home? You would not dare ask her to so outrage all the attributes of her womanhood.

—The wives are against you!

How many of the children of the town of Preston would have signed the application for a groggery? Is that a principle taught them at home? Is it by parents put in practice? Do you wish *your* children to trifle, either at home or in the groggery you have licensed? Are they more sacred than your neighbors? Have you placed temptations in their way which you would shrink from harboring under your roof? Shame! *Your* children have not been taught that tripping is necessary or moral. Go into the school, the Sabbath class, upon the playground and around the hearths, and how many childish names would swell your list? What parent would urge his child to sign such a petition? Not one. And could childhood realize what rum has done, is now doing, and will continue to do so long as tolerated, it would flee at your approach for such a purpose as from a leprous thing, and from its hiding place behind the

alter, with dilated eye and whitening cheek, breathe a tremulous curse upon the deliberating abettor of such wrongs. In all our loved land, wailing orphanage renders its touching verdict against the scourge of defenceless children.

—The children are against you!

Have you the approval of the Christian portion of community? How many from your churches would have signed the application for a license? How many ministers of the Gospel? Have any of the latter ever applied for license? And why not as proper for them as Frank Edwards? Have they not as much *intelligence*, good common sense, and moral character? Are not such men needed to engage in a very respectable and necessary avocation? You profess a very commendable caution about rendering this business harmless. Why did you not press the "good carpenter" to enter into grog-selling so as to render a devilish business as holy as possible? It would have been convenient to have dispensed rum and gospel admonitions from the same counter, and reasoned of "righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come" while mixing liquors for those spiritua'ly inclined! You blush! The idea is repulsive, but not more so than all grog-selling is destructive to human good, and offensive to God.

—The Christian church is against you!

God is against you. The great and sublime principles of his government are plainly written. Offences may come, but woe unto him by whom they come. Satan was accursed for causing our first parents to sin. A man has no right to turn loose an unruly beast that is known to gore. He cannot dig a pit that a neighbor may fall therein. He cannot put the cup to his neighbor's lips and not incur the woe thundered against such wickedness.

But you betrayed men, women, and children into the hands of the spoiler, for so many pieces of silver. The "price of blood" has gone into the treasury. For the privilege of keeping one grog-shop, you demanded \$5.00. Four Justices and one Supervisor at \$1.25 per day, would leave—how much is the treasury? To keep the town from coming in debt to the Excise Board for the inestimable privilege of having its citizens degraded, the farce of granting a grocery license, was gravely got up! and thereby, the poor fund has a surplus of \$3.75! A brilliant prospect for the future poor of the town! This financial achievement must atone for all the evil which may result from rum-selling!

But I will not detain you longer. You may be already offended. I cannot help it. Rum-shops have cursed those whom I love—are now cursing those whom others love. There is, at this day, no excuse for legalizing them. As I esteemed you in boyhood, as I have been the more deeply grieved at your strange course in this matter. I have been pained to speak to you the words of truth and soberness. By the love of our common humanity—by every tie which binds us to our land, its people and common future—I hope never again to be pained by hearing that you have deliberately sanctioned the most wicked of all villanies.

With much respect, I am, &c.

THURLOW W. BROWN.

The Phælosophy o' Coffee-Shops.

TO THE AEDITOR O' THE (GLASGOW) COMMONWALTH.

If ye'll excuse me, Mr. Aeditor, I was gaun to rite a bit letter to ye. But in the first place, I wuz wishin' to appear at ye, Mr. Aeditor, if ye meent onything offensive when ye ca'd me, in the last *Commonwalth*, the ficktishious (I think that's what ye mean, tho' ye spell't fa c e t i o u s—an' wha ever heard o' a word like that?), the ficktishious Sandy M'Alpine. This is the second or third time, noo, that ye've ca'd me that, an' I wud like to ken what ye mean be't. If an honest man, that has aye paid his way, an' has done bizness in the cotten-yairn line, aff an' on, for five-an'-twenty year noo, 's to be ca'd the ficktishious Sandy M'Alpine, or may be something far waur for ocht I ken, at the end o' that time, I think it's time he wuz giein' up the yarn trade a'thegither. Hoosover, hoppin' ye'll be able to explen yersel, I wuz gaun to rite a bit letter to ye.

I see ye've been payin' a gude deal o' attenshun to twa things that are attractin' publick notice eenoo. I mean Forbes M'Kenzie's Ack, an' the gettin' up o' coffee-hooses an' refreshment-rooms. In regard to the new Ack, I'm ane o' thae stubborn kin' o' foke that think that it's no the *best* thing that could be done, but I'm far frae haevin' onything to say against it. It'll stop *sum* drinkin'—it'll keep *sum* foke (the waifs an' wand'rers an' the "simple anes" that are spokken aboot in the Proverbs, that huv only to see a trap or a pit, or a hole o' ony kind, an' they're sure to tumble in till't), it'll keep that sort o' cratur oot o' the pit-mooth for at least ae day; an' so as *that's* done, in whatever way, an' by whatever means, whether by *my* pateht pet self-actin' plan or no, I can afford to rejoice an' thank Heaven that even Forbes M'Kenzie's Ack cou'd be pass'd in oor Parliament.

I think it's no the *best* thing (as I wuz sayin') that cou'd be done. If I had my way o't, I wud shut my ain mooth first, an' I wud gar a' my neebours shut *theirs*, an' I wud then just stand and look on, an' see if the shops wudna shut themselves—that's what I ca' the self-actin' plan. But if I canna get a'that I wish, I'm no gaun to object to an instalment that pleases sae mony o' my neebours. It canna be that the pit-mooth 'll be c'osed for twa-an'-fifty days eot o' the three hunder an' sixty-five, an' the Black Ane at the bottom o' the pit no fin' that he has the fewer customers o't at the end o' the year!

But it wuzna aboot the Black Ane I wuz gaun to rite to ye. It was aboot the coffee-hooses.

The teetot'lers, Mr. Aeditor, wud need to be awfu' wise an' desp'rate circumsp'ck, else the mair shame to them: they get an awfu' lot o' gude advices. No to speak o' the harangs an' discourses that they get at their weekly an' monthly meetin's, an' tea-parties, an' swarres, ther's a lot o' sort o' onnerary directurs in oor poopits, an' oor presses (I mean oor newspaper presses), an' oor common walks o' life, an' it's no their faut if the puir teetot'ler duzna walk in a' respects perpendicular.

The teetot'lers, accordin' to thae freen's, are to dæ lous e' things. They're to keep themselves perfectly straught in the first place; an' then, as they've got sae wonderfu' clear heids as' studdy haunds, they're to keep a' the rest o' the world right to the bargain. They're to promote pop'lar amusements an' recreashuns; pleasure trips, crystal palaces, an' botannicklo gardens. They're to establish penny savin's-banks, frsca'dly an'

sieties, readin'-rooms, an' joint-stock mutual improvement associations o' a' sorts. Lastly, an' speshal-particularly, they're to get up coffee-hooses for the millions—or, as Ballie Hairvey says, for the "mill-ones"—to put them doon at every corner o' every street, an' to sell hundreds o' cups o' coffee at a penny the big cup, thousands o' sandwiches at a bawbee the piece, and millions o' soda-scones at (just say at once) thirteen for a penny!

Noo, I'm jist thinkin' there's been a gaye loko nonsense talkit an' ritten aboot this coffee-hoose movement. Sum foke wud seem to think that the normal condeshun o' man (that's what the learn'd foke wud ca't) is a state o' thirst, an' that if ye tak awa the whisky-bottle, ye maun jist put doon the coffee-pot in its place. Accordin' to this set o' foke, man is born to be thirsty as the sparks fly upward. He canna help it; an' if ye try to do't ye'll jist very shune fin' ye're in a mistak. In accordance wi' this view o' the case, I've heard an' esteem'd fren' o' mine wishin' he saw five hunder coffee-hooses startit in Glaiska; anither wud has ane plantit doon next door to every whisky-shop in the toon (that wud mak them mair than twa thousand); an' a third 'll no be content till he sees every whisky-shop in the toon turn'd inside oot, an' a grand coffee pailace set a-gaun in its place!

I wud jist ask my esteem'd freens to think for a wee. We're waritin' to put an end for ever to a wretched pervershun o' human taste, the barb'rous an' disgustin' practice o' drinkin'—drinkin' at mornin', mid-day, an' nicht, drinkin' at a 'oors between, an' drinkin' on a' occasions an' in a' circumstances. We want to put an end to a state o' things that has destroyed a' connexion between nat'ral appitite an' the needfu' supply. We want to put an end to practices in which—keepin' a' ither aspeka o' the questun oot o' view—to say the least o' them, a large proporshun o' oor workin' foke's siller is needlessly an' senselessly wasted. An' I wud like to ken if, for every tuppenny gless o' whisky the workin' man gies up, he's to tak a tuppenny cup o' coffee in its place—I wud like to ken in what respect his finances are to be improved. I ken that his *stammuck* wud jist be nearly as ill aff in the ae case as in the ither, an' I'm thinkin' his purse wadna be muckle better. I di'na mean to say that there's no plenty o' room for a great wheen mair coffee-houses than we have at present; but as they're to supply the nat'ral demands o' healthy appitite (in the case, as a rule, o' foke that canna get hame to their ain hooses at the time), an' no an eternal, unquenchable, deevil-begotten thirst like the thirst for whisky, my estimate o' the number wanted is maybe sma'er than sum foke's.

