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TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

PLEDGE.--We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use Intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage, no Traffic in them; that we will not provide them as an article of Entertainment, nor for persons in our Employment, and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the community.

VOL. XIX.]

MONTREAL, APRIL 15, 1853.

No. 8.

"Woodman Spare that Tree."

The most beautiful and affecting song of the present day, is "Woodman Spare that Tree," as sung by Mr. Russell. It was written by Col. George P. Morris, the editor of the *New York Mirror*, and is founded upon the following interesting occurrence. When a person hears Mr. Russell tell the story, and then listens to his enchanting strains as he sings the song, he must possess a heart of adamant if he does not feel his bosom swell, and the generous tear of holy sympathy moistening his eye.

There was a family of opulence residing in the country, not a great distance from New York. It consisted of the parents and a large number of sons and daughters, all united together by those golden ties which no one but a parent, a brother, a sister, or a daughter can feel. They possessed every thing requisite to ensure happiness—their home was an earthly paradise—their hearts the seat of ardent love for one another, and of generous, noble friendship for others.—There seemed nothing wanting to perfect this little community. The pecuniary circumstances were such, that they could indulge freely in the luxury of administering comfort and happiness to the poverty stricken and miserable. The naked were clothed, and the hungry were fed; not with that ostentation which exacts the admiration of the world, but with that kindness and satisfaction, which are the characteristics of a noble soul.—Their acts of generosity were performed for the satisfaction of doing good. And when they had alleviated the distress of one who was almost crushed by the heavy hand of poverty, they experienced that jubilee within the heart which none but the truly generous can feel. Their intercourse with one another was also of the happiest kind. It was the desire of each member of the family to contribute to the happiness of all the others in preference to their own. Sisterly, brotherly, and parental affection, filled up their bosoms to overflowing.

But this little paradise was not long to last. The generosity of the old gentleman impelled him to assist his friends by way of endorsements, and their failures swept away every farthing of his earthly riches. The depriving him of his noble farm, his lovely cottage, and the beautiful verdure and lofty trees that surrounded it, was the ill reward of his disinterested friendship. And to be compelled to give all these—to surrender those majestic trees under whose shade he had passed so many pleasant hours with his excellent family—and under whose protection, as it were, his children had endeared every tree, and indeed every shrub to his heart. But they must be all abandoned; and this happy community, which was linked together by the strongest ties of the human heart, must be torn asunder, and scattered to the four winds of heaven.

This misfortune dispersed them in different directions. Some went to reside with friends, and others to seek their fortunes in distant climes. But the destroyer of life soon swept away, one by one, the whole family but the youngest

son. He went to the south, and by industry and perseverance gained a fortune. He then turned to his old home, determined to possess himself of the "home of his childhood." but it was so situated that he could not. He gazed longingly upon the venerable trees that were planted and nurtured by the kind hand of his father. He lounged upon the green grass beneath their shades as he was wont to do in boyhood; but there were no brothers there indulging in their boyish sports, nor sisters to sweeten the scene with their pure feelings, gushing forth in innocent, rapturous laughter; no mother to watch them with a tear of pleasure in her eye, no father whose

"Knee they climbed, the envied kiss to share."

And he turned with a melancholy heart and left the spot. And though his visit can hardly be said to have given him pleasure, he determined to make a periodical pilgrimage to this hallowed place.

He took lodgings in New York, and visited the sacred grounds periodically. At one time when he was on his way, he called upon Col. Morris to accompany him. The Col. complied with his request; and when they arrived within sight of the trees that surrounded the old cottage, they saw a woodman standing near the roots of the noblest and most venerable one, sharpening his axe. The strangers put spurs to their horses, rode swiftly up to the woodman, and accosted him thus:

"What are you going to do?"

"I intend to cut down this tree," replied the woodman.

"What for?"

"I want it for fire-wood."

"If you want fire-wood," said the stranger, "why do you not go to yonder forest, and let this old oak stand?"

"You see I am an old man," replied the woodman, "and I have not strength to bring my wood so far."

"If I give you money enough to hire as much wood brought to your door as this tree will make, will you forever let it stand?"

The woodman answered "yes." They executed a bond that the tree should remain; and the stranger turned to Col. Morris, and with a generous tear sparkling in his eye, said:

"In youth it sheltered me, and I'll protect it now."

It affected Col. M. deeply, as it would any man who had a heart capable of feeling, and he returned home and wrote the following exquisite lines:—

Woodman spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough:
In youth it sheltered me;
And I'll protect it now.
It was my father's hand
That placed it near his cot;
Then, Woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown,

Are spread o'er the land and sea !
 And would'st thou hack it down ?
 Woodman forbear thy stroke !
 Cut not its earth bound ties—
 O ! spare that aged oak !
 Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy,
 I sought its grateful shade :
 In all their gushing joy,
 There, too, my sisters played.
 My mother kissed here—
 My father pressed my hand—
 Forgive this foolish tear,
 But let that old oak stand !

My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend !
 Here shall the wild bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree ! the storm shall brave !
 And, Woodman, leave the spot—
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

—*Schenectady Democrat.*

Repository of Contemporary Opinions.

In our last we gave the views of the *London Morning Chronicle* on the Maine Law, with the reply of a contemporary. We are glad to perceive that the subject is attracting attention in other quarters. One of the most independent and trust-worthy of the London Dailies has uttered its opinion with respectful approbation. The Maine Law is approved by the *London Daily News*, which paper speaks in a leading editorial, thus :—

“ It is very interesting to us who sit in old Europe, following old methods of government as a matter of course, to see what can be attempted and done by a people really and immediately self-governing. We may doubt and disapprove of some things done by our Republican brethren across the Atlantic, and think that we should not like this, or that, or the other liability or custom of theirs; but it is to be hoped that we can cordially admit and honor certain occasional achievements of theirs, which are quite beyond anything we can effect or dream of effecting. We really hardly know anything more striking than the history of the rapid abolition of the vice of drunkenness in several of the States of the American Union; and it is with the feelings of the deepest respect that we desire to direct the attention of our countrymen to the action of the State of Maine in regard to that vice. That curse, which is fatal wherever it appears, used to be more deadly in the State of Maine than in many other places. Bordering on our Colonies, and thickly wooded, and in part scantily settled, it has retained a semi-barbarous character, in some respects, to this day. At some seasons, the streets of the towns swarm with a wild addition to the ordinary population—with lumberers from the woods, Irish emigrants, and Indian wanderers. Till last year, these visitations were a subject of dread to the sober inhabitants. By day the streets were hardly safe among so many reeling drunkards; and at night, the reeling drunkards murdered sleep. Last May, when the towns filled with these strangers, all was safe and orderly. The Houses of Correction were nearly empty throughout 1852. There were very few paupers; and such was the state of social peace, that the lawyers had little to do in criminal cases. Such was the immediate result of the Maine Liquor law. What was that law itself the result of? This is the question that interests us; for there can be few or none who would dispute the consequences

of an abolition of intemperance. The doubt is about the possibility of such abolition at all; or otherwise than by the sacrifice of something more important than the benefit to be gained.

The Maine Liquor Law was obtained by the simple determination of the majority to abolish intemperance in the form of drink. They did it through the ballot-box—by electing temperance men to the Legislature. For many years, valuable experience had been accruing. The ordinary temperance movements had been tried there, as elsewhere in the Union; and with the same partial success. The success can never be more than partial where temptation and conflict remain. As long as rum and gin shops stand open, and the smell of spirits is in the air, the weak and wavering will suffer under conflict with temptation, and often fall; physicians will tell in private of the increase of solitary drinking—the worst of all; and the “pledged” will be in a lower state than ever, having added perjury to their first weakness. It appears from experience, that it is a terrible mistake to expect so serious and difficult a process as self-control from such a stimulus as association in a temperance society; and thus it turned out in Maine, as elsewhere. So the Legislature was looked to.”

The Editor then gives a summary view of Maine legislation on the liquor traffic, and then proceeds :—

“ Some may ask here, as many asked there—What more could be done by law than prohibiting the sale? The one thing more that was wanted was the destruction of the liquor: and this is the most striking feature of the new law. The intoxicating liquor wherever found under circumstances which indicate sale, is impounded till the matter is tried; and on the conviction of the sellers, the liquor is poured out upon the ground. Every city and town is required or permitted to appoint annually, through its municipal officers, an agent, who is licensed for the year under responsibility to the magistracy, to sell spirits for the purposes of the mechanical arts and medicine; and, up to this time, it appears that a sufficient supply is obtained for all such purposes by this provision. And in every other way, the law appears to work as well as a prohibitory law ever does, and certainly to the benefit of society within that State. A dram shop may be opened here and there, just outside the boundary line of the State; and a citizen here and there import a cask of spirits, and give away the contents among those who will do him some favor in return: but these are small matters. There is a general purification—the smell is not in the air—the dram shops are not open before the eyes—the temptation does not beset the will—the struggle does not perplex and weary the brain and conscience. The social results are so clear that the example has been followed. Rhode Island has followed in the work in Maine, and so also has Massachusetts, with the exception of Boston, where the municipal authorities, strong invested interests, still hold out. The doubt was, at first, whether a law so stringent could stand—whether the second year would not undo the work of the first. It appears not. Experienced American citizens believe that it would now be impossible to get the law repealed.

The first sentiment of Englishmen on hearing this story seems to be amazement that citizens will submit to such a law. They feel that there would be danger to our liberties if such a law could pass our Parliament and Throne tomorrow. No doubt: but this is because we do not, as a people, desire it. If the Americans were not self-governed, they would rebel sooner than admit of legislation so stringent. But they are self-governed, and therein lies the chief interest of the whole matter. They decreed for themselves first, the universal education which dignified them with drunkenness, and warned them to save the next

regeneration from it; and they next decreed the exclusion of what they consider a physical, moral, and social poison. It has been the act as of a spirited man who, while disposing to resent dictation as to his personal habits, imposes a law on himself, and submits thus to a discipline which he would spurn if it came upon him in any other way. Our fellow-citizens cannot but watch with deep interest the development of this very strange transatlantic experiment."

The grand experiment is not without its opponents, even where the benefits of the Maine Law can be so very easily demonstrated—Mr. Lovejoy, of Cambridge. We quote here a part of a very excellent letter from Boston which appeared in the *N. Y. Tribune*, giving an account of proceedings before the Committee appointed on the Maine Law business.

Mr. Lovejoy being a "Reverend," brought out what he called a Bible argument against the law.

"But Mr. Lovejoy's grand argument was that the law cannot be enforced. In stating this, by a lapse of the tongue, he happened to say, 'It can never be repealed,' which brought from the audience a lively round of applause, showing very clearly that the friends of the traffic were no considerable part of it. They, poor fellows, choose to be somewhere else when their business is discussed. They had never have its claims discussed privately. Even the ingenious argument of a wrong-headed parson gives no pleasure to them, for they know their business is a sneaking one in the middle of the nineteenth century. To prove that the law cannot be enforced, the Rev. gentleman read Portland almanacs to show that convictions still take place in that city, for rum-selling and for drunkenness. And to prove that it will certainly be repealed in two years, he read from Hansard's Parliamentary History in regard to a law which was passed by the British Parliament in 1734, imposing a prohibitory duty on gin, which did not check the consumption of gin, and was repealed in two years.

