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THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE AND NEWS.

Vol. XI.

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THE RISING TIDE.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

The stranger who visited the residence of Mrs. Falkland on the western coast of England, could not fail to be struck with the picture of peace and comfort which her home presented. She was a widow lady; but her solitude was cheered by the society of a son and daughter, whose characters were now sufficiently matured to render them in all respects companions to their mother.

It was on one of the loveliest evenings of September, that Mrs. Falkland and her daughter, in company with an elderly gentleman, who had once been a friend of her husband's, sat upon a balcony which ran along the western part of her house, commanding the view of a wide expanse of ocean, and of the radiant sky, where the sun was just sinking below the horizon; while slanting rays of yellow light glanced over the shallow bay, where the receding tide had left the sands so smooth and wet, that they reflected as in a mirror, the shadows of some fishermen who were gathering up their baskets, and preparing to return to their homes in the village.

The residence of Mrs. Falkland was one of a number of little villas, or genteel cottages, with their ornamental gardens, scattered over the woody hills that sloped down to the beach, where a line of rocks, in some parts majestically high, and in others accessible to the foot-passenger, formed a barrier against the waves, which, when the tide was high, dashed up amongst the many little bays and hollows of the shore.

The village to which the fishermen were returning, and which gave its name to many distant groups of houses, lay in a narrow dell, through which an impetuous little river forced its way along a bed of rocks into the sea; and though the sands on either side

of the stream looked as safe and solid as the earth itself, they were said to be uncertain and dangerous to cross in the vicinity of this stream. Still it was a thing of such frequent occurrence for horses and travellers on foot to pass that way, that no one thought much about the danger; and especially as the road along the beach was so much nearer than any other from the village to the neighbouring market town. The chief difficulty arose from some of the rocks jutting so far out into the sea, that all passengers were obliged to pay attention to the state of the tide, or the probability was, that even while plenty of space remained within the bay, they might find themselves hemmed in at these points by the waves having reached the rocks.

The country people, however, knew these dangers well, and strangers were under less temptation to seek the nearest way to the town; so that all the record of accidents on this spot, were a few stories of by-gone days, kept up by the fishermen and old women of the village.

"You must be happy in such a home as this," observed the gentleman, who looked with Mrs. Falkland and her daughter upon the scene above described.

"We are indeed happy," replied the daughter. "At least, we would not exchange our home for a palace." And she went on expatiating upon the many enjoyments the scenery and neighbourhood afforded; while her mother, observing that the air was growing cold, took the opportunity of withdrawing from the balcony.

"We who live in the midst of the noise and the tumult of cities," resumed the visiter, "may almost be allowed to envy you the repose of a life like this—so free from anxiety, so tranquil, and so calm."

"And yet," said Miss Falkland, "we have our cares"

"Impossible! Julia. What can they be?"

"As a friend of my father's, I need scarcely scruple to speak to you of anything connected with the happiness of our family. You know my brother?"

"Yes; and a finer youth I never saw, than George Falkland, when he was last in town."

"He is, indeed, the kindest of sons, the best of brothers. But even he may have his faults."

"The faults of youth—mere thoughtless follies. You must not make too much of them. He will grow wiser with advancing years."

"I wish it may be so. But at present he seems so much fonder of gay company than of his quiet home, that my mother seldom knows a happy day. Not that he is addicted to any particular vice, at least that we know of; but wherever he goes, he has a habit of staying out late at night, which throws my mother into such a state of nervous anxiety that her health is seriously injured; while he, on the other hand, is so annoyed by what he calls her unreasonable solicitude, that he will not deny himself a single hour of convivial enjoyment for the sake of her peace of mind. Now it is such troubles as these, common and trifling as they may appear to others, which destroy the comfort of our otherwise happy home; and it seems the more to be regretted, that they should exist where there is so much affection and good feeling on both sides, and nothing else to mar our happiness."

"Youth and age," replied the visiter, "are apt to differ on such points; and perhaps both are capable of making sufficient allowance for the feelings which operate with the other. Yet, so long as your brother visits only in respectable families, and does not attach himself to any companion of bad principles, I should feel great hope of his ultimate recovery from these errors."

"But there is the root of our anxiety," said Miss Falkland, with increased earnestness. "My brother, I am sorry to say, does attach himself, by a very close intimacy, to a young man of the worst principles—a Ralph Kennedy, the only son of a worthy old man in this village, whose gray hairs may truly be said to be

brought down with sorrow to the grave, by this ungrateful son. It is reported of the old man, that he sits up night after night, working at his desk, in order to keep a situation for his son, which his own infirmities have long since rendered him unequal to. And yet this young man—this Ralph Kennedy, is so idle and unsteady, as to be wholly unfit to succeed his poor father in a place of trust."

Before the conversation had reached this point, the sun had sunk below the horizon, the sands instantaneously assumed a dark gray hue; and ere the harvest moon, which the next hour rose, had shed her silver light over the woods and the fields sloping down to the tranquil bay, the tide had so far receded, that nothing could be seen of the ocean, but a long line of deep blue, stretching away into the distant west.

Miss Falkland prepared to lead her visiter into the house; when, rising from his seat, he observed, for the first time, that a quiet-looking young girl, apparently about eighteen, and dressed in white, had been their companion on the balcony; and with a sort of instinctive curiosity, he directed an inquiring look to Miss Falkland which seemed to say, "Whom have we here?"

"It is only my cousin, Grace Dalton," said Miss Falkland, understanding him perfectly.

Seeing the girl did not attempt to rise, the old gentleman still lingered. "Won't you catch cold my dear?" said he, with familiar, but well-meant kindness with which old gentlemen are apt to address those who are between girls and women.

Grace Dalton rose, and thanked him respectfully, but immediately resumed her seat; and the door was closed upon the lighted room, and she was left to her evening meditations, and forgotten. Indeed it was very easy to forget Grace Dalton; she was so small and so still. She was an orphan, too, and very poor; but surely it is not possible, in such a kind world as ours professes to be, that these two facts should constitute any reason why persons are more easily forgotten. Oh no! It was because Grace Dalton, as we said before, was diminutive in her person, simple in her dress, timid, gentle, unobtrusive, and not remarkably pretty, that she was so often, and so easily forgotten; and though she was a poor relation, and always came last into the room, and looked so humble, that she might have almost claimed pity from a stranger, it frequently fell to her lot to find no room left for her at table.—Whether intentionally, or by accident, the servants used to omit to place her chair; and when she did not actually appear, nobody remembered her existence sufficiently to calculate upon her coming.

Yet for all this, the humble and isolated orphan had her own little world of interest, in which she lived, perhaps, a life of deeper feeling, because it was so seldom shared with others. What was the reason why she sat out so late this evening, no one asked, nor would they, perhaps, have felt more curious, had they seen the tears that were fast falling from her eyes, as she bent over the balcony, with her forehead resting on her arm. Perhaps it was something in the conversation which had pained her, for she was strongly attached to her cousin George, and often ventured to take his part, even when he was most in fault. She could not be made to see the desperate nature of Ralph Kennedy's principles; at least, she never joined in what her cousin Julia said against him; and thus she fell a little into disgrace, both with the mother, and the daughter.

Leaving this solitary girl to her uninterrupted meditations, we turn to a different scene, which at the same hour was taking place; where, seated around a social board, a little company of choice spirits, with George Falkland at their head, laughed away the last hours of daylight, and hailed the lamps that seemed to dance before them as brighter harbingers of a happier and more joyous night.

George Falkland had that day left his mother's house in company with his friend, Ralph Kennedy, who was in great request at all the convivial meetings in the neighbourhood, not only for his musical talents, but his unrivalled good spirits, and good humour, which, without exciting any deep interest, made him a welcome guest wherever he went. It is true, he seldom went away from these meetings in a state very creditable to himself—it is true, he made his own gratification the sole object for which he lived—it is true, he left an aged father to toil for his support, because, he had too much of what is called spirit to devote himself to any kind of regular pursuit. Yet notwithstanding all this, he managed to keep what is considered good society; and to maintain for himself the character of being a "good fellow"—"his own enemy," it was granted; but still he was accounted the enemy of no one else, and the best companion in the world.

It may be supposed, that such a character would often be deficient in those means by which the appearance of a gentleman is supported, while Falkland being ever ready to supply this deficiency, they became inseparable friends; and perhaps did, in reality, like each other as well as such characters are capable of liking anything beyond themselves.

On the night described, they had staid late, and the moon had risen high before either of them thought of returning home. At last, when Kennedy had sung his best song, Falkland rose from the table; for no one cared after that to hear an inferior voice.

"Come, come," said Falkland, laying his hand upon the shoulder of his friend, "it will take us a full hour to ride home, and we had better have the benefit of the moon over the sands; for I fancy neither you nor I see so steadily as we did this morning.

"Sands!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices at once, "You won't go by the sands to-night."

"Won't I though?" said Kennedy, rising and immediately joining his friend; while both supported the dispute, until it ended in a bet, which appeared to render the enterprise of going by the sands, altogether much more attractive.

The two friends then mounted their horses, and set off merrily, taking the road which led immediately down to the beach. It was a beautiful night. A breeze had sprung up from the sea, and a few distant dark clouds came floating along with it towards the moon; but still she rode high in the heavens, and her light was almost like that of day.

It was a beautiful night, and many were the lively jests with which the travellers amused themselves by the way; for Kennedy, though scarcely able to keep his balance on his horse, had often, when in that situation a spirit of drollery about him, more amusing than in his sober moments, to those who cared not from what source it came. All his odd movements, all the strange accidents which happened to him under such circumstances, he could turn to jest; and the laughter and merriment with which they now pursued their way towards the sands, startled from behind the shadow of a rock, an old fisherman, who was watching his nets.

They had passed him by with a slight good-night, when Falkland wheeled round his horse, and asked him how long it would be before the tide would be up, and if they had time enough to reach the second headland which jutted out into the sands.

"Time enough," said the old man, "if your horses are good. The tide won't be up to the crags yonder, for half an hour yet." And he pointed to a heap of black rock, at some distance out to sea.

The travellers now set spurs to their horses, not so much from any fear of the tide, as from the mere hilarity of their own spirits, which could not be satisfied with any sober pace. Capable, however, as Kennedy had been of keeping his seat under more favourable circumstances, he fell from the horse the moment it struck into a gallop; and whether from the violence of the fall, or the novel position in which he found himself, he became so bewildered and confused, as to be long before he could regain his seat. Even then he rode with his head sometimes bent over the neck of the horse, and sometimes thrown back, while the loss of his hat, and other accidents, occasioned both laughter and delay. To increase their difficulties, a dark cloud now spread over the moon, so that they lost sight for a time of the high land, which terminating in a rocky ridge, stretched far into the bay, and formed a point, which they must pass before they could even reach the stream where the passage was accounted most dangerous.

Still their horses were safe, and well accustomed to the road; and as danger was the last thing that either of them would have dreamed of at that moment, they only rode more leisurely, altogether unconscious of the time they had lost by the way.

"I wish that cloud would pass," said Falkland, at last. "I cannot see the crags at this point, whatever I would do. And there is a kind of rushing in my ears, as if the tide was coming up; but that is impossible, for the old man said it would be more than half an hour before it reached the crags, and they are a mile off at least."

The cloud did pass; and—was it the moon-light that lay so white before them on the sand? No: it was the tide running up in long sheets of hissing foam, each one stealing farther than the last.

"Set spurs to your horse," cried Falkland, "and ride, Kennedy, ride, for your life!"

He did so, and down he fell again upon the sand; and the foam curled up and around him, and then retreated, while he mounted again to make another fruitless attempt at greater speed.

"We shall escape you," said Falkland. "We are just upon the crags, and when these are passed, we have but the river, and all will be over."

The crags were now their most immediate danger, for slippery as they always were with the sea-weed, the surf was by this time dashing up amongst them, so that no horse could make sure of its footing; and here Kennedy fell again, and again it was so long before he could be replaced in his seat, that Falkland on looking round to the next point, which it was necessary to gain, in order to reach the village, saw that the whole extent of the little bay was one sheet of foam. Still it was not deep except in the bed of the stream, and their horses were untired; so that if Kennedy could but keep his seat, all might yet be well.

It was in vain, however, that Falkland rode close beside his friend, and stretched out his arm to keep him steady. He appeared to have become more and more confused with each repeated fall, while the unequal nature of the ground rendered it impossible for their horses to find safe footing, or to keep pace with each other. Falkland himself was but just able to think, and to wish that they had taken the route above the cliffs. He even stopped, and looked for a moment towards the land, to see if there was no place where it was possible to ascend, but in vain; and the next moment they plunged into the stony bed of the stream, and found themselves in deep water.

Kennedy had now fallen forward on his horse. The animal grew terrified, and rushing desperately amongst the rocks and the foaming current, it shook itself loose from its rider, and then plunged forward, and left him to struggle for his life.

Falkland had now but one object—to place the wretched man behind him, and trust to his own animal for sustaining both. For this purpose he stretched out his arm and caught the hand of his friend at the moment when he was rolling down the stream. He even succeeded so far as to lift him upon his horse, but all his strength was unequal to keep him there. He had become utterly helpless, and it now seemed as if, in attempting to save him, both must perish. Still, however, Falkland resumed the attempt. He even succeeded again, and was only defeated by Kennedy falling this time with his hand clenching the coat of his friend, with a wild and desperate hold, which it was impossible to shake off.