In the next place, there's been a deal o' nonsense, to my mind, aboot "gettin' up refreshment rooms for the workin' classes." They're to be got up for the workin' classes, an' they're to be—"got up." Noo, Mr. Aeditur,

* Put this doon in a note at the fut, Mr. Aeditur:—I learn from the Glaiska Directory that 1834-5ther wuzna ae temperance hotel in Glaiska. Ther wuz six "coffee-houses," but in maybe the maist part o' thae, a body cou'd get stronger than coffee if he wantit it. In 1841-2 no yot a temperance hotel, but ther wuz 21 coffee-houses. This gerr we huv ae first-class temperance hotel wi' forty-twa appartments; we huv a great number o' ither temperance hotels, affordin' ex'lent accommodashun at very moderate expanse, an' we huv lots o' coffee-hooses, coffee-shops, refreshment rooms, &c. &c. A'thether I estimate them noo at about fifty coffee-shops o' ae kind an' anither, and they're increasing

just alloo me to say, that I'm doonricht oot o' a' pashience wi' this gettin' up, an' gettin' up for the workin' classes. The fact o' the matter is, I've nae faith in "gettin' ups." I've faith, on the ae haun', in a man payin' his way decently for onything an' everything that he wants. I've faith, on the ither haun', in a man daein' his best to serve the publick wi' coffee whaur it's wantit, just as wi' onything else whaur it's wantit; an' I've faith that the man that does best for the publick 'll dae best for himsel' at the same time. I've faith in zealous, active, sensible tector'lers lookin' oot for the right sort o' man for the coffee-house line—zealous, active, an' sensible, like thomself. I've faith in they're assistin' him an' advisin' him to the best o' ther ability, an' may be advancin' twa or three pounds if that wuz needed (a' to be pay'd back tho', mind—nae dependence, nae beggary, nae chairity)—I've faith in a' kind o' thing, but I've no ae partikle o' faith in subscrip. shuns an' "gettin' ups."

I ken a gentleman—as a gude an' as kin' a maister's in Glaiska—an' he thoct he wud "get up" a refreshment room. He took a braw new front shop, fitted it up in the best o' style, made everythin' nice, an' trig, an' convenient, an' put a man o' first-rate charrikter in't, to mak' an' sell coffee to workin' foke. The fittin' up wuz expensive, the cookin' an' brewin' apparatus o' the most approv'd construckshun, a big rent wuz to be paid, an' a leeb'ral salary to the manager. Ther wuz a gude deal o' noise in the papers aboot it at the time, an' wi' a' my heart I wish'd the thing muckle success. Six or eight months pass'd by; an' ae mornin' as I wuz daundrin' into the warehoose, I wuz jist vext an' putten aboot to read on a bill on the wa' aboot Fittins-up an' Utensils, an' cetra, an' cetra, that were to be selt on slocan a day. That wuz the end o' a kind maister's experimint for the benefit o' his ain an' ither foke's workers. In fact, Mr. Aeditur, workin'-folk are like me, I think, in ae partiklar—they've a prejudice agan'st "gettin' ups." Speshly an' partiklarly they've a prejudice agan'st gettin'-ups by their ain maisters. I'm no here eenoo either to account for or to commend the thing, but it's a fact; an' maybe it's ane that kindly disposed maisters may read, mark, an' inwardly diajest, wi' sum profit to themself's.

I wuz gaun to say something in the next place aboot the *awfu' cheap* docktrin aboot coffee, but I fin' I maun let that stand till anither letter. So in the meantime, Mr. Aeditur,

I'm yours respectkly,

SANDY McALPINE.

Cannelriggs, the 13t July, 1854.

An Incident with Inferences.

A few days ago a man came into our office, and inquired for a temperance pledge, as he wished to sign it. The pledge was produced, and with many regrets for the past, and promises of amendment for the future, he signed it, and took his leave. About an hour after, just at dusk of evening, we heard a slight knock at our door. We opened it, and there stood a woman, accompanied by two little children. She inquired if a man (calling him by name) had been there and signed the temperance pledge. We answered that he had. "Oh! that was my husband," she touchingly responded; "he come hame and said he had signed the pledge here, and I was so glad, and

couldn't hardly believe it, neither, and so I put on my things, and took my children, and come right here to see, if it was true what he said." We reassured her of the truth of his statement, and added, "Did you not want him to do so?" "Didn't I want him to?" she repeated, while a gleam of joy lit up her face, "didn't I want him to? Oh, yes, sir—God knows that I did, and will do all that I can to help him keep it, too." And saying to her children, "Father *did* sign the temperance pledge," drew her well worn shawl around her, and took her leave.

As she passed from our office, reflections on the past trials, and present soul thrilling hopes of that poor woman crowded rapidly upon us. Will he keep it?—will that poor woman's happiness last?—are those children's young hopes destined to vanish in the crushing brutality of a father's intemperance?—Will he be a man, and maintain his integrity? God and the future can only answer.

With new born hopes, and good resolves, this man goes out into the world—meeting him at every turn are grog-shops, his former retreats, his former evil companions, and worse still, a vitiated clamorous appetite. He may withstand all, and come off conqueror, a sober redeemed man. But Oh! the fearful odds against him—odds that must ever stand in the way of reformation of the intemperate, so long as they exist. And it is for the removal of these obstacles to sobriety, morality, and happiness, that we urge a law of prohibition. What man, with a soul to sympathize with the woes, afflictions, and infirmities of others, can oppose a measure fraught with such heavenly blessings?

It would seem that none, save those who fatten upon human misery, and are enriched by the deep and damning poverty and degradation which they bring upon others, could offer one word or act of opposition. And yet there are thousands of others in our State, and out of it, apparently out of the dominion of the traffic, who have, and do still, throw the whole influence they possess, against every move to stay the curse of rum. Party, patronage, or the opinion of others, are sufficient to close their eyes, stop their ears, pervert the judgment, and subvert every consideration of justice and humanity. Everything is sacrificed to the cold narrow demand of self, or the no less narrow and loose jointed sentiments of some pretended friend.

There are enough true-hearted, but misguided misjudging persons, who are inclined to the right, but do not see it clearly, to prohibit or exterminate the traffic, and forever put a stop to its insatiate drafts upon the highest hopes and vital energies of the community; and to these we appeal with more hope of success. Is there aught that can compensate, in all you can possibly receive, in the elevation of party or friends, by remaining where you are, equivalent to the good you may do; the blessing you may impart to others; the sacred consciousness of having brought true joy to thousands of your fellow men, and assisted to elevate, perhaps to the regions of eternal bliss, now lost and degraded souls, by taking a manly stand in favor of right, justice, and humanity. Look, the subject full in the face, like reasonable, intelligent beings, investigate it pro and con, measure its bearings upon all the varied ramifications of society, and then act in view of the demands of uncompromising truth, and your accountability to God. Do this, and it is easy to

tell on which side you will be found, and what the result of your decision.—*Maine Law Advocate.*

The Great Argument.

Of all the arguments brought against the Maine law, there is none urged so frequently, and in the estimation of opponents with so much force, as the inevitable sacrifice of vast interests. The immense amount of money invested in distilleries and breweries and ships and storehouses and hotels and saloons and taverns and beer shops, all to be lost, and the men, an army, to be thrown out of employment, and families unnumbered deprived of their fair support! Now there are several things to be considered in relation to this. First, it is an argument which may with equal reason be brought against every moral and social reform. What vast interests were overthrown in the destruction of idolatry? What, of the slave trade? How many interests must be sacrificed in the breaking up of gaming houses and lottery dealers? The extent to which the least moral and social evil entwines itself in human concerns is beyond our conception.

2. Just in proportion to the magnitude of the sacrifice, called for, is the righteousness of its demand—for this is the magnitude of its power and its danger. The more it has entwined itself in society, the more individuals and families there are dependent on it for support, the greater is its ability to carry devastation and ruin in its course. An evil that sweeps year after year 80,000 human beings, prematurely and wretchedly into eternity, is one that may well arouse the attention of a world, and the cry that many will be injured by its removal is not to be listened to a single moment.

3. The question of sacrifice is not the question of right. If the business is wrong, and doing wrong, there should be sacrifice, especially if it is causing sacrifices of infinitely greater moment than those complained of. What is spilling a hoghead of liquor, to the ruin of a man? What the destruction of all the distilleries and beer houses of the country, to a thousand immortal minds sent to the drunkard's eternity? If there must and will be sacrifice, why shall it fall upon the most innocent and greatest sufferers?

4. The very sacrifice complained of is one that is ultimately to work for the benefit of the aggrieved, and all with whom they are connected. There is not a single property owner or business man in the country that will not be ultimately benefitted by the change that must be effected by the Maine law. Not such a man, saving some small inconveniences, can probably be found in the State of Maine. Whereas, without the change, we know that families and individuals without number are to be sufferers in all their temporal and eternal interests. Let all these things be seriously pondered.—*American Tem. Union.*

THE PRESENT MOMENT.—There is no moment like the present. Not only so, but, moreover, there is no moment at all,—that is, no instant future and hence, but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him, can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost, and perish in the hurry and skurry of the world, or unsk in the slough of indolence.

A Page for Young Folks at Home.

"Guess I Won't."