Such was fairly the substance of an elaborate argument perhaps the ablest champion against the Maine Law who appeared among us. What he did not say is far more significant than what he did say. He did not say that the statistics which show the diminution of pauperism and crime wherever the Maine Law has been even imperfectly enforced are false. He did not allude to them, though he very well knew that it was on the strength of such statistics that the law was passed in one State, and continues to be sustained. He chose rather to dwell on the wanton waste of property and violation of right, which he characterized as being evil that good might come, &c.

Did it ever occur to such moon-struck remnants of the gone to ask what right men have to invest capital in a business which cannot possibly flourish without entailing on their innocent fellow-citizens a pecuniary loss greater than their profits, and upon the other parties to their traffic and their dependents a loss which money cannot express? Be these capitalists complain that their rum-purchasers are continually knocked on the head, let them come forward, honorable men, and offer to be taxed to indemnify the rest of the community for the damages of their business. Let them build the new jails, alms-houses and insane hospitals, as fast as such are required. They surely cannot expect those who neither touch, taste nor handle, nor derive the smallest profit from alcoholic drinks, to go on bearing those enormous expenses, undeniably occasioned by rum-selling, for the most part. The people of the old Bay State have got this view of the matter. Here is a minority of the people who either use alcoholic liquors or vend them. The majority do neither, but say to the minority, we have passed the bills of this miserable business by which one part has fleeced the other, long enough. No it must be stop-

ped. You cannot be allowed, whoever may consent to it, to fill the State with widows and orphans, idiots and bedlamites. Is this determination very unreasonable or unjust? If the Boston rum sellers, knowing, as they do perfectly well, that the prosperity of their trade costs the State half its revenue at least, besides all the mischief it occasions to innocent individuals, the relatives of their customers, would offer to make up the loss to the State, if no more, there might be some chance of their getting this law, so obnoxious to them, repealed. Otherwise the people will laugh at all their groans, and spill more or less of their liquor."

The Editor of the *Agitator and Cataract*, ought to be heard on the subject of "Agitation." The annexed remarks editorial, fully justify the editors in the title they have taken, and may not be without benefit to those very timid friends who are afraid of excitement.

Agitation is held by many as a *malum per se*. By such, of course, it is invariably deprecated. But it is no uncommon thing, for those very persons, in their endeavor to prevent or allay agitation, to become themselves the greatest of agitators. This goes very far to show that, if agitation be an evil, it is a necessary and unavoidable one. But is it an evil in itself? We answer that it is not. For that which is necessary to the production of good, must be a *bonum per se*. Good may sometimes come of evil, not as the result of its legitimate tendency, but of a wise and overruling agency. There is much good, physical, intellectual and moral, which cannot be made to result, but from agitation. Like every other good, it may be perverted and abused, but it nevertheless remains a good.

It is essential to the production of physical good. The sanative waters of Bethesda were inefficacious till they were troubled by the angel. The large bodies of fresh water, and possibly those of the salt ocean itself, would become putrescent, and fill the atmosphere with a deadly miasma, were it not that they are often stirred by tempestuous winds. The waters of our rivers and streams would become causes of disease and death, instead of health and life to man and beast, were they never disturbed by rapids and inundations. The atmosphere so necessary as a medium of animal vitality, would become impregnated with deleterious elements, if it were not occasionally agitated by the thunder gust and the pouring rain. The earth would furnish but a scanty subsistence for its inhabitants, were its surface never broken by the plough, the harrow, the hoe or the spade.

And what great and useful discoveries have ever been made in the sciences and the arts, without agitation of mind? It may be true, that while the mental process was going on, which has led to important discoveries, there might have been no general commotion without. But there must have been mighty agitation in the individual mind, during such process. Did Descartes, Newton, Lock, Franklin, Fulton, Morse and Ericsson, and other great discoverers and inventors, with which the world has been blessed, arrive at their grand results, without frequent and great mental agitation? He that ever thought intensely on any subject, knows they did not. The good therefore, which comes of intellectual labor, is the legitimate offspring of agitation. And though the agitation which has led to great and useful discoveries, was neither seen nor heard by the public; still they could have no practical application, till a development was made, which should set the mass of mind in motion.

The same law which governs with respect to agitation in the physical and intellectual world, should govern in the moral world, as the essential element of progress and improvement. Christianity, the greatest of moral movements, has always failed to accomplish its mission, where it has

produced no agitation. Such was the effect of Paul's preaching in the synagogue at Thessalonica, that the people cried out: "These that have turned the world upside down, are come hither also." And what is a religious revival but an agitation? The history of every successful moral enterprise since the world stood, will show that without stirring the vast ocean of human thought and feeling, little can be done. Especially is this true, where opinions and practices, claiming hoary antiquity and honorable ancestry, are to be encountered, conquered and displaced by truer and better ones. At no period, and in no stage of the temperance reform, has any progress been made without conflict, or without commotion, in the elements of human passion. What was the effect when the advocates of temperance took the position that total abstinence from distilled liquors, was the only effectual remedy for the evils of intemperance? What, when the more elevated ground was taken that fermented liquors must also be included under the ban? What, when under the Washingtonian era, it was believed and demonstrated by thousands of successful experiments, that confirmed drunkards could be saved? What, when the Rechabites, Sons of Temperance and other kindred associations, were organized, for the purpose of arraying the force of combination against the common foe? And what, when the sovereign people appealed to legislators to enact laws to prohibit a traffic, which had inflicted more injury on the inhabitants of the land, than all the criminals beside, who had violated the laws of the country? Every person in the United States, who has reached the age of thirty years, can answer these interrogatories. There was agitation in every movement! agitate!! agitate!!! till there remains no longer a necessity for agitation.

Hydropathy Applicable to Town and Country.

BY JOEL SHEW, M.D.

There is a very general tendency to the belief that water-cure is applicable in the main only in large establishments fitted up in the country expressly for the purpose. Many believers in the new mode appear to think that some oracular genius must be sought out, to whom only persons are to travel, often long distances from home, to be prescribed for. Nothing is to be done, it is thought, in a domestic way, it is dangerous; and as for the city, nothing should be attempted.

Now, we strenuously contend, *that the best part of hydropathy!—incomparably the best!—is the preventive part.* If we can succeed in persuading people daily to 'wash and be clean,' to breathe freely the pure out-door air God gives us all, to exercise and expand the physical frame, in its healthful state so vigorous, so elastic, to partake only of pure and healthful food, such as angels almost would delight to live upon, to give free play to those feelings, ever buoyant and joyous, that pervade the healthy frame—then, and not till then, do we accomplish what hydropathy is destined effectually to bring about.

The prevention of disease, it is a noble theme! The physician gets his bread not by the 'sweat of his brow,' but by attending people when sick. His calling as a *physician*, does not incline him to teach his patients the prevention of their maladies; nor is it calculated in the present order of things, to lead him to the investigation of the *causes* of disease. But the *philanthropist*, although a physician he may be, who delights to relieve from pain, has constantly before him a higher object. He warns his patients. You have eaten and drank; you have neglected cleanliness; breathed impure air; you have done here too little, and there too much; you have been discontented and displeased with life, making yourselves, and those about you, gloomy and unhappy, and as an inevitable result of your violation of Nature's

laws, you have become sick. Avoid, as the most evil one be the multiform *causes* of disease. Live in moderation; be temperate in all things, remembering that 'Nature's wants are always few.' Such would be the teachings of the man who feels it his most sacred duty and his highest privilege to do all in his power to *prevent* disease.

What is to be done with our cities so teeming with disease? Are drugs so much more powerful for good than the pure element water, that they must here be resorted to? If water treatment is so much superior to any other in the country, may it not be as valuable, relatively, in the city? We think it is fully as much so. We delight to practise in the city, with such an overflowing abundance of pure soft Croton water, though it be often among the poor, in by-ways and garrets, that we are called to attend. Here are thousands all about us, who know not one day where bread for the next is to be obtained. Shall not such who desire it, have the benefits of hydropathy? As far as one humble instrument can say, *they shall*; and the time is not far distant when, in this and other cities, *the rich shall be at the expense of rearing hydropathic charities for the poor.*

Here are many, too, who are better in this world's goods than those mentioned, and who yet are not able to be at the expense of sojourning in institutions from home. They must use water where they are, or not at all. Shall not these be attended to?

What shall we say for those of the better portion of God's creation—the mothers of our city—whom heaven has sent to bear and nurture our race, and many of whom have yet to labour hard to obtain bread for themselves and little ones? Shall these, in the most trying times of pregnancy and childbirth, be denied the treatment by water.

In short, then, we would say, let hydropathy be studied and understood everywhere. Let establishments, with the most perfect arrangements, be formed in various parts of the country. Let there be in city, town, and country, as many practitioners as God calls; let them be zealous in obtaining knowledge, ardent in the pursuit of relieving human suffering, and indefatigable in their endeavors to remove from the world the cause of disease: let society generally live according to the teachings of the new system, and there will be such a degree of health, vigour of constitution, and freedom from disease, as human beings never yet have known.

Dangers of Brandy Drinking.

In the last number of the *Irish Quarterly Review*, the weakness of poor Maginn is alluded to:

"He now turned for comfort and inspiration to the foul fiend, Brandy, which has been the cause of misery and death to so many men of genius. We regret the errors of Addison and Steele; we sigh at the recollections of poor Moreland, the painter, working at his last picture, with a brush in one hand and a glass of brandy in the other—for he had then arrived at that terrible condition in which reason could only reach him from 'intoxication'; and Maginn, not so fallen as this, sunk deeply. The weary hours of lonely watching brought no resource but that which copious draughts of the liquid could supply. Health was fading away; the brightest years of life were passed forever; and as the dim future lowered, he gazed upon it under the influence of that demon, which enthralled the brilliant souls of Addison, of Sheridan, of Charles Lamb, and which sent the once stalwart form of Theodore Hook, a miserable skeleton, to the grave. He was neglected by his own party—he was forgotten by many of his former friends; and as we looked upon him, in his pitiable condition, and compared what we then saw him with what he might have, and as we hoped, would have been, we often recalled the fearful passage of Charles Lamb:

"When you find a ticklish relish upon your tongue, disposing you to a witty sort of conversation, especially if you

and a preternatural flow of ideas setting it upon you, at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it, as you would fly your greatest destruction. If you cannot resist the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it, give it some other play. Write an essay, pen a character or description—but not as I do now, with tears trickling down your cheeks. To be an object of compassion to friends—of derision to your foes; to be suspected by strangers—stared at by fools: to be esteemed dull when you cannot be witty; to be applauded for wit, when you have been dull; to be called upon for the extemporaneous exercise of that faculty which no premeditation can give; to be set on to provoke mirth which procures the proverbial hatred; to give pleasure, and be paid with squinting malice; to swallow the draughts of life-destroying wine, which are to be distilled into airy breath to tickle vain auditors; to mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in the inconsiderable drops of grudging applause—are the wages of buffoonery and death."