"My mother!" cried Falkland, as if the fierce waves could hear him. "My poor mother! She will never survive this night if I am lost. It is yet in my power to save her from a broken heart."

With that he tore off the fragment of his dress, which that doomed and drowning man still held by, and with one plunge of his horse, escaped out of the bed of the swollen torrent.

In the mean time, the lights were one after another extinguished in Mrs. Falkland's cottage; but the mother slept not, though she had retired at midnight to her own chamber. She slept not, for her nights were now but too frequently occupied in thinking to what the habits of her son would lead. She slept not, for memory was busy with his childhood, with the time when, as a sickly and fretful infant, he had demanded all her tenderness, and all her care. She thought of the sleepless hours, when she used to rock him on her bosom; how her time, her peace, her health, had been sacrificed, without a murmur, for his sake; and now, when she looked for her reward, when her own feeble strength required that rest she could not find, he could not—he would not—deny himself a single hour of senseless mirth, to calm the anxiety that was wasting her life away.

The window of Mrs. Falkland's chamber looked upon the garden, that of Grace Dalton towards the yard, where it was impossible that a horse should enter, without her hearing it. What, then, was her surprise to hear the well-known signal of her cousin, without any previous notice of his coming! With a stealthy step, she trod as usual past the door of her aunt's chamber, and descended to the hall, where, drawing aside the bolt of the outer door, she stood expecting that her cousin would enter.

"I want to speak with you, Grace," said he in a voice so little like his own, that she started back. "Come away from the door, for no one must hear us talking. Come farther still, and be very, very quiet, while I tell you a sad story."

"Go on," said Grace, trembling all over. "I am quiet. Has anything happened?"

"Come out farther still," said her cousin; "and now be sure you do not exclaim, or make the least noise." He then whispered close to her ear, "Kennedy is lost!"

A shriek so loud that it seemed to ring through the vault of heaven, was the answer of poor Grace.

"There, now!" said he, grasping her arm, and speaking more

angrily to her than he had ever done before. "You have done the very thing against which I warned you. I would rather have given you a thousand pounds than you should have uttered that scream."

Lights were now glancing in all the windows of the cottage, and before many minutes had passed, Falkland was compelled to describe to the whole assembled household, every particular of the sad catastrophe. Even then, so great was the sensation it naturally excited, that scarcely could the presence of his living form convince them of his own safety. It was not difficult to read in his pale and haggard countenance the terrible conflict he had sustained, and while one brought him cordials, and another chafed his cold hands, Grace Dalton, who had wont to be the first to render all these offices of kindness, was the only one to stand aloof, as it altogether stupified by what had passed.

"Why do you stand there, child?" said Mrs. Falkland in her anxiety for her son. "Go up stairs, Grace, and bring dry clothes for your cousin."

The poor girl went up stairs as she had been told, but what it was to fetch, she could not by any possibility remember. Her delay was the cause of much chiding, which seemed to produce no effect upon her senses. As regarded all present things, they were quite gone, until Falkland called her to him, and whispered to her with a shudder on his lips, "Take that coat, Grace, and hide it, so that I may never see it more. The part that is torn away is where he held me with his dying grasp."

Grace Dalton took the coat as she had been requested, and no one knew how she disposed of it, for it was never seen again.

"And now," said Falkland, when his strength had been in some measure restored, "I have a hard duty to perform. I must go to old Kennedy, and tell him what has happened."

With this intention, he rose up, and even went as far as the door, when, turning back again he sank down into a chair, exclaiming, "I cannot meet that old man! My heart fails me when I think that Ralph was the only relation he had in the world—the only being he ever seemed to love. Will none of you go with me?"

"I will go with you," said Grace.

"You child!" was the general exclamation. But finding that, although little could be hoped from her assistance, she was in reality more willing than any of the party, it was at last agreed that she should accompany her cousin, though not without many earnest charges from him, that she would neither shriek, nor faint, nor trouble him with any of her childish imprudence.

"No, dear George," said she with such trembling meekness, that he could but cease to chide her—"I will be very, very quiet. You shall never have to find fault with me in this way again."

"Come then," said Falkland. "For once I will lean on your arm, instead of you on mine; and, if you like, Grace, I will tell you as we go, all the particulars of this melancholy story, in order that when any one asks for them, you may be able to tell it yourself, and thus spare me the pain. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes; only I am afraid I shall not be able to repeat it."

"Nonsense! You should nerve yourself to these duties. It is difficult to you, think what it must be to me, who have still his death-grasp on my person; his last moan in my ear; his—
What ails you, Grace? You are cold, child. The morning air is too sharp for you. Here, take this shawl, for they have given me more than I can bear; and you have no bonnet. What a foolish girl you are!"

Grace made no reply; but her teeth absolutely chattered; while the ghastliness of her countenance gave her cousin fresh cause to think that the gray dawn of morning, now spreading over earth and sea, was too cold in its autumnal chill for the delicate frame of his companion, and he drew her closer to his side, and held her hand in his, with a brotherly tenderness, for her bodily comfort, which he had been less ready to feel for that of her mind.

"There," said Falkland, for he had already commenced his story, "it was just in the direction of that stunted tree, half-way between the first point and the river, that Kennedy first fell from his horse. Look, Grace. Why, you are actually turning towards the land. Have you forgotten in which direction lies the sea?"

"I am looking," said Grace. "At least, I will look if I can, but the wind blows so fiercely." And she shaded her eyes with her hand, while her cousin went on with his story.

Long before he had concluded the melancholy detail, which to a less interested auditor would have been sufficiently distressing, they found themselves before the humble home of Kennedy's father.

(To be Continued.)

National Temperance Society.

The anniversary meeting of this institution was held on Monday night at Exeter Hall. The spacious building was filled with an enthusiastic assembly of teetotalers. On the platform we observed many members of the Society of Friends, dissenting ministers, and other influential gentlemen. In addition to the chairman (Joseph J. Gurney Esq.) there were on the platform, J. S. Buckingham, Esq.; J. W. Alexander, Esq.; L. Heyworth, Esq. (Liverpool); Captain Trotter; S. C. Hall, Esq.; J. D. Bassot, Esq. (Leighton Buzzard); W. Cash, Esq.; Dr. Oxley; Dr. Lovell; W. Janson, Esq.; Samuel Bowley, Esq. (Gloucester,) &c. &c.

The secretary, Mr. Compton, read a number of letters from various well-known advocates of temperance who were unable to attend, and then submitted the third annual report of the society, in which was introduced a letter from Father Mathew, addressed to the secretary, and reporting the progress of the cause in Ireland. After recording the devout thankfulness of the committee to God for the success which had attended their efforts, the committee proceeded to state that, common observation confirmed the reports received from all parts of the United Kingdom, that intemperance is steadily diminishing; and that, whilst the habits of the middle and upper ranks of society have undergone a very decided change for the better, the drinking usages which have long tyrannised over the mechanic and labouring man are also in some measure giving way. The most important feature in the operations of the past year has been the institution of the Metropolitan Temperance Mission. Whatever might be done through the influence of public meetings, it was evident that thousands of the most degraded victims of intemperance never came within their reach; that misery and demoralisation existed in the dark courts and alleys of London to an extent that few are aware of, and of a kind and degree too revolting to be described. To meet these fearful evils, to carry the sound of temperance and hope to the haunts of misery and vice, and, whilst continuing to watch over the progress of the cause in all parts of the country, to devote the society's chief resources, where they seemed to be most required, in the great metropolis, an organised system of domiciliary visitation was set on foot, and which has been already attended with results far exceeding anything the committee had ventured to anticipate. The following is an extract from the missionaries' report:—

"The missionary, on visiting the inmates of one house, found them to be sober, industrious, and careful people. Indolent habits appear to prevail amongst the females; their habitations are dirty and unwholesome; and some of the rooms do not appear to have been swept for weeks. Fondness for gossip, and the excitement of the gin-shop, seem the prevailing passion. 'In all the visits I have made,' says one missionary, 'I can recollect but six cases in which the females have been found engaged in needlework.' Household wretchedness is a striking feature in the picture; and the furniture and useful articles are often at the pawn-broker's. The furniture of one family visited consisted of a few broken chairs, an old deal table, besides a few useless articles; they had possessed good furniture and wearing apparel, but it had been all pledged. The husband was a drunkard. In another instance, a female sold the whole of her furniture for drink, and lived in an entirely empty room; and a whole family had not a bed for two years from the same cause, though in both these cases the parties were in constant employment. A family, where the husband had been in the receipt of a comfortable income, was visited by a missionary; the wife was found sitting on the hearth; there was no chair in the room. She said they had pawned or sold all their furniture; their bed and wearing apparel were gone, and she had not even a change of linen. Pointing to a bundle of rags in the corner of the room, on which a child was lying, she said, 'That is all the bed we have for ourselves and our children, and it is all through my husband's drinking.' In a court consisting of sixty families it could only be ascertained that four families attended a place of worship, and that only eight possessed the Scriptures. Out of 2182 families visited by one missionary, 1218 make no professions of religion, and 962 are without Bibles. Some of the families visited appear to be well acquainted with the objects of this society, but in the majority of instances the case is otherwise. Three-fourths require to be taught the first principles, and much misconception exists on the subject. It is, however, encouraging to find that the working classes, with but few exceptions, seem willing to receive information and advice. A feeling of interest in the cause is also awakening amongst the upper classes. A few days ago a nobleman, with a relative, paid a special visit to a person who had

been induced to sign the pledge, with a wish to obtain information as to his views and experience. His lordship, having put a variety of questions, expressed his approval, and his desire to advance the progress of the cause."

Nine Missionaries had visited 20,945 families, obtained 1953 signatures to the pledge, 577 of whom were drunkards, and distributed 30,962 Tracts.

On the conclusion of the report, The Chairman, in a long speech, advocated the principles of the society, and set forth the benefits resulting from temperance habits and abstinence from strong drinks.

Mr J. S. Buckingham, in a long and able speech, moved the following resolution:—

"That this meeting desires to express its gratitude to the Author of all good, for the measure of success which has already attended the advocacy of temperance, both in this country, in America, and in other lands."

Mr. S. C. Hall having seconded the resolution, it was carried unanimously.

The Rev. Jabez Burns proposed the second resolution:—

"That this meeting regards it as of vast moment, as tending to promote the great objects of the society, that arrangements be made with the different country associations and local societies for securing more extended returns of the statistics of intemperance in this kingdom and throughout the world."

Mr. Burns ably advocated the cause of the society, and pressed its claims upon the attention of all classes of the community. He urged especially upon teetotalers the duty of expressing their gratitude by giving liberally of their substance to advance the cause of temperance.

Mr. L. Heyworth, of Liverpool, thought that total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks was of the utmost importance to the community. He had now, for many years, entirely abstained from their use, and he found himself in every way bettered thereby.

Dr. Oxley briefly supported the resolution, which was then put by the chairman and carried.

Mr. Vincent, on presenting himself to move the next resolution, was received with repeated cheers. The resolution he submitted was as follows:—

"That the social and domestic condition of the industrious classes, and especially the drinking usages of society, and those connected with trade, are powerful obstacles to the spread of temperance; and that the metropolitan mission and other similar efforts are eminently calculated to remove these obstacles, and deserve the warm support of every friend of moral and national improvement."

He urged the uprooting of all those customs which are the bulwarks of intemperance, and called upon all the friends of education, of social improvement, and of human progress, to lend their aid in the efforts now making to exterminate this frightful evil, and thus promote the happiness and peace of the people. The Temperance Society, he said, was a levelling one: not, however, by bringing down those who are exalted, but by raising up the degraded and fallen.

Mr. Gurney being obliged to leave, he introduced Mr. Isaac Collins, of Philadelphia, as a distinguished friend of temperance in the United States, who occupied the chair during the remainder of the proceedings.

Mr. Collins briefly addressed the meeting, stating, that at no former period had so much progress been made in this cause as during the past year, throughout the States.

The Rev. Wm. McKerrow of Liverpool, seconded the resolution in an able speech. A juvenile association had been formed, and he was happy to say there were at least 250 children who were members, and they understood and loved their principles. He contended that not only had we a perfect right to abstain, but that it was our duty to do so as Christian men. It was incumbent on Christians to use every means to diminish evil and benefit mankind.

Mr. Livesey came from the birthplace of teetotalism—Preston. He was one of the first who signed the pledge, and had now been a water-drinker for fourteen years. The society had not been patronised by royalty, or enforced by Acts of Parliament; yet how glorious had been its triumphs. This strikingly exhibits the force of truth. He believed that greater achievements were yet to be made; let, then, teetotalers be true to their principles.

Mr. W. Logan (Late of Glasgow) moved the fourth resolution:—

"That the use of intoxicating liquors is the chief cause of the poverty, ignorance, disease, and crime which afflict our land; that the encouragement given by the Legislature to the manufacture

and sale of these liquors, and especially the Sunday drinking is attended with the most disastrous results; and that a deep responsibility rests on the friends of temperance to petition Parliament for an alteration of the law in reference thereto."