While passing down Wall-street, New York, several years ago, my attention was arrested by two boys who stood near a basket of pears, which a poor old man had left for a moment on the side walk, while he entered a house to obtain a morsel to eat. "Bob take one," said one of the boys.

Bob looked up the street and down, stepped nearer the basket, then moving suddenly back he said.

'Guess I won't.'

'Guess you'd better not,' said I.

'Thank you,' said he, 'I did feel like taking one, but now I don't want it.'

Ten years later while examining some articles in a shop window in Vine street, Cincinnati, a clerk presented himself, and while waiting for me to make a selection, he was accosted by his next door neighbor with.

'Bob do you stand to your het?'

'Well,' said he, rather hesitatingly, 'I don't know, guess I won't.'

'Guess you'd better not,' said I.

'Thank you,' said he, 'I'll take your advice.'

Five years later, and but a few days ago, while in a store on Canal street, a gentleman came in and addressed one of the firm as follows:—

'A cold day, Bob, business dull: let's go over and take a glass of cogniac.'

'Why, Mr. L., are you not aware that I am about joining the Sons?'

'I've heard so but don't believe it.'

'It's a fact.'

'You have not joined yet?'

'No; but I have been proposed.'

'Well, it will not injure to take your bitters until you do join, and perhaps the cold weather will be over by that time.'

'But you know, Mr. L., it has been something of an effort for me to break off, and if I taste again, it may have a tendency to renew my old appetite.'

'O, come along, no more nonsense; you might have been over and back by this time; it will do you good this cold morning and you can preach afterwards.'

'Well, I don't know,' said he, taking up his hat, 'but I, I guess I won't. No, Mr. L., I will not go.'

'Guess you'd better not,' said I.

'Now stop a moment, and I'll tell you something very strange. This is the third time in my life, that I have been deterred from doing wrong, by the same words, spoken by a female voice. Once by a little girl, next by a young lady, and now by this lady.'

'Is it not,' said he, turning to me, 'very strange?'

'It is, said I; but, would it not be more so, if in every instance the words had been uttered by the same voice?'

'It would indeed,' said he, 'for they were spoken in different parts of the United States.'

I then related the incidents of the pears and bet. He said that he was the man! I was much surprised at this, as were others present, and believed that its very singularity renders it worthy of notice. It also shows how much good a few words, spoken at a proper time, and in a proper spirit, may do. Happy would it be if females could always use their tongues to so good ad-

vantage. And now, I would say to 'Bob,' (and all others Bobs that feel like taking the advice,) if ever you are tempted to do what your conscience will not readily approve of, remember that voice is still saying to you, 'I guess you'd better not.'

KATE CLOVER

"Boys, Won't you Take a Little Something Before you go?"

It was my unhappy privilege, a few days ago to be seated in the bar-room of one of our village hotels, where were two fine, apparently healthy looking young foreigners. As they were about passing out, the landlord stepped genteelly into the bar, turned around, and fascinatingly addressed the youths. "Boys won't you take a little something before you go."

The one nearest the bar answered in a low tone of voice, 'I don't know' at the same time turning to the other, exclaimed, 'Jim?'

By this time the landlord's oily tongue began to utter, 'A little brandy and sugar?' while his hands were placing the tumblers and the *ensign of death* on the counter, with an air of profound kindness, that proved successful in captivating the young men.

The scene, as it passed before me, caused sensations I never shall forget.

From the littleness of the dram, and the manner in which it was taken, I inferred at once the young men were not accustomed to drink. I looked at the straight, manly figure of the landlord, while seeming intelligence beamed from his very appearance. Thought I can it be possible the man is ignorant of the probable tragedy he commenced! The probability is, the young men were not accustomed to this, and that abominable, fascinating act of that rum seller will prove the stepping stone to a drunkard's hell.

The same day (court being in session) I happened to be in the court-room while a number of emaciated forms of humanity were conducted, by a set of authoritative looking fellows carrying the law in their hands, to their seats before the judge. While they were acquitted one after another and exhorted by the judge not to be found guilty of the same again, the last one, it seems, had been arrested and committed to jail for some misdemeanor toward his wife while in a state of intoxication. The judge pronounced his acquittal, with the same advice, not only to avoid the crime, but the cause of the crime also. As the released prisoner marched out from his seat he exclaimed, 'You must make a law that will remove liquor from before us! while that remains, you will always have your jails full.'

The appeal was pathetic, and felt by all.—The authoritatives had enough to do to quiet the audience, and save them from cheering for the Maine Law. When will human sympathy be sufficiently aroused to drive the vile practice of rum selling to take its appropriate place, 'with the unfruitful works of darkness?'—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be.

GENTLENESS.—Gentleness, says some one,—and teachers ought not to forget it,—is a sort of mild atmosphere that enters into a child's soul like the sunshine into a rose-bud, slowly, but surely, expanding it into beauty and vigor.

BROKER'S CIRCULAR.

MONTREAL, Saturday, 12th Aug.

FLOUR.—The receipts continue small, and the consumptive demand large, we therefore advance our quotations to 35s. for fresh ground Fall Wheat, and 35s. 3d. for Spring Wheat Flour; Extra, 36s. 3d. to 37s. Nothing doing for future delivery.

WHEAT.—In better demand, 7s 7½d. having been refused for a good sample of Fall Wheat.—American Red, 7s. to 7s. 9d. per 60 lbs.

INDIAN CORN.—A good enquiry without sales—held at 3s. 9d. per 56 lbs.

OATS.—PEAS.—Nothing doing.

PROVISIONS.—Fair sales at our quotations; Beef and Prime Pork being in good demand, viz., Beef, Mess, per bbl., none; Prime Mess, per bbl., 58s 9d to 60s; Prime, per bbl., 46s 3d; Cargo, per bbl., none. Mess Pork, 80s to 82s 6d; Prime Mess, 71s 3d to 72s 6d; Prime 62s 6d, Do. in bond, foreign inspected, none; Cargo, do.

Butter continues high, viz., 10d to 11d by tinned, and 1s 6d per lb. fresh. Eggs 1s 3d per doz., fresh in market. Hay \$12 per 100 bds.

GRAINS.—Continue in good demand. Potatoes 33s 3d to 33s 9d; Pearls 31s to 31s 9d.

Tuesday, 15 August, 1854.

Flour has advanced in consequence of short supply, and may be quoted at 34s 6d to 36s. The latter for fresh grained. Upper Canada Wheat is 6s 6d to 7s, and American 6s 9d to 6s 10½d.

PLEDGE.—We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage, nor Traffic in them; that we will not provide them as an article of Entertainment, nor for persons in our Employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the community.

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, AUGUST 15, 1854.

An Example to Christian Ministers.

It has frequently happened that the columns of the "Advocate" have contained arguments and reasons why Christian Ministers should give their influence to the temperance reformation. In Canada there are great numbers who are practically abstainers, and have exerted a powerful influence for good. There are, however, many others whom we are obliged to consider enemies of the cause for which we plead, many whose habits and example are exceedingly pernicious. To such the example of one man may not be of much importance, even though that man should be a divine, no less distinguished than Dr. Pye Smith. We are, however, encouraged to present his character as an encouragement to our friends, and with some hope that his course may be without effect upon those who at present are opposed to this branch of moral reform. We quote the subjoined from one of our British exchanges, without further note or comment, except that we ask for the article a close and attentive perusal. Dr. Pye Smith's example as a temperance reformer deserves more than ordinary consideration.

This distinguished philosopher and divine was a devoted advocate of the temperance reformation. Those parts of his memoirs, recently published, which refer to the abstinence element in his exalted life, are extremely interesting and instructive.

"In August this year (1831) Dr. Smith furnished a short preface to a republication in this country of an essay, by the late Professor Moses Stuart, of Andover, against the use of all fermented liquors. Although his habits were

over most exactly consistent with the strictest temperance, it deserves to be known, for the sake of his example in later life, that during many years from the date of his settling at Homerton he did not abstain wholly from wine. When, however, the subject came fairly before him, through the medium of the newly-formed temperance societies, he at once adopted the practice of an entire abstinence from all intoxicating beverages, and became a most zealous advocate of the principle. Occasionally, when in a small circle of friends—perhaps at the dinner-table—the tones of his voice, no longer regulated by an ear which had lost its power, would be for a moment quite startling, as he uttered some brief but forcible sentences, urging the disuse or depicting the injury arising from the use of fermented liquors. At other times, when he happened to meet one who had adopted his own views, his expressions would quite sparkle, like his countenance, with an exuberant joy—clearly showing what a light and glad heart he had with his spare regimen. Nor can it be altogether denied, that agreement with him here was occasionally urged as a passport to his favour in regard to some object in which the applicant might not be quite free from selfishness. There is authority also for saying, that whenever medical advice recommended a temporary relaxation of his rule, if he complied in practice, it was with no small reluctance, and with a most undisguised want of faith in the prescription, just as though he could not allow himself even to be benefited in any such way. Occasionally the solicitude of his children sought the aid of a little artifice in carrying into effect for a few days the administration of some stimulant prescribed by a physician; but he was so genuine an abstainer, that he could scarcely endure, much less linger after that under the name of medicine which he had given up as wine or malt liquor; and thus, in so apparently slight a matter, the thoroughness and deep sincerity of his nature rise up as things worthy to be looked at. When these experiments were being tried, it was very commonly feared, and not uncommonly said, among his friends, that he was endangering his life by the rigidity of his rule. Happily, however, for himself and them, and for the credit of the cause for which he was thought to be suffering, he lived too long to justify any such misapprehensions. Indeed, considering the great amount and variety of his mental labours, and the peculiar difficulties which for many years lay directly in his path, the demands on cerebral energy were so great, that he might have been snatched away years before the hour of his tranquil departure, had he not been led to avoid that sort of pressure on the finer vessels of the brain which not unfrequently arises from a long and regular though moderate use of stimulants."