"Oh! Lord, Hasten the Day!"

So prayed, with the earnestness of a last hope, and the remaining energy of a wasted frame, rapidly sinking into the grave, a drunkard's wife, in this city.

Our city missionary had called at the miserable hotel where this poor woman lived in wretchedness with her drunken husband, on one of his errands of mercy and benevolence.—He found the wife sick and emaciated by consumption, and the husband drunk upon their wretched bed. They commenced a conversation with them, and found that they had occupied, in better days, a position of respectability in a Christian church, and had taken an active part in the social meeting for prayer and conference; had been prominent in these meetings, and felt, as he himself expressed it, that he enjoyed the love of Christ in his heart." On inquiring as to how he came to fall from this position, the poor man told him of accompanying companions in thoughtless places, to the ale-shop, after work, and of taking an occasional glass, not thinking of danger, until the habit was formed which had thus dragged him down to this utter destitution and hopelessness. After affectionate and persuasive conversation, and several faithful visits, Bro. Smith induced him to sign the pledge, and it was with the utmost eagerness to reform, and a hopeful thrill in his soul that he might yet recover his position in society and the church, that he accompanied to accompany Bro. Smith to a meeting for religious instruction. It was held by the same denomination to which he had formerly belonged, and from the commencement of the exercises to the close, that he was an attentive and deeply affected listener. The tears rolled down his face, when the invitation was given to any who felt desirous of the prayers of the brethren, he was the first to go forward to the altar. The influence of that meeting seemed to work a change upon him, and but for the temptation of the numerous grog-shops of our city, he might then have been saved. Bro. S. charged the members of the church to look to this brother, as he was a stray sheep from their fold, and left him.

About a week after, he called again upon the family, and found the man partially drunk upon his bed. Bro. Smith was deeply affected, and taking his hand, he said to him—"My brother, how could you have fallen back again to this dreadful habit—how could you have brought yourself again to this state of wickedness and suffering?" Rising up on his miserable couch, the poor fellow cried out to him—"Brother Smith, how could I help it? How could I stand when temptations to gratify my appetite were offered to me at every corner? The grog-sellers know my appetite,

and when I went to get a few clams to sell, to get something for my family to eat, the man who keeps the shop on that corner, offered to take them if I would take my pay in rum! and then I went to the other corner, and the other man offered me the same; and then at another place, and he did so, too, and *how could I help it?*"—"Yes," said his poor, weak wife, "and when he comes home his drunken companions follow him here, and make him drink out of their bottle, holding it to his lips. This they have done more than once." "Oh," said he, "I voted for the Maine Law last Spring, and I mean to do it next year, if I live, and then these shops will be shut up, and I can get bread for my family, for I know if that law passes, these shops will be closed, and I shall not be tempted to drink."

His poor wife stretched out her emaciated arms to their full height, and looing up, exclaimed in the agony of desire—"O! Lord, hasten on that day."

This is no fancy sketch—it happened here in our own city, and is but a specimen of the cases which, in obscurity and destitution, and awful suffering, are calling aloud in tones that God hears, if man neglects. Give us the Maine Law. Voters, how will you respond on Monday next? "Oh! Lord, hasten on that day."—*Maine Law Adv. Conn.*

A Gem in the River.

A young mother, with the tears of bereavement in her eyes, stood over the River of Death gazing wistfully into its black and sluggish waters, as if she would fain rest her gaze upon some object away down—down in its fathomless depths. She gazed long and wistfully, and the black waves rolled sullenly, sluggishly onward.

And the mother laid her hands submissively on her bosom and wept, and said:—"My Gem! My Gem!"

And a celestial being like an Angel stood near the hidden door of her heart, and whispered in a silvery voice like music;

"What seekest thou, mourning sister?"

"Alas!" said the mourner, "I once, even yesterday, wore a beautiful gem on my bosom. To me it was invaluable—it was no trivial gem, but it was one that kings and monarchs might have well been proud of. The riches of the east could not have purchased it from me. In an hour that was to me evil and miserable, the gem dropped from my bosom into the black night of this deep river. I saw it floating away from me gently as the coming of an evening shadow, and I reached after it, but it was beyond my grasp, and my gem—my babe smiled upon me, as it was riding on the waves farther and farther from me. It began to sink—to sink from my sight, and in a moment my gem was gone—and gone forever!" And she turned sorrowfully away.—

And the Angel voice whispered again:—"Stay, sister, grieve not—look again into the dark river."

She looked as she was bid, and a cry of sweet and rapturous joy burst from her lips: "Thanks to the Father; I see my gem floating gently on a great black wave. O! may I not wear it in my bosom again?"

"Stay, my sister, thou art deceived; what thou seest in the river is not thy gem; it is the shadow of what was given thee in trust. Look, sister, heavenwards, and bid thy mourning heart rejoice."

She looked aloft, and away up in the dark beclouded sky, she saw a single spot clear and blue, and in it a bright star was gleaming, and its silvery rays came down and danced on the gloomy river, giving the black waves a brightness, as if silvered through and through; and away down many fathoms the bright reflection rested, and this the mourner thought was her lost gem. She gazed silently upon the scene, and the star from Heaven was shining!

And the voice of the Angel came again, like unto the sweet song of many instruments of music, saying:

"Sister, the gloomy waves thou seest, though cold, and dark, and terrible, roll ceaselessly onward up to the great gate of Heaven, and thither they bore thy mourned-for gem, which the Good Father lent thee, the waves have borne it back to Him, and it blooms and shines forever near the Throne like yon brightly beaming star!"

The voice was hushed, and the sorrowing mother turned away with her eyes lifted from the earth and the gloomy river, and fixed them hopefully and wistfully on Heaven.

And the bright star she saw, when tears filled her eyes mourning for her loss, yet beams brightly, and shines on her little baby's grave!—*Spirit of the Age, U. S.*

Views from the Housetop; or, Boston here and there.

"Black Maria" is the name given to the carriage in which the prisoners are conveyed from the jail to the court house. It runs past my rooms every day, filled with pick-pockets, blacklegs, burglars, incendiaries, prostitutes and drunkards. This half-bearse and half-coach concern might with perfect propriety be called the RUMSELLERS' EXPRESS CART, for it is used in carrying the machines they make out of men, from their general depot in Cambridge street, to their warehouse at South Boston. Now, gentle reader, just look through my telescope the quill, and see that express wagon standing in front of the grim and gloomy walls of the jail. The official jams the prisoners into that cell on wheels, as though it were the preliminary punishment to be inflicted before the parties had an opportunity to prove their innocence or confess their guilt. If the weather was warm and the culprit fat, they would be fried before they reached the halls of justice.

See how the carriage rattles over the stony street, past the gazing, and surely I may add, pitying multitude. By the sickly light that staggers through a small dirty window, some of the prison-passengers can see dimly the free and happy people that throng our crooked streets. "Deacon Grant lives there," says one to himself. "Oh had I taken his kind advice and abstained from the use of rum, I might have travelled where I pleased in my own carriage to-day. Hereafter I will heed the admonitions of disinterested philanthropists. The man who drugged me with rum did not visit me in jail, but the "poor man's friend" I am sure will not turn his back on me in the dark hour of trouble."

"That is the Revere House," observed another. "When I first came to the city I put up there, and paid ninnepence a glass for bad brandy. It is the gilded hopper of the Boston Rum Mill, the crank of which is turned by the City Government. When I slid down its smooth walls I was rich, healthy and handsome; but when I passed through this mill, (where multitudes have been ground over) and came out of one of the cellars in Ann Street, I was poor, penniless, bruised and ragged. The money had been shaken out of my pocket, sense had been sifted out of my head, and honor torn from my lacerated bosom."

"There's the Church," remarked a third. "Had I spent my Sabbaths there instead of worse than wasting time in the taverns, I should not now have been a drunken vagabond. The churches stand up amid the other buildings like Saul among the Hebrews, a head and shoulders the tallest, inviting all to fly to the horns of the altar for safety."

"There's Brigham's saloon," says a fourth, "That lantern, like a painted harlot, stands on the sidewalk tempting the passer-by to run into the fires behind it, as the silly goat plunges into the candle-flame. It is a light at the portico of perdition—where I have been burned so badly, the fire-scars covering my rotten flesh."

About nine in the morning a crowd of spectators convene in Court Square and wait the arrival of the Black Maria. Some are sad-faced wives and husbands, parents and chil-

dren. Some are witnesses, others spectators. Others still, aiders and abettors in crime. The Court-House is a substantial building, made of granite as hard as the hearts of some of the officials who frequent its halls. It stands aloof from other buildings, and very much unlike justice, has two faces, one for the City Hall, the other for the common highway. At the proper time the officers take their places in their places (one or two of them do not know their places) and then the witnesses, reporters, and lawyers, come in and occupy a front part of the hall, while the spectators rush and fill up a nasty, narrow room in the rear.

I will sketch a scene I witnessed there two weeks ago last Monday, and with that conclude.

On the bench sat a fine-looking old gentleman, with a bald head, an honest face, and large blue eyes. No innocent man need be afraid to appear before him. I have often noticed how he tempers justice with mercy, and with what patient indulgence he hears what can be said in behalf of the unfortunate. Under him sat the clerk of the Court, who has improved during his absence from the Court House. One of the officers, who wears a forbidding face, disturbed the peace of the room by frequently ordering the spectators to take seats, a trick they would like to have performed, but the seats were all occupied, and the floor was too cold and too much stained with tobacco juice to answer the place of chairs.—The rest of the officials were civil, quiet, good tempered men.

Among the philanthropists, I notice Louis Dwight, John C. Cluer and others who came to perform their accustomed deeds of mercy. Case followed case in rapid succession: men, women and children were charged with drunkenness, and a majority of them plead guilty, were fined two dollars and costs each. While the pen or dook was filled with prisoners, I noticed one of our licensed rum-sellers who came in I suppose out of curiosity. He seemed to be on good terms with the officers, they gave him a good seat behind one of the desks—chatted and joked and smiled with him. To all that, I had no particular objection, but when I saw him rub his hands over his bald pate and laugh at the poor victims of his trade, I must confess I was indignant, for at that moment a handsome fellow, not more than five feet twenty, stood up for trial, and the poor man was trembling with delirium tremens.—*From the Massachusetts Light Boat.*

A Wesleyan Minister's Gratuitous Efforts for the Temperance Cause in 1852.

