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JOURNAL OF TEMPERANCE.

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

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JOURNAL OF TEMPERANCE.

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

MY MOTHER'S GOLD RING.

BY L. M. SARGENT, ESQ.

I have one of the kindest husbands: he is a carpenter by trade, and our flock of little children has one of the kindest fathers in the country. I was thought the luckiest girl in the parish, when G—— T—— made me his wife: I thought so myself. Our wedding-day—and it was a happy one—was but an indifferent sample of those days of rational happiness and uninterrupted harmony, which we were permitted to enjoy together, for the space of six years. And although, for the last three years of our lives, we have been as happy as we were at the beginning, it makes my heart sick to think of those long, dark days and sad nights, that came between; for two years of our union were years of misery. I well recollect the first glass of ardent spirits that my husband ever drank. He had been at the grocery to purchase a little tea and sugar for the family; there were three cents coming to him in change; and unluckily, the Deacon, who keeps the shop, had nothing but silver in the till; and, as it was a sharp, frosty morning, he persuaded my good man to take his money's worth of rum, for it was just the price of a glass. He came home in wonderful spirits, and told me he meant to have me and the children better dressed, and as neighbour Barton talked of selling his horse and chaise, he thought of buying them both; and, when I said to him, "George, we are dressed as well as we can afford, and I hope you will not think of a horse and chaise till we have paid off the Squire's mortgage," he gave me a harsh look and a bitter word. I shall never forget that day, for they were the first he ever gave me in his life. When he saw me shedding tears, and holding my apron to my face, he said he was sorry, and came to kiss me, and I discovered he had been drinking, and it grieved me to the heart. In a short time after, while I was washing up the breakfast things, I heard our little Robert, who was only five years old, crying bitterly; and, going to learn the cause, I met him running towards me with his face covered with blood.

He said his father had taken him on his knee, and was playing with him, but had given him a blow in the face, only because he had said, "Dear papa, you smell like old Isaac, the drunken siddler." My husband was very cross to us all through the whole of that day; but the next morning, though he said little, he was evidently ashamed and humbled; and he went about his work very industriously, and was particularly kind to little Robert. I prayed constantly for my good man, and that God would be pleased to

guide his heart aright; and more than a week having gone by, without any similar occurrence, I flattered myself that he would never do so again. But in a very little time, either the Deacon was a sort of change, as before, or some tempting occasion presented itself which my husband could not resist, and he returned home once more under the influence of liquor. I shall never forget the expression of his countenance when he came in that night. We had waited supper a full hour for his return; the teapot was standing at the fire, and the hammocks were untouched upon the hearth, and the smaller children were beginning to murmur for their supper. There was an indescribable expression of defiance on his countenance, as though he were conscious of having done wrong, and resolved to brave it out. We sat down silently to supper, and he scarcely raised his eyes upon any of us during this unhappy repast. He soon went to bed and fell asleep; and after I had laid our little ones to rest, I knelt at the foot of the bed on which my poor misguided husband was sleeping, and poured out my very soul to God, while my eyes were scalded with the bitterest tears I had ever shed. For I then foresaw, that unless some remedy could be employed, my best earthly friend, the father of my little children, would become a drunkard. The next morning after breakfast I ventured to speak with him upon the subject in a mild way; and, though I could not restrain my tears, neither my words nor my weeping appeared to have any effect, and I saw that he was becoming hardened and careless of us all. How many winter nights have I waited, weeping alone, at my once happy fireside, listening for the lifting latch, and wishing, yet dreading, to hear his steps at the door!

After this state of things had continued, or rather grown worse, for nearly three months, I put on my bonnet one morning, after my husband had gone to his work, and went to the Deacon's store; and finding him alone, I stated my husband's case, and begged him earnestly to sell him no more. He told me it would do no good, for, if he did not sell it, some other person would sell it; and he doubted if my husband took more than was good for him. He quoted Scripture to show that it was a wife's duty to keep at home, and submit herself to her husband, and not meddle with things which did not belong to her province. At this time two or three customers called for rum, and the Deacon civilly advised me to go home, and look after my children.

I went out with a heavy heart. It seemed as if the tide of evil was setting against me. As I was passing farmer Johnson's, on my way home, they called me in. I sat down and

rested myself, for a few minutes, in their neat cottage. Farmer Johnson was just returning from the field; and when I saw the little ones running to meet him at the stile, and the kind looks that passed between the good man and his wife; and when I remembered that we were married on the very same day, and compared my own fortune with theirs, my poor heart burst forth in a flood of tears. They all knew what I was weeping for, and farmer Johnson, in a kind manner, bade me cheer up, and put my trust in God's mercy, and remember it was often darkest before daylight. The farmer and his wife were members of the temperance society, and had signed the pledge; and I had often heard him say, that he believed it had saved him from destruction. He had, before his marriage, and for a year after, been in the habit of taking a little spirit every day. He was an industrious, thriving man; but shortly after his marriage he became bound for a neighbour, who ran off, and he was obliged to pay the debt. He had heard him declare, that, when the sheriff took all his property, and stripped his little cottage, and scarcely left him those trifles which are secured to the poor man by law; and when he considered how ill his poor wife was at the time, in consequence of the loss of their child, that died only a month before; he was restrained from resorting to the bottle, in his moments of despair, by nothing but a recollection of the pledge he had signed. Farmer Johnson's minister was in favour of pledges, and had often told him that addiction might weaken his judgment and his moral sense, and that the pledge might save him at last, as a plank saves the life of a mariner who is tossed upon the wave.

Our good clergyman was unfortunately of different opinion. He had often disapproved of pledges; the Deacon was of the same opinion; he thought very ill of pledges.

Month after month passed away, and our happiness was utterly destroyed. My husband neglected his business, and poverty began to stare us in the face. Notwithstanding my best exertions, it was hard work to keep my little ones decently clothed and sufficiently fed. If my husband earned a shilling, the druggist was as sure of it as if it were already in his till. I sometimes thought I had lost all my affection for one who had proved so entirely regardless of those whom it was his duty to protect and sustain; but, when I looked in the faces of our little children, this recollection of our early marriage days, and all his kind words and deeds, soon taught me the strength of the principle that had brought us together. I shall never cease to remember the anguish I felt when the constable took

him to jail upon the dram-seller's execution. Till that moment I did not believe my affection could have survived under the pressure of that misery which he had brought upon us all. I put up such things of the little that remained to us as I thought might be of use, and turned my back upon a spot where I had been very happy and very wretched. Our five little children followed, weeping bitterly. The jail was situated in the next town. "O, George," said I, "if you had only signed the pledge, it would not have come to this." He sighed, and said nothing; and we walked nearly a mile in perfect silence. As we were leaving the village we encountered our clergyman, going forth upon his morning ride. When I reflected, that a few words from him would have induced my poor husband to sign the pledge, and that, if he had done so, he might have been the kind father and the affectionate husband that he once was, I own it cost me some considerable effort to suppress my emotions. "Whether art you all going?" said the holy man. My husband, who had always appeared extremely humble in presence of the minister, and replied to all his inquiries in a subdued tone of voice, answered, with unusual firmness, "To jail, reverend sir." "To jail!" said he. "Ah, I see how it is; you have wasted your substance in riotous living, and are going to pay for your improvidence and folly. You have had the advantage of my precept and example, and you have turned a deaf ear to the one, and neglected the other." "Reverend sir," my husband replied, galled by this reproof, which appeared to him, at that particular moment, an unnecessary aggravation of his misery, "reverend sir, your precept and your example have been my ruin; I have followed them both. You, who had no experience of the temptations to which your weaker brethren are liable, who are already addicted to the temperate and daily use of ardent spirits, advised me never to sign a pledge. I have followed your advice to the letter. You admitted that extraordinary occasions might justify the use of ardent spirits, and that on such occasions you might use them yourself. I followed your example; but it has been my misfortune never to drink spirituous liquors without finding that my occasions were more extraordinary than ever. Had I followed the precept and example of my neighbour, Johnson, I should not have made a good wife miserable, nor my children beggars." While he uttered these last words, my poor husband looked upon his little ones and burst into tears; and the minister rode slowly away, without uttering a word. I rejoiced, even in the midst of our misery, to see that the heart of my poor George was tenderly affected; for it is not more needful that the hardness of wax should be subdued by fire, than that the heart of man should be softened by affliction, before a deep and lasting impression can be made. "Dear husband," said I, "we are young; it is not too late; let us trust in God, and all may yet be well." He made no reply, but continued to walk on and weep in silence. Shortly after, the Deacon appeared, at some distance, coming towards us on the road; but as soon as he discovered who we were, he turned away into a private path. Even the constable seemed somewhat touched with compassion at our situation, and urged us to keep up a good heart, for he thought some one might help us when we least expected it. My husband, whose vein of humour would often display itself, even in hours of sadness, instantly replied, that the good Samaritan could not be far off, for the priest and the Levite had already passed by on the other side. But his little thought—poor man—that even the con-

clusion of this beautiful parable was so likely to be verified. A one-horse waggon, at this moment, appeared to be coming down the hill behind us, at an unusually rapid rate, and the constable advised us, as the road was narrow, to stand aside, and let it pass. It was soon up with us, and, when the dust had cleared away, it turned out, as little Robert had said, when it first appeared on the top of the hill, to be farmer Johnson's gray mare and yellow waggon. The kind-hearted farmer was out in an instant, and, without saying a word, was putting the children into it, one after another. A word from farmer Johnson was enough for any constable in the village. It was all the work of a moment. He shook my husband by the hand; and when he began, "Neighbour Johnson, you are the same kind friend"—"Get in; let's have no words about it. I must be home in a trice, for" turning to me, "your old school-mate, Susan, my wife, will sit a-crying at the window, till she sees you all safe home again." Saying this, he whipped up the gray mare, who, regardless of the additional load, went up the hill faster than she came down, as though she entered into the spirit of the whole transaction.