This portrait applies to Dr. Smith in his 57th year, and his zeal in the cause is more strikingly brought out in a paragraph of a letter written at Sheffield in July, 1831, to Mr. Edward Baines, of Leeds, an efficient co-worker in the same field:—

"Being a member of the lately formed temperance society in London, I feel it an indispensable duty to introduce the momentous subject wherever I am allowed. In consequence of representations, received in the most kindly manner, to the vicar, clergy, dissenting ministers, and other respectable persons in this town, arrangements are going on to hold a meeting in this town on Tuesday evening, August 2. Mr. and Mrs. Leader entertain a hope of seeing you here about that time. Permit me then to solicit, that if you can make it compatible with your plan, you would confirm their hope, and engage to bear a part in the discussions of the proposed meeting. The only difficulty is to overpower prejudice; for the moment a man of sense grasps the principle, he must give it his approbation; and if he be a man of integrity, he must become a practical supporter of it, on all considerations of humanity, patriotism, and religion."

Those abstainers who have a difficulty in acting out their principles, will derive instruction and encouragement from

the following letter, in which Dr. Smith acknowledges a present of wine, and proves that kindness may be appreciated while the gift intended to express it may be declined without giving necessary ground of offence.

"My dear Sir,—It would be rude and ungrateful in me to decline receiving your very kind present, for which I return my respectful thanks; and I assure you that if the time should ever arrive when the use of wine shall be prescribed to me, as a tonic, or upon any other sound medical principle, I shall employ this sherry of extraordinary excellence, with an especial recollection of your generosity.

"But this your kindness lays me under a necessity of acknowledging that I have, for more than seven years, seen it my duty to abstain, not only from spirits, but from wine and malt liquors, for several reasons, among which are the following:—1. It is not spirits only, but other inebriating beverages, which work such awful ruin upon all classes of the British population, bringing down to temporal and eternal ruin countless thousands of our countrymen.—2. To exhort those persons to a temperate and moderate partaking of these dangerous articles, is not adequate to answer the purpose; for that limit would be drawn with much imperfection and partiality, and even the man who attempted it would be perpetually and probably in danger of falling over the precipice.—3. To bear a practical testimony against this usage is a duty which we owe to God and to our fellow-creatures. Our drinking wines, &c., though temperately, gives countenance to the intemperate, and encourages them in sin. See I Cor. viii. 4—13. Health and strength and length of life are more probably maintained by totally refraining from these substances, than by any using of them. Of course, where they are medicinally needful they ought to be used, but as medicine, and not habitually.—5—Many examples demonstrate that many persons are supported for labour, hard and long continued, much better without than with stimulating drinks.—6. The moderate use of them diminishes a sense of the evil and danger, and prepares the way for diseases and moral dangers, in a slow but insidious manner.—7. We owe it to our country to labour to arrest the ruin which intemperance is bringing upon its manufacturing and shipping interests. The destruction and loss of property from that cause amounts to many millions sterling a-year."

So far from age and infirmity shaking the hold which these views had upon his mind, an opposite result appears to have been produced; for upon his dying couch he became more resolute in his aversion than when in health and vigour. His affectionate partner, in describing the death scene, says:—

"His inflexible habit of abstinence yielded not. It might be said to exemplify 'the ruling passion strong in death.' A medical friend, on perceiving a rapid diminution of power, recommended a slight infusion of brandy into the water beverage. This proposal was conveyed by writing to the eye of the Doctor. He turned to his wife and emphatically said—'Never! my dear, I charge you, if such a remedy be proposed when I am incompetent to refuse let me die rather than swallow the liquid.'"

The Edinburgh Review on the Maine Law.

The subject of prohibitory legislation is now engaging the attention of the higher classes, and it is not, therefore matter of surprise that first-class periodicals, such as the Quarterly Review, should now feel disposed to entertain the question, and open their pages for its discussion. The last number of the "Edinburgh" (the reprint of which has not reached us,) contains an elaborate paper on this important topic. This fact of itself is invested with interest to more of us, who have for years been advocating prohibitory legislation against the liquor traffic. Many of our arguments have been read, and because they came from a

small paper devoted expressly to the cause of temperance, they had weight only or mostly with those who were friendly to our principles. Now that the selfsame reasoning appears in the pages of a venerable, critical, and respectable "Review," of course there will be a little more attention paid thereto. Blackwood last year gave us a rather loose and wishy-washy opposition article. It was full of misrepresentation and nonsense; but it was "Blackwood," and the friends of Old Eboony who loved a "weo drap," were thankful for the comfort his proscription afforded. From the "Edinburgh" for July we also gather some measure of satisfaction, because, although there is nothing particularly new in the method of arguing the question, yet the source of the reasoning will ensure for the article a due degree of attention. We quote the most important part of the paper to which we refer. The author has given a brief summary of the legislation already effected, and then says:—

"Unquestionably, the first instinct of an Anglo-Saxon, both in New England and in old, is to resist any extraneous power, whether calling itself king or kaiser, pope or people, which attempts to interfere with his concerns, or to forbid his coming and going, buying and selling, as he will. The advocates of these prohibitory laws were therefore assailed at once with the cry, 'What has the state to do with our private pleasures? We are free Americans, and no one shall hinder us from dealing and drinking as we please.' To meet this clamour they were forced to revert to the first principles of political philosophy. They were required to prove that the natural liberty of man is necessarily limited by his social condition; and that society imposes such limitations, either to protect itself against evil, or to farther the ends for which it exists. As to the particular subject matter of the present discussion—the right, namely, of buying and selling—the state should (they allowed) leave it free and unrestricted whenever that was possible; and most states have interfered with it more than was either necessary or desirable. But still, there are certain cases where all civilized states must limit it by legislation. The state may thus interfere with commerce, either to raise a revenue, or to avert a danger. Examples of the first case are the fetters imposed on trade by the customs and excise; of the second, the restrictions on the sale of gunpowder, and the laws which prevent unqualified persons from exercising the business of a medical practitioner. The regulations to which the vintner and tavern-keeper are subjected by the license system stand on both these grounds; being enforced partly for the purposes of revenue, partly to guard against disorder. And it is especially absurd to protest against the right of the state to interfere with this particular branch of trade, as if such interference were a novelty; for the law, as it stands at present, not only interferes therewith, by duties on the importation of wines and spirits, by excise regulations, and by various enactments concerning the retail business, but it absolutely prohibits this traffic to all but a selected few among its citizens, specially licensed for the purpose. Is it not absurd, then, to demand that dram-shops, created by the law, should be exempt from legislation?"

"But farther, there are some trades to which the state applies, not restriction merely, but prohibition. Thus the business of coining money is utterly suppressed by laws in all civilized states; thus the opening of lotteries is a commercial speculation forbidden by the law in England. If it be asked on what grounds the state is justified in annihilating these branches of industry, it must be answered, as before, that society may put down what is dangerous to itself; *salus populi suprema lex*. Any trade, employment, or use of property, detrimental to the life, health, or character of the people, is by English law a public nuisance; and in suppressing it, the state assumes the right of sacrificing private interests to the public good; and this, not only when

the detriment is physical or economical, but also when it is moral. Thus, unwholesome graveyards are shut up, and noisome vitriol works pulled down, for their physical noxiousness; private coining is made illegal for economical reasons; slave-trading, lotteries, cock-pits, bear-gardens, gambling-houses,* brothels, and obscene print-shops, are prohibited on moral grounds.

"Now, the liquor traffic, and particularly the retail branch of it, is a public nuisance in all three respects, both physically, economically, and morally. By its physical consequences it causes death to thousands, reduces thousands more to madness or idiocy, and afflicts myriad with diseases involving the most wretched forms of bodily and mental torture. Considered in its economical results, it impairs the national resources by destroying a large amount of corn, which is annually distilled into spirits; and it indirectly causes three-fourths of the taxation required by pauperism, and by criminal prosecutions and prison expenses; and farther, it diminishes the effective industry of the working classes, thereby lessening the amount of national production. Thirdly, viewed in its moral operation, it is the cause of two-thirds of the crime committed; it lowers the intelligence, and hinders the civilization of the people; and it leads the men to ill-treat and starve their families, and sacrifice domestic comfort to riotous debauchery.

"On the above grounds, it is contended that the State ought no longer to content itself with restricting this traffic, but ought to suppress it; for public nuisances should not be regulated, but removed. And it is predicted that, as civilization advances, this will share the fate of some other moral nuisances (such as lotteries and bear-gardens), which were formerly tolerated, or even encouraged, but which are now prohibited by law.