The temperance cause is as dear to my heart as ever; my joy in its progress and my sorrow in its limited operations are as intense as I ever felt; my conviction of its importance to this nation and the world is as deep as ever; and my persuasion as strong as ever, that when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, these body-and-soul-destroying liquors will have no existence any more than they had in Eden when the holy couple drank of the crystal stream which reflected their beautiful image so lately impressed by the creative skill of Jehovah. Circumstances have limited the detail of services of the past year, but such as it is I hand it over, that if you think it worthy a place in the Advocate, it may speak a friendly word to other ministers to help as their ministerial duties may justify.—April 4: In a sermon suggested by the Assizes, took occasion to show how intemperance ministered to crime, and that abstinence was the only certain way of preventing this great evil.—May 12 and 13: Temperance festival at Hadleigh; preached in the Baptist Chapel, to a small attentive audience. The tea and public meeting very largely attended and interesting. Spoke briefly on the general question, and heard others speak with great pleasure.—May 25: Took the chair at the Guildhall, Bury St. Edmunds, being favored with a visit

from Mr. Spriggs, of London, whose address deeply interested the meeting.—May 31: At a meeting in the Wesleyan Chapel, Cotton, dwelt on the awful ravages of drink, as a married laborer had been induced to drown himself through drink, thus leaving a widow and several helpless children to be provided for by others.—Sep. 26: Delivered an earnest lecture at Lowestoff, to a good attendance in the Old Independent Chapel.—Nov. 16: In the Guildhall, Bury St. Edmunds; a noble meeting. Mr. Smithard left a most favorable impression. Trust this will issue in the revival of the cause here.—Dec. 6: In the same place. A splendid tea and public meeting. Several signed the pledge. Mr. Smithard was the lion of the evening. The friends felt encouraged to hope that the monthly meetings which they expect the new agent to conduct would be favorably regarded. There is ample scope in this town and neighborhood for the full employment of a temperance agent, were means at hand for this worthy purpose. And if the numerous parties engaged in the preparation and sale of the wholesale destroyer, steadily kept the second commandment, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' this and many other good works would find ample support. R. TABRAMAN.

Miscellaneous Table Talk Topics.

A CHRISTIAN does not turn his back upon the fine things of this world because he has no natural capacity to enjoy them, no taste for them; but because the Holy Spirit has shown him greater and better things. He wants flowers that will never fade; he wants something that a man can take with him to another world.

BRAIN LABOR.—The incessant toil of this "congeries of organs," that falls to the lot of an editor, is well discoursed about in the *New York Sun* as follows: "To many persons it seems a small thing to sit down and prepare matter for the periodical press; but let these inexperienced with the pen, and whose brains have never been trained to sympathetic labor, attempt to furnish intellectual food and recreation to their fellows, and they will soon realize that mental labor is the most destructive to the health of all other toil. Were one to grub the stumps out of the earth, or to sling the sledge hammer twelve hours a day, he would be able to stand the drudgery with less injury to the body and soul than half the number of hours devoted to mental employment, in the way of writing for the book or newspaper press. Those pithy articles, which constantly appear in the periodicals of the day, contain the very essence of mind or thought, of such literary gentlemen as are the first whose constitutions are broken down."

—Punch says a man who goes to church to chew tobacco, and spits upon the floor, ought to be taken by the head and heels, and scrubbed upon the soiled spot until it was clean. This is no joke.

—Temporal affairs are best expedited when they are made the subjects of secret prayer! Generally speaking, he who prays fervently in his closet, will speed well in his shop, at the plough, or in whatever he may turn his hand to.

I CAN'T GET ON.—'I can't get on, Sir,' 'What hinders you?' 'Don't know.' 'How much rent do you pay?' 'Three-and-sixpence a week.' 'What does smoking cost you?' 'Tenpence halfpenny a week.' 'And beer?' 'One-and-sixpence; one week with another my pipe and beer cost me two shillings and sixpence a week.' 'Then give up your pipe and pot, and put the two shillings and sixpence into your pocket. That's the way to get on.'

WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.—Some young people of the age of ten to fifteen years, are able to converse intelligently on almost any subject, while others are mum if you speak to them of anything but the most frivolous matters. What makes the difference? You might as well ask, what makes the difference in the appearance of the half-finished boy, that is kept on a scanty supply of the meanest fare,

and the one who has plenty of nourishing food. The youth who can converse only on the most trifling subjects, has starved his mind.

TEMPERANCE.—With all the knowledge at present before us of the baleful effects of strong drink, both to body and soul, is it not surprising that so many are found who neglect their duties, forsake their families, and abandon all the obligations to God and man for the love of this ruinous practice?

LITTLE THINGS.—Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams,—a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of the ship—a bridle is a little thing, but see its use and power—nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of large buildings together—a word, a smile, a frown—all are little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt—it is a promise, redeem it—it's a shilling, hand it over—you know not what important events hang upon it. Keep your word sacredly—keep it to children; they will mark it sooner than any one else; and the effects will probably be as lasting as life.

—A *New York Journal*, name not given, is accredited in one of our exchanges for the following:—

"Lost yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever."

MORAL SUASION.—It has been asserted that the friends who are deeply engaged in the present temperance movement have abandoned moral suasion, and rely for success exclusively upon the law. This is not true. There was never more earnest talk against intemperance, never more preaching, expostulation and entreaties to the drinkers, than now. Legal and moral suasion are combined. There is now but one opinion among temperance men upon this subject, and this is, moral suasion to the drunkard, and legal suasion for the rumseller.—*Tem. Watchman, Maine.*

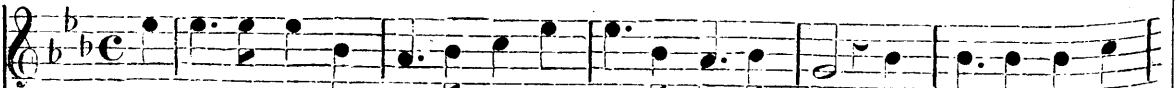
—The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, the great and the insignificant is energy—invincible determination—an honest purpose once fixed—and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no circumstances, no opportunity will make a two legged creature a man without it.

TRUTH PREFERRED TO LIFE.—When the immortal Sydney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood, denying his handwriting, he said, "When God hath brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, he gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."

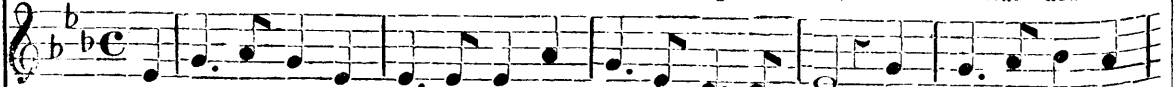
PUNCTUALITY.—Method, as Mrs. More says, is the very hinge of business, and there is no business without punctuality. Punctuality is important, because it subserves the peace and good temper of a family; the want of it not only infringes on necessary duty, but sometimes excludes this duty. Punctuality is important, as it gains time; it is like packing things in a box, a good packer will get in half as much more as a bad one. The calmness of mind which it produces is another advantage of punctuality. A disorderly man is always in a hurry; he has no time to speak with you, because he is going elsewhere, and when he gets there he is too late for his business, or he must hurry away to another before he can finish it. It was a wise maxim of the Duke of Newcastle, "I do one thing at a time." Punctuality gives weight to character. "Such a man has made an appointment, then I know he will keep it," and this generates punctuality in you, for, like other virtues, it propagates itself. Servants and children must be punctual where their leader is so. Appointments, indeed, become debts. I owe you punctuality, if I have made an appointment with you, and have no right to throw away your time if I do my own.

THE HOME WHICH RANG WITH MERRY PEALS.

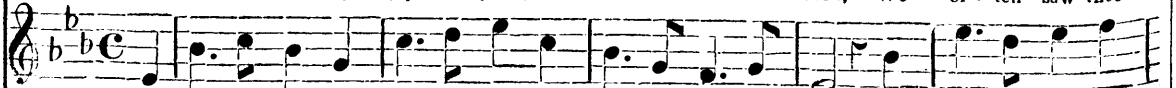
Arr. "The Harp of Tara," written and arranged for "Canada Temperance Advocate." Words, W. W. C., Toronto.



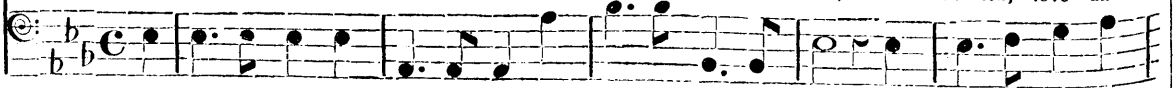
1. The home which rang with mer - ry peals Of child-ish laugh-ter loud, Is si - lent now and



2. We saw thee when thy youth-ful form Was beau-ty, health and grace; And in - nocence and
3. And one there was, thy joy and pride, As thou wast his I wren, We of - ten saw thee



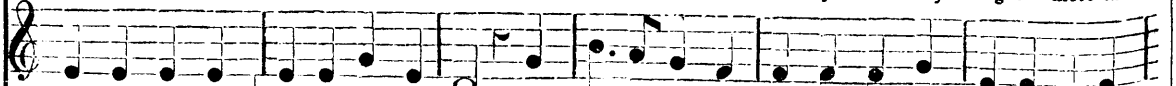
4. We miss him now, ah! where is he Who vow'd with solemn breath, To cherish, love and



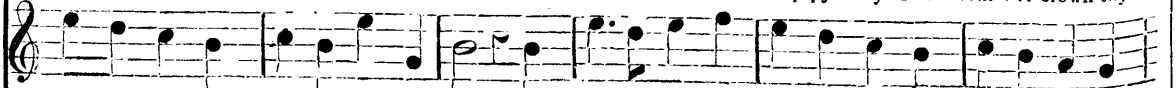
5. All gone, and with them all thy joys, And hopes long since have fled, That husband and those



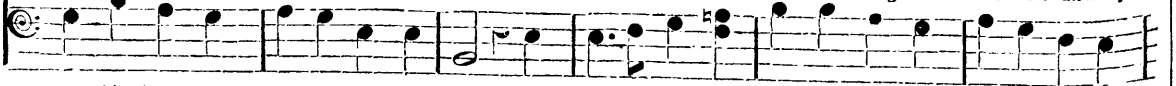
thro' it steals A form by sor-row bow'd; Poor lone-ly one, so sad-ly worn By anguish more than



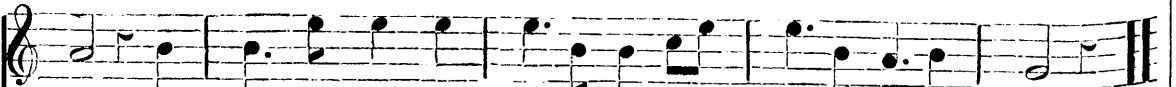
ev' - ry charm A - dorn'd thy fair young face; Smiles deck'd thy brow, thy eye was bright, Thy voice of silv'ry
stray be - side a youth of no - ble mein; And well we mind the hap - py day That seem'd to crown thy