It was not long before we reached the door of our cottage. Farmer Johnson took out the children; and, while I was trying to find words to thank him for all his kindness, he was up in his waggon, before I could utter a syllable. Robert screamed after him, to tell little Tim Johnson to come over, and that he should have all his pinks and marigolds. When we entered the cottage, there were bread, and meat, and milk, upon the table, which Susan, the farmer's wife, had brought over for the children. I could not help sobbing aloud, for my heart was full. "Dear George," said I, turning to my husband, "you used to pray; let us thank God for this great deliverance from evil." "Dear Jenny," said he, "I fear God will scarcely listen to my poor prayers, after all my offences; but I will try. We closed the cottage door, and he prayed with so much humility of heart, and so much earnestness of feeling, that I felt almost sure that God's grace would be lighted up in the bosom of this unhappy man, if sighs and tears, and prayers, could win their way to heaven. He was very grave, and said little or nothing that night. The next morning, when I woke up, I was surprised, as the sun had not risen, to find that he had already gone down. At first I felt alarmed, as such a thing had become unusual with him, of late years; but my anxious feelings were agreeably relieved, when the children told me their father had been hoeing for an hour, in the potato field, and was mending the garden fence. With our scanty materials, I got ready the best breakfast I could, and he sat down to it with a good appetite, but said little; and, now and then, I saw the tears starting into his eyes. I had many fears that he would fall back into his former habits, whenever he should meet his old companions, or step in again at the Deacon's store. I was about urging him to move into another village. After breakfast, he took me aside, and asked me if I had not a gold ring." "George," said I, "that ring was my mother's: she took it from her finger, and gave it to me, the day that she died. I would not part with that ring, unless it were to save life. Besides, if we are industrious and honest, we shall not be forsaken." "Dear Jenny," said he, "I know how you prize that gold ring. I never loved you more than when you wept over it, while you first told me the story of your mother's death. It was just a month before we were married, the last Sabbath evening in May, Jenny, and

we were walking by the river. I wish you would bring me that ring." Memory hurried me back, in an instant, to the scene, the bank upon the river's side, where we sat together, and agreed upon our wedding day.—I brought down the ring, and he asked me, with such an earnestness of manner, to put it on his little finger, that I did so; not, however, without a trembling hand and a misgiving heart. "And, now Jenny," said he, as he rose to go out, "pray that God will support me." My mind was not in a happy state, for I felt some doubt of his intentions. From a little hill, at the back of our cottage, we had a fair view of the Deacon's store. I went up to the top of it; and while I watched my husband's steps, no one can tell how fervently I prayed God to guide them aright. I saw two of his old companions, standing at the store door, with glasses in their hands; and as my husband came in front of the shop, I saw them beckon him in. It was a sad moment for me. "Oh, George," said I, though I know he could not hear me, "go on; remember your poor wife and your starving children!" My heart sunk within me, when I saw him stop and turn towards the door. He shook hands with his old associates; they appeared to offer him their glasses; I saw him shake his head and pass on. "Thank God!" said I, and ran down the hill, with a light step, and seizing my baby at the cottage door, I literally covered it with kisses, and bathed it in tears of joy. About ten o'clock Richard Lane, the Squire's office boy, brought in a piece of meat and some meal, saying my husband sent word, that he could not be home till night; as he was at work on the Squire's barn. Richard added, that the Squire had engaged him for two months. He came home early, and the children ran down the hill to meet him. He was grave, but cheerful. "I have prayed for you, dear husband," said I. "And a merciful God has supported me, Jenny," said he. It is not easy to measure the degree of happiness; but, taken altogether, this, I think, was the happiest evening of my life. If there is great joy in heaven over a sinner that repenteth, there is no less joy in the heart of a faithful wife, over a husband that was lost, and is found. In this manner the two months went away. In addition to his common labour, he found time to cultivate the garden, and make and mend a variety of useful articles about the house. It was soon understood that my husband had reformed, and it was more generally believed because he was a subject for the gibes and sneers of a large number of the Deacon's customers. My husband used to say, Let those laugh that are wise and win. He was an excellent workman, and business came in from all quarters. He was soon able to repay neighbour Johnson, and our families lived in the closest friendship with each other. One evening, farmer Johnson said to my husband, that he thought it would be well for him to sign the temperance pledge; that he did not advise it, when he first began to leave off spirit, for he feared his strength, might fail him. "But now," said he, "you have continued five months without touching a drop, and it would be well for the cause, that you should sign the pledge." "Friend Johnson," said my husband, "when a year has gone easily by, I will sign the pledge. For five months, instead of the pledge, I have, in every trial and temptation—and a drinking man knows well the force and meaning of those words—I have relied upon this gold ring, to renew my strength, and remind me of my duty to God, to my wife, to my children, and to society. Whenever the struggle of appetite has commenced, I have

looked upon this ring. I have remembered that it was given with the last words and dying counsels of an excellent mother, to my wife, who placed it there; under the blessing of Almighty God, it has proved, thus far, the life boat of a drowning man.

The year soon passed away, and on the very day twelvemonth on which I had put the ring upon my husband's finger, farmer Johnson brought over the Temperance book. We all sat down to the tea-table together.—After supper was over little Robert climbed and kissed his father, and turning to farmer Johnson, "Father," said he, "has not smelt like old Isaac, the drunken fiddler, once since we rode home in your yellow waggon." The farmer opened the book; husband signed the pledge of the society, and with tears in his eyes, gave me back—ten thousand times more precious than ever—MY MOTHER'S GOLD RING.

"MY MOTHER'S HAND"

"When I was a little child, my mother used to make me kneel down beside her, and place her hand upon my head while she taught me to pray. She died when I was very young, but still, when going to do wrong, I seemed to feel her soft hand upon my head. When I grew to be a man, the thought of that same hand still kept me safe."—*ANON.*

Why gaze ye on my hoary hairs,
Ye children young and gay?
Your locks, beneath the blast of care,
Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung;
Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.

She, when the nightly couch was spread,
Would bow my infant knee;
And place her hand upon my head,
And kneeling pray for me.

But then there came a fearful day,
I sought my mother's bed;
Till harsh hands tore me thence away,
And told me she was dead.

That eve I knelt me down in woe,
And said a lonely prayer;
Yet still my temples seemed to glow,
As if that hand were there.

Years fled and left me childhood's joy,
Gay sports and pastimes dear;
I rose a wild and wayward boy,
Who scorned the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed,
Yet ere at night I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed,
And down I fell, and wept.

That hallowed touch was ne'er forgot,
And now, though Time hath set
His frosty seal upon my lot,
These temples feel it yet.

And if I e'er in heaven appear,
A mother's holy prayer,
A mother's hand and gentle tear,
That pointed to a Saviour, dear,
Hath led the wanderer there.—*ANON.*

ON READING.

In reading books, some young people are like the butterflies. They are looking out for stories, and, as they turn the leaves, they skip the passages which contain nothing wonderful or amusing, and, after half an hour or so, they throw away the book, and hurry out to play. But a diligent scholar goes straight on, gathering knowledge and wisdom—the honey of the mind—from every page, and storing it up for the days to come. And as the Bible is like a garden in the midst of common fields, as it contains sweet and fragrant flowers which are to be found nowhere else, he loves to go there and treasure in his memory its faithful sayings.

THE ASS.

Of all the animals that came out of the ark, the donkey is the least considered by the master whom he serves so patiently and so well. The poor beast seems to have shared the curse with Ham, and to have been banned from the beginning. We may, without incurring the charge of irreverence, imagine that Noah had a great deal of trouble with him; that he was the last to be got into the ark, and the last to be got out of it; that while Shem ascended to the back of the stately elephant; and Japhet mounted the graceful horse, Ham bestrode the humble ass, and man and beast went forth into the wilderness together, to be slighted and despised. Buffon and Cuvier both thought that the donkey was despised only because he cuts a sorry figure by comparison with the horse, and that if the latter were unknown the donkey would have had great care lavished upon him, and thus have increased in size and developed his mental powers to an extent almost impossible to imagine. Adopting this theory, we must regard the donkey as the victim of an invidious and odious comparison. But with all respect for Buffon and Cuvier, I am inclined to think that there are other causes for the contempt which attaches to this animal. At the very outset of his career he laboured under the great disadvantage of not being "good looking." We all know how a defect of this kind affects even the destiny of man.—Hunchback and cripples, and misshapen persons are, as a rule, the special pets of society, but rather the contrary. Natural disposition, too, is a most important element in the account. By nature the donkey is humble and patient, susceptible of strong attachments, and contented with the smallest of mercies; and for this reason he is "put upon." It is the same with the human animal. When a man is patient, and humble, and contented with little, he is almost invariably the butt and the drudge of others. Every one is acquainted with some big-headed, ungainly, meek, easy-tempered human donkey who runs errands, lends money, amuses children, hangs pictures, sees old maids home, sleeps on the shake down, goes outside the omnibus in the rain to oblige a lady, and generally does every thing he is asked to do by his sharper and more selfish neighbours. This is pure good nature, but clever people who profit by it call it, in the fulness of their gratitude, stupidity. The meek and mild character always invites contumely and ill usage. If the horse commands more respect than the donkey, it is not because his character is more amiable, but because he inspires more fear. Thus the world will always have a higher opinion of the ruthless warrior who conquers with sword and flame, than of the mild apostle of peace, who goes about quietly and unobtrusively seeking to do good.—But the donkey has a physical defect—a defect which is never forgiven in either man or beast. He is little. To be meek of mind and short of stature is a terrible combination of misfortunes.—*All the Year Round.*

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

"But if I have done these brave men one iota of injustice, let me at once recant. I qualified their aspect as of a too-late-to-bed and too-early-to-rise kind. That look—so far as the privates, at least, are concerned—is not the result of intemperance. The army of the Potomac is compulsorily, the soberest in the world. Cromwell's Ironsides drank their Nottingham and Burton ales, and occasionally took their sip of distilled waters; but the Ironsides of the American civil war

are debarred from these enjoyments. It has been found wholly incompatible with the maintenance of commonly decent discipline to permit the men to drink any kind of fermented liquors. To as much tea and coffee as they can swallow they are welcome; but they are sternly forbidden the use not only of spirits, but of the comparatively innocuous cider and lager beer. For wine they have never, at any time, cared. Their soul thirsts for whisky; but whisky, luckily for themselves in particular, and the army in general, they cannot obtain. That the illicit conveyance of spirits into the camp to some extent prevails, need scarcely be said. The soldiers do now and again contrive to procure, at exorbitant rates, some fiery poison mis-called Bourbon, Old Rye, or Monongahela; but the contraband spirit trade is rigidly looked after by the authorities, and cases of smuggling, when discovered, are rigorously punished. Any sutler detected in selling whisky to soldiers has his stock-in-trade confiscated, is compelled to 'clear out,' and may consider himself fortunate if he escapes being packed off to Washington, and incarcerated in the old Capitol. The strictest of internal custom-houses is established at Brandy Station—whose very name seems chosen in grim mockery of the forbidden luxury—and all boxes and packages containing necessaries or comforts for soldiers are scrupulously examined before they can be forwarded to the owners. Of course the soldiers grumble at this, and seize the opportunity of every mail to flood the columns of the Washington newspapers with complaints. 'It isn't our whisky being seized that riles us,' wrote one sufferer from the spirit taboo, 'but it's the seeing of it staggering about afterwards with shoulder straps on. That's what makes us mad.' And that is where, indeed, the shoe pinches. The officers seem to be able to procure as much wine, as much brandy, and as much whisky as ever they choose. They may have to smuggle it, but they do manage to smuggle it somehow. There are teetotal officers, no doubt, and there are hundreds of temperate ones; but there are, on the other hand, numbers of wearers of shoulder straps who are neither teetotal nor temperate, and these are the toppers who 'rile' the soldiers. As to allowing the latter even to purchase the very mild form of swipes known as lager beer, I was informed that it was simply impossible. So long as the demon of drink could be kept from the men, the army was all right; but once allow them so much as a dram of liquor, and violence, anarchy, rapine, confusion and ruin must be the result."—*Geo. A. Sala, Sp. Cor. to Daily Telegraph.*

MEMORY ACQUIRED BY PRACTICE.

The history of the celebrated conjurer, Robert Houdon, furnishes a remarkable example of the power of memory acquired by practice. He and his brother, while yet boys, invented a game which they played in this wise: they would pass a show window, and look in it as they passed, without stopping, and then at the next corner compare notes and see who could recollect the greater number of things in the window, including their relative positions. Having tested the accuracy of their observations, by returning to the window, they would go and repeat the experiment elsewhere. By this means they acquired incredible powers of observation and memory, so that after running by a shop window once, and glancing at it as they passed, they would enumerate every article displayed in it.

SELF-CONCIT.

There is one shoot which human nature keeps putting forth again, however frequently it is pruned away. It is self-conceit. That would grow into a terrible unyielding branch, if it were not so often shorn away by circumstances—that is, by God's providence. Every body needs to be frequently taken down—which means, to have his self-conceit pruned away. And what every body needs, most people (in this case) get. Most people are very frequently taken down.