"In spite of these arguments, the most formidable outcry was raised against the measures demanded by the Teetotalers. It was stigmatised as a sumptuary law, interfering in a man's household concerns; although, in fact, it left men free to drink what they pleased, and only forbade them to sell their drink. It was urged also that persuasion, not legislation, was the proper cure for moral evils; to which the other side rejoined, that persuasion had not been relied on for the suppression of the slave trade. It was also alleged that such prohibitory laws were 'unconstitutional.' This question, however, was settled by the Supreme Court of the United States, which has the power of disallowing laws passed by any States, which it may judge contrary to the general principles of the constitution. To this Court an appeal was made against an Act passed by Massachusetts to prohibit the retail of spirits; when the court decided that such enactments were perfectly constitutional. But perhaps the objection most formidable to the mind of New Englanders, was the financial argument. What is to become of the revenue, if we cut off this most fruitful branch? It was answered, that the loss caused by the proposed law would be more than repaid by the saving effected through its operations; for that the expenses incurred in maintaining paupers pauperised by intemperance, and criminals created by intoxication, exceeded the revenue derived by the American States from the duties on liquors. So that the government, in maintaining the traffic, was penny wise and pound foolish.

"The contest lasted about ten years from its commencement, till the champions of temperance gained their first

signal victory in the passing of the Maine Act. We have seen how rapidly that success has been followed by similar triumphs in the adjacent States. The time which has elapsed since the adoption of this policy is not sufficient to enable us to judge of its success; but the evidence of experience seems, so far as it goes, to be in favour of the new legislation, at least in the State of Maine. The violent reaction which was predicted has certainly not yet occurred. On the contrary, the elections which took place after the law had been for a year in operation, resulted in an increased majority for its maintenance; and the legislature again elected in 1853, has confirmed the law by additional provisions. Moreover, its continued popularity appears proved by the fact that the neighboring States have, one after another, adopted it into their code.

"On the other hand, it is alleged that the new law is so much evaded as to be practically inoperative. This allegation, however, applies principally to New Brunswick. And the Teetotalers urge, with some show of reason, that the lukewarm character of the law passed by that colony, (which, it will be remembered, forbids the sale only of wine and spirits,) offers great facilities to evasion; for a publican may easily give his customer a tumbler of grog under the name of porter. The Maine-law must, at least, have suppressed all public tipping houses; although, probably, those who are so inclined may obtain a private and surreptitious glass of gin from some illicit store. We imagine that the chief object of the promoters of the measure was to remove temptation from the poor; and if this has been done, it matters little that those who are determined to drink can gratify their propensity in secret."

"The political success of their brethren in America has induced the British teetotalers to imitate their tactics. For declamations on the sinfulness of alcohol, and the immorality of moderation, they have substituted an organized agitation for the suppression of the liquor traffic. '*Guerre aux chateaux, Paix aux chaumières*'—Peace to the home-brewed, and war to the gin-palace—is now their motto. A new bond of union has therefore been established, of a much more comprehensive nature than their ancient creed. Those who join their banner will be no longer required to forswear temperate indulgence, or to take the vow of water-worship. It is obvious that much of the folly which has hitherto cast ridicule on their cause, will be eliminated by this change of policy. Last year a society was established calling itself 'The Alliance for the Suppression of Traffic in Intoxicating Liquors;†' and this has been already joined by many who have never signed the pledge of total abstinence.

* We have lately seen a private letter from America, which states that since the passing of the Maine Act, little china receptacles for spirits are manufactured at Portland in the shape of books, and lettered on the back, Prayer Book, or Holy Scriptures. The writer adds, however, that he has not himself seen these bottles. [In autumn last we visited Portland and inquired for some of these things; but, like the writer, could not get to see them. Spirits, we take it, are now like angels' visits.—DR. LEEB.]

† No one holds alcohol to be sinful, but only harmful; nor its use immoral, irrespective of conviction. What is of faith is not sin, though it may be our duty to have an enlightened faith. It is also a mistake to suppose that the teetotalers, any more in Britain than in America, will allow "peace to the home brewed." In opposing the traffic, they do not approve the article.—ED. ALLIANCE.

‡ This is headed by the following characteristic letter from the apostle of Irish Temperance, Father Mathew:—

"My dear friend,—With rapture I hail the formation of the 'United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Traffic in all Intoxicating Liquors.' I labored for the suppression of intemperance until I sacrificed my health and little property in the glorious cause. My labors, with the Divine aid, were attended with partial success. The efforts of individuals, however zealous, were not equal to the mighty task. The United Kingdom Alliance strikes at the very root of the evil. I trust in God the united efforts of so many good and benevolent men will effectually crush a monster gorged with human gore.—My dear sir, I have the honor to be your devoted friend,
THEOSOLD MATHEW.

* The Attorney General, on proposing to the House of Commons (March 23, 1854) the new measure for the suppression of private gambling-houses, [which renders it penal even to delay the entrance of the police into a suspected house,] gave the following reason for the measure:—"Every day brought to light some fresh instance of young men of hope and promise being led into these establishments, and involved into play, by which they were made the dupes of designing persons, their fortunes injured or ruined, and their prospects in life seriously damaged." If such severe enactments are justifiable to save the rich and educated from temptation, it is hard to say why the poor and ignorant should not be shielded from similar danger by similar protection.

The practical object at present contemplated is to abolish the retail trade in spirits; but the society makes no secret of its hopes ultimately to incorporate all the prohibitions of the Maine law into the British statute-book.

"Few disinterested persons would deny, in face of the evidence which we have adduced, that the peaceable accomplishment of such a revolution would be a blessing to the country. Yet we must remember that the enormous revenue derived by the state from intoxicating liquors, cannot be suddenly abandoned by this country, as it can by the small and unburdened commonwealths of the American federation. It is most true, that money ought not to be weighed for one moment against morality. But nevertheless, the proposal to subtract fifteen millions from the budget would, we fear, render our Chancellors of the Exchequer exceedingly slow to perceive the force of moral evidence; more especially as the compensation for this loss of revenue, which the American States expect to find in the diminution of their expenses for pauperism and crime, would not much benefit our public treasury, since our poor-rates, and great part of our criminal expenditure, fall not on the crown but on local resources. The revenue would, however, no doubt receive a compensation of a different kind, in the increased consumption of custom-paying and excisable articles, which would be purchased by the money saved from the clutches of the publican. Yet the experiment is on too great a scale to be hazarded hastily. The progress must be gradual, in order to be safe. There is, however, it must be confessed, no reason to fear that the new-born agitation should meet with too rapid a success, when we remember the powerful interests by which it is opposed. It is clear that no legislation on the subject could be even attempted, in this country, till it was demanded by a great majority of the people. Meanwhile there can be no harm in that full discussion of the question which will be elicited by pressing it on the attention of Parliament. Every one must rejoice that efforts should be made to convince the masses of the penalties which they entail upon themselves by intemperance. Nor can we condemn the attempt to persuade the English constituencies to restrain themselves by law from a brutalizing self-indulgence, whereto they are proved (by the report of every election committee) to be so lamentably addicted. If such efforts fail, they leave the people no worse than they found them. If they succeed, they make them wiser and better.

Record of Convictions, County of Perth.

We have received the third number of a small but valuable paper called "The Challenge," edited and published by that indefatigable friend of humanity, Mr. J. J. E. Linton, of Stratford, C.W. The paper is strictly devoted to the advancement of the Temperance Reformation, and by the ardent zeal of its founder has done great service in Perth and adjacent counties. The present issue contains the "official" returns of convictions, made by her Majesty's Justice of the Peace for the county of Perth, in the months of April, May and June. These returns are accompanied with editorial remarks showing that almost all the crime of the country originates in the sale and use of strong drink, and of course forms a strong argument in favour of prohibitory legislation. Mr. Linton deserves the warmest thanks of the country for his hearty exertions; and more, he ought especially to be cheered in his own county and neighbourhood by the practical support and sympathy of all good citizens. We wish our contemporary success, at the same time that we beg to assure our friend Linton of our grateful appreciation of his valuable services in behalf of this paper. We hope he will never have reason to prefer any other, and it will be our endeavour to become still more worthy of the patronage of so zealous and consistent a friend.

Appeal to Temperance Societies throughout Canada.

The Parliament of united Canada recently elected, having been called together for the dispatch of business on the 5th day of September next, the Committee of the Montreal Temperance Society begs leave respectfully to suggest, that it is of the utmost importance, that all the temperance organizations of the country should immediately complete their preparations for a successful campaign in favor of obtaining the Maine Law from the present Legislature. Petitions should, without delay, be prepared, and forwarded as soon as possible after the House meets, that an early opportunity may be taken of ascertaining the prospects of prohibitory legislation. The Committee is well aware that already much has been done in many parts of the country; but it is feared so much may be left undone, that its anxiety and urgency will be appreciated. Let another effort be made to obtain relief from the oppressive and immoral traffic in intoxicating drinks.

JOHN DOUGALL, President.
J. C. ВАСНЕТ, Secretary.

Montreal, August 14, 1854.

The following Resolution was adopted by the Committee of the Montreal Temperance Society:—

Resolved,—That the Committee of the Montreal Temperance Society embrace the opportunity of this its first meeting since the death of Mr. Samuel Hedge, one of its oldest and most valued members, to express its high sense of his worth and consistency, and to offer its sincere sympathy to his widow and family in their bereavement.