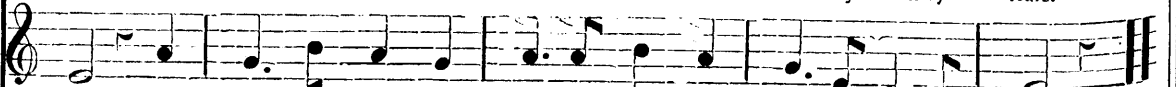
suc - cour thee, Thee on - ly un - til death; And where the lit - tle ones who clung And cluster'd round thy



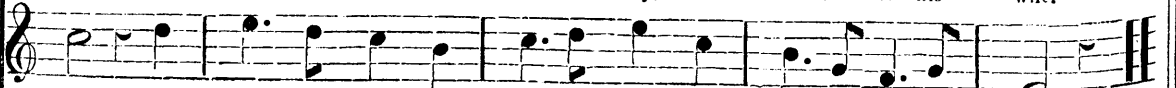
no - ble boys, Ah! yes, all, all are dead! What hath this blight and ru - in brought, On hopes once so c -



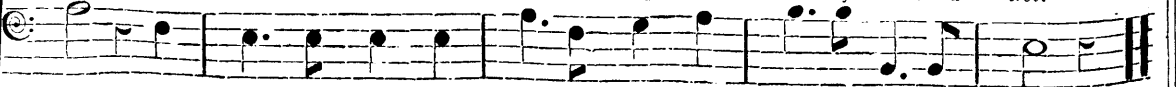
years; With long, sad years thy bosom torn—Fur - - row'd thy cheek by tears.



tone, Rang blithe - ly for thy heart was light— Its mu - sic now hath gone.
life, When from thy youth - ful - home a - way, He bore thee as his wife.



knee, Who prat - tle'd, laugh'd and play'd and sang A - round thy household tree.



late? RUM hath the dou - ble mur - der wrought, and made the de - so - - late.

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, APRIL 15, 1853.

The "Humanitarian" Duties of the Church.

Such is the title of an admirable editorial article in the March number of the *National Magazine*. It is the continuation of a series of papers by the Editor, under the general heading, "The Christianity Required by the Times." Most appropriate and convincing are these discursive essays; and we heartily wish they could be studied by all Christian ministers and by all church members. It is maintained by the author, that the times demand "more of the primitive, spiritual life of Christianity—a reformation of its sectarianism and its style of address, both in its public ministrations and in social life." The question suggested by the present paper, we deem to be of grave importance. The word "humanitarian" has become "specific," says the editor, "if not technical in the language of reformers." "We include in it all the great reforms of the age." Many sincere Christians have taken alarm, because the infidelity of the age has allied itself with many popular movements, and seems to take the lead in many reforms absolutely demanded by the times; and it is to be feared that not a few have looked with suspicion on valuable plans for social improvement, because irreligious, if not sceptical, persons have opposed or approved them. There is evidently something wrong here. Is it to be admitted that infidelity is more clear-sighted respecting human wrongs or human wants, than Christianity? We think not. But it is possible that those who only, or chiefly, regard man in relation to his material interests, may arrive at many sound conclusions respecting his rights, necessities, and duties. And it is obvious, that if the Christianity embodied in the church considers only the spiritual needs of mankind, and makes effort only for spiritual life, then there will be neglect of great and essential truths relating to physical health and social happiness. Is such neglect warranted by Christianity itself? No; but the possession of that divine boon is human, and therefore fallible; and so may separate what God has joined together. He who regards only the body, forfeits the inestimable gifts of grace, and however prosperous he may become, dies as the fool dieth; while they who inculcate only the lessons of spiritual religion, seem to forget that man has a body as well as a soul; and hence, in many instances, and for many ages, "humanitarian" duties were neglected, if not despised, by Christian men.

There is a class of Christians who receive, with peculiar emotions of delight, any profound and eloquent exposition of the all-sufficiency of the Gospel to elevate and purify mankind. They fancy that in such a proposition lies a disclaimer of those associations formed for the mitigation of public evils, or the social advancement of the working classes, or the progress upward of the lower orders. Perhaps the pulpit orator meant no such thing; but they have a notion that Christianity is a powerful antidote against human

vices, while they themselves cling to some darling propensity, or decline to yield their conscience to that standard of self-denial which may be established by certain voluntary associations. These stand aloof from any combination which demands practical exertion and self-sacrifice. Religion and the church, say they, are all-sufficient instruments of power to raise and purify mankind. Their ethics embrace faith and feeling; but all the while iniquity abounds; and millions are not, and cannot be, reached by the influence which they deem all-powerful to cleanse from sin and heal of moral disease. The gigantic evil of intemperance has grown up around us, in the midst of Christian teaching and education. It was attacked directly and specifically, and was treated as a "stupendous denial of the Christian religion;" and now we aver that the "Christianity required by the times" demands that the whole church (not this or that section of it) should identify itself with the movement for the suppression of drunkenness and the abolition of the liquor traffic. We admit, with the editor of the *National*, that "the Temperance reform originated with the church." Others, probably not under Christian influence, took hold of the movement, governed only by "humanitarian" views. But that was not a sufficient reason for the church withdrawing its sanction and approving activity. On the contrary, "now should the whole Christianity of the land rally to its standard, and force the public opinion through the crisis. *The religion of the country can do it,*" and ought to do it. Every Christian minister, and every member of a Christian church, should be known and recognized as an enemy of the liquor traffic; and in some definite way their power should be felt, as directed against an evil more ruinous than war, more destructive than pestilence. Great numbers practically concur in these views, but there are yet many who do not; and we are persuaded that the power of the church is not felt, because of the prevalence of defective opinions, and an over scrupulous fear of worldly contamination. What is worse, there exists much moderate drinking and social tipping. We know it to be so, and we denounce it as the secret cause of an unexpressed hostility to the temperance cause, or a cold and general approval of temperance effort, unaccompanied by any activity for the removal of the nation's greatest curse. And (we quote the *National*) "the whole history of Christendom is against the idea that the general inculcation of religious truth, without its specific application to public evils, is a sufficient mission for the church. But would it be safe, some may ask? Would it not bring it into violent conflicts with public sentiments and public men? Yes, until the latter learned that its integrity was inexorable; and then the conflict would purify the church and save the world. It is this positive reformatory spirit that the times demand in the church. Our position," says the *National*, "is a plain one, and admits of no evasion. It is, summarily, that Christianity presents a sufficient and intelligible test for all public questions that have important moral relations, and that it should apply it openly and uncompromisingly to them, wherever, by becoming the prevailing faith of a people, it becomes responsible for the public morals." In this sentiment we

concur, and commend it to the consideration of all concerned, adding only for the present a part of the concluding paragraph of the editorial in the *National Magazine*:—"Where the general or indirect influence of Christianity actuates the public mind to the due correction of a given public evil, it may not be necessary for the church—that is to say, Christianity in its organic form—to act more specifically against that evil; but where the public mind fails of its duty in this respect,—that is, resists that influence,—should the church connive at its evasion? or, should it not rather speak out in demonstration and power against the sanctioned wrong? Representing, as it does, the moral government of God in the world, it apostatizes from its integrity whenever it allows that government to be infringed, except when it wisely waits only a better opportunity to vindicate it."

Interesting Discussion—A Sign of the Times.

Through our recent trans-atlantic exchanges we learn that a rather singular and somewhat interesting discussion is in progress, on a subject of great public importance. We cannot help looking on with gravity while the belligerents of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin and London are each striving to prove that this or that city is not more drunken than the other. The *Scotsman* endeavors to show statistically, that "Glasgow is three times more drunken than wicked Edinburgh, and five times more drunken than lost London." The *Glasgow Herald* defends poor Glasgow against this dreadful impeachment, but flies to Dublin for facts to relieve the gloom, which he admits to be dismal enough. While the *Herald* is doubting its own allegations against Dublin, the *Northern Whig* comes out strong, and says "no man in his senses can doubt that, compared to Glasgow, Dublin is a temperate city." The *Whig* "even grows eloquent, and maintains that, "as compared with self-righteous Glasgow, Dublin is an unfallen and sinless paradise." The *Scottish Press*, however, admits a letter from a "Citizen," which at least partially substantiates the statistics of the *Scotsman*.

Observing that dram-shops nestle beneath the very eaves of the venerable Tron Church, he fixes upon one of these places, and watches the guests pass in and out on Sunday:—

"From one to two o'clock [day-time] no fewer than 193 people at one house were buying and swallowing the publican's bad gospel—whisky! whisky! whisky! Amongst the special acts of these apostles who administer spiritual refreshment to the modern heathens of Modern Athens, we must notice their great love of children. They are very kind indeed to them—when children bought and paid for whisky, they generally, it was observed, came away full-handed, for they had spirits in the one hand and sweets without money and without price in the other. Had these apostles of bad tidings and bad whisky had time to speak, they would certainly have been heard quoting their beloved Bibles, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' It was observed also that many who went there were not content with one dose, but returned and returned over and over again, some to the incredible number of six times. Now this fact naturally demands a moment's consideration of the too fondly-cherished delusions of the Sabbath publican, viz., that they dispense refreshments, and that they are respectable. Were such individuals who came and went so often, refresh-

ed each time, and was it respectable to refresh them so often? An answer to this would be obliging. One old man who had been refreshed very often, at last observed us jolting down the frequency of his extreme periodic exhaustion, and coolly said, 'Here I am again, just put me down again, that 'll make me five times.' This deplorable being seemed to have passed from the human to the sponge species, for he could absorb any quantity. We wondered how anything human could learn to live an hour with so much liquid fire raging in his stomach."

We cannot withhold another extract from the "Citizen's" letter. Sad indeed are the facts here brought to light, from the darkness of a Glasgow Sunday night. Only one house is watched and,

"From twenty minutes to eleven to ten minutes past it, 134 human beings come out of one place, rejoicing in the dignified title of a tavern;—a tavern is obviously now neither more nor less than a place where dissipation and devilry in general can be carried on to a later unchallengeable hour than in other dram-shops. When groups of these beings did come to the door, the scenes were very shocking—such oaths and mad indecent antics as were heard and seen! A sort of square hid them from the thronging streets, and so this pandemonium-promenade was only dispersed occasionally by the police. Blasphemy was their vernacular, and the vocabulary of profanity seemed used up. Though we did not take the statistics of adjoining places, in order to be very accurate with one only, yet we could see at a glance that all the rest were plying away with all their might, and sucking in and pumping out the stream of men, women, and boys with rare devotion. At all of these places we could notice the timid, hesitating, quaking servant girls, coaxed on by sweethearts, so-called, shuddering at the company they probably for the first time were getting a glimpse of. In they went at last, to those legalised moral slaughter-houses, fear, shame, and remorse, soon to be drowned in the eternal dram; holder and baser next time no doubt, merging in sympathy first, and passing soul and body at last into this revolting system. We saw clubs of lads, evidently 'prentices, counting their change and looking big, because, as it seemed, of their successful imitation of their seniors. But the door is shut at last, and then Sabbath dram-dealers seem to shut out also all sense of responsibility as to what may happen with their pupils and victims, either publicly or privately. Well, these doors are shut with a bang, but can the father shut out the drunk son? Can the wife shut out that drunk husband? Can the father shut out the moral contamination from the innocent home circle which the tavern pupil has imbibed? Can the wife shut out the wolf of bankruptcy which devours all that should have honourably fed and clad her family? The husband first learnt to neglect his business by spending too much in this bad school-house of the State, the dram-shop. Can the mother shut out that daughter, or the daughter that mother, each ruined as it may happen, and does very, very often happen, by these legalised Sabbath temptations? What heads and hearts such men must have who either don't see or don't care that when they are shutting out all this from themselves, they are shutting it in upon individual families, and upon society at large."