I mean, even modest and sensible people. This wretched little shoot keeps growing again, however hard we try to keep it down. There is a tendency in each of us to be growing up into a higher opinion of ourself; and then, all of a sudden, that higher estimate is cut down to the very earth. You are like a sheep suddenly shorn; a thick fleece of self-complacency had developed itself; something comes and all at once shears it off, and leaves you shivering in the frosty air. You are like a lawn, where the grass had grown some inches in length; till some daisy morning it is mown just as close as may be. You had gradually and insensibly come to think rather well of yourself, and your doings. You had grown to think your position in life a rather respectable or even eminent one; and to fancy that those around estimated you rather highly. But all of a sudden, some flight, some mortification, some disappointment comes; something is said or done that shows you how far you had been deceiving yourself. Some considerable place in your profession becomes vacant, and nobody thinks of naming you for it. You are in company with two or three men who think themselves specially charged with finding a suitable person for the vacant office; they name a score of possible people to fill it; but not you. They never have thought of you; or possibly they refrain from naming you, with the design of mortifying you. And so you are pruned close. For the moment, it is painful. You are ready to sink down, disheartened and beaten. You have no energy to do any thing. You sit down blankly by the fire, and acknowledge yourself a failure in life. It is not so much that you are beaten, as that you are set in a lower place than you hoped. Yet it is all good for us, doubtless. Few men can say they are too humble with it all. And, as even after all our mowings, prunings, and shearings, we are sometimes so conceited and self-satisfied as we are, what should we have been had those things not befallen us? The elf-locks of wool would have been six feet high, like that of the prairies. And the shoot of vanity would have grown and consolidated into a branch, that would have given a lopsided aspect to the whole tree.

Happily, there is no chance of these things occurring. We seldom grow for more than a few days, without being pruned, mown, and shorn afresh. And all this will continue to the end. It is

not pleasant; but we need it all. And we are all profiting by it. Possibly no one will read this page, who does not know that he thinks more humbly of himself now, than he did ten years since. And ten years hence, if we live, we shall think of ourselves more humbly still.

Yes; we have all been severely pruned, in many ways. Perhaps our sprays and blossoms have been shorn away by a knife so unsparring, that we are cut very much into the form of a pollarded tree. Perhaps we have been pruned too much, and the spring and the non-sense taken out of us only too effectually. Certain awkward knots are left in the wood, where some cherished hope was snipped off by the fatal scythe, or some youthful affection (in the case of sentimental people) came to nothing; and it was like cutting a tree over, not far above the roots, when a man was made to feel that his entire aim in life was no better than a dismal failure. But it was all for the best; and defeat, bravely borne, is the noblest of victories. What an overbearing, insolent person you would have been, if you had always got your own way; if your boyish fancies had come true! What an odd stick you would have become, had you been one of the Unpruned Trees!—*Fraser's Magazine.*

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF MONEY.

In the humbler grades of life, certainly character is money. The man who gives me his labour in return for the wages which the labour is worth, pledges to me something more than his labour—he pledges to me certain qualities of his moral being—such as honesty, sobriety, and diligence. If, in these respects, he maintain his character, he will have my money as long as I want his labour; and, when I want his labour no longer, his character is money's worth to him from somebody else. If, in addition to the moral qualities I have named, he establish a character for other attributes which have their own price in the money market—if he exhibit a superior intelligence, skill, energy, zeal—his labour rises in value. Thus in the humblest class of life, character is money; and according as the man earns or spends the money, money in turn becomes character.

As money is the most evident power in the world's use, so the use that he makes of money is often all that the world knows about a man. Is our money gained justly and spent prudently? our character establishes a claim on respect. Is it gained nobly and spent beneficially? our character commands more than respect—it wins a place in that higher sphere of opinion which commands admiration, gratitude, love. Is money inherited without merit of ours, lavished recklessly away? our character disperses itself with the spray of the golden shower—it is not the money alone of which we are spendthrifts. Is money meanly acquired, selfishly hoarded? It is not the money alone of which we are misers; we are starving our own human hearts—depriving them of their natural aliment in the approval and affection of

others. We invest the money which we fancy so safe out at compound interest, in the very worst possession a man can purchase—viz., an odious reputation. In fact, the more we look round, the more we shall come to acknowledge that there is no test of a man's character more generally adopted than the way in which his money is managed. Money is a terrible blab; she will betray the secrets of her owner whatever he do to gag her. His virtues will creep out in her whisper—his vices she will cry aloud at the top of her tongue.

But the management of money is an art? True, but that which we call an art means an improvement, and not a deterioration, of a something existent already in nature; and the artist can only succeed in improving his art in proportion as he improves himself in the qualities which the art demands in the artist. Now the management of money is, in much, the management of self. If heaven allotted to each man seven guardian angels, five of them at least, would be found night and day hovering over his pockets.—*"Castilian."*

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

There is nothing more common than to hear a certain class of people give as a reason for not identifying themselves with the Temperance movement, that there is no necessity for them to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors, inasmuch as they never exceed, what they call, the bounds of propriety,—but can always use without abusing. This class of people will readily admit that the temperance cause is doing excellent service in restraining some, and reclaiming others from drunkenness; and they consider it no breach of consistency to urge an intemperate friend to sign the pledge. But when the intemperate man asks why they don't join example to precept, they very complacently reply that total abstinence is a superfluous precaution for them—that they are strictly MODERATE DRINKERS,—that they can restrain themselves, consequently there is NO DANGER OF THEIR BECOMING DRUNKARDS.

Now conceding to such persons the fullest ability to abstain from excess; granting that they can stand where thousands of greater men have fallen; admitting that there is not the slightest probability of their ever becoming drunkards, we ask will they not look at the question from a higher stand point than that of mere self, and sacrifice the intoxicating cup upon the altar of brotherly love? In a word will they not abstain as an EXAMPLE to a weaker brother? It is little better than folly to urge a man to give up his liquor unless we have given it up ourselves. "Precept without example is like a charge of powder without ball."—it will do but little execution.

To be effective in their efforts to make the drunkard abstain, moderate drinkers must first abstain themselves, otherwise they will not only do but little good to others, but will lay themselves open to a charge of inconsistency.—*Maine Temperance Journal.*

HABIT.

This tendency of the mind, however, to adapt itself to the objects with which it is familiarly conversant, may, in some instances, not only be a source of occasional suffering, but may disqualify us for relishing the best enjoyments which human life affords. The habits contracted during infancy and childhood are so much more inveterate than those of our maturer years, that they have been justly said to constitute a second nature; and if, unfortunately, they have been formed amidst circumstances over which we have no control, they leave us no security for our happiness but the caprice of fortune.

To habituate the minds of children to those occupations and enjoyments alone, which it is in the power of an individual at all times to command, is the most solid foundation that can be laid for their future tranquillity.— These, too, are the occupations and enjoyments which afford the most genuine and substantial satisfaction; and if education were judiciously employed to second in this respect the recommendations of nature, they might appropriate to themselves all the borrowed charms which the vanities of the world derive from casual associations.

With respect to pursuits which depend, in the first instance, on our own choice, it is of the last importance for us to keep constantly in view how much of the happiness of mankind arises from habit, and in the formation of our plans to disregard those prepossessions and prejudices which so often warp the judgment in the conduct of life. "Choose that course of action," said Pythagoras, "which is best, and custom will soon render it the most agreeable."

To these very slight hints concerning the regulation of the habits, I shall add a few observations of Dr Paley's which appear to me to be solid and judicious, and which afford a favourable specimen of that talent for familiar and happy illustration for which this very popular writer has been so justly celebrated.

"The art in which the secret of human happiness in a great measure consists, is to set the habits in such a manner that every change may be a change for the better. The habits themselves are much the same; for whatever is made habitual becomes smooth, and easy and nearly indifferent." The return to an old habit is likewise easy, whatever the habit be. Therefore the advantage is with those habits which allow of indulgence in the deviation from them. The luxurious receive no greater pleasure from their dainties, than the peasant does from his bread and cheese; but the peasant whenever he goes abroad finds a feast, whereas the Epicure must be well entertained to escape disgust. Those who spend every day at cards, and those who go every day to plough, pass their time much alike; intent upon what they are about, wanting nothing, regretting nothing, they are both for the time in a state of ease; but then whatever suspends the occupation of the card-player distresses him; whereas to the labourer, every interruption is a refreshment; and this appears in the different effect that Sunday produces on the two, which proves a day of recreation to the one, but a lamentable burden to the other.— The man who has learned to live alone feels his spirits enlivened whenever he enters into company, and takes his leave without regret. Another who has long been accustomed to a crowd, experiences in company no elevation of spirits, nor any greater satisfaction than what the man of a retired life finds in his chimney-corner. So far their conditions are equal; but let a change of place, fortune or

situation, separate the companion from his circle, his visitors, his club, common-room, or coffee-house, and the difference of advantage in the choice and constitution of the two habits will show itself. Solitude comes to the one clothed with melancholy; to the other it brings liberty and quiet. You will see the one fretful and restless; at a loss how to dispose of his time till the hour come round that he can forget himself in bed; the other easy and satisfied, taking up his book or his pipe as soon as he finds himself alone; ready to admit any little amusement that casts up, or turn his hands and attention to the first business that presents itself; or, content without either, to sit still and let his trains of thought glide indolently through his brain, without hankering after anything better, and without irritation. A reader who has inured himself to books of science and argumentation, if a novel, a well written pamphlet, an article of news, a narrative of a curious voyage, or the journal of a traveller comes in his way, sits down to the perusal with relish; enjoys his entertainment while it lasts, and can return when it is over to his graver reading without distaste. Another, with whom nothing will go down but works of humour and pleasantry, or whose curiosity must be interested by perpetual novelties, will consume a bookseller's window in half a forenoon, during which time he is rather in search of diversion than diverted, and as books to his taste are few and short, and rapidly read over, the stock is soon exhausted, when he is left without resource from this principal supply of harmless amusement."

As a supplement to the remarks of Paley, I shall quote a short passage from Montaigne containing an observation relative to the same subject, which, although stated in a form rather unqualified, seems to me highly worthy of attention. "We must not rivet ourselves so fast to our humours and complexions. Our chief business is to know how to apply ourselves to various customs.— For a man to keep himself tied and bound by necessity to one only course, is but bare existence not living. It was an honourable character of the elder Cato, 'So versatile was his genius, that whatever he took in hand, you would be apt to say that he was formed for that very thing only.' Were I to choose for myself, there is no fashion so good that I should care to be so wedded to it as not to have it in my power to disengage myself from it. Life is a motion, uneven, irregular, and ever varying its direction. A man is not his own friend, much less his own master, but rather a slave to himself, who is eternally pursuing his own humour, and such a bigot to his inclinations, that he is not able to abandon or to alter them."

The only thing to be censured in this passage is, that the author makes no distinction between good and bad habits; between those which we are induced to cultivate by reason, and by the original principles of our nature; and those which reason admonishes us to shun, on account of the mischievous consequences with which they are likely to be followed. With respect to these two classes of habits considered in contrast with each other, it is extremely worthy of observation, that the former are incomparably more easy in the acquisition than the latter; while the latter, when once acquired, are (probably, in consequence of this very circumstance, the difficulty overcoming our natural propensities) of at least equal efficacy in subjecting all the powers of the will to their dominion.