After all that we have herein before published on the subject of petitioning the legislature for the Maine Law, it is hardly necessary that we should say, that we fully approve of the action of the Committee of the Montreal Temperance Society, in their issue of the above appeal. It is a very brief document, but it is comprehensive, and the Committee we suppose had no wish to appear as assuming more than the fraternal privilege of dropping a friendly hint. We, however, should have approved of even a long argumentative appeal from that Committee, as we consider the Montreal Society the father of the cause in this country; if not exactly by priority of existence, yet assuredly by a long and paternal solicitude for the progress of the reform throughout the land. However, the Committee have spoken as they thought most fitting their position; and we beg all true-hearted friends of prohibition to besfir themselves immediately and earnestly;—there is no time to be lost—and we should now make a vigorous movement for the suppression of the traffic; for, even if the present House should not live long enough to pass the law, present exertion is necessary for future effect. Send on petitions for the Maine Law.

New York State Temperance Convention.

We observe by our exchanges, that a Convention is called to meet in the city of Auburn on the 27th day of September, at 12 o'clock, A. M., and a mass ratification meeting on the 28th, at noon. It is expected that these meetings will be fully attended, and it might do Canadian Societies some good by infusing new life and energy into some of us, if they were to send a few delegates from different points. It might also encourage our New York friends to have a word of news and encouragement from Canadian orators.

Original Correspondence.

The Tobacco Question.

I am not surprised that your correspondent, "Antibachus No. 2," does not at all agree with me in the importance which I attach to the tobacco question. I am aware that there are not very many of the present day who view its evil tendencies in as strong a light as I do. It is but of yesterday, however, since the evil tendencies of alcoholic liquors were observed to be so great as represented by "Antibachus No. 2," and I have no desire to detract from alcoholic liquors any of the fearful sins of which they have been the origin, or to make their name less heinous; but we must all confess that they were permitted to commit the most fearful ravages in society, in the family circle, and in the church, with scarcely an eye to observe it, or a voice to speak against it; and, whilst it ruined and brought to an untimely end the loving head of a family, the mourners only "kissed" the serpent that did it, while they laid the remains of their friend in the dust. Had any one of that day spoken of alcoholic liquors as "Antibachus No. 2" does, his "practical common sense" would have been called in question immediately.

"Antibachus No. 2" "freely admits that it (tobacco using) is a filthy habit, and, to say the least of it, a useless one," and then confidently asserts,—“but, that it is either as abominable or as hurtful as spirituous liquors, no man of practical common sense and observation will allow.” This assertion he does not attempt to prove, but states it as an axiom. Mere assertions, however, are not calculated to settle the question at issue, or bring us both, and people generally, to see alike, but tend rather in the opposite direction. I will, therefore, state a few facts,—extracts from a work by the Rev. Dwight Baldwin, entitled "The Evils of Tobacco,"—which may give "Antibachus No. 2" a little information respecting the evils which tobacco is accomplishing, the precious time which it is wasting, and the lives it is destroying.

"In 1840 there were 1,500,000 persons—one tenth of the entire population of the United States—engaged in raising and manufacturing tobacco. At the present time there are not less than 2,000,000 thus engaged. In the year 1850 the tobacco crop of the United States was nearly 200,000,000 lbs. The total loss which it now occasions the United States as a nation, cannot be estimated at less than \$30,000,000. The city of New York, in 1851, spent \$3,650,000 for cigars alone, while it only spent \$3,102,500 for bread. The Grand Erie Canal, 364 miles long, the longest in the world, with its 18 aqueducts and 84 locks, was made in 6 years, and cost \$7,000,000. The cigar bill in the city of New York would have paid the whole in two years. Intelligent physicians in the United States have estimated that 20,000 persons die yearly from the use of tobacco; and that in Germany, among those who die between the age of 17 and 35, one half are in consequence of the waste of the constitution by smoking."

The above estimations are startling facts, and although the number of deaths may not be equal to those occasioned by the use of alcoholic liquors (?), yet, for reasons which I hinted at in my former communication, I am inclined to consider the use of tobacco as being as gross an evil to

society at large as that of "kissing the cup." Its abominable "filthiness," which "Antibachus No. 2" admits, has a very degrading effect on society, inasmuch as it seems natural to associate with a "filthy" body, low feelings and a "filthy" soul. Now, it is undoubtedly more "filthy" than alcoholic liquors;—yes, more filthy than almost any nameable substance; for it is emphatically *the filthy weed*. Therefore, its effect is so much more degrading.

The next argument in favor of its being on a par with alcoholic liquors is the immense greater number of people who use it. I suppose that in our own much beloved Canada there are 100 persons who use tobacco to their injury, for every one who does so to alcoholic liquors. The temperance movement has of late destroyed, to a great extent, the sting of spirituous liquors. The Maine Law, now in operation in many parts of the United States, has entirely banished drunkenness with all its train of evils, while in those same parts tobacco and its effects are unnoticed.

I shall only notice one argument more in favor of my position, which is, that while the use of spirituous liquors is opposed to the utmost by most of the great, the noble, and the good people of the present day, tobacco is used, and its cause maintained, by those who are regarded as the pride of society and the glory of the Christian Church. I apprehend, then, judging from the progressive state of society, that the day is not far distant when these two great enemies to our purity of nature, to our domestic happiness, and to our health, will share nearly equally the opposition and contempt of right-thinking men.

I am glad to find that "Antibachus No. 2" is inclined to combat this great evil (and he bids fair to become a champion in the field when he does enter), although he has no strength to spend in that direction at the present time, being convinced that "two things cannot be done well at the same time." Now, although I question the soundness of his reasoning on this point, inasmuch as it is often found necessary to do two things at the same time in order to accomplish either of them, I am free to admit that it is impossible to do two things opposed to each other in principle well at the same time,—such, for example, as advocating the Maine Liquor Law, and using tobacco; but that it is possible for an individual to exert his influence against both liquor and tobacco, is evident; for they both, as it were, grow from the same root, and bear similar fruit. In order, therefore, to destroy the one, leave not the other alone. This argument would be equally applicable against prosecuting a man for theft because another had been guilty of murder. "Antibachus No. 2" would say, Let us bring the murderer to justice first, and then we will all pursue the thief. Nay, but let us bring them both to a place of safety as soon as possible, lest either escape and commit greater depredations.

"Antibachus No. 2" finds great fault with the ladies for kissing the wine cup, and I don't wonder that he should be loath to see them waste such dainties on such an unworthy object; but, if he wishes to see them reform in this particular, I would warn him against attempting a covenant with them on the terms he has lately recommended, and advise him, and as many more as are like-minded, to be careful that they clean well their mouths of the filth of tobacco before they approach the fair daughters of Eve.

ANTIBACHUS.

Woodstock, Aug. 7, 1854.

The Roaring Lion.

A Plea for Legal Prohibition of Alcoholic Traffic.

BY REV. G. B. DUCHER.

(Continued)

"Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour: whom resist steadfast in the faith".—1 Pet. v. 8, 9.

But, if liquor manufactories are to be regarded as the feeding places, then it follows that the public house—be it hotel, tavern, or grocery, if connected with the spirit trade,—is the dwelling of the lions. There may be exceptions; there are, no doubt, public houses, whose occupants have a barsimply because their establishments would not be patronized without, and who, did the public taste admit, would conform to the temperance reformation, who would hail with joy the legal prohibition of the unhallowed traffic; but, as a general rule, liquor traders have no eye to see, no ear to hear, no heart to feel the woes of drunkenness. Within their licensed covert they lie in wait, within their tempting bar, like the lion with merciless rapacity, they prey upon the victims of their craft. The conscience, at first, may feel a little tender, but its squeamishness is speedily seared—its objection silenced by the usefulness, the gainfulness, and especially by the lawfulness of the avocation. Like Hazeal, when uninitiated, it may be objected, "Is thy servant a dog?" yet, like the Syrian tyrant, hardened by opportunity and enriched by rapine, the publican becomes malevolent and cruel. The welfare of his species, the lives of his fellow-creatures, are nought to him; he "brings them like lambs to the slaughter." The once wealthy and respected man is gradually ensnared, and in course of time reduced to ruin. Unsuspecting of evil, enticed by the accommodations, he imperceptibly acquires a liking for the dangerous locality. The appearance of a predecessor, scratched and torn, perhaps bleeding, may excite alarm; but the ready wile, "a drop too much," dispels his fears, and on he rushes. A pressing engagement occurs to mind; he would depart, did not the potent spell, "take another glass," prolong his stay. The clock in startling strokes proclaims the hour appointed for a matter of great importance, but the ever ready pleas, "time enough yet, another time will do as well," are artfully suggested, and the pliant dupe too readily assents. The thought of home, an angel's whisper cries, away! away! The charm is broken, domestic endearments resume their sway; he rises, states his intentions. Now he is safe, his rescue is accomplished. Ah no! the sneering taunt, "under petticoat government," and that mocking, maddening laughter seal his doom. Like a lamb affrighted by the hungry lion's roar, he loses all the power of flight. Sophistry, subtilty, and intimidating ridicule complete the cruel deed. Yet these are legal arts; the means by which the licensed trader takes his lawful spoils. Thus multitudes are spoiled of wealth, of reputation, of life on earth, of immortality in heaven.