Yes! and "society" must bear this load and more than human eye discerns, and when society seeks to right itself and annihilate this diabolical system you hear the cry of "ventured rights" and "property" embarked, and so forth. O tempora. But let us get back again to our editorial broachers in Glasgow and elsewhere. The *Weekly News and Chronicle*, London, may be reckoned a sort of umpire—at least so we consider it—a candid observer of facts and de-

tails. It appears from thence that in 1851, *fourteen thousand eight hundred and seventy persons* (14,870), were arrested in Glasgow for various crimes and misdemeanors. In that year it would appear, that one in every 105 of the population of London was arrested, in Edinburgh one in every 59 was arrested, and in Glasgow one in every 24 of the population. Not being able wholly to set aside these figures, next come various apologists, among which we note the *Glasgow Examiner*. Glasgow is shown to be a manufacturing town, and that the working classes constitute a larger proportion of the people than in Edinburgh or London. The apologists would have Glasgow compared with Liverpool and Manchester. Whereupon the *Guardian* of the latter place responds, and maintains that from Mr. Hume's parliamentary return it is quite clear that Manchester is proudly pre-eminent in temperance over "all other places named in the returns." The *Guardian* and the *Gateshead Observer* join the *Northern Whig*, in denouncing the "Levitical policy" of Glasgow and of Greenock as the chief causes of the intemperance which abounds there. By Levitical policy is meant the efforts of the various churches to prevent Sabbath desecration and other public immoralities. The *Glasgow Christian News* could hardly be expected to abstain from a share in this controversy. It is a well conducted religious paper, the organ of a pious and zealous section of the Church of Christ in Scotland. That cautious journal observes that apart from all efforts to diminish the burden which lies upon its city, the Parliamentary statistics give no certain data on which to calculate the number of drunkards and cases of drunkenness in either of the specified cities. "Does any indulge in his bosom the childish conceit, that every drunkard and every case of drunkenness in these cities is known to the police? Hundreds of drunkards remain in public-houses, that is, the real good and paying customers, till they become capable of looking after themselves; hundreds more are conveyed to their homes from the haunts of dissipation by their friends better able to walk than themselves; hundreds of gentlemen of mark are from their dinners, and suppers, and clubs rolled home in their carriages and cabs, who could not safely cross a narrow street; and hundreds more in their own houses and lodgings drink, and are drunken, week after week, and then tumble into bed. These are facts of which the police know nothing, that is, they are cases with which they have no authority to intermeddle, not even to take note of them. But we might safely substitute thousands for hundreds; and no one familiar with the manners and customs of the three cities can doubt the facts, at least if he do, we can prove the truth of them thus:—We take the police cases, and having little difficulty in discovering the amount of intoxicating element which would be required to degrade and throw them into the hands of the constables, we can ascertain (and we shall try to do it) the amount of alcoholic liquors consumed in the city, and deducting the former amount from it, we shall find in Glasgow at least, as much consumed as is sufficient to quintuple the number of cases that come under the eye of the police."

The *Glasgow Herald* also remarks, that "Mr. Hume may as well attempt to take a census of the rats in and about

the Glasgow Slaughter-house, as to try to get accurate returns of how many men and women drink in any community, or how often they get half-drunk or whole drunk. He only tries a turn at the cheap, horrid, twopence-a-gill affair, and he does not even get the facts about that."

One thing is perfectly plain, that there is no need of fiction to depict the enormities of the liquor traffic; here is a business fruitful in every form of mischief and misery, sanctioned and regulated by law. Ought it so to be?

We regard this discussion, growing out of Mr. Hume's parliamentary returns, as a sign of the times. It will produce good results. Gentlemen of the press may discuss and philosophize any way they please; the light cannot be shut out from the public mind. It will come to this—the traffic will be prohibited. Britain will have its Liquor Law League, and it will succeed as surely as did the renowned Corn Law League. In the mean time, how do matters stand in this Canada? or in this Montreal? Some of our City Editors are good at figures, (the *Gazette* and *Pilot* for instance) and not over anxious to get rid of the liquor business. Will they favour the public with a small calculation about our comparative morality? Montreal, according to the census of 1852, has 57,715 inhabitants, and our Chief of Police says that in that same year there were 3,334 arrests. How do we stand? Are we *worser—wicked—drunkener* than Glasgow, or Manchester, or London? How does Montreal stand?

Good News—Father Mathew on the Maine Law.

Every indication of the approaching change of opinion, and of law in respect to the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks, must be hailed with delight by all who seek the Maine Law for Canada, and will encourage the new Canadian League which seeks the destruction of the traffic. Here then is good news as we find it in our British papers:—

A comparatively new organization, having their seats at Manchester, and called the "United Kingdom Alliance for Suppression of Traffic in all intoxicating Liquors," have published several letters of adhesion to their cause from gentlemen of influence in various parts of the kingdom. Amongst the list is Father Mathew, who writes thus:—"With rapture I hail the formation of the 'United Kingdom Alliance for the suppression of the Traffic in all Intoxicating Liquors.' I laboured for the suppression of intemperance, until I sacrificed my health and my little property in the glorious cause. My labors, with the Divine aid, were attended with partial success. The efforts of individuals, however zealous, were not equal to the mighty task. The United Kingdom Alliance strikes at the very root of the evil. I trust in God the associated efforts of so many good and benevolent men will effectually crush a monster, gorged with human gore."

We trust the small remnant of moral suasionists who yet shrink from the Maine Law, will ponder well the weighty words of Father Mathew—"partial success"—"not equal to the mighty task." The traffic is a "monster, gorged with human gore;" to be "effectually crushed" by prohibitory legislation. So the truth marches onward. Thanks be to God we have not now to labour alone in this great moral re-

form. In a few weeks we shall be able to announce the names of many of Britain's brightest ornaments, as pledged advocates and adherents of the "United Kingdom Alliance, for the Suppression of the Traffic."

Ministerial Aid—An Example.

A Wesleyan Minister of the Canada Conference sends us 40 subscribers, and a letter which we esteem more than the \$20. It is always cheering to be encouraged by the sympathy and co-operation of the Christian Ministry, and we shall always consider it a duty so to conduct the *Advocate* that it can safely be recommended from the Pulpit or in the parlor, and by all ministers and members of the Christian Church. The worthy brother whose zeal is so commendable and successful, will allow us to make a quotation from his letter. We trust his example will be followed by many others. How much might be done by a generous and united effort. But for the extract:—

"Believing that it does not at all detract from the dignity and sacredness of the *pulpit*, to urge on my congregations the importance of obtaining and diffusing all available information on the subject of Total Abstinence, I have taken occasion at the close of my public religious services to call the attention of all present to the matter, and to solicit subscriptions for your excellent paper. I have argued that the *Total Abstinence* man needs the *Advocate*, because it furnishes him with almost any amount of sound argument, such as he needs for the defence of his principles and the advocacy of the Temperance cause; that the *moderate drinker* needs it in order fully and fairly to see "the other side of the question;" and that the *drunkard* needs it for reasons too palpable to require enumeration. In this way I have induced many to subscribe the merely nominal sum of 2s. 6d., in return for which they receive nearly quadruple value in the varied and interesting reading matter of the *CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE*."

Hon. M. Cameron's Maine Liquor Law Bill.

We had intended giving in our present number so much of the debate as has yet taken place on this important measure, and have partly in type Mr. Cameron's excellent speech when the Bill was introduced for the second reading. On second thought, however, we have thought it advisable to publish an *Extra* when the debate is closed, so as to enable the different constituencies to form opinion of the part their representatives have taken in it.

Several communications, still unavoidably crowded out of our columns, will, unless the debate be too lengthy, then be inserted.

We copy the following from the *Daily Democrat*, a paper published at St. Louis, dated March 22, 1853. The brother whose death is recorded, was formerly a resident of this city:—

"We regret to announce the death, by apoplexy, of George W. Mower, Esq., at Oshkosh, Wisconsin. He was a brother of Lyman Mower, of this city, and was highly esteemed in the community where he resided. His remains were followed to the grave by the Masonic Order and the Sons of Temperance, of which orders he was a worthy member."

MONTREAL DISTRICT TENT, No. 13, I. O. of R.,
24th March, 1853.

SIR,—I enclose herewith a series of Resolutions adopted by this District upon the use and traffic in intoxicating drinks, and request you will have the goodness to give them a place in the next issue of your valuable paper.

Your very obedient servant,

EDWARD COYLE,

D. R. S.

Brother J. C. Becket, Proprietor
Temperance Advocate.

1. That the traffic in, and general use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, have been abundantly proved by experience, to be the bane of society, and a great promoting cause of the crimes, misdemeanors, pauperism, and wretchedness, which have debased and afflicted humanity in time past.

2. That instead of returning any good to counter-balance all its attending evils, the use of intoxicating liquors is unnecessary to the health or vigor of mankind, which is determined by the improved social condition of every family and every community where Temperance principles prevail, and by the diminution of human misery which follows.

3. That so long as persons in high and important positions, forgetful of the responsibility resting upon them, continue to indulge their appetites with costly wines, especially on public occasions, a dangerous and demoralising example is held up, which the young and weak-minded will be prone to follow; and under any licensing system, people of the baser sort will always be ready to provide the means and evade the law.

4. That the diminution in the number of licenses granted in the District of Montreal, especially in the country parts, as published in the official returns, proves not only the will but the power of the people, who have now seen both the evils of drinking and blessings of Temperance, to abolish the traffic in intoxicating liquors, thus placing this trade among those dangerous nuisances, against which it is the duty of every just and good government to provide a protection and remedy.

5. That to protect society from the awfully appalling consequences that follow the course of intoxicating drinks, where the use is common, no limitation of licenses, and no system of fines or penalties is sufficient, and nothing can avail against the craft and cunning of those determined to carry on the traffic in opposition to all restrictions and public opinion, but a law which shall empower proper authorities to seize and confiscate all intoxicating drinks prepared or exposed for sale as a beverage.

Social Meeting.