He quoted some returns just furnished by the respective superintendents of Glasgow, Gorbals, Calton, and Anderston police establishments, showing the number of persons brought before the magistrates in the course of 1844:—"In Glasgow," says Captain Wilson, "there were 10,736 prisoners, of whom 7775 were males, and 2961 were females; and of these 2035 males and 1037 females were drunk on the streets; 1596 men and 839 women were drunk and disorderly," giving a total of 5507 cases of intemperance. "In Gorbals (the following are the returns for 1841) there were," says Captain Richardson, "5013 prisoners, of whom 1076 men and 447 females were drunk and disorderly; 520 men and 266 females were drunk on the streets," giving a total of 2309 drunken cases. "In Calton, there were 2082 prisoners, of whom 996 were charged with disorderly conduct, or assaults committed when the parties were intoxicated. Many of the other cases," adds Captain Smart, "were also caused by drunkenness." "In Anderston," says Captain McKay, "there were 1368 prisoners of whom 449 men and 102 females were drunk and disorderly; 178 men and 44 women were drunk on the streets; 171 men and 85 women were riotous and fighting"—thus giving upwards of 2000 drunken cases out of the whole number, 1368. By adding together the prisoners who were tried at the Glasgow police-court with those of the three suburban districts, it gives a grand total of 19,199, of whom 8841 were charged with being drunk and disorderly, or, what is still more appalling, drunk on the streets.

The number of persons brought to the Edinburgh police-court in 1844, was 11,150, of whom 4895 were charged with intemperance. Mr. J. Smith, governor of the same prison, writes as follows to Dr. Menzies, August, 1844:—"The number of commitments to this prison for drunkenness, disorderly conduct, and assaults caused by drunkenness, during the year ending June last, was 3325 being an increase over the year ending June, 1843, of 126 cases. This number, appallingly great as it truly is, by no means indicates the amount of commitments caused by drunkenness."

The resolution having been seconded, and several other speakers addressed the meeting, the proceedings were terminated about eleven o'clock.

The amount collected during the evening was upwards of 50*l.*, in addition to a donation of 50*l.* from the chairman (J. J. Gurney, Esq.,) and several other liberal donations.

The Drunkard's Wife.

[By Elisha Burrit, the Learned Blacksmith.]

There are new developments of human character, which, like the light of distant stars, are yet to visit the eye of man, and operate upon human society. Ever since the image of the God-head was first sketched in Eden, its great Author and angels have been painting upon it; men have tread their hands upon it; influences, like the incessant breath of heaven, have left each its line upon the canvass; still the finishing-stroke of the pencil will not be accomplished until the last lingering survivor of 'the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds,' is changed in the twinkling of an eye.

The hemisphere of the present age is studded all over with such pearls and 'patines of bright gold,' as never shone before in the heavens of the human soul. In these latter days, the waves of time have washed up from depths that angels never fathomed, 'gems of purer light serene,' than were ever worn before in the crown of man. We are now but half way advanced in a new circle of human society. The race is but just emerging from the long reaching shadows of an iron age, and coming out into the starlight and sunlight of new influences. If, as we are assured, scores of new stars have taken rank with the heavenly host during the last two centuries, stars brighter than they, have, in the same period, kindled up new lights in the moral firmament. Influential woman is a being of scarcely two centuries. Up to that period, and almost hitherto, her influences have fallen upon human character and society, like the feeble rays of a rising winter's sun upon polar fields of ice. But HER sun is reaching upward. There is a glorious meridian to which she shall as surely come, as to-morrow's rising sun shall reach his, in our natural heavens. What man will be, when she shall shine upon him then and thence, we are unable to define; but we can find an anticipation from the influences of her dawning rays. Her morning light has gilded

the visions of human hope, and silvered over the night shadows of human sorrow.—There has been no depth of human misery beyond the reach of her ameliorating influence, nor any height of human happiness which she has not raised still higher. Whoever has touched at either of these extremities, or at any of their intervening points, could attest that neither height nor depth, could divert or vitiate the accents and anodynes of her love. Whether we trace the lineaments of her character in the mild twilight of her morning sun, or in the living beams of her rising day, we find that she has touched human society like an angel. It would be irreverent to her worth to say, in what walks of life she has walked most like an angel of love; in what vicissitudes, in what joys or sorrows, in what situations or circumstances, she has most signally discharged the heavenly ministrations of her mission; what ordeals have best brought out the radiance of her hidden jewels; what fruitions of earthly bliss, or furnaces of affliction, have best declared the fineness of her gold. Still there is a scene, which has escaped the 'vultures eye,' and almost every other eye, where she has cast her costliest pearls, and shown such qualities of her native character as almost merit our adoration. This scene has been allotted to the DRUNKARD'S WIFE. How she has filled this most desperate outpost of humanity, will be revealed when the secrets of human life shall be disclosed 'to more worlds than this.' When the history of hovels and of murky garrets shall be given in; when the career of the enslaved inebriate shall be told, from the first to the lowest degree of his degradation—there will be a memorial made of women, worthy of being told in heaven. From the first moment she gave up her young and hoping heart, and all its treasures, into the hand of him she loved, to the luckless hour when the charmer Wine, fastened around that loved one all the serpent spells of its sorcery, down through all the crushing of her young-born hopes—through years of estrangement and strange insanity—when harsh unkindness bit at her heartstrings with an adder's tooth—thence down through each successive depth of disgrace and misery; through all these scenes a halo of divinity has gathered around her, and stirred her to angel-deeds of love. When the maddened victim tried to cut him adrift from the sympathy and society of God and man, she has clung to him and held him to her heart 'with hooks of steel.' And when he was cast out all defiled with his leprous pollution—when he was reduced to such a *thing* as the beasts of the field would bellow at—there was one who still kept him throned in her heart of hearts; who could say over the fallen, drivelling creature—'Although you are nothing to the world, you are all the world to me.' When the awful insanity of the drunkard set in upon him, with all its fiendish shapes of torture; while he lay writhing beneath the scorpion-stings of the fiery phantasies and furies of *delirium tremens*,—there was woman by his side, enslaved with all the attributes of her loveliness. There was her tearful, love-beaming eye, that never dimmed but with tears when the black spirits were at him. There she stood alone, and in lone hours of night, to watch his breathings, with her heart braced with the omnipotence of love. No! brute as he was, not a tie which her young heart had thrown around him in his bright days, had ever given way, but had grown stronger as he approached the nadir of his degradation! And if he sank into that dark, hopeless grave, she enswathed him in her broken heart, and laid it in his coffin; or if some mighty angel's arm or voice brought him up from the grave of drunkenness, he came forth, Lazarus-like, bound fast and for ever within the ceremonies of her deathless affection.

Such is her sceptre; such are the cords which she throws around the wayward and wandering, and leads him back to virtue and to heaven, saying, as she gives him in—'Here am I, and he whom Thou givest me.'

Art of Healing without Alcohol.

[By H. Mudge, Esq., Surgeon, Bodmin.]

EXPERIENCE AS MEDICAL OFFICER UNDER THE POOR-LAW.

Some statements contained in my former papers having been set down as made without good authority, I will, spite of the unpleasantness of writing about self, endeavor to show, as I have done before, that I have sufficient grounds on which to rest my claims to be heard. For four years, I have practised as a medical officer of the Bodmin Poor-law Union; during two of those years, my district extended over an area of many thousand acres, containing a population of 860, and included the Work-

house, the inmates of which were usually about 100. At present, owing to the latest regulations of the Poor-law Commissioners, the Union is divided into smaller medical districts.

In the year 1842, I took a lively interest in the persecution of the late William Butcher Esq., of Dunstable, surgeon; and were it not that the exposure he published gave a mortifying insight into the character of some parties whose claim to respectability was considerable I should much rejoice that he was led to collect such a mass of valuable testimony in favour of the assertion, that 'all curable diseases can be cured without the use of intoxicating drinks.' Time rolls on, confirming the view he took; and I am sanguine enough to hope, that, ere long, fermented and distilled liquors will be expunged from the *Materia Medica*, and that we shall come back to the *Febri-fugum Magnum*, PURE WATER. For the sake of making myself understood, I would advert to two points wherein I think the teetotal surgeon, practising amongst the poor, has decided advantage over the one who prescribes intoxicating drinks. 1, In point of morality. 2, In more excellent medical treatment.

1.—As to morality: what is the chief cause of our having paupers at all? Testimony too plain to be successfully contradicted, answers—*The use of alcoholic drinks, not to say their abuse.* Can it be otherwise in this land of competition and cheapness, than that while one hundred millions of pounds sterling are drained annually from the pockets of the people for a useless and demoralising article, and its evil consequences, thousands of them should be so injured in their circumstances as to sink into poverty? *Not the poverty of drunkenness, only; no, but the poverty of moderate drinking also;* for if we estimate the cost of the intoxicating drinks at £55,000,000 each year (which is about the mark,) and the number of drunkards at 60,000, who spend, say 1s. a day each, we shall find that, while drunkenness costs £41,000,000, moderate drinking takes £14,000,000 a year to support it! Armed with this statement, the teetotal surgeon explains matters a little to the laboring classes; many of them have their eyes opened, and are stopped on their downward road! Again, the teetotaler, by his practice, demonstrates in the house, and before the eyes of the family of the afflicted, the inutility of alcoholic drinks; and thus turning away people's minds from them, keeps back victims from the public-house.

The moral influence of 'the family doctor' is great, especially amongst the poor; and when he uses his influence to point out wasteful expenditure, and to teach the value of a penny, he is sure to do good. Thus in a restricted sense the teetotaler may be said to 'point to brighter worlds, and lead the way.'

What better way there is to preserve honest industry from pauperism, than by stopping the useless outlay for alcoholic drinks and for tobacco, and turning it into the useful channel of providing for a future day, I know not; and seeing that parents, schoolmasters, and even ministers of religion, care little or nothing about inculcating the lesson, I feel it my duty, as I find it my delight, to assist in supplying the deficiency, in my intercourse with the sick poor.

II.—The practice of physic without alcoholic drinks I have found to be the better plan in the diseases most common to the poor. They are most subject to rheumatic affections, from insufficient changes of raiment; to typhoid fevers, from want of cleanliness; and to serofulous diseases, from unnutritious food: yet each of these classes is admirably disposed of without spirituous drinks. The common-sense remedies would seem to be flannel, fresh air and water, and sound bread and meat for diet; and in the use of these I have found every reason to be satisfied, the cure being not accomplished, but assisted, with a little Plummer's pill, or rhubarb, myrrh, iron, and so on.

The opinions of official parties may be gathered from the following testimonial. I might add, that on the score of expenditure also, the teetotal surgeon has the decided pre-eminence:—

"Mr. H. Mudge, of Bodmin, surgeon, &c., has been engaged for four years as medical officer of certain large districts of the Bodmin Poor-law Union, during which time he has not been in the habit of ordering spirituous and fermented liquors for the sick poor. As far as we know Mr. Mudge's patients have not been longer on the sick-list than those of other surgeons; and no complaint has ever been made by either the guardian on the one side, or the poor on the other, of the plan that has been pursued in giving orders for extras in cases where they have been deemed necessary.

"Clerk to the Guardians of the Bodmin Union.

"JACOB THOMAS, Relieving Officer.

Father Matthew in Waterford.

On Saturday, about 4 o'clock, p. m. this heaven-sent benefactor of the human race arrived in our city. He was met on his way by Mr. P. J. Murphy, our local Vice-President, and conveyed into town by private carriage. Owing to a feeling on the part of the leading teetotalers, the arrival of Father Matthew was not a public one, yet many of the most ardent of his disciples, whom no arrangement could stay, met him, and greeted him as he came in. Then, when the carriage came into the Manor, the procession thickened, and proceeded along the quay, where every flag was flying, arrived at Little George's-street, and stopped at the residence of the Lord Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Foran. That the Very Rev. Apostle needed some rest then, after starting from Cork at half-past three o'clock in the morning, all will allow, and when he went into the Bishop's house, the crowd politely dispersed, knowing that the great and good man would be at his herculean labours on the next day. Several hands came to salute him during the evening.

The next day he was not long inactive. Shortly after the Rev. Mr. Kier had taken away the Blessed sacrament, attended by acholytics with tapers, Father Mathew again made his appearance to speak to the people as teetotalers. From the outer rail of the sanctuary he exhorted the people to be firm to the pledge of Temperance—and to take it from him there if they had been so unfortunate as to break it.

He detailed many anecdotes confirmatory of the temperance cause, and amongst the rest he described the fatal case of drunkenness which occurred in Cork lately. A Mrs. Murphy, afflicted with asthma, was ordered by a pledge-hating medical man to drink Drogheda ale. She did so for a week—it was poison for the inflammation in the chest, and she dropped dead in the shop of a public house. She was carried home like a dead pig. He need not tell, he said, what St. Paul had pronounced of the eternal fate of the drunkard—the drunkard shall never see God: He completely denounced (with more determination than heretofore), the interference of medical men with temperance, and said they had no right to order any person to drink, contrary to the pledge. He told another anecdote of a respectable woman he met lately who was formerly a publican. She said a man called into her shop and asked for a tumbler of punch. She knew him to be a teetotaler, and she asked him if he were not one? "I am," said he, "but I am going to break the pledge." "You shall not do it in my house," said the respectable and honest woman. She is now in another business, having given up the public house. He cautioned the people against cider, cordials &c. These were fermented liquors, and should be avoided by all true teetotalers. He told an anecdote of a woman who in her hatred of cider refused to eat even a raw apple. After preaching a second sermon, which was quite, surprising on account of his former labours in the pulpit, he then came into the body of the church, and administered the pledge for two hours—pronouncing the words in English and Irish before the people. The Bishop watched the salutary proceedings with delight from the sanctuary, no doubt gladdened at the wonders which the Apostle was working on his lordship's flock. He touched the forehead of all signing them with the sign of the Cross. At four o'clock he was taken away by the clergy, without any appearance of fatigue, after his many hours of hard intellectual and physical exertion. There was no end to the number of postulants. He dined that day at the Bishop's, where many of the clergymen met him.