That such habits as are reasonable and agreeable to nature are more easily acquired

than others of a contrary description, is an old and common remark. It is well expressed, and very happily illustrated in the following passage of Quintilian: "The discipline of a virtuous and happy life is short and easy, nature having formed us for whatever is excellent, and having so facilitated a willing mind every acquisition which tends to its improvement, as to render it wonderful that vice should be so prevalent in the world.— For as to fishes water is the appropriate element; to terrestrial animals the dry land; and to birds the surrounding atmosphere: so to man it is certainly more easy to follow the suggestions of Nature than to pursue a plan of life contrary to her obvious intentions and arrangements."

Of the peculiar difficulty of shaking off such inveterate habits, as were at first the most repugnant to our taste and inclinations, we have a daily and a melancholy proof in the case of those individuals who have suffered themselves to become slaves to tobacco, to opium, and to other intoxicating drugs, which, so far from possessing the attractions of pleasurable sensations, are in a great degree revolting to an uninvited palate. The same thing is exemplified in many of those acquired tastes which it is the great object of the art of cookery to create and to gratify; and still more remarkably in those fatal habits which sometimes steal on the most amiable characters, under the seducing form of social enjoyment, and of a temporary respite from the evils of life.

I am inclined, however, to think that Montaigne meant to restrict his observations chiefly, if not solely, to habits which are indifferent or nearly indifferent in their moral tendency, and that all he is to be understood as asserting amounts to this, that we ought not, in matters connected with the accommodations of human life, to enslave ourselves to one set of habits in preference to another. In this sense his doctrine is just and important; and I have only to add to it, that in this point of view also virtuous habits possess a distinguished superiority not only over those which are immoral, but over those which are merely innocent and inoffensive, inasmuch as they lead us to associate the idea of happiness with objects which depend infinitely less than any others on the caprice of fortune, or rather with such as every wise and prudent man has it in his power, at all times to enjoy.— (From Dugald Stewart on the "Active and Moral Powers of Man.")

THE SPONGE TRADE.—The sponge business has become a prominent department of industry in the Bahama Islands. It is almost entirely the growth of the last twenty years, and nets annually about 20,000 dollars. The sponge is fished and raked from the sandy bottom of the ocean, at a depth of twenty, forty, or sixty feet. It belongs to a very low order of animal life, organization being happily detected. When first taken from the water it is black, and becomes exceedingly offensive from decomposition. It is so poisonous in this condition that it almost blisters the flesh it happens to touch. The first process is to bury it in the sand, where it remains for two or three weeks, in which time the gelatinous animal matter is absorbed and destroyed by the insects that swarm in the sand. After being cleaned it is compressed and packed in bales like cotton. The sponge has been applied to a variety of new purposes, and within the past few years has quadrupled in value.—*West India paper.*

WHAT WATKINS SAW.

My friend Watkins was never what you could call a drunkard, I can say that much for him at any rate. Still he took his glass of stout and his bottle of port at dinner; he was always ready for a tumbler of negus with his friends of an evening; and one or two of those who knew him best used to say that Watkins was getting rather fond of his glass.

Well on the 9th of February last—I have the date before me here—Watkins was spending the evening with his cousin Bickerstone of the Insurance Company. They had a very merry evening of it together, and had some fun over a queer story that Bickerstone had heard the night before, about a man that had an attack of the blue devils. Bickerstone had just got in some whisky on trial, from Loban's vaults, and Watkins and he had a tumbler or two of toddy before they parted for the night. Watkins' usual drink was port—he rarely felt disposed for anything stronger; but this whisky of Bickerstone's was the finest flavoured thing of the kind he had ever tasted; and he said to himself, as he tramped away out of town towards his own house, "I'll order some of it from Loban."

By this time Watkins was fairly out upon the dark, lonely road. The night wind was blowing in heavy gusts, making strange noises in the air. There was one unoccupied house standing back from the road, and surrounded by high gloomy trees; and the wind was howling and shrieking so fearfully through them, that Watkins felt uncomfortable, and quickened his pace to get by.

Watkins reached his own house at last, and had to let himself in, for it was rather far in the night now. He locked the door behind him, left his boots at the foot of the stairs, and felt his way up to his own solitary room. Feeling a little lonely and out of sorts, he lighted his candle and poured out a glass of wine for himself. As he sat at his table, cutting some tobacco for his pipe, he thought of Bickerstone's whisky, and, as his desk was beside him, he had no sooner got his pipe filled and lit, than he took out a sheet of paper, and, by way of occupying his time, he leisurely and at intervals wrote an order to Loban for a few bottles of the same sort of whisky he had sent to Bickerstone.

The fire beside him was so low, that Watkins, after finishing the note, took his candle and went into his bedroom, where a cheery fire was burning in the little grate. The bedroom opened from the sitting-room, so that Watkins, sitting by his bedroom fire, could see away back into the sitting room by merely turning his head. He sat there smoking silently, and listening to the wind howling diabolically outside. Watkins doesn't know how long he sat; but the fire burnt down, and the wick of the candle grew so long that the room became almost dark.

I don't voice for what follows. I have it only on Watkins' own authority; but Watkins solemnly declares that it is true.—Well, as I was saying, Watkins was sitting by the bedroom fire, half-dozing, when suddenly he became conscious of a light in the sitting-room. He turned his head, and looking through the half-open door, what should he see but a tall column of faint blue smoke rising out of the wine-decanter that he had left upon the table. But that wasn't all: for just beside the table there stood a dusky figure, as of a human form, muffled from head to foot in a dark cloak.

Watkins felt his hair begin to stir on his head. He tried to rise but seemed to have lost the power. He now saw the dim figure move to his desk, where he had left the note

lying. It stopped there, and letting the mantle drop back from its head, what should Watkins see emerge from the folds, instead of a human head, but a skull and a thin neck-bone. The figure bent down over Watkins' note as if to read it by the faint ghostly light that rose from the mouth of the decanter; and there it remained for some time bent over the note as if counting it carefully. Watkins sat watching it in speechless horror.

By and by the hideous spectre put forth a long skeleton arm and drawing its mantle up in front of its hard grinning face, said in a strange unearthly voice, "Whiskey-demon!"

This it repeated three times, pausing between.

Presently something that thrilled through Watkins like a voice from the dead, was heard crying, "Who calls?"

"Your brother—the wine-demon," answered the spectre.

"The sign?"

"Abracadabra."

The word was scarcely uttered when, like a flash of lightning, there appeared on the other side of the faint upward stream of light, and visible as it were through it, another spectre so frightful in its appearance that Watkins felt the blood curdling in his veins. It looked like a fiend, and was wrapt in a long trailing shroud, stained here and there by splashes of blood. Its face was thin, sharp, and ghastly; two monstrous eyes protruding from their sockets glared wildly; and its long hair streamed upwards like sulphurous flames.

"My work is at an end here," said the first spectre, in a low voice.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the other with a wild, ghostly laugh, "is he dead?"

"No, not dead, but changing masters," said the wine-demon pointing to the note that lay upon the desk. "He is ordering some of the stronger spirit in. It is well. The way is shorter. The work will be sooner done."

"What were thy plans?" said the other.

The wine-demon made no answer; but putting his long skeleton finger for a moment into the stream of sulphurous flame that rose from the mouth of the wine-decanter, it drew a circle with it in the air. Watkins watched the circle of light as it floated slowly away from the finger of the demon; and lo, within it, as in a mirror, he saw a vivid picture of himself, changing every moment. First he saw himself just as he was; then gradually, but with astonishing rapidity, he changed into an old, peevish-looking man with a great red pimply nose, and his leg swathed in flannel as if he were racked with gout. Suddenly the chair in which he saw himself sitting changed into a bed, and a doctor and sick nurse were standing beside it. These in turn melted almost imperceptibly into a hearse and two carriages, which floated away, circled and all, and disappeared in the gloom. The spectres stood watching.

"Such was my plan," said the wine-demon.

The other spectre rolled its eyes wildly, and uttered a hollow, ghostly laugh.

"This shall be mine," it said; and putting its finger in the blue flame for a moment it swept it round in the air. In an instant, within the new circle of light that seemed to come floating towards him, Watkins saw himself with Bickerstone and a number of others, all of whom he knew, drinking glass after glass of spirits that seemed to be all afire with blue flames. Suddenly the scene changed, and he saw himself in the ward of what seemed a madhouse, his eyes glaring wildly, beads of perspiration standing on his brow, his whole face distorted frightfully, and three men trying with all their might to hold him down upon

his bed. Watkins gazed in speechless horror. Suddenly a shriek of mortal agony seemed to reach his ears, mingling with a weirdlike "Ha-ha! ha-ha!" from the two demons.

Watkins sprang to his feet, and in an instant the picture had vanished into darkness. The wind was whistling loudly outside.—Watkins looked fearfully into the sitting-room; but the demons were gone; the blue flame was gone; there was nothing there but the wine decanter, dimly visible upon the table in the flickering light of the dying embers.

Watkins began to breathe freely once more; but he had got a terrible fright. He could not sleep till he had gone and thrust the note he had written to Loban into the fire, and poured every drop of wine that was in the decanter out at the window, and made a vow that never a drop of liquor should enter his house again.

When Watkins told me this story a few days after, I said, "You must have been dreaming."

Watkins shook his head.

"Depend upon it," I said again, "you were dreaming. You fell asleep, sitting by the bedroom fire; and the whisky you had drunk, and Bickerstone's story about the man and the blue devils, made you dream about those two demons."

No; Watkins would not be convinced.—"Besides," he said, "I heard that shriek as distinctly as I hear your voice now."

"It must have been the wind whistling outside," I said. But still Watkins shook his head; and to this day he believes that it was all as real as real could be. At any rate he has kept his vow. Not a drop of drink will he admit into his house; not a drop will he taste anywhere else. And I am glad to say that Watkins is, in consequence, a happier and a better man. "It is my turn to 'ha! ha!' now," he says, "and when I do come to die, thank God, it won't be in the clutches of drink-demons." May we all be able to say the same!—*The Adviser.*

CAUSE OF FAILURE IN THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT

Another cause of failure in the temperance movement of the present day, is the low and narrow range of motives which is brought to bear against the evil. The motives are drawn too exclusively from this life, and not sufficiently in reference to the spiritual interests, and the life to come. The temporal evils of intemperance are vividly portrayed, and this is well; but the great argument of the Bible is set aside, and often utterly repudiated. The chief elements of power in man are of a moral and religious nature. He cannot be mightily moved by appeals to his temporal interests. He has an immortal nature, with reason, conscience, and deep moral instinct pointing him to the moral law as the rule of right, to his accountability to God, to the day of judgment, and to eternal retributions. He must be made to feel deeply that intemperance is not only a great temporal evil, but a fearful sin and crime; not only a sin and crime against his body, but against his immortal soul; not only a sin and crime against himself and society, but against God and his law and government, a sin and a crime of the deepest turpitude, for the commission of which God says he will send the fearful retribution of eternal damnation.

The Holy Scripture, together with the text—

personal evils, the sorrows, the babblings, the contentions, the wounds, the redness of eyes, also presents the motive of all motives, that "at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." It stings the conscience with remorse, and the remorse is as incurable and fatal to the soul as the adder's peculiarly stinging poison is to the body. Again and again, with awful emphasis, the Scriptures declare that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of God. They pronounce a woe upon such as put the bottle to their neighbor's mouth to make him drunken, striking literally at the prevailing custom of 'treating,' and tempting one another, as a custom of long standing and aggravated guilt. Of the traffickers in the intoxicating cup, who make their gain out of the ruin of helpless families and deathless souls, God, in the Bible, affirms, "Their wine is the poison of dragons, and the cruel venom of asps." Is not this laid up in store with me, and sealed up among my treasures? To me belongeth vengeance and recompense; their feet shall slide in due time, for the day of their calamity is at hand.