In the various stages of their downward course, tasting by the bar, reeling on the street, wallowing with brutes, raging at home, sneaking from business, dying of delirium tremens, consuming in flame never to be quenched; the victims of this cruel craft afford an array of evidence unanswerable. Tell us not of moderation, every drop, even the first, is "a drop too much." Talk not of public accommodation, the

more accommodation the more ensnarement. The accommodations lead into temptation. While the tempter lurks within the bar, approach is hazardous, intercourse extreme imprudence, familiarity inevitable ruin. Common drunkenness, noisy, riotous, breathing out threatenings and slaughter, repel the worthy and the virtuous. Respectable houses, so called, being less suspected are more dangerous. Their regularity, their respectability, their very quietude, becomes a snare. Even the absence of the bar does not imply the absence of the foe. While he lurks within the closet, or couches in the cellar, it is still the lion's dwelling. In houses of repute the taste is formed, the prey entrapped. In them, the man of refinement, of influence, of reputation, is initiated; fascinated by the agreeable locality, is induced to approach the ambush; self-reliant on his power to limit the indulgence, is persuaded that the inebriating beverage had, within the bounds of moderation, no evil tendencies. In their select recesses, the artless maiden is learned to sip a little with mamma; there you drunken and depraved wanton, then a fair modest bride, first tasted the stimulating wine, first thought it pleasant to the eyes and to be desired to make one wise,—there the young mother, while fondling her lovely babe, first heard the all-luring plea, "It will not hurt you, do take a little, it will do you good," and laughed at for simplicity, teased by the venal arts of the respected hostess, was taught the moderate use, was led within the fearful chasm in which innocence, her happiness, her all, was wholly and forever lost. Away then with these specious distinctions. A liquor establishment of any grade is the dwelling of the lions. On all the makers and venders of alcoholic beverage there rests an awful responsibility. Leonine in character and interest, bound by a common bond of brutal brotherhood, one armorial bearing represents the entire fraternity. The family escutcheon, divested of technicalities, may be thus described. Arms, a lioness and her whelps arrayed in human vesture and rioting in a den of rapine; supporters, lion's couchant in ambush; crest, a lion rampant motto, *lex terra, the law of the land.*

In perfect accordance with law, but in open violation of justice and humanity, the licensed spoiler provides a liberal subsistence for his family. They are "clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day"; but the drunkard's beggared family lie, like Lazarus, at the rich man's door in vain desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fall from their oppressor's table. The former are feasted, richly appareled, royally maintained, but like many on thrones of state, they are supplied by oppression and cruelty. Like his brutal prototype, the liquor vender tears in pieces enough for his whelps and strangles for his lionesses. With an air of insulted dignity, does he object to the comparison? Prejudiced both by the nature of his calling, and by what he deems a lawful mode of providing for his household, does he deny the justice of the imputation? In the face of stubborn facts, he must admit the propriety of the comparison. Of the two, the lion is actually the least ferocious, he does not, like the chartered cannibal, prey upon his own species. Does the objector still demur? Then let him, let all with ear impartial, weigh well the ponderous evidence.

Clothed in rags, shivering with cold, pinched by famine, diseased, degraded, despoised, depraved, the drunkard's chil-

drone live a miserable life, and often die a more miserable death. Many a wretched woman, wretched as a daughter, more wretched as a mother, most wretched as a wife, still feels the awful evils of this cruel traffic. Accompanied by her weeping little ones, with words of powerful entreaty she seeks to turn the monster from his purpose, with a look, enough to melt an adamant, she implores him not to sell her husband liquor. Of what avails her plea? Carnal affection shuts his eyes, domestic clamors stop his ears, family pride has steeled his savage heart. Brutes have brutish feelings. Beasts of prey make fearful carnage. The licensed lion of the town, like the unlicensed lion of the forest, "tears in pieces enough for his whelps;" but while the latter is content with food, the former, much more rapacious, provides a vast variety of spoil. His progeny requires not merely the necessaries, but the luxuries of life. They revel in royal state, they must have princely portions. Nurtured in a lion's den, like their sire, they naturally expect the lion's share. To live on rapine is their hereditary right. Then why should they regret the cost? Why regard the multiplied miseries, the intolerable anguish entailed upon the victims?

But we have further evidence, if lion's provide enough for their whelps be assured they are not unmindful of their mates. To the former they give their portions, to the latter they bear entire the strangled carcass, "The lion did tear in pieces for his whelps and strangled for his lionesses." The tavern-keeper is often called the landlord. Why? it is hard to tell, unless, by latitude of license, he is lord of the land around his den. But then it follows, that the landlady is the lady of the land. And such, in fact, is her position. Who has more delicious fare, who more splendidly attired? Who more enjoys the world of fashion, the plenitude of wealth, the various pleasures, in a word, "the pride of life?" In her very widowhood, so far from being desolate, who more courted, caressed, and toasted? Who more likely to enjoy the prey with which her consort filled his holes? Who better able, even with increased success, to lie in wait for more?

The evil inflicted by licensed liquor traders is enormous. Their course is marked by perfidy, cruelty, and devastation. Of them "a grievous vision is declared." To them the language of the Prophet Isaiah is very applicable. The treacherous dealer dealeth treacherously, and the spoiler spoileth. By their pernicious arts millions of bushels of nutritious grain are annually perverted into poison. Through their vile inducements, numberless precious days, months, and years, are wasted by their inebriated dupes. By their consummate craft, multitudes are inoculated with disease, initiated in crime, and fitted for the hospital, the asylum, the prison, the penitentiary, or the gallows. In their destructive haunts, desolation reigns. In these insatiable regions, the roaring lion ranges uncontrolled, and protected by the state enjoys a bloody feast. Six hundred thousand drunkards in the British Isles, a proportionable number in the United States and other Anglo-Saxon colonies, in all, at least, two millions, supply the monster with a sumptuous banquet. Of these, at least, one hundred and twenty thousand are annually devoured, and their waste regularly supplied by fresh recruits from the ranks of moderate drinkers. During the past fifty years at this ration, six millions of hu-

man beings have been slaughtered by the adversary, and during the remainder of the present century, unless, "the Lord," by legal prohibition, or some other Providential interposition, should "disappoint him, cast him down," the numbers may be doubled in the chartered dens of death. Supposing two-thirds of these inebriates to have had families, then these calculations must be vastly extended. At the lowest computation, in the course of half a century, twelve millions of the Anglo-Saxon portions of the world, have been starved, stripped, maimed, frenzied, or murdered to fill the spoilers holes with prey and his dens with ravin.

An Assyrian monarch, learning that his Samaritan colonists were troubled with lions, applied an appropriate remedy. The prince and his people both desired the extirpation, not the protection of the ravagers. These idolaters discovered that their troubles were caused by their ignorance of the true religion, and a priest of Jehovah was sent for their instruction. The heathen potentate sought to remove the cause, in order that the effect might cease. He sought not to increase his revenues, by a licensed restriction restraining pursuit of prey to a privileged class of lions. The plan of assigning certain limits to the ravagers, and directing the character of their ravages by legal regulations, appears to be a modern invention. Christian Governments, self-patented monopolize its honors and emoluments. In allusion to this protective policy, the spirit-vender might be asked—"what is thy mother?" In the language of the inspired prophet, the reply would be, "a lioness; she lay down among lions, she nourished her whelps among young lions." By the maternal care of modern legislation, the licensed destroyer is learned to lie in wait, to conceal his terrific figure, and to adapt his coverts to the end designed. The instructor and the instructed, the lioness and her numerous whelps effect a successful issue. Whelp after whelp becomes the pet of state. Kindly nurtured, trained with uncommon care, they are matured by daily exercise. In due time their education is completed; "they become young lions" and learn to catch the prey."

Their lurking places are all, and more than all, the law requires. They have ample accommodations. Within their precincts every sense is captivated. The eye, the ear, the taste, are highly gratified. The allurements are on the grandest scale. The illusion is complete. Colossal architecture, beauteous scenery, magnificent prospects present most powerful attractions to the wearied traveller. Splendid entertainments, bounteous refreshments, luxurious delicacies, obsequious lackies, adapted to the most fastidious taste, increase the charm. Hosts of fashionable amusements, melodious music, celebrated vocalists, amateur players, brilliant tables, the ball room's giddy whirl, supply a thousand gratifications. All dread of danger is most assiduously repelled. Engrossed by pleasure, elated by the social glass, who perceives the gradual loss of sober thought, the utter want of watchful care? Amid such multiplied allurements who would suspect a snare; within a shelter so impervious who would think a fostered lion lurked? Yet so in truth it is. By such licensed snares, "the holes" are filled with prey. Here, talents the most illustrious, fortunes most ample, prospects most brilliant, valuable lives, priceless souls, children of the loveliest character, and man's amiable, all-enduring,

self-renouncing help-mate, have all been *legally* but cruelly devoured. The retail dealer takes the prey, the wholesale merchant and the manufacturer furnish the means, the government superintends the trade in blood, and all are sharers in the spoils.