MONDAY.

Thousands upon thousands poured in to take the pledge. Until near five o'clock the church was one continued scene of incoming, kneeling, and retiring people. And we observed that the rich lady was not ashamed to come forward—that the gentleman, too, was not so much afraid of temperance as he used to be. Very many ladies and gentlemen took the pledge. Alexander Sherlock, Esq., of Killaspy, and his lady, came to take their leave of the Apostle. Mr. Sherlock took the pledge. Our worthy Mayor, Sir B. Morris Wall, rendered every assistance in his power. Several respectable citizens who were loudest in their praise of strong drink before, now took the pledge. In fact the whole man was irresistible. The smile, the energy, the ease, grace and sweetness of disposition which characterises the Apostle drew all. No one, but a veteran in the love of liquor, could oppose the sacred smiles of the good man. The people flew to him all eager to touch him; cripples and sick persons were brought to him that he might bless them. It was a victory for Temperance, surpassing almost the

first visit. It is an untruth that the people are only impulsive—surely they had time to cool on their impulse since the 12th of December, 1839. It is not impulse but—determination. At least Twenty Thousand took the pledge. This county, the counties of Wexford and Kilkenny; Carrick, Ross, and the neighbouring towns, sent in their tribute, and one might say that as much as the population of Waterford (30,000) attended, and professed themselves teetotalers. Well may Father Matthew go from our city—the *Urbs Inaeta*—with delight, for he did as much good as would sweep away nearly the evils of centuries, by his visit.

THE SOIREE

was held in the Great Room, Town Hall, a place sacred to national festivals. Temperance banners graced the room, and wreaths of evergreens gracefully curled round the pillars of the orchestra, and the ornaments of the building. The tables were arranged with taste and judgement, and the whole scene was brilliantly lighted—Beautiful ladies, and many of the simple and graceful daughters and wives of the hamlet classes, were in the orchestra, and seated at the table, presenting as fine a specimen of Irish beauty and virtue as heart could be gladdened with. There was altogether about five hundred persons present.—*Chronicle.*

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE TORONTO TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY.

This meeting was held in Knox's Church, Richmond Street, on Friday evening, the 30th of May, 1845. The Rev. James Richardson presided. The chairman, in an appropriate and argumentative speech, stated and defended the objects of the Society, and called upon those who professedly wished to stop the progress of intemperance, but objected to the means adopted by the Society, to propose means better adapted to the end, and he would abandon the Society, and unite with them. The report was then read by the Secretary; it stated that the number of the names added to the Society through the past year was above 300; it recommended the employment of new and more energetic measures: to reach classes in the community not yet acted upon; and referred to the loss the Society had sustained in the removal from the city of its long-tryed President—Jesse Ketchum, Esq.

The Rev. Adam Lillie moved the adoption of Report. In his speech he referred particularly to the state of the cause amongst the military in the new Barracks, as noticed in the Report, and spoke of the great moral result that might be expected to follow, if Temperance principles were generally introduced into the British Army, who, as they are constantly changing their position, are consequently carrying the force of their influence and example to the outmost bounds of the British Empire.

The Rev. J. Roaf moved the second resolution:—

"That the Temperance Reformation, so far from being in any manner or degree, inimical to pure and undefiled religion, is eminently adapted to remove many stumbling blocks which now retard the progress of Christianity, that therefore, it is incumbent on Christians to connect themselves with it, whatever temporary worldly sacrifice may appear to be involved in such a step."

The Rev. gentleman, as did other speakers, noticed the objection urged by Christians who stood aloof from the Society, that its object was to point out another way to Heaven than that made known in the Scriptures, and to effect more for the drunkard by it, than could be done by the preaching of the cross. But this, both for himself and the Society, he utterly disavowed. To show the tremendous consequences of intemperance, he stated that those who annually die of this disease in England alone, would cover a space of forty acres with their bloated remains!

The Rev. Dr. Burns moved the third resolution:—

"That the members of this Society do not wholly redeem their pledge, if they withhold personal effort to promote the cause; and that the blessings of the Temperance Reformation will never be universally enjoyed, until the great body of the Temperance men are decided in the practice, advocacy and support of their Temperance principles."

The Rev. Dr. made it clear that it was only by individual exertion, and combined effort by means of the Society, that the community could be influenced, and that public opinion thus

formed, would reach and affect those who grant licences for the sale of liquors. He said that one great cause of the progress of intemperance, was the facility with which licenses could be obtained, and consequently the points of temptation multiplied; he observed that in Scotland, all that was necessary for obtaining a license, was a certificate from the Minister and one of the Elders, as to the character of the applicant, and in default of this, that of two respectable householders would suffice; and he stated that there never was an instance in Scotland, of any individual, unless he was sunk indeed in the lowest depths of infamy, failing to obtain for this purpose, the names of two respectable householders!

The Office Bearer and Committee for the ensuing year, were then proposed by A. T. McCord, Esquire.

The Hon. R. B. Sullivan, President; The Rev'ds. J. Roaf, J. Richardson, J. Harris, H. Wilkinson, A. Lillie, and Jesse Ketchum, Esq., Vice Presidents; and a Committee of twenty-four names.

A collection was taken up, and the meeting was closed with prayer, by Dr. Burns, who then appended his name to the list of members of the Society.

It is a gratifying circumstance, and it will be a source of heartfelt pleasure to thousands, that Dr. Burns, the Pastor of the Free Presbyterian Congregation of this City, and Principal of the Theological Institute of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, should immediately upon his arrival in the country, give in his adhesion to the cause of Total Abstinence, and promise hearty co-operation in it. May he realize all the results he anticipates from this important step; and soon may the Church with which he is connected, to her other Christian protests, add one against the drinking customs of Society, which have so long devastated, not merely the world, but the Churches of the living God,
Toronto, 2nd June, 1845.

The Temperance cause is still progressing in Sherbrooke. At a meeting of the Society held on Saturday evening last, the names of 156 members were added to the list, making 650 in all. In addition to the above, there is a Society connected with the Roman Catholic Church, which numbers 150 Teetotalers, and as many more on the Temperate pledge. And we may add, that Mr. B. C. Eaton has cleared his store of intoxicating drinks, and will hereafter conduct it upon the temperance principle.

PROGRESS OF TEETOTALISM.—We are happy to find that Total Abstinence principles are about being introduced into the various Sunday Schools in the Parish of Portland. It is very desirable that the plan should be extensively adopted. We would not recommend, however, that the younger children who are in the habit of attending these places of religious instruction, should be persuaded, or even permitted to take the pledge. On Thursday evening last, we attended a meeting of the Teachers and children belonging to the Sunday School establishment of St. Luke's Church, called together for the purpose of organizing a Juvenile Total Abstinence Society. The Meeting was pretty numerously attended. Several appropriate addresses were delivered by Teachers and others, after which one hundred and twelve names were subscribed to the pledge. The choice of officers was deferred to another occasion.—We hope Sabbath Schools of this City will follow the example.—*St. John's Telegraph.*

Mr. Gough has, during the month, addressed several large meetings at Boston, Lowell, Newburyport, &c. A liquor dealer has been prosecuted by him for reporting that he violated his pledge by drinking beer in his shop—confessed the entire falsehood of his report, and paid expenses; whereupon Mr. Gough withdrew the suit.

MR. GOUGH AT LOWELL.—We understand that the lecture of Mr. Gough at the City Hall in Lowell, on Friday evening of last week, was so fully attended that multitudes could not gain admittance. The aisles and every other spot where a foot could be obtained, were crowded with interested listeners. We know of no place where Mr. Gough's services are more needed, or where his influence would be more beneficial. We hope he will revisit that city soon, and gain many trophies to the temperance cause from the ranks of the young.—*Boston paper.*

WALES.—At the Calvinistic Conference, held at Ruthin, in the county of Denbigh, five young men were examined and received into the bonds of the community as ministers of the Gospel: previous to their final receipt the question, "Are you total abstiners from all intoxicating drinks?" was asked, which was answered by them all in the affirmative. This body of Christians have taken the glorious cause of genuine temperance up as becometh

their character, and that from a sense of duty to God and man. The number of these chapels throughout Wales is about 750, all open to the total abstinence cause. The number of their members about 416, all total abstainers with but very scrupling exemptions. Their deacons number about 2000, and their church members 54,100, who as a host in general are nearly all teetotallers.

Our church at Rhyl numbers about 100 communicants, all firm teetotallers, and we have not had one case of backsliding through the cursed thing now for upwards of eight years. The Wesleyans at Rhyl are also warm in the cause, as are also the Independents, especially their minister, the Rev. Stephen S. Davis. We have in this neighborhood upwards of 40 reclaimed drunkards, 10 of whom have joined the people of God, and two have been elected deacons. Blessed be God for such a light upon the dangerous nature of the Devil's streams, with the liquid of which he turned the wheel of corruption to grind the merits and happiness of man into dust.

JOHN JONES.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FRUITS OF TEMPERANCE.—There are now living in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, two men, carrying on business, who, six years ago, were day laborers, picking up odd jobs on the Quayside and elsewhere, and spending their earnings in intemperance. They "took the pledge." In a short time they had amassed a capital of *one pound sterling*. With this they purchased a few loads of potatoes, to sell by retail. Their enterprise and industry prospered. They took a storehouse for their goods—chiefly potatoes; and they have now four or five hundred pounds in the bank, and are profitably engaged in trade. Nor is this their greatest achievement. They have acquired health of body and of mind, and learnt the lesson of self-help and independence.

CAPTAIN COOK.—The testimony of Captain Cook, in reference to the New Zealanders, is exceedingly valuable and instructive. It is evident that we have not so much to boast of, over them, as we sometimes imagine.

"One circumstance peculiarly worthy of notice, is the perfect and uninterrupted health of the inhabitants of New Zealand. In all the visits made to their towns, where old and young, men and women, crowded about our voyagers, they never observed a single person who appeared to have any bodily complaint; nor among the numbers that were seen naked, was once perceived the slightest eruption upon the skin, or the least mark which indicated that such an eruption had formerly existed. Another proof of the health of these people is the facility with which the wounds they at any time receive are healed. In the man who had been shot with the musket-ball through the fleshy part of his arm, the wound seemed so well digested, and in so fair a way of being perfectly healed, that if Mr. Cook had not known that no application had been made to it, he declared that he should certainly have inquired, with a very interested curiosity, after the vulnerary herbs and surgical art of the country. An additional evidence of human nature's being untainted with disease in New Zealand, is the great number of old men with whom it abounds. Many of them, by the loss of their hair and teeth, appeared to be very ancient, and yet none of them were decrepid. Although they were not equal to the young in muscular strength, they did not come in the least behind them with regard to cheerfulness and vivacity. Water, as far as our navigators could discover, is the universal and only liquor of the New Zealanders."

No doubt these remarkable results are, as Timothy Claxton justly observes, partly to be attributed to their plentiful use of water *outside as well as in*.—*Scotch paper*.

A WORD TO THE STRUGGLING CLASSES.—With respect to Intemperance, as a cause in itself for depressed circumstances, a very fearful tale can be told. A few facts on this subject, will be sufficient to give an idea of the enormous expenditure on liquors of an intoxicating nature.

According to returns issued by the Excise, the following quantity of spirits were entered for home consumption in 1843:—British spirits, 20,642,333 gallons; Foreign spirits, 3,464,074 gallons—total 24,106,407 gallons, which would cost the public at least, £30,000,000. So much for spirits! Now for malt liquor.—It appears that the brewers in 1841 used 3,686,063 quarters of malt, which, I learn from a person skilled in those matters, would produce 10,765,352 barrels of porter, stout ale, and beer. Tak-

ing these at an average price, they would altogether cost the public not less a sum than £25,000,000. Of wines, it is calculated that 7,000,000 gallons are consumed annually, costing the public about £10,000,000. Altogether the sums spent in the United Kingdom on intoxicating liquors of one kind or another amounts to sixty-five millions of pounds sterling annually, or considerably more than the whole revenue of the country. In all probability, thirty out of the sixty-five millions are spent by the working, at all events the struggling, classes.

We have here a very fearful picture of intemperance. The money spent, the time lost, the health deranged, the morals deteriorated, and the universal poverty and misery created, are not all the evils produced. We must take into account what social benefits are forfeited. The breadth of land devoted to the growing of grain to be employed in making porter, ale, beer, and spirits, is incalculable; and if it were employed in producing food we should most likely have bread at half its present price. As much grain is made into malt as the whole annual importation of foreign grain. In short without going further into this monster evil, we may be well assured that intemperance alone, independently of everything else, is a grand cause of general distress, and that if we could remove that, the condition of the working classes would rise under every difficulty, and they would enjoy a degree of comfort of which they have as yet had no experience.—*Chambers Miscellany*.