Now, let an evangelical minister or Christian man go into our temperance meetings with such sentiments as those of the Bible, in how many cases will he be allowed to utter them? Is it not the prevailing sentiment of temperance reformers—there are noble exceptions—that intemperance is not a sin but a misfortune? That it is an evil in society but not a crime against God which greatly perils the salvation of the soul? How much would such reformers care about the offence against God, if the evils in society can only be put away? How then can it be expected that God will be on the side of such efforts?—Could the devil himself have more effectually framed union efforts to shut out the chief motive by which men may be powerfully and permanently moved, and to exclude the hopeful co-operation of good and true men? If men can be flattered or ridiculed out of intemperance; if their own worldly interests are sufficient motives; if they can be recovered wholly by social influences, with an occasional feast or dance, surely ministers of the gospel will reason that they are not much needed.

Here, then, is certainly a very prominent cause of failure. And so far is it from excusing gospel ministers and Christians from activity, that it throws the greatest possible responsibilities upon them. The religious motives and influences are to be supplied, and who shall do this if not the churches, and on the basis of their own divinely adapted organization? Our own families and the community must be made to see and feel that here is great and ruinous guilt; it is guilt that accompanies and stimulates to much other guilt. It is the great source of nearly all crime. It is the guilt of moral suicide, as it takes away the heart, destroys the reason and conscience, the higher nature of man. It is the suicide of the soul, that part of man which is made in the image of God, and is a more direct thrust at God than the suicide of the body, and is probably as much more guilty as the soul is higher and of more value than the body. To encourage by example or neglect duty, or in any way to tempt others to intemperance, is to become partakers in the crime of destroying souls, which in God's account must far surpass the guilt of murdering the body. Here is power to move men effectually, in the general development of religious principles and confidence towards God on this subject. Our children and neighbors must be persuaded that the evils of intemperance embitter the life, and also that "at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—*Boston Record.*

ICE STARS AND SNOW STARS.

In Tyndall's late remarkable lectures upon heat as a mode of motion, we find the following pleasing and striking illustration of the fondness, so to speak, of Nature for the display of her starry firmament, the highest, perhaps, of all her shows:— 'How shall I dissect this ice? in the beam of an electric lamp we have an anatomist competent to perform this work. I will send the rays of this lamp through this block of pellucid ice. It shall pull the crystal edifice to pieces by accurately reversing the order of its architecture. Silently and symmetrically the crystallizing force builds the atoms up; silently and symmetrically the electric beam will take them down. I place this slab of ice in front of the lamp; a portion of the beam is arrested in the ice, and that portion is our working anatomist. Well, what is he doing? I place a lens in front of the ice, and cast a magnified image of the slab upon the screen. Observe the image—here we have a star, and there a star; and as the action continues, the ice appears to resolve itself into stars, each one possessing six rays, each one resembling a beautiful flower of six petals. And as I shift my lens to and fro, I bring new stars into view; and as the action continues, the edges of the petals become serrated, and spread themselves out like fern leaves upon the screen.

Few are aware of the beauty latent in a block of common ice. And only think of Jewish nature operating thus throughout the world. Every storm of the solid ice which sheets the frozen lakes of the north has been fixed according to this law. And, to complete the charming spectacle in this resemblance to the aspect of the sky at night, each ice-star flower, by a direction of the illuminating beam, will be seen to yield a spot in its centre, shining with the lustre of burnished silver. By immersing it in hot water you can melt away the ice all around the spot; the moment you do this, the eye of the star and flower, glowing with celestial brightness, is gone, and not a trace of it is left. *The spot is a vacuum.* So creative skill evokes, builds its graces, its glories, out of nothing—out of everything. Nor is it to the eye alone that the ice and the firmament are equally full of stars. Our ears, trained by true science, may hear nature laying her beams in music. Meteors and stars are said to sound and sing—ice-stars are known to have a voice whenever the flashing spark is struck, which unveils them in their frosty sphere.

Snow, likewise, found in a calm atmosphere, exhibits the same regular and exquisite figures that we discover in ice. Snow crystals are built upon the same type with icy crystals, the molecules forming six-sided stars. The six-leaved blossoms assume the most wonderful variety of form; their tracery is of the finest frost gauze, and to their rays eling other spangled rosettes, the nebulae of the frozen field. Beauty is piled upon beauty; as if nature, once at her task, delighted to show the wealth of her wonderful resources within

the narrow limits of a snow-wreath icelike, melting at a breath, or within the boundless sweep of the hosts on high, enduring forever. We regret that the *Transcript* cannot readily publish copies of the wood-cuts in Prof. Tyndall's work. That of the snow-stars is familiar to most of our readers. A bit of dark cloth will catch such stars in any gentle snow-fall. The ice-stars we hope to give ere long, if we can secure the necessary and inexpensive apparatus, with the aid of a friend, whose science, skill and genius we have tested for the revelation of the stars of the literary firmament of our language. — *Boston Transcript.*

LOSS AND GAIN.

Life grows better every day,
If we live in deed and truth;
So I am not used to grieve
For the vanished joys of youth.

For though early hopes may die,
Early dreams be rudely crossed;
Of the past we still can keep
Treasures more than we have lost.

For if we but try to gain
Life's best good, and hold it fast,
We grow very rich in love
Ere our mortal days are past.

Rich in golden stores of thought,
Hopes that give us wealth untold,
Rich in all sweet memories,
That grow dearer, growing old.

For when we have lived and loved,
Tasted suffering and bliss,
All the common things of life
Have been sanctified by this.

What my eyes behold to-day
Of this good world is not all;
Earth and sky are crowded full
Of the beauties they recall.

When I watch the sunset now,
As its glories change and glow,
I can see the light of suns
That were faded long ago.

When I look up to the stars
I find burning overhead,
All the stars that ever shone
In the nights that now are dead.

And a loving, tender word,
Dropping from the lips of truth,
Brings each dear remembered tone
Echoing backward from my youth.

When I meet a human face,
Lit for me with light divine;
I recall all loving eyes,
That have ever answered mine.

Therefore, they who were my friends
Never can be changed or old;
For the beauty of their youth
Fond remembrance well can hold.

Even they whose feet have crossed
O'er the noiseless calm abyss,
To the better shore which seemed
Once so far away from this,

Linger very near us still,
Parted only by a stream.
Over which they come and go,
As we journey in a dream.

And I think that God's best gifts
Were not given us to resign;
But through change, and life, and death,
That which I have loved is mine.

—*Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper.*

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THE RIGHT and WRONG ELEMENTS of the LORD'S SUPPER.

BY JOHN MAIR, M.D. EDIN., KINOSTON, C.W.

From the breast of every Christian who casts a glance into the exclusive, costly, gorgeous, and cumbrous system of rites and ceremonies enjoined upon the Jews, as set forth in the book of Leviticus, it must call forth devout thanksgiving to God that we, under "the ministration of righteousness" (2 Cor. iii. 9), are delivered from such an oppressive burden—"a yoke which neither they nor their fathers were able to bear." Acts xv. 10. Contrasting it with the ethelicity, cheapness, and simplicity of the few ceremonies required of us under the gospel, we are disposed to wonder that the homely observances of Christianity, so congenial to the unsophisticated nature of man, and so conspicuously and intelligibly described in holy writ, should have been so strangely misunderstood and perverted.

We refer especially to the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper; but we intend in this instance confining our remarks to the Lord's Supper, and certain abuses which have crept into the observance of it, with their injurious effects. One ignorant of holy writ would naturally suppose that the language employed by our blessed Redeemer, at the instituting of His Supper (as recorded by the evangelists Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and by the apostle Paul), must have been singularly obscure and ambiguous, since it has been so diversely interpreted by Christians of different denominations, as to convey the most incongruous and irreconcilable meanings. Thus, while the Roman Catholic church discovers in the sacred rite the body and blood, divinity and humanity, of the Lord Jesus Christ, as often as the officiating priest pronounces with a good intention the words, "This is my body; this is my blood;" and the Protestant churches educe from it an evil spirit—"alcohol,"—the Quakers construe it into a mere phan-

tom! But what is the real language which has been addressed to us by our Lord? Is it indeed obscure, ambiguous, and misleading? or clear, precise, and demonstrative? It is clear, precise, and demonstrative, if ever language was so. How could it be otherwise, issuing like a rill of pure water from the unerring mind, loving heart, and holy lips of Him "who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth" (1 Peter ii. 22); of whom it was said, "Never man spake like this man." (John vii. 46.) "To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." (Isaiah viii. 20).

Without entering fully into the proof that not leavened or fermented bread, such as we believe is habitually and almost universally used at the Lord's Supper by Protestant churches, but "unfermented things," is the expression made use of by the Holy Spirit to describe the nature of the substance to be used at the paschal supper immediately preceding it, we assume that no one will be bold enough to maintain the position that there was any change made in these substances between the celebration of the passover feast and the Lord's Supper; and therefore, if unfermented things—"bread" and wine, or rather "fruit of the vine"—were used at the one they must have been at the other supper also; and that they must have been used at the passover supper cannot be doubted, because all leavened or fermented things were, by the Jewish law, strictly forbidden to be used at the celebration of that sacred ordinance.* These things being admitted, we now request all earnest, unprejudiced inquirers into this most important subject, to search those portions of God's holy Word where the Lord's Supper is described and enjoined, viz., Matt. xxvi. 17-30; Mark xiv. 1, 12-26; Luke xxii. 1, 14, 20; 1 Cor. xi. 20-34; and they will (if we are not much mistaken) find that "the cup" or its contents, "unfermented fruit of the vine," is at least seventeen times distinctly referred to as one of the unfermented things—"the unleavened or unfermented bread" being the other "unfermented thing" which the Lord used at the institution of His Supper, and commanded to be used "till His second coming," in remembrance of Him. Now, no one, we presume, will have the

* Dr. Lees, in the article "Leaven," Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature, remarks: "All fermented substances were prohibited in the paschal feast of the Jews (Exod. xii. 18-20); also during the succeeding seven days, usually called 'the Feast of Unleavened Bread,' though bread is not in the original."

temerity to assert that "the Spirit of truth and holiness," whose office it is "to guide into all truth—who shall glorify Jesus by receiving of His and showing it unto His people" (John xvi. 13, 14), would have expressed Himself in language so earnest, specific, and emphatic in enjoining upon them the solemn duty of drinking of "unfermented fruit of the vine" only, in remembrance of their Redeemer at His Supper, as He unquestionably has done, if it were matter of indifference whether they should choose to drink of that wholesome nutritious liquid, according to their loving Master's dying request, or of another containing the brain-poison, alcohol (often combined with other deadly poisons), which has been designated in Scripture, in order to terrify and deter men from the use of it, as "the poison of dragons and the cruel venom of asps" (Deut. xxxii. 33), "the wine wherein is excess" (Ephes. v. 18), &c., and been commanded by the inspiration of the same Holy Spirit, "not to be looked upon," as that which "at the last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder" (Prov. xxiii. 29-35). Moreover, let it be remarked that the term wine is in no instance used in any of the accounts given of the Lord's Supper in the New Testament, but the term "cup" or "fruit of the vine" only. Now, alcoholic wine, and more especially the base adulteration which currently passes for wine, and is so often used at the Lord's table, but which contains none of the juice of the grape, cannot without the greatest impropriety have the distinctive appellation of "fruit of the vine" bestowed upon it—an impropriety which it is impossible could be laid to the charge of the Divine Inspirer of Holy Scripture, by any God-fearing man who has carefully and honestly investigated the subject; for alcoholic wine is the product, not of the grape, but of the vinous fermentation which destroys its nutritious qualities—that fermentation itself being caused by a parasitic plant, as has been ascertained by late chemico-microscopic inquiries. This argument for the sole use of unfermented fruit of the vine at the Lord's Supper, according to Christ's appointment, will be seen to be greatly strengthened by remembrance of the fact before referred to, that the reader of Scripture is justified always in prefixing the epithet unfermented to the phrase "fruit of the vine," when he finds it in the gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke; because it cannot but be admitted that our blessed Lord made use of the same unfermented articles, bread and wine, at His Supper, which, according to the ceremonial

law of the Jews ("He came not to destroy but to fulfil," Matt. v. 17.) were used at the immediately preceding Passover Supper.