The Sisters of Hope Tent, United Daughters of Rechab, gave a social tea-party on Monday evening last, to the Members of Perseverance Tent, I. O. of R., and friends, at the Rechabite Hall, which went off in the most agreeable manner. The hall was crowded in a manner that would have done honor to the most fashionable "rout." The refreshments were excellent, and in profuse abundance—and all were gay and lively—and every one seemed not only determined to be happy, but to spread the same good feeling in the circle around.

The young men of Perseverance Tent intend giving, early next month, a "return" party to the ladies.

B.

Laudable Conduct of the Duke of Sutherland in the Cause of Temperance.

(For the *Montreal Temperance Advocate*.)

The following correspondence has taken place between the Stratford Division Sons of Temperance, 236, and His Grace the Duke of Sutherland, on the subject of the laudable exertions of His Grace, in endeavoring to effect a reformation in the habits of the fishermen engaged in the North of Scotland in the herring fishery. His Grace's answer certainly reflects much to his credit; and if his example be followed by his compeers in a consideration of the social habits of those who move in a sphere of lowly existence,—if man, however humble, be valued for his virtues and goodness by those whose nobleness of class places them far above the toiling mass,—if there is a nobleness in the *mind* of man which can be cultivated, there is a wide field for the exertions of philanthropic spirits among the nobles of Britain. "Man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn," as wrote Scotland's noble poet, may yet be modified by a personal and truthful knowledge obtained of the social habits and customs of the hard worked and overlooked lower classes. What an enterprise! the elevation of the moral and social state of mankind, by thinking of, and acting for, their temporal welfare. And who are the nobles of Canada? The sons of the soil. What are their habits and customs as to the drinking usages? Yeomen and freemen of Canada, what power of class is above you? Answer, a Liquefied Deity! Then, if so, learn to know that you yourselves can strike the blow, and make the *tyrant* tremble!

Stratford, County of Perth, C.W., }
January 10, 1853.

To His Grace the Duke of Sutherland, London.

May it please Your Grace:—

We, the Managers of the Society here known as "Stratford Division Sons of Temperance, No. 236," approach your Grace, to notice approvingly a paragraph which is quoted in some of the Canadian papers, as follows:—"The Duke of Sutherland has kindly offered to the fishermen on his estates, in the habit of prosecuting the herring fishing Helmsdale, a supply of coffee during the fishing season, as well as the apparatus necessary for properly preparing it, provided they will give up the large supply of whisky (ten gallons) which each crew has hitherto been receiving as perquisites, and accept some other consideration in lieu of it."—*John O'Groat Journal*.

We, as one of the subordinate branches called "Divisions" of the "Grand Division" of the Sons of Temperance of Canada West, not merely highly approve of your Grace's considerate views as regards the fishermen of the North of Scotland, but view your Grace's *practical example* as one which, if followed in the various ways which circumstances induce by those in high honorary and hereditary positions, similar to those occupied by your Grace, would, we humbly conceive, be the means, under a directing Providence, of reforming the social habits of those among whom are customs descended from previous times, which are the reverse of promoting a real social habit of moral and temporal good. An example such as that afforded by your Grace, shown by one in a class next to royalty itself, will, it is hoped, be the means of re-awakening the responsibility of those who are "great in the land," to consider "what is the best means of raising to a moral and temporal standard of social happiness, those who are necessitated to obtain by labor a subsistence either singly or in masses congregated together for one object, and as such compelled by the voice of custom to do, comply with, and live in ways which too often tend to a lowering of such a stand-

ard as we refer to; and thereby leave behind them the seeds to germinate of social habits and customs, which directly and indirectly tend to the degeneracy, and not to the elevation, of man."

That your Grace may be preserved to be the means of nurturing an improvement in the social habits of those on your extensive estates, such as we have the pleasure of referring to in this letter, is our sincere desire,—joining in our desire the same wishes for Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland.

And we remain, with all respect, &c.,

(Signed) JOHN A. SCOTT, W.P.
JOHN J. E. LINTON, R.S.

Trenton, Staffordshire, }
February 5, 1853. }

Messrs. J. A. Scott and J. Linton, Stratford,

SIRS,—I have to acknowledge receipt of your communication by Managers of the Stratford Division of Sons of Temperance Society; and I wish to express my thanks, and the satisfaction it gives me to find the measures I have taken thus approved of. I fear that my influence may be over-estimated by you in your desire for their success; but I have pleasure in stating that some good results seem certain.

It has been the custom of the herring fisheries in the North of Scotland to give every crew, in lieu of proper money wages, a large quantity of whisky, thereby encouraging the abuse in a manner irresistible for the fishermen; and this—the habit of drinking spirits—not confined to the period of hard work out at sea at night, is unhappily spreading among the population, and demoralizing a naturally well disposed people. I trust that I have persuaded the curers on the East coast of Sutherland, having obtained the concurrence of some of the principal, to desist from this, and to pay wages in money. I am now engaged in the same way at the important place of Wick, in Caithness, and have much satisfaction in meeting with attention from several there, and acknowledgment that the change is desirable.

I should apologise for saying so much on the subject to you who have so well expressed your sense of the importance of attention to the social habits and character of the people, and of the duty of those who may have influence, to exert it for the promotion of their temporal, and also eternal, happiness.

I feel truly grateful for the kind wishes expressed for the Duchess and myself: no one can be more anxious for the welfare of our fellow-creatures than the Duchess, who devotes as much time and care to the subject as is possibly in her power. It is pleasing to know that distance does not prevent participation in sentiments of good will and friendly feelings.

I am, Sirs, very truly yours,

SUTHERLAND.

Sabbath Meditations.

Hall, Virtue & Co., have just published a new and important work by the Rev. John Cummings D. D. It is entitled "The Church before the Flood," and is highly spoken of by the London Press. The reference to fact in the following passage will be easily discerned, but it also furnishes an eloquent illustration of the principle and duties of a common brotherhood:—

"Where is then thy brother? He is the stray sheep that has gone from the fold, he is the poor prodigal feeding upon husks. And if you want to see what thy brother is, leave the picturesque description of the poet, close the beautiful romance; open the Scriptures, hear the verdict of Him who

died for human nature. What is the condition of human nature? A lost sheep, a wandering prodigal, an infidel Sadducee, a hypocritical Pharisee,—perishing, dying, beyond light and life and truth,—and you will behold what a brother is. And if you want to see a sister, read the tale of the Turkish wife, study the picture of the Indian mother, or the life of the Hindoo widow; and in that Turkish wife, in that Indian mother, in that Hindoo widow, you will have the picture of your sister. When you ask, where is thy brother? or where is thy sister? Know that the broad road that leads to ruin, is beaten smooth by brothers' and sisters' feet. The prison, the penal settlement, the Old Bailey, the Penitentiary, the tread-mill, the model prison,—every cell of them is filled with those that are our brothers and sisters. That home of poverty where all man's original affections are abused or broken,—that squalid hovel where horrid appetite alone holds its terrible supremacy, where fancy sheds no beauty, where faith creates no purity, where hope gives no consolation, where holiness has no sanctuary, where prayer has no altar, and the Sabbath has no service,—that squalid home where the sun rises upon no morning prayer, and sets upon no evening praise; where intemperance makes man a fiend and woman a wreck; where beauty is turned to corruption, and all the gladness and the glory of humanity is gone,—that home contains those who are brethren. There, rich one,—there, great one,—there noble and wealthy one,—is thy brother;—the same flesh, the same blood with thyself, just what thyself would have been if thy circumstances had been otherwise; and where, because thy circumstances are different, thou art called upon to go as an angel of light and life, and mercy; and rescue man from the brutality of sin, and enfranchise him with all the glory and freedom of the children of God. Brothers sow our fields, brothers temper the steel for our swords, brothers man our ships, brothers fight our battles.

“Let us hail in humanity one grand brotherhood, as we hail in Christianity one lofty fatherhood; and feel that wherever a heart beats, there is a brother seeking for our sympathy, our assistance, and our aid, and to whom all are due.”—pp. 200—202.

And, without controversy, great is the mystery of Godliness. 1 Tim. iii. 16.—“What the great apostle saith upon occasion of one mystery, we may say of the whole, ‘O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!’ Who could have thought that THREE, really and personally distinct, should be equal, and one in nature and essence. Who could have imagined that God should become man, infinite become finite, the Creator a creature; the Father of spirits become flesh; and the Lord of life be put to death? Who could conceive that He, who made all things of nothing, should be himself ‘made of a woman.’ That He whom the heavens of heavens cannot contain, should be found ‘wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger?’ That the ‘Bread of Life’ should be hungry, and the Water of Life thirsty? Who could have imagined that one, yea millions, should be made rich by another's poverty, filled by another's emptiness, be exalted by another's humiliation, healed by another's wounds, be absolved by another's condemnation, and live eternally by another's temporal death? Who could have imagined that infinite mercy and infinite justice should combine to save those who had slighted mercy and wronged justice; and that both these attributes should be magnified in doing the deed? Who could have thought that many thousands, yea millions, living many miles and ages distant, should be fellow members, and be truly one body sympathising with, serviceable to, rejoicing in the welfare of each other; and all be united unto, receive influence from, and live wholly by one Head, as far from them as heaven is from the earth. Eph. v. 27-30. Coloss. ii. 12. ‘Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness.’”

And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? Matt. xiv. 31.—“A persevering faith is a rare attainment. Upon every new danger and temptation, there is a new want of grace, and a new necessity for prayer. Not one moment passes, but we have occasion to say—Lord, save me. A feeble faith fears, where no fear is. I have often seen young and unskilful persons sitting in a little boat, when every rippling wave sporting about the sides of the vessel, and every motion and dancing of the barge seemed a danger, and made them cling fast upon their fellows; and yet all the while they were as safe as if they sat under a tree, while a gentle wind shook the leaves into a refreshing and a cooling shade: and so the unskilful and inexperienced Christian shrieks out whenever his vessel shakes, thinking it always a danger, that the watery pavement is not stable and resident like a rock; and yet all his dangers is in himself, none at all from without. If he be indeed a believer, faith is his foundation, and hope is his anchor, and death is his harbour, and Christ is his pilot, and heaven is his country, and all the evils of poverty, or affronts of tribunals and evil judges, of fears and sadder apprehensions, are but like the loud wind blowing from the right point, they make a noise and drive faster to the harbor; and if we do not leave the ship, and leap into the sea; quit the interest of religion, and run into the securities of the world; cut our cables, and dissolve our hopes; grow impatient, and hug a wave, and die in its embraces; we are as safe at sea, safer in the storm which God sends us, than in a calm when we are befriended with the world.”

Mr. Cameron's Maine Law Bill.

We have hardly time in our present issue to give the following telegraphic despatch of the fate of the above bill.