THE DANGER OF MODERATE DRINKING.—"When stationed in the city of Bath (writes Mr. Fowler), I was introduced to an aged man, whom I understood to have been intimate with Mr. Wesley, and once a useful local preacher. We entered into conversation about Mr. Wesley's times, when, among other things, he observed, 'On one occasion, when Mr. Wesley dined with me, after dinner, as usual, I was preparing a little brandy and water. On perceiving this, with an air of surprise he cried, What! my brother; what's that? Do you drink spirits? It is brandy, said I; my digestion is so bad, I am obliged to take a little after dinner. How much do you take, said he; let me see? Only about a table-spoonful. Truly, said he, that is not much; but one spoonful will soon lose its effects, and then you will take two; from two you will get to a full glass, and that, in like manner, by habituating yourself to it, will lose its effect, and then you will take two glasses and so on, till, in the end, perhaps, you will become a drunkard. Oh, my brother, take care what you do!' Happy had it been for that man, if he had taken the timely warning of his good friend Wesley. But, alas! he trifled with his *little drops*, until he actually did become a drunkard, ruined his reputation, and at the time I had the interview with him, he was a poor, old, miserable backslider, apparently within a few steps of the grave."—*Rev. John Wesley. A. M.*

DR. ROBINSON vs. THE CLERGY.—Dr. Robinson, the theatrical temperance performer, we suppose, in a late address at Springfield, Mass., said:—"That of late it would appear that clergymen were not only apparently averse to the Washingtonian movement, but were almost antagonistical. That this appeared more distinctly in their growing coldness for the last year, and even the last few months. That a crisis was approaching, when the fact of their ill feeling or repugnance towards the temperance movement, would be seen and understood by the community, to the injury of their otherwise just influence." Now, if it should appear upon examination that the aversion of the clergy was to the doctor's theatricals, it might exempt them in some degree from the charge of hostility to Washingtonianism. Or, if it was to some of the peculiarities of Massachusetts Washingtonianism, that might exempt them from the charge of hostility to temperance. The crying evil of the day is that individuals set themselves up as the *Simon Pures* of temperance, and then denounce every body as opposed to the cause who do not go with them. We do not believe—we know, that, with the exception of the Episcopal Church and a few (and some of them we acknowledge, prominent men), in some other churches—there is not a body of men that, in principal and practice, are more true teetotallers than the clergy of the United States. By such sweeping declarations as the above, temperance lecturers are doing their cause no good, but a most serious injury.—*Jour. Am. Tem. Union*.

THE SWALLOW.—The committee of the New York Senate, which were appointed to investigate this sad affair recommended that no spirituous liquor be henceforth carried on board the river boats, but we believe there was no action of the legislature upon it. It is time there should be.

DELAVER HOUSE, ALBANY.—Eminent success seems ever to attend M. Delavan in his Cold Water enterprise. His magnificent Hotel, five stories high, and extending 386 feet on Broadway and two other streets, is nearly completed. In the course of building, pipes were extended to all parts of the house, with the expectation that sufficient water might be obtained from the city water-works. But, disappointed in this source, Mr. D. resorted to the experiment of boring; and by a rare hit, at the depth of only twenty-five feet, a stratum of coarse sand was struck, from which gushed up a spring of the softest pure water affording about 25,000 gallons per day—which, by appropriate apparatus, is distributed through all parts of the establishment.

The location of this House is admirable—being near the steam-boat landing, and at the junction of the various rail-roads. If well sustained by the public (and who can doubt that it will be?) it may be expected that similar houses will soon be established in all our cities.—*Am. Paper.*

A relaxed Washingtonian cut his throat a few nights since at Williamsburgh. So much for the licensed traffic.

At a recent election held in Brazoria, Texas, there was no visiting of grog shops, and the voters all exercised the right of suffrage without the aid of alcohol. The candidates were temperance men, and treating was entirely out of the question.

The number of rum shops in Portland has been reduced to forty, and the men who keep them are now designated as the "Forty Thieves."

On a certain Saturday night, a few weeks since, ten men were gathered together in a grog shop in Weston, Ct., where they spent the evening in drinking. At the end of one week from that time three of those ten men were in the drunkard's grave, having died of *dilirium tremens*. Before the conclusion of a second week, two others of the number had passed through the same dreadful ordeal, and their bodies were mouldering in the grave of the drunkard!

A miserable drunken woman died in Woodbridge, Ct., March 4th. A Coroner's inquest was summoned to declare the cause of her death. Two of this jury were rum-taverners—one a clerk in a store where spirits are freely sold,—and not one of them members of a temperance society.

A portable drunkard factory is kept on the line which divides two towns in Franklin county—so that when the keeper is beset by the temperance men in one town, by the aid of a strong team hitched to his drunks, it is twitched across the road into the other town—and so *vice versa*.

The liquors sold in the bars attached to the masquerade ball-rooms in New Orleans are drugged, to make people crazy with excitement and liberal with their money. London and Paris can hardly beat that.

Over 1800 names have been added to the Washington Society, in Hertford, Ct., since June last, making the present number 4,000.

POETRY.

The Rumseller.

Who decks his shop with dainties rare,
And spreads them round with taste and care,
To draw the young and thoughtless there?
The Rumseller.

Who, that the youth may not be seen,
Where tipplers drink destruction in,
Erects before his door a screen?
The Rumseller.

Who to entice the honest clerk,
When he's returning from his work,
Deals out his poison after dark?
The Rumseller.

Who keeps the young apprentice long,
Enticed by tales and vulgar song,
And teaches him to practice wrong?
The Rumseller.

Who causes tears like floods to flow,
From those whose children early go
To wretchedness and crime and woe?
The Rumseller.

Who chills the heart that once was kind,
The conscience sears, and makes him blind,
And fattens on the deathless mind?
The Rumseller.

Who makes the youth a hardened sot,
His life on earth a perfect blot,
And murders souls, yet feels it not?
The Rumseller.

O, who to ruin daily leads
Immortal minds—and with the seeds
Of infamy the spirit feeds?
The Rumseller.

Who should I as infection shun,
Lest I forever be undone?
That wicked and deceitful one,
The Rumseller.

There is Joy in a Thousand Hearts.

AIR—"A Life on the Ocean Wave."

There is joy in a thousand hearts,
That wept but yester eve,
For the poison fiend departs,
And our friends no longer grieve.
The temperance pledge appears,
The manual seal is set;
The hearts that sghed in tears,
Will throb their gladness yet:

CHORUS.

Then shout for the thousand hearts,
That wept but yester eve,
For the poison fiend departs,
And our friends no longer grieve.

The cup that we now cast by,
By a demon's hand was given,
It is stained by a tear and sigh,
Accursed by man and heaven.
Abroad, on land, and sea,
Our joyful shout is borne,
And our fearful enemy,
Is withered by our scorn;
Then shout for the thousand hearts, &c.

The time of peace draws near,
Which prophot lips foretold,
Even now its dawn is here,
Calm, beautiful, and bold,
Up, up in its morning ray,
Lift, lift our banner high,
Benevolence guide the way,
And temperance be our cry:
Then shout for the thousand hearts, &c.

We war with a despot king,
Usurping nature's throne,
Down, down, the tyrant fling,
Let none his sceptre own.
Then wreaths for the temperate's brow,
More bright than shine in glen,
For temperance maids bring now
Their pledge to the temperance men;
Then shout for the thousand hearts, &c.

CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor do any thing by which thy brother is made to stumble, or to fall, or is weakened."—Rom. xiv. 21—*Macnigh's Translation.*

PLEDGE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

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 DISCOURAGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY

MONTREAL, JULY 1, 1845.

We publish the following Tract—1st, Because it is evidently written by a Christian and in a candid and able manner, and touches the points which constitute the chief objection of many excellent men (particularly ministers from England and Scotland) to joining Temperance Societies. 2dly, Because it is calculated to expose and, we trust, correct some errors prevalent amongst temperance men; and lastly, Because it has been widely distributed, and therefore whatever is erroneous in it, should be clearly exhibited, in order that the temperance cause may not suffer.

OBJECTIONS TO A CHRISTIAN'S JOINING TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

My first objection to Temperance Societies—or rather to my uniting in them—is a personal one. A Temperance Society is not an association of Christians. It is composed of persons, whether believers or infidels, who "agree to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage." But I do not find I am at liberty to yoke myself with any but Christians. The exhortation, "be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," is of itself, therefore, a sufficient reason for my declining union with a Society so constituted.

I would add a word on this point. In the ordinary intercourse, and in many of the relationships, of human life, a Christian cannot avoid, unless he go "out of the world," some measure of companionship with evil men (1 Cor. v. 10.) But this is a totally different thing to being "yoked together" with them. Yoking together is defined as expressive of "fellowship," "communion," "concord," "agreement" (See 2 Cor. vi.) The figure taken is that of animals labouring beneath one yoke. The being "yoked together" with unbelievers is, therefore, by no means to be confounded with keeping company with or eating with unbelievers, as a man must do in his family or in his dealings. The latter, God tells me I cannot avoid; the former, He expressly bids me avoid.

Now, I suppose, no one will deny that when persons form themselves into a Society, they are "yoked together," and not unavoidably cast together by nature or by circumstances. Consequently a Christian before becoming a yoke-fellow, a fellow-member, is bound to ask, not only, what is the labour, but, are my fellow-labourers Christians? If the yoke beneath which I am invited is not Christ's yoke, and none but Christians can work beneath that, I am not to bear it. Whatever the object, however good, even if an object which God would have me promote, I am not to labour for it in such fellowship.

A Christian, therefore, may very simply determine whether or not he should join "Unions" and "Societies." Let him look away from the object they propose to attain, and fix his eye on his yoke-fellows, and if they are joined together by some pledge, or bond, which an unbeliever in Christ can as well take as a believer, then he may be sure that that is no place for him.

If this simple rule, furnished us by God our Father, is observed, the feet of the saints will be preserved from many a wandering, and much defilement.

It is possible that I may be asked, *why* are Christians and unbelievers so utterly unfit to be yoked together? I reply, God never gives an unwise direction; of this we may be sure. Our first question however should be, *what* has the Lord spoken? not, *why* has he said this or that? But, "If any man will do His will" (simply because it is His will), "he shall know of the doctrine."—God expects submission from His children, and then he

delights to teach them the *wisdom* of His will. Perhaps I may be able to shew in what follows, some of the reasons *why* God has bidden Christians to be yoked only with Christians.

REMARKS.

[The objection above urged to temperance societies would equally apply to all associations not requiring conversion to God, as a condition of membership; and, therefore, if well founded, would not only prevent Christians from joining in Bible, Tract, and Missionary Societies as now constituted, but from all joint stock commercial companies, such as Banks, Railways, &c., and even from all participation, whether legislatively or executively, in civil government itself, which is a society partly composed of worldly men. With such as hold these views and carry them out, it is not our business, as temperance journalists, to contend, but we do most emphatically say that they cannot consistently constitute a bar in the way of joining the temperance society, to any one who does not carry them out with regard to all other associations; to any one who does not refuse even to co-operate in an hospital for the relief of the diseased, or to join a fire company to extinguish the flames of a burning edifice, unless all concerned are believers. And even where such views are held consistently, they do not exonerate a man from the duty of doing all that he can, individually, to accomplish the object which temperance societies have in view.]

We have no objection to the explanation of 1st Cor. v. 10, and 2d Cor. vi. 14, 18; but temperance societies do not profess to bear Christ's yoke, meaning the observance of his commandments, precepts, and ordinances. If Christ's yoke, however, enjoins upon individual Christians the duty of doing good of every possible kind to the bodies as well as the souls of men, then are we justified in using combined efforts to overthrow the greatest system of pollution and destruction that curses the human family. And as regards the "wandering and defilement of saints," we think more of it has proceeded from drinking than from joining temperance societies.]

Secondly, I object, because of the nature of the testimony which God now bids His servants give to the world.

That testimony is, that human nature is hopelessly bad and corrupt; a truth which man's history under "the Law" clearly proved—that man, and the world, is in enmity and rebellion against God—that Satan is the prince of this world, the one who guides its energies, and receives its worship—that all this has been fearfully displayed in the rejection and slaying of God's blessed Son, Jesus Christ; whom God, having raised Him from the dead and seated Him in glory, will soon send forth in terrible and destructive wrath; but that notwithstanding what the world is, what it has done, and is now doing, God testifies to the world of His infinite love, as shown forth in the gift of His own Son, to die the sacrifice for sin; and that whosoever believeth in Him, whatever his sin or his desert, shall be saved. That the *sinner*, the *rebel*, the *unclean*, those over whom judgement is suspended as by a hair, may be *cleansed*, *reconciled*, *forgiven*, through *faith in the Lamb of God*.

Such is the testimony which God has now put into the lips of His servants. And two things must be kept clear and distinct by those who give it, one, the fearful condition and peril of man, the other, the *only* way by which *any* change of that condition or (escape from that peril) can be effected.

But though God sends Christians into the world, as the bearers of this solemn and blessed testimony, He by no means forbids them to do anything they consistently can to restrain the evil, or abate the suffering, they find among men. To give testimony about present salvation and coming wrath is their great errand. In season, and out of season, they are to do this. But they are unquestionably taught, by every means open to them as God's servants, to discountenance vice, and mitigate sorrow. Who that knows the heart of Him who sends them can doubt this? Still it remains true that a Christian may have a wrong way of seeking a good object proposed to him; a way, as I have before shown, contrary to God's instructions to him. But, with this limitation

as to the means by which he would seek it, I conceive that every Christian should desire the relief and moral restraint of the unbelonging world.