But here two questions naturally arise, viz., 1st. How can it be explained that such an egregious blunder should ever have been committed by the Church as the substitution of alcoholic intoxicating (poisoning) wine for unfermented nutritious wine, or "fruit of the vine" at the Lord's Supper? and, 2nd. How is it that such an one should have been propagated by the Church in heathen lands, and perpetuated in Christendom till now? Without attempting an answer to the first question, but in order to throw some light upon the second, we would observe that the word *unleavened*, or unfermented, occurs only nine times in the New Testament, eight of these in the plural number, neuter gender, without any substantive expressed, requiring one to be understood, which must, according to analogy, be *things*, viz., *unleavened or unfermented things* (as above noticed); but in all of these instances the translators of the authorized version of the New Testament have supplied the word *bread* without printing it in *italics* (except in 1 Cor. v. 8), as is usual when a word is introduced not having a corresponding word in the original; thus no index is given which might have induced the learned reader of these portions of Scripture to refer to that original, and thus to make the discovery that the translation should have been *things* instead of *bread*, wherever the word "*azuma*" is used in relation to the Passover-feast and Lord's Supper. This may partly account for the perpetuation of the error in Christian lands, and for its propagation among heathen converts to Christianity.

But another question we can conceive might here be started by some one—even this: Why such a piece of work about a matter of no very great moment? Now we cannot allow that it is a matter of no very great moment. On the other hand, we hold it to be a matter of the greatest moment, inasmuch as it involves the glory of Immanuel, the only-begotten Son of God, and the good of his rational, accountable, and immortal creature man, whom He died upon the cross to redeem and save.

It has been well remarked by Count de Gasparin, in his excellent work, *The Claims of the Truth*, "that nothing could be more revolting or more incompatible with the feelings with which God should be regarded by us, than to suppose that He would reveal to men truths in themselves indifferent, the reception or rejection of

which would be attended with nearly the same results. The theory of harmless errors is as fatal as it is reprehensible. If it be derogatory to the wisdom of God, as implying that He has revealed truths to us that are of no importance, it is also fatal to the souls of men, smothering them under a heap of lies, and in the end hiding from them the fundamental doctrine which it pretends to maintain exclusively."

The rejection of the truth that Jesus commanded "unfermented bread and fruit of the vine" to be used by the disciples at His Supper, in remembrance of Him, till His second coming, and the adoption of the falsehood that He commanded fermented bread and fermented intoxicating wine to be the symbols of His body and blood, we confidently affirm are most derogatory to the wisdom and holiness of Immanuel.

In answer to the question in the Larger Catechism of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, "What are the sins forbidden in the second commandment," we find the following: "Corrupting the worship of God, adding to it, or taking from it, whether invented, or taken up of ourselves, or received by tradition from others, though under the title of antiquity, custom, devotion, good-intent, or any other pretence whatsoever . . . sacrilege, all neglect, contempt, hindering and opposing the worship and ordinances which God hath appointed." And among the proof quotations at the bottom of the page, Malachi i. 7, 8, 14 is referred to, viz., "Ye offer polluted bread upon mine altar; and ye say, Wherein have we polluted thee? In that ye say, The table of the Lord is contemptible. And if ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? and if ye offer the lame and sick, is it not evil? offer it now unto thy governor; will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person? saith the Lord of hosts. But cursed be the deceiver, which hath in his flock a male, and voweth, and sacrificeth unto the Lord a corrupt thing: for I am a great King, saith the Lord of hosts, and my name is dreadful among the heathen."

We submit to all who seek the glory of God, and love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, the simple question whether, if it was wrong in the Jews to offer up such polluted sacrifices as those above-mentioned, to Jehovah, contrary to His commandment, it can be right in Christians at the present time, with surpassing privileges, and far more accurate and extensive knowledge of the benevolent character of their God and Saviour, to offer to Him, in de-

spite of His solemn and pathetic injunction addressed to His apostles the night in which He was betrayed—instead of the pure symbol of His sin-atoning blood—"an odour of a sweet smell"—that vile, perilous, polluted portion described in the Old Testament as "the poison of dragons and the cruel venom of asps," and in the New as "wine wherein is excess" (Ephes. v. 18), "*asotia*," destruction—that which Solomon the wisest of mere men so pictorially exhibits to our view, when "it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright"—not that we should be lurel to our ruin by these deceitful appearances, as our first mother Eve was to hers and that of the whole human family, at the instigation of Satan, by the pleasant look of the forbidden fruit; but that we might be put on our guard against its blandishments, by wisdom's warning voice crying out, "Look not thou upon it;" "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise;" "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." For our own part, we must declare our solemn conviction, that if we were habitually to use such divinely-prohibited intoxicating wine, instead of "the unfermented fruit of the vine," the only divinely-appointed symbol of Christ's blood, at His Supper (as almost all the churches of Christendom do),* we should be conscious that we were thus habitually breaking the positive command of our blessed Redeemer, while professing allegiance to His kingly authority and submission to His law, and thus be guilty of impeaching the omnipotent power, matchless wisdom, adorable goodness, immaculate holiness, and all the other glorious attributes of Immanuel, and thus be doing what by our single puny arm we could not wrest from Him His mediatorial crown, and the sceptre of universal dominion. For if true, as thus professed and implied, that the Lord Jesus Christ gave such deleterious soul and body-destroying alcoholic wine to His apostles the night of His betrayal, and commanded it to be used thereafter by His disciples till His second coming, it is evident that He would have transgressed His own holy commandment given to His apostles and disciples, "to drink of unfermented fruit of the vine in remembrance of Him;" and that other commandment so impressively pronounced by Solomon under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, "Look not thou upon the

* We dare not do it in a single instance, and have not for many years, since ever our eyes were opened to see the evil of it.

wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright: At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder;" and by thus doing and teaching have proved Himself not to be the Messiah: but if not the Messiah, not the Creator or Governor of the universe—for Jesus came not to destroy the law but to fulfil (Matt. v. 17), "to magnify it and make it honorable" (Isa. xlii. 21), and said, "It is easier for heaven and earth to pass, than one tittle of the law to fail" (Luke xvi. 17), and by His inspired apostle James declared the awful truth that "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all" (James ii. 10). O that those misguided persons who have hitherto so boldly vouched for this false doctrine, seeing the fearful antichristian, blasphemous, atheistic consequences to which it leads, would shrink from it with abhorrence and detestation, and abandon it for ever.

In a future paper, some of the mass of evils which have befallen the Church and world, from the unlawful use of fermented bread and fermented intoxicating wine at the Lord's Supper, may be pointed out.

THE "CANADIAN HOUSEHOLD"

Is the name of a new monthly periodical, devoted to Social and Moral Reform, Temperance, Literature, and Instruction, published in Toronto at 75 Cents per annum. This is a very neat publication, containing interesting illustrations, and is well calculated to interest and instruct. We wish it success.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Autumn leaves falling,
Many and bright;
Softly departing
In glory and light.

Gleaming so golden
Fair and bright-hued;
Still in thy farewell
With beauty endued.

Sunbeams, ah! never
They glimmer'd so gay,
In thy sweet youth-time,
As in thy decay.

Nature looks lovely,
Peaceful and blest;
Winds, they are sleeping,
Earth is at rest.

And a soft incense
Seems to rise still,
Upward from valley,
Upward from hill;

Incense that lifts us,
In heart to the throne
Of the wise Giver
For all mercies shown.

—Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper.

Orations and Entertainments.

There seems to be just now a danger among our societies of pandering to a morbid taste, rather than honesty, and unblushingly setting forth the great fundamental truths which belong to our movement. If ever we are to gain success, it will not be by turning the Temperance platform into a "Punch and Judy show," but by teaching the people the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. We are quite aware that there is a large class of men and women among us who are always hankering after "something new," or a "sensation;" but what we have to ask is this, are these the people upon whom, after all, the success of any enterprise can be allowed to depend? Are they not rather the very elements which are constantly getting us into trouble, and, therefore, on that account, should be kept in the background, if they are to be tolerated at all?

Unless the *dignity* of the Temperance movement is maintained, and its principles faithfully and clearly expounded, we have no hope of making converts of the right stamp. True we may, by studying this, only secure a hearing among a select few; whereas if we were to announce the lecture to be accompanied with a "dance, or a polka in a frying-pan," there will be a great rush to see the performance, and under the excitement of the inspiration raised from such a source, money may be made, and a noise created. But is this real success? Judged by the experience of the past, we unhesitatingly say No! Rather educate half a dozen than amuse as many hundreds. People are not to be fiddled into this truth any more than they are to be fiddled into religion or politics, and if they will not come and listen to the utterances of men who can place the subject before an audience in an intelligible manner, then the only thing left is to shake off the dust of your feet as a testimony against them.

We have been led into these remarks because we think that the time has arrived when something should be done to make a stand against this money-grubbing scheming, and we intreat the temperance societies, that if they value the prosperity of the movement, to aid us at once in bringing about a better state of things, for it is upon them that the responsibility rests after all. Indeed, it is owing to the fact of their willing to co-operate in such matters that things have been allowed to be done in the name of temperance which have been a disgrace to any moral movement, and over which the enemy has often triumphed. By pointing to these black spots, many well meaning people have been scared away, who, if proper means had been employed, might have been induced to join our ranks.

We are sorry to say that committees have been much to blame, also, for encouraging the "puffing system." What, we should like to ask, would be thought if the committees of a Bible or missionary society were to adopt the plan of advertising their

lecturers after the same fashion? Would not the public at once infer that there was something wrong? Just so with our movement. Until we can elevate the platform to its proper position, respectable and religious people will continue to look down upon us with the contempt we deserve.

As an illustration of what we mean, we may just refer to a fact which occurred not long since in one of our northern towns. On a bill announcing some lectures by our old friend Mr. G. E. Lomax, there was also a notice that two orations would be given by Miss E—— (a girl, by the bye, not in her teens). Was it any wonder that the old veteran, who had borne the burden and heat of the day, "pitched into the committee," as he said, "for their impudence, and also lectured them on their folly?"

Another illustration of the same kind also may be remembered by some of our friends, from the constant appearance of reports in the various papers about Master T——, the "youthful orator," who, actually had the audacity to deliver word for word the orations of one who was also noted for doing a large business with other people's goods. The stolen wares of the stolen must certainly have been very sweet in such cases to the wise listeners.