QUEBEC, April 14th.—Last night after the report left, the House discussed until half-past one this morning the Maine Liquor Law. The debate was very animated and personal, and the contest very close. Finally a motion of Mr. Cartier to give the Bill the six months hoist, was carried.—Yves, Badgley, Burnham, Cartier, Cauchon, Chauveau, Christie of Gaspé, Crawford, Dixon, Fortier, Gouin, Hincks, Langton, Laurin, Leblanc, Lemieux, McDonald of Kingston, McDougall, Morin, Morrison, Murney, Richards, Ridout, Robinson, Seymour, Shaw, Sicotte, Stevenson, Street, Terrill, Turcotte, Varin and Viger, 32.—Nays, Brown, Cameron, Chapais, Christie of Wentworth, Clapham, Dumoulin, Gamble, Hartman, Jobin, Laoste, McDonald of Cornwall, McKenzie, Malloch, Marchildon, Mattice, Mongenais, Paige, Patrick, Poulin, Rose, Sanborn, Smith of Durham, Tache, Valois, White, Wilson, Wright of East Riding York, and Wright of West Riding York, 28.

We confess we did not expect the bill to pass this session, and were not even prepared for such a triumphant vote. It may now be considered a settled point that the law will pass at the next session of the Legislature. In the meantime the friends of the cause must be up and doing, so that the public mind may be fully prepared for the operation of the law. Let petitions again be poured in upon the Legislature at its next session, from every man and woman in the Province. All are interested in the final triumph of the Hon. M. Cameron's bill.

Grand Division S. of T. of C. E.

The next meeting of this body will take place at St. Andrews, C. E., on the eleventh of May, at 5 o'clock P.M.

We hope the friends of the "good cause" will see that every advantage is taken of this gathering. It can easily be made an occasion of much interest, and consequently of great importance to the advancement of the cause of "all mankind."

Grand Division S. of T. of C. W.

The Semi-Annual Session of the G. D. of C. W., takes place at St. Catherines, on Wednesday, 25th May, at 11 A. M. We understand that a very large attendance of representatives may be expected.

Canadian Temperance League.

The first Convention of this highly popular body will be held at St. Catherines, on Tuesday, 24th May, at 10 A. M. We trust that delegates will be sent from every section of Canada.

Grand Union Daughters of Temperance.

The G. U. D. of T. hold their next Semi-Annual Session in London, on Wednesday, 27th inst., at 10 A. M. Several new Unions are to be opened after the Session, viz.: at Port Huron, Sparta, Iona and Chatham. Any other Western localities desirous of having Unions instituted at that time, are requested to communicate with the G. S. S., at Hamilton, previous to the 26th inst.

New Divisions of G. D. of C. W.

The following new Divisions have been instituted in Canada West since the last October Session.

Divisions.	P. O.	County.
Jerseyville	Jerseyville	Wentworth
Bear Creek	Lobo	Middlesex
Magnolia	Windsor	Essex
Enterprise	Centreville, } Camden East }	Addington
Alderville	Alnwick	Northumberland
Princeton	Princeton	Oxford
White Lake	White Lake	Renfrew
Strathroy	Strathroy	Middlesex
Birmingham	Colchester	Essex
Acton	Acton	Halton
New Era	Aldboro	Middlesex
East Augusta	North Augusta	Grenville
Rideau	Bytown	Carlton
Drayton	Drayton	Wellington

To Correspondents.

T. W., Quebec, we regret, was too late for our present issue.

The Peterboro Review will be noticed in our next.

We have to thank brother R. Burr for his information, and no doubt the 80,000 signatures to Mr. Cameron's bill will have its due weight with the Legislature.

We intend in future to notice in the Advocate all letters received during the interval between each publication, as well as all payments on account of the same. We will make it a point to acknowledge those received up to the present date privately and commence this new arrangement with the next number.

We have to thank Charles Lloyd, Dalhousie, New Brunswick for the "Temperance Melody Dismissal Hymn." It will appear in our next number.

"The Temperance Battle Cry" is unsuited to the music, if E. S. C. send in the music adapted, we will put it in.

Education.

The Series of National School Books.

We cannot do better service to the work of education in Canada, than by bringing under the notice of our readers the valuable new edition of School Books now in course of publication, by Messrs. R. & A. Miller, of Montreal. They have the "special sanction" of educational authorities in the preparation and issue of these editions, and they certainly deserve the practical sanction of parents, teachers and scholars for the very excellent manner in which they have executed the trust reposed in them. Of the interior staple of the books it is not necessary for us to say more than that they were prepared by competent persons, and have the approbations of the Provincial Boards of Public Instruction for Canada. With the Dublin Editions and those published in Upper Canada, we were acquainted, but we are sure that Miller's Editions will give greater satisfaction than any yet issued. Without increasing the size of the books, many of them, especially the "Readers," are of a much larger and clearer type, and on superior white paper. The binding is also strong—tough we might say, and therefore likely to stand the rough usage books are apt to get in schools.

In Dr. Ryerson's School Report for 1850—he says, "The books recommended by the Council of Public Instruction are gradually superseding all others." The National Readers, according to the Report of that year, were used in 2,593 schools, out of 3,059 on the Schedule. On looking into the Report of the learned Doctor for 1851, we find a still further increase—the number being 2,622, out of 3,001 schools reported. From the same report (1851) we find the "National" Arithmetic is used in 1923 schools—and the Book-Keeping in 412.

It is great advantage both to teachers and scholars when an uniform series of sound and good books are brought into use. When the navigation opens we doubt not but that Messrs. Miller will ship large quantities of their books for Upper Canada; and as to Lower Canada, we know already the demand has been great. Let them spread, and may our educational progress become superior to that of any other country!

"The Musical Review and Choral Advocate," published monthly, by F. J. Huntingdon, 23 Park Row, New York, is beautifully printed, on good paper, 16 pages royal quarto, price one dollar per annum, in advance. It is well filled with useful and interesting reading matter, as well as some very choice pieces of music; and is adapted not only to the Church Choir and Musical Societies generally, but is also an agreeable companion in the drawing-room.

The "Old Brewery."

We copy the following thrilling lines, written by T. F. R. Mercein, from the "National Magazine" of March. A few words introductory may be necessary. The "Old Brewery" is situated in that notorious locality, in the city of New York, known as the Five Points; erected in 1792, and used as a brewing establishment until 1837, when it became the habitation of a multitude of the lowest dregs of society. In 1850 it was purchased by the "Ladies' Home Missionary Society," of that City for \$16,000, and used temporarily as a refuge for the "utterly destitute." In 1852, the society resolved to demolish the old building, and rear another better adapted to this design of "reclaiming the terribly vicious dwellers at the Five Points." On the 17th of December last, John B. Gough addressed a crowded audience at Metropolitan Hall in behalf of the object, when \$4000 were raised, at which time these lines were sung, viz:—

THE "OLD BREWERY."

God knows it's time thy walls were going!
Through every stone
Life-blood, as through a heart, is flowing;
Murmurs a smothered groan,
Long years the cup of poison filling
From leaves of gall;
Long years a darker cup distilling
From withered hearts that fall!
O! this world is stern and dreary,
Everywhere they roam;
God! hast thou never call'd the weary?
Have they in Thee no home?

One sobbing child, beside a mother,
Starved in the cold;
Poor lamb! they moan awakes no other,
Christ is thy only fold!
One gentle girl that grew in gladness,
Loved—was betrayed,—
Jeers met her dying shriek of madness,
Oaths mock'd the words she pray'd,
O! this world is stern and dreary;
Everywhere they roam;
God! hast thou never call'd the weary?
Have they in thee no home?

Sweet babe! that tried to meet life smiling,
Smiled nevermore!
Foul sin, a mother's breast defiling,
Blighted the young hearts' core!
No holy word of kindness spoken—
No lisped prayer—
Law crush'd the virtue want had broken,
Shame hardened to despair.
O! this world is stern and dreary,
Everywhere they roam;
God! hast thou never call'd the weary?
Have they in Thee no home?

Foul haunt! a glorious resurrection
Springs from thy grave!
Faith, hope, and purified affection
Praising the "Strong to save!"
God bless the love that like an angel,
Flies to each call,
'Till every lip hath this evangel,
"Christ pleadeth for us all!"
O! this world is stern and dreary,
Every where they roam;
Praise God! a voice hath call'd the weary!
In thee is found a home!

—Temperance Agitator.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

(Compiled for Montreal Witness, Wednesday, 13th April, 1853.)

Ashes—A slight decline has taken place in pots which may be quoted at 27s. Pearls remain at 27s to 27s 3d.
Flour—Continues depressed. The quotation is 22s 6d for small lots on the spot.

Grain—Nothing doing in any kind except oats which are in demand at 1s 8½d to 1s 9d.

Butter—Parcels of fair quality have been sold at 6d.
Provisions—Mess Pork is held at \$18 a \$18½.
Prime and Prime Mess at 13 and \$14 respectively.

Stocks—St. Lawrence and Atlantic Rail Road has varied from 7½ to 10 per cent. discount. Lachine may be quoted at 20 per cent. discount. Montreal Bank, sales for delivery at 2½ ex dividend.

Commercial 10½, and City 2½ a 2½ per cent. premium.
Montreal Mining Consols, 29s. Montreal Telegraph Stock, 19 per cent premium.

Exchange, 10 per cent.

In Hardware and Groceries, no change to note.

Large Stocks of Dry Goods, imported via Boston, are now being opened out in this city.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE TEMPERANCE SOIREE COMPANION.

A WORK of 226 pages comprising Dialogues, Recitations in Prose and Poetry, Hymns and Melodies compiled for the use of the Temperance Community. Price 1s. 3d. per copy, or 9 Copies for 10s.—and 19 copies for 20s. Postage to any part of BRITISH NORTH AMERICA 3d per Copy. Orders should contain a remittance for the Books required addressed Post-paid to the Undersigned.

J. G. MASON, & Co., Toronto.

JUST PUBLISHED,

THE TRIAL OF ALCOHOL,

As it took place during three evenings, before a crowded audience in Quebec, in March last.

THE fatal results arising from the use of Intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage, are prominently exposed.

It contains the usual Legal Forms and Proceedings of a Criminal Trial. The Opening of the Court; Arraignment of the Prisoner; Empannelling of the Jury; Opening Address of Attorney General; Direct and Cross Examination of Witnesses for the Prosecution; Opening Address of Prisoner's Counsel; Direct and Cross-Examination of Witnesses for Defence; Closing Address of Attorney-General; Chief Justice's Charge; Verdict; Petition of Prisoner and Sentence.

It is issued in neat pamphlet form, containing 36 pages at 4d. each, 3s. 6d. per dozen, or 22s. 6d. per 100. As the edition is limited, an early application is requested, post paid, to J. C. Becket, Montreal; Canadian Watchman Office, Toronto; or Quebec Gazette Office, Quebec.

OHEIM TOMS HUTTE.

A supply of Uncle Tom's Cabin in German just received, 2s. 6d. each.

For sale by
JOHN DOUGALL,
183 St. Paul Street et.

The above work can be sent by post for 6d.
Montreal, March 30, 1853.

The CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of each month, 2s. 6d. per annum, at the Power Press Printing Establishment of J. C. BECKET, 22 Grand St. James Street, Montreal.