But how soon does a Christian learn that in endeavouring to amend a man's moral condition, that man being still without faith in Jesus, he runs imminent risk of leading that man to think that his standing in the eye of God may be improved without faith in Jesus. A very slight acquaintance with the human heart is sufficient to teach that this danger exists. Man never thinks of himself as a moral being without some thought of God, or of God's thoughts of him. And if a man gets commended by those whom he respects or fears on earth, as a better, amended man, it is contrary to the nature of his heart that he should not feel as though God had similar thoughts of him. This makes it most imperative on me, that my efforts to restrain a man's immorality should be accompanied by efforts, the most earnest and ceaseless, to show him that without faith in Christ Jesus, he is still and only a lost sinner, an enemy to God, and in peril of hell. I say, it behoves me to see to it, that no kind effort which I may make to render a man outwardly decent in his habits, shall operate against, or darken, that testimony which God has bid me deliver to him about his real state and its only remedy.

[To the foregoing extract we have no opposition to offer, but earnestly commend the sentiments contained in it to the deep and prayerful consideration of Christian teetotalers. The danger of puffing men up with self-conceit and self-confidence is very great.]

Now I by no means say that it is impossible for a Christian to do both these things without bringing them into conflict; but I do say that no Society, composed of Christians and of worldlings (even if such a Society were a right thing in itself) can by any possibility, do so. None but a Christian, one borne and taught "from above," can justly estimate the value and office of the Gospel, or the subtlety with which the human heart evades it. An unregenerate man, whatever his powers or his character, is totally incompetent for this. How then is it possible for Christians and the unconverted to labour in fellowship, in a work immediately bearing on man as a moral being, and which its warmest friends call "the Gospel's Pioneer?" What does the world know—the more refined and moral, any more than the corrupt and vicious—of the wisdom which is from above? what of the estimates and balancings of the sanctuary? what of men, what of Satan, as weighed there? How then can one to whom sovereign grace and mercy has opened all this, and whose ways are to be thereby guided, find a fitting yoke-fellow in one of the world? How can two such labour together in so delicate and important a matter as the enforcement of Temperance with full regard to the claims and testimony of the Gospel.

It is impossible. And facts abundantly prove it to be impossible. I would not wound any one, but I refrain from asking, can any Christian have watched the progress of "The Temperance Cause" without having been shocked at the ways in which it has been pressed and advocated? Generally the grand doctrines of the Gospel are openly denied—virtually this is always done. Abstinence insisted on as a qualification for Church membership, and as essential in a minister;—Temperance medals, bearing the inscription, "he that endureth to the end shall be saved;" and placards, "Temperance the true Ark;"—Temperance advocates asserting that "Regeneration consists in man's denial of his lusts," are sufficient and fearful proofs of this.

REMARKS.

[Whilst we confess and deeply deplore the improper manner in which temperance has too often been advocated, we cannot admit that the doctrines of the Gospel are generally denied by temperance men. This may be the case in some parts of England where temperance became to a great extent identified with socialism or chartism, but it is very far from being true of the United States, of Canada, of Scotland, or even of the teetotalers of England generally. Nay, we are disposed to think, that all that is valuable and likely to be permanent in the temperance cause, has been originated and chiefly promoted by Christian men, and therefore may be said to be a work of the Church, understanding that word in its Catholic sense. This does not, however, diminish the guilt of those who in any way put temperance for Christia-

nity; and we trust that on this point the language of the tract will sink into every heart.

We do not know of any one who insists upon identification with a temperance society as an essential qualification in a church member or minister, although many think that neither can consistently with these characters continue to use intoxicating drinks as a beverage. We have never seen or heard of the medals referred to, but where Scripture language or doctrines are perverted, such perversions are to be condemned by all, whether teetotalers or not.]

(To be Continued.)

TOAST DRINKING.

I saw lately in a Scotch paper, an account of a public dinner given to a clergyman who was about leaving the country, at which several clergymen attended, and at which they had several toasts. If you should happen to have an hour, when you have not a more important work on your hands, I would like to know—1st. The origin of this custom of drinking toasts, as it is often called. I do not know from what it arose, but I suspect from the character of those who are most fond of it, the circumstances usually connected with it, and its tendency to encourage intoxication—that it cannot be traced to the letter or spirit of the Bible—to the wisdom which is from above, and which is first pure, then peaceable, &c., but rather from the wisdom that is from beneath, which is sensual, carnal, and devilish, that it has been somehow introduced by him who has been hitherto the god of this world, and contrives to regulate its customs so as to answer his own ends. This custom, I think, is much more adapted to promote his cause, than an opposite one. 2nd. The meaning of toasts. At the dinner referred to, after "loyal toasts," the chairman proposed "the Free Church." Now, what was the meaning of this? I suppose it was intended as the expression of a wish for its prosperity. No doubt a good wish, or prayer. But to whom was it directed? Who can grant such a wish or prayer? It is only Christ, the only Head of the Church, who can send prosperity, and to him such a prayer ought to have been directed. And was it so? And is this the meaning of toasts: that when a number of men meet at a public feast, and have taken dinner, and begin to drink some intoxicating drink, they then all fall a praying! Are the greatest part of the company, and the circumstances in which they are met, becoming the solemnity of prayer to God; and if it be not praying, what is it? Or if not to God, to whom do they direct their wishes or prayers? Or do professed Christians and ministers conform to a custom that has no meaning, or into the meaning of which they do not inquire? 3d. Why should men's expressions of their benevolent or pious wishes be so much connected with intoxicating drink? This is another question which puzzles me. I do not know what they drank at the dinner referred to, but most readers will be ready to think that, according to the common custom, it was some kind of the drunkard's favourite drink, probably that pernicious compound called wine. Why should men, and especially Christians, and Christian ministers, begin to wish health to this or that person, or success to this or that cause when using such drinks, rather than when eating or drinking anything else? Would it not be as rational, for instance, to express such a wish or prayer at each cup of tea or coffee, as at each glass of wine? Or is it that this inspires them with more benevolence and piety than the other? Be that as it may, we know that very different feelings are excited in most men by it, as works bear witness. I fear that Christians thus acting, are going more than half-way to meet the world, and be conformed to them, which is but a poor way of being witnesses for God, to enlighten and purify the world, and gain them to

Christ. I fear this part of their conduct counteracts other parts which are designed and also adapted to gain the wicked. Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind.—OMICRON.

[We believe that the custom of wishing healths over a cup of liquor comes from our rude Saxon ancestors, but we think that the custom of toast drinking, in some form or other, is much more ancient. We will feel greatly obliged to any correspondent who will send us a good article on the subject.—ED.]

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

NIAGARA, June 16, 1845.—I beg to call your attention to the subject of a "Provincial Temperance Convention." At the quarterly meeting of the "Kingston District Union," held during last month, a resolution was adopted, to the effect, recommending Toronto as the most suitable place, and in the month of September, the time best adapted. It is the opinion of the friends generally on this question, that the present season should not be allowed to pass, without having a "permanent union" formed. I would, therefore, beg to suggest to the Provincial Committee the necessity of taking the subject into immediate consideration, and if in favour of calling such a Convention, it is of high importance to have the time and place fixed upon, and notice thereof given with the least possible delay. Convinced that whatever your Committee decide upon will meet the approbation of the friends to our excellent cause throughout the Province. In haste, yours &c.—WILLIAM J. CAMERON.

[With reference to the above we have to repeat that the Provincial Committee of the Montreal Temperance Society have intimated their willingness to call the Convention proposed, provided the friends in Canada West will notify them of the exact time and place of meeting, arrangements for which cannot be made here. We fear, however, that it would be difficult to send delegates from Canada East at the time mentioned in the above letter.—ED.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

MONTREAL, June 25, 1845.

SIR,—In your last number, an article appeared which came from a foreign quarter, but evidently designed to support the objections urged by individuals in this city, against the Independent Order of Rechabites. I respectfully beg to inform you, that we do not bind ourselves in ignorance to the performance of any duties, either repugnant to civil and religious liberty, or which binds us to "deliver a brother from difficulty, whether right or wrong." I have the happiness to be acquainted with the majority of our brethren, who do not "love mystery and show," neither are we fond of "high sounding titles, decorations, parades," or any thing else "unbecoming the Gospel," which many of us love, and to whom it has become the power of God to salvation. Far be it from us to think that "Temperance is Religion enough for us," or that brotherly unity and benevolence constitute true religion. I will presume to say, we, not as an order (for we are not sectarian) but as individuals, hold sacred and believe the fundamental doctrines of Christianity founded on His Word and sacrifice, who loved us unto the death.

We have no oath, but a solemn covenant, which requires nothing incompatible or calculated to interfere with, "engagements previously assumed," as church members. Our secrecy being little more than a means of self-protection, which in some form or other is adopted by all societies and associations where pecuniary interests are involved.

I have no desire to provoke discussion, but am anxious to disabuse the public mind with reference to this matter.

I am very respectfully and truly, your obedient servant,
R. D. W.

REMARKS ON MR. WADSWORTH'S LETTER.

We think our esteemed friend Mr. Wadsworth, is in the wrong, when he compares the secrecy of Rechabite Societies, with that of all other societies or associations, where pecuniary interests are involved. Banks, and other commercial companies although they have much more extensive pecuniary interests than Rechabite Societies, have no secret signs nor passwords, which we cannot help thinking highly inexpedient to say the least, and liable to great abuses.

Mr. W. says that Rechabites do not bind themselves to anything repugnant to civil and religious liberty, and we presume he is correct, but we could more satisfactorily decide this point for ourselves if he would inform us what it is to which they do bind themselves. He also says they do not love mystery, show, titles and so forth, which we believe to be pre-eminently the case with many excellent men amongst them, but fear that they give countenance to the love of these things in others, although doubtless with the most benevolent intentions and desires to do good, in the way of reforming the drunkard, and preserving the sober. To enable us to judge of the love for titles, Mr. Wadsworth will perhaps furnish us with a list of the various titles of office-bearers in the Independent Order of Rechabites.

We would only add that the strictures to which Mr. Wadsworth alludes were directed against the Sons of Temperance and the Independent Order of Odd-fellows.—Systems much more formidable and deeper involved in the matters referred to than the Rechabites.

SHERBROOKE, June 20, 1845.—Our temperance meetings become more and more interesting. We have had the large academy hall more than filled at the last two meetings, and have now to report the names of nearly 800 upon our cold water pledge. Our merchants who have dealt in ardent spirits, are mostly disposed to give up the traffic; and we hope shortly to see but one or two places in Sherbrooke where spirits can be bought. The work is making some progress in towns about, and many are anxious to obtain lectures, to give a start to this noble cause in other places. Such an impulse has been given to this enterprise here, as shall tell powerfully not only here, but through a large extent of country, of which Sherbrooke forms the centre.—WM. BROOKS.

EDUCATION.

ROLLO PHILOSOPHY.

BURNING.

After the snow had all gone off, and the ground was dry, Jonas piled up a heap of stumps, roots, and decayed logs, in a field not far from the brook, and one sunny afternoon he and Rollo went down to set the heaps on fire.

Jonas set one on fire, and then he told Rollo that he might set another on fire. After this, Jonas employed himself in gathering up sticks, bushes, roots, and other such things that lay scattered about the field, and putting them upon the fires, while Rollo amused himself in any way he pleased.

After a time, Rollo found, on the margin of the field, near the edge of a wood, an old stump, taller than he was, much decayed. There was a hole in the top. Rollo climbed up so that he could put a stick in, and run it down, to see how far down the hole ex-

tended. He found that it extended down very near to the bottom.

Then Rollo called out to Jonas, with a loud voice, saying,—

"Jonas, I have found a hollow stump here. It is hollow away down to the bottom. May I build a fire in it?"

"Yes," said Jonas, "if you can."

Rollo accordingly went to the nearest fire, and got a quantity of birch bark, which he had collected there to aid him in kindling his fires. He lighted one piece, and put it upon the end of a stick, and carried it to the stump, with the rest of the birch bark in the other hand.

Rollo then spent some time in fruitless attempts to make some lighted birch bark go down into the stump, and burn there. He succeeded very well in getting pieces completely on fire; but, after they were dropped into the hole, they would not burn. Rollo could not think what the reason could be.

At last he called Jonas to come and help him set the stump on fire.

Jonas said that he did not think that it could be set on fire.

"Why not?" said Rollo.

"Because," said Jonas, "it is so wet."

"Yes, but, Jonas," replied Rollo, "your brush heaps burn, and why should not this stump?"

"Because," said Jonas, the stump is more solid, and the water soaks into it more in the winter and early in the spring; and it takes it much longer to dry, than it does brush and small roots, which lie open and exposed to the air."

"Well, then," replied Rollo, "why does not my birch bark burn? that is dry; but as soon as I drop it down into the stump, it goes out."

Jonas looked into the stump, and down around the bottom of it, and said,—

"Because there is no air."

"No air?" repeated Rollo.

"No," replied Jonas; "it is all close and solid around; the air cannot get in."

"It can get in at the top," said Rollo.

Jonas made no reply to this remark, but walked away a few steps, to a place where he had put down his axe; he took up the axe, and brought it to the stump. He immediately began to cut it, at the bottom, as if it were a tree which he was going to fell.