There has been quite a rush into our ranks of an army of "orators,"—men, women, and children—"gold hunters," or lovers of "loaves and fishes," who, without any proper acquaintance with the subject, send out their circulars with a flourish of trumpets, testimonials, opinions of the press (prepared in many cases by themselves); societies are inundated with applications; should an engagement be made, the expense connected with a visit frequently amounts to £2, £3, or even £5, exclusive of board, travelling, &c. Of course, to cover this great outlay, resort is made to the passing mania. "He's coming. She's coming! The wonder of all wonders!" In some instances John Bull takes the bait, but in more John turns stupid, and keeps his money in his pocket, and as he turns aside from reading the placard he says, "It smells of the shop." And the committee in turn find themselves hounded and diddled out of their money, £5, £10, or £20 debt hung round the neck of the treasurer, and the action of the committee locked up for a year, in some instances the society is broken up, or one of the old lecturers is sent for, to get them out of the mess, and urged to chargo as little as possible, into the bargain. But it may be said, "Well, but what of those societies who have got a surplus by the 'orations'?" In answer, we reply, there may be one in a hundred found of the fortunate class; but of this class there are men capable of judging the merits and demerits of the "oratory," and we find that they are ashamed of the twaddle advanced in the name of Temperance, and disgusted with sinking so much money for one or two lectures. But for show purposes a success is made the price for testimonials, but the bankruptcy is never named.

One of our oldest agents had just deli-

tered a lecture, for which he was to receive the usual fee of 12s. 6d., when the secretary made an announcement that the committee were requested to stay for a few minutes. The business consisted in laying before them a circular, &c., from one of the "orators" (a mere lad), asking for an engagement—terms, £2 2s. a lecture. Various remarks having been made by the committee, the secretary at length asked the lecturer, who happened to be waiting for an escort to his lodgings, what he thought, &c. "Well," he said, "I don't know anything against him, but if you as committee, think of giving two guineas for a lad, while you can get three men at the same price, you are bigger blockheads than I take you to be, that's all." Of course, that settled the matter, and the orator was not engaged.

Another evil in connection with this system is this, that while undue influence is often used to pass off these "new stars," the men who have devoted their lives and made the movement what it is, by their self-denying labours, are scarcely announced at all except by the "bell-man" at the last moment. If any special effort to get an audience ought to be made, it should be done when these veterans came. Such men began at the bottom and have worked their honourable way upwards; whilst others, now that the battle is over and the cause has become popular, have entered into the field, and turned the platform into "the shop,"—reaping where they have not sown, and gathering where they have done nothing; but tax.

What has been the result of all this running after Novelty and Oratory? Just this, that we have a host of unprincipled sharks, plundering and victimising our societies in all parts of the kingdom. We have had letters from friends during the last few months, "wanting the present address" of "The Soldier, Orator and Poet," "The Welsh youthful Orator,"—&c. &c., beside which we have heard of another who dropped down into a town as a quack doctor, and lectured on his pills and teetotalism, until a committee engaged him without any further recommendation as their Missionary. In a few weeks he turned out to be a quack of the genuine school. Then there was another, a Baker by trade, but a sponger by profession. Another, a "B.A.," contributing, according to his own account, to the "Cornhill," "Meliora," &c., but he does not certainly contribute to his creditors. Another who takes French leave of his Tailor, Landlady, &c.

Surely we have need of an "Advocates' Association" for the purification of the platform from such pollution. Would it not be well, in addition to have a "NATIONAL BROTHERHOOD," in which all the men whose lives are entirely devoted to the Temperance Movement, might by a yearly subscription make some provision for old age, sickness, &c. on the one hand; and also protect the movement from wolves in sheep's clothing on the other? A register could then be kept of accredited lecturers, and only men of character allowed to join.

Societies would have an opportunity of seeking information before they committed themselves, and thus these interlopers would find they were in the wrong place.

In conclusion: let the conductors of Temperance papers be careful how they receive flaming accounts of unknown "Orators," for in many instances it has been the first step to an engagement on the part of an unsuspecting secretary, who supposed "it must be all right or it would not be in the —."—*J. W. Kirkton in Temperance Spectator.*

W A T E R.

The great extent to which water mingles with bodies apparently the most solid is really wonderful. The air we breathe contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and turnips which are boiled for our dinner have, in their raw state, the one seventy-five per cent. the other ninety per cent. of water. If a man weighing ten stone were squeezed flat in a hydraulic press, seven and a half stone of water would run out, and only two and a half of dry residuo remain. A man is, chemically speaking, forty five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailfuls of water. In plants we find water thus mingling no less wonderfully. A sun-flower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. The sap of plants is the medium through which this mass of fluid is conveyed. It forms a delicate pump, up which the watery particles run with the rapidity of a swift stream. By the action of the sap, various properties may be communicated to the growing plant. The glittering opal, which beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. The snow-capped summits of Snowdon and Ben Nevis have many million tons of water in a solidified form. In every plaster-of-Paris statue which an Italian carries through our streets for sale, there is one pound of water to every four pounds of chalk. A wheat plant exhales in a hundred and seventy two days something like one hundred grains of clear water. Timber that is used in France is, for instance, dyed by several colours being mixed with water, and poured over the root of the tree. Dahlias are also colored by a similar process.

The Bookseller gives the statistics of London newspapers thus: Daily newspapers, 248,000—the total annual issue, 77,376,000; weekly, 2,263,200—in the year, 117,686,400; the weekly issue of religious journals is 183,700. The total is 195,062,400. There has been an increase of 76,263,200 in two years. Some 400 country newspapers average 800 each. Of weekly magazines, there are 489,600 of religious literature; 734,000 of useful and entertaining; 195,000 romantic tales; 9000 immoral publications (in 1860, 52,500—a large decrease); 5005 free-thinking. Of monthly journals, 1,869,500 are religious; 703,250 temperance; 338,500 educational and useful. Great Britain pays for education, by public acts, £706,000; science and art, £135,600; education in Ireland, £307,000; in Scotland, £14,700.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

We proceed to offer to our readers a few general remarks, which we hope may be found serviceable in enabling such of them as aim at the attainment of excellence in the Art of Speaking to succeed in their endeavours.

Our first remark shall be one, the attending to which you will find is all important, viz., Be natural; feel yourself what you endeavour to enforce upon the minds of others; be earnestly zealous, and avoid affectation. If this be done, you will find that the contagion of emotions affects the mind of others by that sympathetic connexion which the expression of true passion invariably produces. The public have now learned to believe, with good old Æschylus—

"Words are the counters which men cheat withal; But look—the speaking eye—the quivering lip— The stricken heart, that sends up to the cheek Its crimsoned flush—these only will I trust. And these no proofs of speech can o'er-guissay."

If a speaker is thoroughly impressed with the importance of the topic upon which he speaks—if he is really sedulous to persuade and convince, rather than to cajole and please—if his whole soul is wrapt up in the truths he is about to utter, then he need not fear for he will be earnest, he will be natural, he will convince, and he must please.

2nd. Endeavour to correct that fluttering of the heart, confusion of mind, and ringing in the brain, which is apt to overcome young speakers, from their tendency to believe that the members of a meeting

"Make up in number what they want in weight," and thus become

"A many-headed font of wisdom."

Men do not become proferentially wise merely because they are "in public meeting assembled." Each man is as strictly individual then as in his own house. To believe otherwise is to take measures to disconcert one's self—is to lay up a store of thoughts calculated to occasion absurd bashfulness, timidity, fearfulness, and consequently to produce failure. Nothing is more correct, so far as public speaking is concerned, than that "the fear of man bringeth a snare." You must believe that you are superior to the public before you venture to instruct the public; and should you stammer through your speech in broken, abrupt sentences, through faintness of heart to fulfil your mission? It requires intrepidity of opinion and independent sturdiness of thought to tell the people home-truths; and there is nothing else of which they stand so much in need as men of such a stamp.

3rd. Study conciseness of expression, perspicuity of thought, and precision of language. Do not learn to play with your subject, and "talk about it and about it," but get to the point, and keep to it. Do not attempt to set every sentence of a speech in jewels. To make every sentence equally sonorous, brilliant, smart, pithy, &c., is the most certain plan of causing the speech to be felt as bombastical or mono-

lous. It resembles a sea always in a storm; a sky of continuous and never ending blue; a trade-wind always blowing; a changeless sameness, which cannot but fall upon the sense, and weary the soul. Logical consecutiveness of thought, accuracy of statement, purity of expression, choiceness in the use of words, are the chief points deserving of attention; gain these, and all other things will follow. A public speaker should possess the power of launching forth into fierce, flashing, burning sarcasm, invective, but should seldom employ it; should train his mind to the perception of character, and adapt his language and style to the occasion on which, and the parties to whom, he speaks; should have a vein of drollery and wit, which may be very sparingly used; but he should never condescend to the occasion of "the gaping laugh of rude joke-catching ignorance."

4th. "Every one must have remarked, that whatever impressions are intended to be produced on the mind of man, are always best received when addressed to his heart, through its most common associations. Whether we wish to explain, to convince, to touch, or to engage, we must refer to something that is habitual and pleasing; and therefore the use of figures in eloquence is not so much to enrich and to deck, as to find admission to the soul of the hearer by all the paths which its own habits have rendered most easy of access."—*G. P. R. James's Darnley*, p. 133.

Speech was not given "to conceal our thoughts," but is, or ought to be, the expression of the mind. The mind of man, if powerful, can exercise a glorious dominion; but the most captivating sovereignty which can be offered to it is to utter its thoughts in words, and go forth amongst men as a ministrant of gladness, instruction, and purity, an excitant to lofty deeds, and high and holy aspirations;—a dominion this which rules the spirits of men, regulates their impulses, governs their thoughts, and is the real monarch of men's actions; a dominion this so grand, that man may well labour hard for its attainment. But be it remembered that a fearful responsibility lies with him who attains this monarchy of mind. If his eloquence be used in the cause of truth, justice, and right, in condemnation of falsehood, oppression, and wrong; if the cause of progress, and love, and good deeds, find in him an ally; and the retrogressive, the stationary, the fiendish, and the hate-engendering meet in him a strong and a determined foe, it is well. But perfect eloquence may sometimes employ the deepest pathos, the mightiest agitations of thought, the fiercest torrents of invective and sarcasm against the true and the good; may use the guise of truth, and clothe itself in the garb of an angel of light, while it advocates the wrong and insinuates bell-sophistries as if they were sparks from the throne of heaven. It is true that eloquence of this Satanic cast rules but for a moment, and that the good and the holy must ultimately triumph; but woe

be to him who retards the world's progress even for a moment, who sows such tares in human souls as shall produce a harvest of distress. Let not then the reductions of present applause, the love of momentary reputation, cause you to cast dark shadows over the souls of men. Cherish in your heart the love of virtue, earnestness in the cause of truth, clearness of thought, transparency of diction, graceful and becoming action, a free, fluent, and ready delivery, a pure heart, a spotless character, a mind untainted by falsehood, a soul strong in the cause of progress, unflinching in its advocacy of right; educate yourself; think, act, speak, and fear not; for attention to these things constitutes the noblest and most important part of the Art of Public Speaking.—*The Controversialist*.

DEVOTION TO COUNTRY.