As the *adversary* is ever active, ever seeking whom he may devour, ought not his opponents to be ever vigilant, ever on the guard? Steadfast, that is, resolutely unwavering in the faith which totally abstains from evil, which prohibits the cup of devils, should they not employ the means prescribed both by reason and revelation, as best adapted to resist his ravages? Let it not be forgotten that he is crafty and treacherous, let all avoid the paths of the destroyer lest he tear the soul like a lion, rending it in pieces, while there is none to deliver." The roaring lion is often noiseless in his motions, and his artifices more to be dreaded than his open hostilities. Amusements denominated innocent, business designated lawful, fashions considered harmless, pursuits the most admired, and characters most applauded, have often proved a snare. The pleas of avarice, ambition, and above all other the pleas of appetite, have been with fatal efficacy employed in favor of inebriating beverage. Even the plea of moderation, of moderation however cautiously indulged, does in various ways "give occasion to the adversary." The moderate drinker may declaim with zeal sincere and argument unanswerable, against the evils of excess; but example, more forcible than precept, will "put a stumbling block, or an occasion to fall in his brother's way." These delusive pleas are but "the depths of Satan." The advice of Solomon is peculiarly appropriate in the case of the moderate drinker. "Enter not into the paths of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men, avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." What path so wicked as that in which they err through wine, what way more evil than that wherein they "follow strong drink," in which "hell hath enlarged herself and opened her mouth without measure." Those who plead for the moderate use, however "wise in their own eyes and prudent in their own sight," are, by inspired authority, closely associated with those that are "mighty to drink wine and men of strength to mingle strong drink." Against both, unless they cease drinking, the enemy "shall come with speed swiftly." Of both it may be speedily recorded, "their carcasses were torn in the midst of the streets." Those "that rise up early in the morning that they follow strong drink," very soon, by force of habit, will continue until night, till wine inflame them, and in the end "many houses shall be desolate." The total abstainer may say, in reference to the oracles of God, "by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer," but the moderate drinker, by imperceptible gradations increasing his indulgence, becomes the victim of excess. The adversary shall "lay hold of the prey, and shall carry it away safe, and none shall deliver it." In defiance of these Divine denunciations, it is preposterous, it is blasphemous to assert that Scripture countenances the use of intoxicating drinks. Granting that the word of God allows the moderate use of unintoxicating wine to men in health, that it prescribes a *little* medicinal wine to the sick, or opiated wine to those condemned to a painful death, it by no means follows that fermented liquors and distilled spirits, either in excess or moderation, are sanc-

tioned by Divine authority. That authority is ever consistent, and hence it is most agreeable to the analogy of faith to maintain that the things commended in the word of God are diverse, both in their nature and tendency, from the things therein condemned; that the various beverages it approves are innocent, and, though denoted by the same expression, widely different from those which it denounces as being pernicious and destructive.

Against the temperance reformation there is, as a matter of course, a mighty opposition. The lion is greedy of his prey. Tenacious of his spoils, "who shall rouse him up?" He evidently feels the force of his assailants, but still undaunted maintains a bold and fearless aspect. Resolute in defending what he deems his rights, set against all invasion of his liberty, *his license to take the prey*, he roars with rage upon restrictive legislation. "He lifts up himself as a young lion," and as a lion rampant, "he will not lie down until he eat of the prey and drink the blood of the slain." In the vicinity of such a foe, neutrality is dangerous, apathy destructive. Talent, interest, reputation, moral obligation, are all concerned. The talents of temperance advocates are undervalued. Their principles and arguments are ridiculed. They are accused of meanness, parsimony, and singularity. It is said that men of sense discountenance the temperance movement; that ease, fashion, influence, sociality, should it prevail, must all be sacrificed. It is still pertinaciously objected, despite all proof to the contrary, that Scripture countenances the inebriating drink, and that what the laws of heaven allow, the laws of earth may not prohibit. Truly "they have compassed our steps, they have set their eyes bowing down to the earth like as a lion that is greedy of his prey." Strong, bold in defence of their booty, they may not be easily subdued, the dens of destruction may not be rashly assailed.

In certain localities they have been hunted with success. The lion has literally become a lamb, taverns have been transformed into temperance houses. Distilleries in some places have imperceptibly diminished in number. *The License to Devour* has been, by several legislatures, repealed, and the traffic in alcohol prohibited. The Maine Law has become a fact. It is evident that the foe, though fierce, is not invincible; the captor may be captured, the lion may be chained. His lurking places are not free from molestation. Total abstinence legally enforced, like a mighty river in its course, appears destined by Divine direction to effect the extermination of the *adversary*. So impetuous is its current, that it not unfrequently overflows, and by its inundations drives him from his ambushments upon its banks. "Behold," says the inspired oracle, "he shall come up like a lion from the swellings of Jordan against the habitations of the strong."

But in the haunts of intemperance Satan possesses a variety of coverts, and when driven from one he resorts to another. Pressed by the ardor of pursuit he may retire to places less exposed to observation; but, when circumstances admit, he readily returns. Often, in places whence he had been long since ejected, he suddenly re-appeared. Hence the importance of the caution,—*be sober, be vigilant*. Suspicious of evil, in peace keep in readiness for war. At times the foe may seem very peaceably disposed, but this pacific character is a mere disguise, assumed in order to a

more successful accomplishment of his sanguinary purposes. Let none be deceived by his devices. He is not quiescent, but couchant, in ambush watching with the utmost assiduity, ever ready, when opportunity occurs, to pounce upon the victim. "He lieth in wait secretly, as a lion in his den." No occasion is neglected. He screens himself behind the habits of the present age, and in the customs of antiquity seeks a safe retreat. Wines drugged with hellebore, opium, or hemlock, and fermented wines or distilled spirits are both adapted to his purposes, in both he finds a friendly aid. Intemperance in varied forms has, in all ages, furnished a vast diversity of ambush all well suited to the cruel ends designed—the stupefying, maddening, and destroying human nature. To the adversary, the labyrinths of the still, the caverns of the malster, the vaults of the vintner, and the cellars of the ciderist are in a variety of ways available. Against all these devices, total abstinence supplies a most efficient safeguard, and, were pledged abstainers sustained by legal restrictions, intemperance would no longer furnish lurking places. To elude this contingency, an imperious concealment is sought under cover of moral suasion; and here, alas for human fallibility! "the beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places." On this modern Gilboa—*heap of inflamed swelling*—"the shield of the mighty is wily cast away." Of redeemed inebriates, as of Saul and Jonathan, might it be stated, "they were stronger than lions;" but of the lapsed abstainer, as of the Israelitish monarch, may it be affirmed, "an evil spirit troubleth thee." Over them, in the language of the sorrowing David, may we lament, "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapon of war perished."

(To be continued.)

Scatter Blessings.

I don't know of anything in the world that makes a body feel so good as to scatter blessings. Good temper, good luck, a good wife, rosy children, are well-springs of pleasure, and they'll make almost any man want to live long in the land, but this scattering kindnesses and mercies with a generous hand—oh! it's the most splendid thing ever heard of to make a man completely comfortable—to give him songs in the night, and an ocean of delight by day.

If there is anybody living who thinks his match for misery can't be found, I wish he'd come right here to me, and I'll put him on the right track for comfort. This whining, this being unhappy, how it makes a man feel and what a shame it is to him. A very unhappy man told me he was so miserable he didn't care for any body. I told him he didn't care for any body, and that made him miserable. He didn't like it much that I wouldn't let the horse stay behind the cart just as he put him, but wasn't I right? I don't know a great deal, and I never expect to, but my restless, wandering eye has at last discovered the lurking place of pleasure. I know the secret of happiness, yes I do. Scatter blessings—run with your bucket, and help to fill the ocean of happiness.

Don't be frightened because you are not quite as big as every body else—because you are not quite as showy as Goliath of Gath. Run straight along with your bucket, and pour it into the ocean of human happiness. Don't tremble on the road for fear you'll meet some mighty man, who'll ask you about "those few sheep you left in the wilderness." Go ahead with your bucket—get through your business, and you'll go home with a light heart, and your face won't look so like "Old Hundred" as it did before. You won't have to say, that you live in a bright little world of delight, but that your face is so elongated by your discomforts, that no yard-stick can measure it.

Oh! scatter blessings—it's holy—it's sublime to do it. Scatter blessings, and comforting angels will be your guard—you will not be in trouble like other men, or plagued like other men, and a joy "that passeth understanding will fill your heart."—*New York Evangelist.*

Each One hath a Part to Do.

Men and brothers! up, be doing,
Help each other by this way,
Aid with hand and heart the dawning
Of a great and mighty day.
Think not earth hath fixed teachers—
Progress centred in the few;
All men more or less are missioned—
Each one hath a part to do.

Lend your aid, however little—
Lead your talent, though it's small;
Trifles thrive by combination,
Working for the good of all.
Truth is slow, and wants assistance
Of the many with the few;
Every man, however feeble,
Hath a part he's skilled to do.

Faint not, lag not, in your doing;
Still press onward, ye will find
Brilliant sunbeams flashing ever
From the archives of the mind.
Earth holds not a human creature—
Meanest pauper ye may view,
If he hath a spark of reason,
But he hath a part to do.

All men may assist each other,
Though it but a trifle be;
The flowing streams make flowing rivers—
Rivers make a mighty sea.
One may do the work of many—
Many help the toiling few;
Thus with all men, high or low,
Each one hath a part to do.

Many pillars bear the temple,
Varied in their strength and height;
And, though versatile in greatness,
Each contributes to its might.
Thus, though men proclaim their weakness,
And their talents small and few,
Each one shares in human greatness—
Each one hath a part to do.

Men and brethren! onward! onward!
Lag not till the work is done;
Grow in ardor—grow in earnest—
For the dawning has begun.
Let no heart be found to tarry,
Stirring impulse bear you through,
All men aid the day that's dawning—
Each man hath a part to do.

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