"O Jonas," said Rollo, "don't cut it down."

"I am not going to cut it down," said Jonas; "I am only going to cut a hole into it."

"What for?" asked Rollo.

"To let the air in," replied Jonas.

Jonas continued to cut into the side of the stump, near the ground, until he perceived that the edge of his axe went through into the hollow part. Then he cleared away the chips a little, and showed Rollo that there was an opening for the air.

"Now," said he, "I presume you will be able to make sticks and birch bark burn in the stump, though you can't make the stump itself burn very well."

Rollo now dropped a blazing piece of birch bark into the stump, and, to his great joy, he found that it continued blazing, after it reached the bottom. He then dropped in another piece upon it, which took fire. He then gathered some dry sticks, and put in; and, finding that the flame was increasing, he proceeded to gather all the dry combustible matter, which he could find around, and put them in, so that in a short time he had a fine blaze, a foot above the top of the stump; and the inside of the stump itself seemed to be in flames.

"Jonas," said Rollo, "it does burn."

"Does it?" said Jonas; "I am glad to hear it."

"But you said the stump would not burn."

"You ought to wait until it is all burnt up, before you triumph over me."

"Why, Jonas," said Rollo, "I didn't mean [to triumph over you; but why would not the fire burn before you cut the hole through?"

"Because," replied Jonas, "there was not air enough."

"There was air in the stump," said Rollo.

"Yes," replied Jonas, "but all the life of it was consumed by the first piece of birch bark which you put in."

"The life of it?" said Rollo.

"Yes," replied Jonas; "what do you suppose it is, that makes anything burn?"

"Why, it burns itself," said Rollo.

"No," answered Jonas; "the air makes it burn: it must have good air around it, or else it won't burn. There is something in

the air which I call the life of it; this makes the fire burn. But when this is all gone, then that air will not make fire burn any longer. It will only burn in good fresh air, which has got the life in it."

"I thought fire would burn in any kind of air," said Rollo.

"No," replied Jonas; "you can see if you stop up the hole I made here."

Jonas then took a piece of turf from the field, and put it before the hole, and crowded it in hard with the heel of his boot. Rollo observed that the fire was almost immediately deadened.

"Now," continued Jonas, "light a small piece of birch bark, and put it in."

Jonas helped Rollo fasten a small piece of bark upon the end of a stick, and then Rollo set it on fire, and held it down a little way into the stump. It burned very feebly.

"See," said Jonas, "how quick it is stifled."

"Yes," replied Rollo, "it goes out almost directly."

"You see," said Jonas, "that the fire already in the stump consumes all the goodness of the air; and I stopped up the hole, so that no fresh air can come in."

"Why doesn't it get in at the top?" said Rollo.

"It does a little," said Jonas, "but not much, because the hollow of the stump is already full of bad air, and there is nothing to make a current. When there is an opening below, then there is a current up through."

"Yes," said Rollo, "it is just like a chimney."

"Yes," replied Jonas, "the stump is the chimney, and the hole is the fireplace."

"And the air in the stump," said Rollo, "gets hot, and so the cold air all around is heavier, and so it crowds down under it, and buoys the hot air up out of the stump. My father explained it all to Nathan and me."

Rollo then wanted to open the hole again, to see if the effect would be as he described.

Then Jonas pulled away the turf from the hole at the bottom of the stump, and Rollo observed that the fire brightened up immediately.

He then held a smoking brand near the hole, and he saw that the smoke was carried in, in a very strong current, by the cool air, which was pressing into the hole.

"Yes," said Rollo, "it operates just like a fireplace."

"So you see," continued Jonas, "that whenever you build a fire, you must see to it, that there is an opening for air to come up from underneath it. And it must be good fresh air too."

"What is in the air, which makes the fire burn?" said Rollo.

"I don't know what the name of it is," said Jonas; "it is some part of the air, which goes into the fire, and is all consumed, and then the rest of the air is good for nothing."

"Isn't it good for anything at all?" asked Rollo.

"I don't know," said Jonas, "how that is; only I know that it isn't good for anything for fires. It stifles them."

"I should like to know what the name of that part of the air is which is good for fires," said Rollo.

"I know once," said Jonas, "but it was a hard word, and I have forgotten it."

"I mean to ask my father," said Rollo.

Jonas then went on with his work, gathering up everything that he could find around the field, to put upon the fires. Rollo amused himself by putting large rolls of birch bark around the end of a stick, and then, after setting them on fire, holding them over the fires, which Jonas was making, to see how soon the flame was extinguished: then he would draw them away, and see them revive and blaze up again in the open air. At last, he called out to Jonas, once more.

"Jonas," said he, "I have found out what makes the blaze go out. It is the smoke. I don't believe but that it is the smoke."

"No," replied Jonas, "it is not the smoke. I can prove it is not."

So Jonas came up to the fire where Rollo was standing, and pointed out to Rollo a place, over a hot part of it, where there was no smoke, because the fire under it burned clear, being nearly reduced to coals. He told Rollo to hold his blazing bark there. Rollo did so, and found that it was extinguished at once, and as completely, as it had before when he had held it in a dense smoke.

"Yes," said Rollo, "it isn't the smoke. But perhaps it is because it is so hot."

"No," said Jonas, "it isn't that. It is a difference in the air. They sometimes collect different kinds of air in glass jars, and then let a candle down in, and see whether it will go out."

"And will it go out?" said Rollo.

"That depends upon what kind of air it is," said Jonas.

"They all look clear, just as if there was nothing in the jars; but when you let a candle down in, in some it burns just the same as before; in some it burns brighter; and in some it goes out."

"In what kinds does it go out?" asked Rollo.

"I only know of one kind," said Jonas, "and that is a kind that comes of itself in mines, and wells, and other places."

"What is the name of it?" asked Rollo.

"Why, the people in the mines call it choke damp; but I believe it has got another name besides."

"What do they call it choke damp for?" said Rollo.

"Because," said Jonas, "if the miners get into it and breath it it kills them. It is not any better to breathe than it is to make fires burn."

"I wish I could see some choke damp," said Rollo.

"O, you can't see it at all," said Jonas, "if it was right before you, any more than you can see common air. If a well or a mine is full of it, they cannot find it out by looking down."

"How do they find it out?" said Rollo.

"Why, they let a candle down," replied Jonas.

"And will the candle go out?" asked Rollo.

"Yes," said Jonas, "if there is choke damp in the well. Sometimes they make a little of it in a tumbler or a jar upon the table, and so let a little flame down into it, and it goes out immediately."

"I wish we could make some," said Rollo. "Do you know how they make it?"

"No," said Jonas; "but I believe it is pretty easy to do it if we only knew how."

"I will ask my father," said Rollo; "perhaps he will know."

This conversation took place when Jonas and Rollo were about the fires; but now the fires had pretty nearly burnt out, and they prepared to go home.

That evening, just about sunset, Rollo went out behind the house, and found Jonas raking off the yard. The spring was fast coming on, and the grass was beginning to look a little green; and Jonas said he wanted to get off all the sticks, chips, and straws, so that the yard would present a surface of smooth and uniform green. Rollo told him that he had found out how to make choke damp.

"Did your father tell you?" said Jonas.

"No," replied Rollo.

"Who did tell you, then?" said Jonas.

"Guess," answered Rollo.

"Your mother," said Jonas.

"No," answered Rollo.

"Then I can't tell," said Jonas.

"It was Miss Mary," replied Rollo. "I met her in the road to-day, and I asked her."

"And how is it?" asked Jonas.

"Why we make it with chalk and vinegar," said Rollo. "We pound up a little chalk, and put it in the bottom of a tumbler. Then we pour some vinegar over it. The vinegar takes the choke damp out of the chalk, and Miss Mary says it will come up in little bubbles. She says we can lay a paper over the top loosely,—she said loosely, but I think it ought to be tight."

"Why?" asked Jonas.

"So as to keep the choke damp from coming out," replied Rollo.

"No," said Jonas. "I understand why she said you must put it on loosely; that's to let the common air out."

"What common air?" said Rollo.

"Why, the air that was in the tumbler before," replied Jonas.

"You see that, as fast as the choke damp comes up, it drives the common air out of the top of the tumbler; and so you must put the paper on loosely, and let it go out."

(To be Continued.)

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

In the manse of Kelsø, among the hills of Scotland, when the trees were in the full blossoms of the spring of 1814, was born one, than whom a lovelier scarcely ever lived; whose charms of form and feature, though peerless, were lost in the brighter and sweeter charms of heart and soul and mind, that made her the idol of many, and fixed her for an early translation to the companionship of congenial spirits in a fairer world.

Mary Lundie: "Those who know her would look on us as rash

in making her the theme of this page, and while we expect to fail in pleasing them or ourselves, still it is pleasing to dwell on the picture that we know we cannot copy, and to hold it up to others to gaze upon till the image is repeated in our own and our reader's hearts.

Her mother is her biographer; and we would make all allowance for the touches a mother's hand would give the portrait of an angel daughter. But there is no need of drawing upon the mother for the materials from which to form our image. The impressions made on other hearts have been left for us, and there are (more than these) her own soul's thoughts, which speak for themselves and tell us what Mary Lundie Duncan must have been, when in the bright morning of her being she shone the light and joy of the sphere in which she moved.

We said that *others* had left us their impressions of Mary's loveliness. Let us then, before we draw our sketch, look on theirs. A British clergyman thus speaks of her in a letter to a pastor in Edinburgh:

"The first time my eyes beheld her, was as I came down your pulpit stairs one Sabbath evening. She was in your pew conversing with your daughter. The setting sun shed a hallowed radiance over her heaven-born countenance. She smiled, a very angel of light! I need not tell you that I hastened to enquire who she was. But, alas! these eyes will behold her no more on earth."

An American divine of wide-spread celebrity, and advanced in years, when writing to her mother, speaks of her in words that show the warm admiration of youth. He says:

"Were I to tell you all that I have said and thought since my return, of that dear one now in glory, it would appear extravagant and fictitious. But I will not attempt to send you such a document. Suffice it, that I loved your dear Mary, and love her yet, as one of the rarest specimens of woman! Lovely creature! I often said that I bore from Europe no impressions of loveliness and worth more complete than those given me by Mary Lundie."

One more witness must be heard. A school companion writes:

"To begin with the evanescent qualities, I am glad a portrait was not attempted. It would have been too much to hope for a likeness. It is not a matter of surprise, that it should be difficult to transfer to canvass those features, chiselled in the highest style of Grecian beauty, and lighted up as they usually were with an expression almost seraphic;—and it is better that nothing unjustly purporting to be a representation should appear. I well remember when at school, a weight having accidentally fallen on dear Mary's head, she was obliged to recline on a sofa;—the fright had sent away the colour from her cheeks, and she lay with her eyes closed. We were all seated round the table with our drawing. My own pencil relaxed for a few moments, to gaze on that alabaster face, as I thought I had never before seen anything so beautiful. On glancing round, each eye was found attracted to the same spot, and an involuntary murmur of admiration escaped every lip. This has often been referred to by those who were present, and I confess it is among my most vivid recollections. Perhaps to many it may appear unworthy of being mentioned, as beauty is such a secondary thing in reality. Still to deny its great influence betrays little knowledge of human nature, and as it often forms a strong temptation to its possessor, a deliverance from the snare is an additional proof of the power of divine grace, and as such is worthy of record. We have the authority of one of our most celebrated clergymen for the declaration that 'since beauty is the gift of God, and a good gift, the beautiful woman is as accountable to him for the use she makes of her beauty, as the man of intellect is for the talents bestowed on him.'"

Yet personal beauty was the least of her loveliness, as those know who knew her, and as those will readily believe who have read her biography. It is our private opinion, though we care not to be very free in mentioning it, that in all that goes to constitute the daughter, wife, and mother, there was nothing to be desired which nature, culture and grace had not freely lavished on the person and the spirit of Mary Lundie Duncan. Those who have access to the memoirs of this accomplished woman, will do as they please about following us in the imperfect sketch our limits will allow, but those who are now to be introduced will, we feel confident, find even in the outline here given, much to admire, and much, we trust, which they will aim to imitate.

In very childhood her sweetness of temper, a charm of youth and age, was delightfully revealed. When she was only four years of age, her little brother struck her on the cheek in a fit of

anger. She instantly turned the other cheek, and said mildly, "There, Corie." The uplifted hand was dropped. When the child was asked who taught her to do that, she replied, that she heard her papa read it one morning out of the Bible at prayer time.

On another occasion she was in fault herself, and for a punishment was placed behind the sofa to remain there ten minutes. Her cries and tears were, in their bitterness, mistaken for passion, and she was told that if she did not command herself, and be quiet, she should remain there double the time. She still stretched out her little arms and sobbed out, "Forgive me, O forgive me." And when asked how she could expect to be forgiven while she cried and wanted to come out, she said that if she could only be forgiven, she would stay there all day.

It was never known when the work of divine grace was begun in Mary's heart. But in her thirteenth year she gave sweet evidence that the Holy Spirit was preparing her for the service and enjoyment of God, and even at that tender age the fruit of this hallowed influence appeared in her life; and she said that when she was but six years old she had felt the same power moving her to be anxious for the salvation of her soul. After recovery from a severe attack of fever, which brought her to the very borders of the grave, it was evident that divine things was more in her thoughts, and that she found delight in those duties which are irksome to the unrenewed heart. The souls of those with whom she was associated were the occasion of prayerful anxiety to her, at this tender age; and she sought in her own quiet yet winning way, to persuade her young companions to seek the Saviour. With her own brothers and sisters, and with her near friends who came to see her, she sought opportunities to converse on the subject of religion and to pray, and thus in the very morning of her own days, she was made the means of good to others. How many there are advanced in knowledge and in years, and bearing the Christian name, who live without concern for those who are living and dying in sin at their very doors, perhaps *within their doors!*

A sweet singer and fond of music, with a heart alive to the beauties of nature, and in the midst of the loveliest of nature's works, she was never at a loss for sources of pleasure; nothing giving her more enjoyment in childhood than a lonely walk on the banks of the lovely river Tweed; her soul luxuriating in the beauties of the world about her, and her voice rising in the sweet songs of its Maker's praise. At the age of twelve she wrote such verses as these, taken from the midst of a poem:

"Why should my soul so fondly cling
To joys that bless my pilgrimage?
The joys of heaven I ought to sing,
Its raptures all my love engage.

"Why should my spirit fear to die?
What though the river may be deep?
When past, I ne'er more shall sigh;
My eyes shall then forget to weep.

"O! for faith's bright and eagle eye,
To pierce beyond this vale of tears,
To regions blest above the sky,
To worlds unknown by lapse of years."

{(To be Continued)}

AGRICULTURE.

Advantage of Deep Cultivation.

It seems strange that there should be any indisposition on the part of farmers to admit the advantage of deep cultivation. A disinterested observer would deem it self-evident that the deeper the cultivation the more luxuriant would be the growth of the crop. Yet there is a dislike to deep ploughing in many districts, even where it cannot be accounted for by the quality of the subsoil. Some people carry this so far as to contend for a mere paring of the ground, as a preparation for various crops, in preference to ploughing. Such an opinion—obviously erroneous, we must think it—must have risen out of experience acquired on undrained land where there are not only difficulties in the way of deep cultivation, but circumstances which neutralise the advantages generally derived from it.

If the general experience of gardeners, allotment tenants, and those farmers who have cultivated their land deeply, be not considered conclusive as to the expediency of the practice, perhaps the strongest argument in its favour may be derived from the extraordinary development of the roots of plants which always takes place under favourable circumstances.

On well-cultivated turnip fields, where the manure has been well mixed with the soil, and where the land is dry, after the plants have got so far advanced as to cover the ground, not a handful of earth can be taken up which is not full of the fibres of their roots. We have ascertained the existence of these fibres at a depth of five feet from the surface, and at less depths the land is full of them—they can always be recognised by their taste, though their connection with the plant may not be traceable the whole way. The roots of the wheat plant have been traced to a depth of six feet by Mr. Badcock, of Watlington; and it is probable that those of our other grain crops extend equally far. These roots must certainly be considered as mouths through which the plant receives nourishment, and their occurrence at these depths, even were there no other evidence on the subject must be conclusive as to the existence of food for plants in the subsoils where they are found. Indeed, considering that all matters, before they can be absorbed by plants, must be dissolved in water, we cannot be surprised at finding much fertilising matter washed down to a greater depth than that at which it was originally deposited.

It thus becomes a question of some importance, how we are to induce plants to avail themselves of these deep-seated stores of food. Mr. M'Arthur, of Randalstown, in Ireland, who has lately published a pamphlet on this subject, endeavours to answer this question. He has published the results of a good many observations on the form and development of the roots of various agricultural plants, under various circumstances; and though the contents of his Pamphlet, as they are somewhat of a heterogeneous character, are not altogether fairly indicated by its title, yet there can be no doubt of the value of some of the author's observations, or of the justness of his conclusions.

The proper way to induce plants to extend their roots throughout the soil and subsoil—downwards as well as horizontally—certainly is to lay the land dry. This development of root is one of the consequences, and perhaps one of the most beneficial consequences, of thorough draining.

Mr. M'Arthur says, "the depths to which the roots of beans, flax, and clover grow, convey an important lesson on the necessity of draining and subsoiling to a greater depth than is generally practised or thought necessary. If draining be an indispensable operation on all cold wet lands, the soil should be dried, if possible, to the full depth the roots penetrate. By many, 20 inches is the stated depth for drains; others propose 2 feet; and a large number adopt the Deanston standard of 30 inches. I have observed in some isolated places drains made 14 or 15 inches deep, and the stones (being put in like flagged pipes) lie within 6 to 9 inches of the surface. Preposterous as the latter plan is, yet making drains even 2 feet is but a degree better; 30 inches may do, and does effect much good; but from a combination of many reasons and causes, I would not commend in any soil or situation where a fall can be obtained less than a *depth of 3 feet for all minor drains*, discharging ones being at least 6 inches deeper. I would prefer making them deeper even than this, but in no case less. At the ordinary depths of draining, the surface only is dried. The subsoil, or that portion containing the lower extremities of the roots, is allowed to retain *nearly* its original chilled and soured character, in which the roots cannot penetrate freely."

The consequences to the plant of meeting this cold wet subsoil are well illustrated by a case described by Mr. M'Arthur in another part of his book—"In recently reclaimed bog I have found tap or deep-rooted plants, on growing through the improved surface to the cold unbroken peat, in place of growing into it, turn and grow along between it and the surface, and being, when pulled, of the form of a J."

This satisfactorily proves the necessity of drainage to the usefulness of the subsoil as a store of vegetable food.—*Border Watch*

NEWS.

PENNY POSTAGE.—The financial accounts just published show a large increase in the revenue of the Post Office. The gross revenue for the year 1844 was 1,705,067*l.*, giving an increase of more than 84,000*l.* as compared with 1843; the net revenue was 719,957*l.*,

giving an increase of nearly \$6,000l. as compared with 1843. The apparent increase in 1844, taking the Post Office returns for 1843 as the standard of comparison, is, in each case, more than double the amount here given; but, as we stated at the time, those returns gave the revenue both gross and net too low by about 85,000l. The actual increase of net revenue in 1844 is greater than for any year since the war, except 1825, when it was 92,000l., and 1837, when it was 81,000l. From 1840 (the first year of penny postage) to 1844, the increase of net revenue is nearly 50 per cent.

On the 13th of March the treaty between Brazil and Great Britain for the suppression of the African slave trade, which authorized the searching of Brazilian vessels by British cruisers, terminated by effluxion of time, the period of its duration having been fixed at fifteen years. There are now no obstacles to the slave trade in Brazil, except such as the Brazilian laws impose. Those laws are sufficiently strong, but the Government has very little power of enforcing them.

We learn from Munich that the order of 1844 of some of the German States, declaring that Protestant soldiers should be no longer compelled to do military honours on the occasion of the host, has been put in force in Bavaria.

Dr. Merle d'Aubigny the celebrated historian of Luther and his times, has been in Edinburgh addressing the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. He says, that protestantism has expired with the passing of the Maynooth bill: that there is not now a protestant state in the world, and that henceforth Christianity must be the rallying point, not protestantism.

The Railway mania has attained an extraordinary height in England and Scotland, very like the land speculations of America in 1835 and 1836.

Immense preparations are making for the approaching campaign in the Caucasus. It is believed that two large bodies of troops will be concentrated in one or two points, whereas in the preceding campaign the army was distributed in several points; but the difficulties of subsisting the army in these inhospitable countries, a branch of the service in which the Russian army is at all times very defective, will very probably cause malignant disorders and great mortality amongst the troops.

Arrangements are about to be consummated for laying down electric telegraph wires from New York to Baltimore, through Philadelphia, and from Baltimore to Harnsburg. The *Baltimore American* vauntingly asserts that "a comparison of the two systems of telegraph, as in operation in America and Great Britain, leaves no room for doubt as to the great superiority of the former."

The Presbyterian Synod of Canada, have remonstrated in the strongest manner with the Old School General Assembly in the United States, upon the pro-Slavery resolutions recently adopted by that Assembly.

General Jackson formerly president of the United States is dead. He was the idol of the democratic party, and the execration of the whigs.

Relief to a very large amount is pouring in from all quarters to the Quebec sufferers by fire.

MONTREAL PRICES CURRENT.—JULY 1.

ASHES—Pot 22s 9d	LARD 5d a 6d p. lb
Pearl 24s 0d	BEEF—P. Mess tierce . . . \$14
FLOUR—Fine . . . 23s a 24s 6d	Do obls . . . \$8½
Do. American . . . 26s a 27s	Prime \$6½
WHEAT 5s a 5s 3d	TALLOW 5d
PEASE 3s per minot	BUTTER—Salt 8d
OAT-MEAL . . . 8s 0d per. cwt.	CHEESE 4d a 6d
PORK—Mess \$16	EXCHANGE—London 11 prem.
P. Mess \$14	N. York . . . 2 do
Prime \$12	Canada W. ¼ do

Extracts from the Circular of Mr. T. M. Taylor, Broker, dated Montreal, June 27, 1845.

ASHES.—The stock in store at the close of the winter was not large, and in the absence of speculation, Pots were bought in execution of orders, at 22s. 6d. Towards the opening of the navigation they advanced nominally to 24s. for Pots, and 25s. for Pearls, speedily fell, owing to their depression in Britain, to 23s. 6d. a 23s. 9d. and 24s., and afterwards returned to the nominal rates of 24s. and 25s. During May there were frequent fluctuations, but 23s. 3d. for Pots, 24s. 3d. for Pearls, were the current rates at the end of that month, when receipts from above had become heavy, and purchases for shipment were being made. Since the

arrival of the *Caledonia*, Pots have been sold at 22s. 9d. to 23s. and Pearls at 23s. 9d. to 24s., and sales were made yesterday above those prices. The tendency of both—Pearls especially—is upwards, and holders are firm to-day at 23s. and 24s. 3d.

Flour.—Owing to depression in the British Markets, and the fear induced by last year's experience, that common brands would not keep in a sound state our market was depressed at the opening of the spring business, and several heavy transactions were made at about 23s. As however, American Flour could not be imported to profit, and the home consumption had to be supplied with Canada produce, an active demand was caused for Flour made from spring Wheat, which brought on account of its strength, 6d. more than the same brands made from fall or mixed Wheat. In view of this result, and also as a protection to shippers, for whose purposes fall Wheat Flour only will do, millers would do well to keep the different kinds of Wheat separate, and brand Flour made from them distinctively. Subsequent advices from Britain were considered somewhat more favourable, and the season continued so cool that little danger of souring on the Spring voyage was apprehended: and there is an impression generally entertained that more care has been exercised by millers in manufacturing than was formerly; all of which considerations tended to give a firmer tone to the market, and the price gradually advanced from the first to the last named quotations following, namely: 23s., 23s. 3d., 23s. 6d., 23s. 9d., 24s., 24s. 6d., at all of which heavy transactions took place, and prices a shilling higher were paid for some fancy brands of superfine. From the arrival of the "Cambria" to the 21st instant, good shipping brands sold at 24s. 6d. a 24s. 9d. The advices per "Caledonia," received on the 21st instant, had the effect of advancing prices considerably but there were no immediate buyers, except for small parcels, at the advanced rates. Holders evinced firmness; but buyers not meeting them, they have given way, and to-day good shipping brands are procurable at 24s. 6d. a 25s.

WHEAT.—The season opened with very little in the market, yet several parcels had arrived before sales were made. The price for good U. C. during last month was 4s. 9d. a 4s. 10½d. per bushel of 60 lbs. There is unusually little down, and it is now in demand and higher prices obtainable. The quotation for to-day is 5s. a 5s. 3d., although 5s. 4½d. was given a day or two ago for a small parcel of excellent quality.

BARLEY AND OATS.—There was no early demand for the former, and the season had advanced before transactions took place, prices ranging from 2s. 6d. a 2s. 9d. Oats were early in request at 1s. 6d. and lately at the higher rates of 1s. 6d. a 1s. 9d.—at the latter price sales have been made during the present week.

PEASE.—Were early in demand, and good parcels held firmly at 3s. 3d. to 3s. 4d.; some large lots were bought early in the season at 3s. 3½d. per minot, (about 67lbs.), free on board, and later at 3s. 2d. ex barge. They have since commanded rather higher prices, 3s. 1½d. ex barge, having been paid for some samples of not very superior quality.

PROVISIONS.—Beef and Pork are now become unimportant as articles of export. There is little of either down, owing to which, and to the improvement in price, both in Britain and the United States, there was a speculative demand at advanced rates; but there is now nothing of note doing. BUTTER.—Some weeks ago, good U. C. commanded 8½d., but because of the coming in of new salt and market fresh Butter, which supplies the local demand, together with the supposed risk of shipping at this season, it has gone down to 6d. and 6½d., which is to-day's price.

Monies Received on Account of

Advocate.—J. Campbell, Perth, 1s 8d; G. Rowe, Chippewa, 2s 6d; Widow Frazlik, Drummondville, 2s 6d, Mr. Sinclair, Lechute, 1s 3d; W. Brook, Sherbrooke, 15s; A. Caton, Napanee, 1s 8d; Suidries, Montreal, 15s.

Consignments.—W. Williams, Darlington, 2s 6d.

TERMS OF ADVOCATE.

1s. 8d. per copy from 1st May to 1st January, or ten copies for three dollars.

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