During the reign of Queen Anne, when Captain Hardy was stationed off Lagos Bay, he received certain intelligence of some Spanish galleons having arrived in the harbour of Vigo, under the protection of seventeen men of war. He set sail immediately, without any authority for so doing, and gave intelligence to Sir George Rooke, who was then commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean.—Acting upon this information the Admiral made the best of his way to Vigo, where he took or destroyed the whole fleet.

Sir George was sensible of the value of the information communicated; but after the fight was ended, and the victory secured, he ordered Captain Hardy on board his ship, and said to him, sternly—"You have done, sir, a very important piece of service—you have added to the glory and honor of your country by your diligence; but don't you know that you are liable to be shot for quitting your post?" "He is unworthy," replied Captain Hardy, "to bear a commission under Her Majesty, who holds his life as anything when the glory and interest of his country require him to hazard it." For this intrepid answer, the Admiral despatched him with the news of the victory, and a recommendation to the Queen, who immediately conferred upon him the honour of a knighthood, and afterwards made him a rear admiral.

To the Lovers of Rum.

I've mused on the miseries of life.

To find from what quarter they come;
Whence most of confusion and strife,
Alas! from the lovers of rum.

I met with a fair one distressed,
I ask'd whence her sorrows could come;
She replied, I am sorely oppressed—
My husband's a lover of rum.

I found a poor child in the street,
Whose limbs by the cold were all numb,
No stockings or shoes on his feet,
His father's a lover of rum.

I went to collect a small debt;
The master was absent from home,
The sequel I need not relate—
The man was a lover of rum.

I met with a pauper in rags,
Who ask'd for a trifling sum;
I'll tell you the cause why he begs—
He once was a lover of rum.

I've seen men from health, wealth and ease,
Untimely descend to the tomb!
I need not describe their disease,
Because they were lovers of rum.

Ask prisons and gallows all,
Whence most of their customers come;
From whence they have most of their calls,
They'll tell you the lovers of rum.

CLEANLINESS AND HEALTH.—That the most startling results accrue, among the lowest classes especially, from a due attention to matters likely to affect health, is apparent in the very low mortality-rate of the pauper schools placed under proper management.—In the Central London district pauper school at Hanwell, the late Mr. Aubin succeeded in reducing the rate to less than two per cent, notwithstanding that the scholars were taken from the very heart of London, many of them being half-starved, stunted, scrofulous, and suffering from ringworm and ophthalmia. It cannot be too widely spread abroad, that the secret of this clever and philanthropical superintendent's rule consisted in the practice and maintenance of extraordinary cleanliness. The eight hundred or nine hundred children under his care were well washed all over in warm water twice a week, as well as down to their waists twice a day; and the younger children were washed after every meal. Directly a garment was soiled, it was changed, although, perhaps it had only been worn a few minutes; and in the regular way, every elder boy was allowed three clean shirts weekly. The sheets of every bed, too, were changed weekly, and frequently oftener, when required. This profusion of clean linen caused as many as fifteen thousand pieces to be washed weekly. But the system worked wonders. Instead of a hundred little graves being made in the grave-yard yearly, the sexton was not called upon to dig many more than a dozen. Far finer children in country workhouses furnish a death rate of twelve per cent. But this unpromising selection, with this management, yielded a smaller death-rate than the wealthiest communities in the land.

Thus it will be seen that the secret of the preservation of health lies in one word—cleanliness. This quality, long and worthily held next to godliness, must be applied in its widest sense, and be understood to mean cleanliness in our houses, our streets, and our towns, as well as in our food, linen, and persons. Air, earth, and water must be kept sweet and clean; and even our fires are not exempt from influences upon health, for we may burn substances that emit unwholesome odors. Sanitary reform, therefore, resolves itself into an old, old story. The patriarch Jacob gave the pith of it when he commanded his household to be clean, and change your garments; and Moses only enlarged the same command when he declared, that if a house should be unclean, the priest should look upon it, and cause it to be thoroughly scraped and cleaned; and should signs of uncleanness again present themselves, it should be taken down—stones, timber, and mortar, and these materials cast out of the city upon an unclean place; and in the minute directions he issued respecting repeated ablutions. It will not be of much use to tell this story, even with its Syrian associations, to grown up people: they know it already; but habit is second nature, and it is difficult for them to change their ways. Those to whom sanitary reform must be preached, are school children. They should be taught, if we are dirty, we shall be soon diseased; if we sin, we shall suffer, as certainly as twice two are four, and twice four are eight. It is in the minds of little children that we should sow this seed.—*Chambers' Journal*.

SIXTY MILLIONS of Pounds sterling are spent at the shrine of Bacchus every year in Great Britain, in intoxicating drinks, whilst but little more than HALF-A-MILLION is raised by all the Missionary and Bible Societies, for spreading the cause of Christ throughout the world.—*Illustrated Hand-Bills*, No. 53.

"MODERATION."

"Mr. GLEANER,

"I am a teetotaler, and one that 's not ashamed of his colours, which are always 'water-colours.' I sometimes dine out, and on nearly every occasion I meet our old friend Alcohol. He is the first to come, the last to go—the presiding genius of the party. I of course drink none of it; but I am generally an exception in this respect, and find myself too often in the respectable minority of *one*. This is noticed by my friends, and conversation turns on the question of Total Abstinence; and I confess I generally feel 'ter a while as though I were pushed by a superior force to the wall, and there I stand in my own corner, defending myself as well as I can, and pleading what the old theologians used to call an 'apology,' that is, a reason,—for drinking water!

"Now, Mr. Gleaner, do you not think that this is hardly quite fair? Water is the natural beverage, other drink is artificial. All the natural kingdom—oceans, rivers, springs; all the vegetable kingdom—trees, and herbs and flowers; all the animal kingdom—*except man*—are water-drinkers. Now, do you not think, with such company as these, we ought to assume the offensive, and make headway against the wine-bibbers? I have generally found what is called the 'defensive' policy to be a losing game. In it we lose momentum, resist, and are simply thrown back on whatever we can get to support us. I once resolved on a 'kind of 'Greek fire,' which I poured into the enemy, and with signal success. I will tell you about it—

"There were six or seven of us (after the ladies had retired); and I being the only water-drinker in the party, and the rest having had a little wine in them, we were soon actually at sixes, and sevens.—They all talked highly and in an elevated way, of the virtue of 'Moderation.' This seemed to be their cardinal virtue, the Deity they worshipped, though I fear they did not always faithfully serve her. After much fruitless conversation—illustrated by still further 'moderate' draughts of wine—I proposed the question—'What is Moderation?' If it involves a question of *quality*—'how strong?' if a question of *quantity*—'how much?' if a question of *time*—'how often?' if a question of *climate*—'what temperature?' if a question of *constitution*—'what tribunal of appeal?'

"My question was deemed a fair and equitable one; and each of my six friends promised to write his reply. Within a few days I had received the following series of letters:

No. I.

"DEAR FRIEND,—*Difficile est.* It's a dead sell; this question of yours about Moderation. In a general way, I would agree with Feltham, who I believe was a philosopher; that 'the boundary of man is moderation; when once we pass that pale our guardian angel quits his charge of us.'

I grant you, this is rather a description than a definition; but then you want the latter. I am afraid you must inquire elsewhere. What would you think of (say) three glasses of good port—strong; crusty; 7s. 6d. a bottle; warranted genuine; none of your modern logwood in it; and made in Portugal, not manufactured in Bermuda-sey? Eh? would that answer your question?

"Yours, immoderately,

"HARRY CHAFFINCH.

"P. S. You would not object, I suppose, if I were to take a little drop of brandy to neutralize the logwood, *supposing* the existence of that element? *Similia similibus*. One can't be quite sure, these times of universal adulteration. When is the act of Parliament to be brought forward on this question?—H. C.

No. II.

"DEAR FREDDY,—Your question the other evening *was* a poser. Any way, I have been thinking of it ever since, and can make nothing of it. It strikes me I had better make a clean breast of it, and do my best to answer all your questions.—So here goes it—

"1. 'How strong?' Why, strong as mustard, boy!

"2. 'How much?' That depends upon the strength, the price, the place it came from, the size of the glasses, &c.

"3. 'How often?' Every time you are thirsty, and don't happen to be near a drinking fountain, and do happen to be near a decanter!

"4. 'What temperature!' Bless me, can't say! If it's very hot, one would require a little to make one cool; if it's cold, a draught would restore caloric; if the weather is temperate, it is neither cold nor hot; take half and half!

"5. 'What tribunal of appeal?' Very likely, Bow Street! Questions of constitutional power to bear Moderation are often solved there! If you can only keep aloof from this, and can get home safely, and keep at the right side of 'drunk and disorderly,' you are a 'Moderate Man.'

"Don't be offended with me, if I have not been over serious in my answers. I don't think I have thrown much light on your questions; but I never could do much in the way of definitions.

"Yours, &c.,

"RICHARD HOTSPUR.

No. III.

"DEAR SIR,—My observation of life in myself and others has led me to the conclusion that no fixed law can be laid down regulating the measure of moderation.—Each must be the judge of his own circumstances, constitution, strength, and need. For myself, I know not how much I drink. I never gauge the actual quantity; but I despise the man that I see continually drinking; though I confess I could not exactly define the point at which his excess begins. I regard your questions as incapable of any satisfactory or definitive reply; I hope therefore you will

not press your interrogatories; and I promise you that until I can discover some definition of Moderation, I will so far honour your principle of Abstinence, as to restrain my tongue from joining in any outcry that may be raised against a system the practical results of which are beyond dispute.

"I remain, dear sir,

"Yours, faithfully,

"ERNEST PLATPAIR.

No. IV.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—If you will turn to No. 195 of the 'Spectator,' you will find a very excellent essay on Temperance, by Addison. One sentence of that paper will suffice to answer your question about Moderation; he writes—'Were I to prescribe a rule for drinking, it should be formed upon a saying quoted by Sir William Temple: The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good-humour, and the fourth for mine enemies.'

"It would appear that four glasses of wine,—whether per diem, or at each meal, or oftener, I cannot say,—would be the rule of 'moderate drinking.' I can throw no more light on the subject.

"Yours sincerely,

"JOHN STEADY.

No. V.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Jack Steady has just showed me his note, containing an answer to your question. He has been priggish out of the 'Spectator,' but has not read far enough into the book. If you will turn to No. 205, you will discover a little emendation of Jack's capital idea of 'four glasses.' It is as follows:—

"Mr. SPECTATOR,—In your paper upon Temperance, you prescribe to us a rule of drinking, out of Sir William Temple, in the following words: 'The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good humour, and the fourth for mine enemies.' Now Sir, you must know that I have read this your 'Spectator' in a club whereof I am a member; when our President told us that there was certainly an error in the print, and that the word 'glass' should be 'bottle,' and therefore has ordered me to inform you of this mistake, and to desire you to publish the following erratum: 'In the paper of Saturday, Oct. 13, col. 3, line 11, for 'glass,' read 'bottle.'

"Yours,

"ROBIN GOODFELLOW."

"I need hardly tell you that I quite agree with my old namesake in this emendation. Four glasses, as prescribed, would leave no room for a glass to the Queen, a glass for the army, navy, and volunteers, a glass for the toast of the evening, and a glass for a dozen of incidentals that go to make up a merry party. I protest against all measures and laws whatsoever; they involve bondage. My definition of Moderation (if you must have one) is, that it is something *between a wine-glass and a hog-head*.

"Yours as ever,

"ROBIN GOODFELLOW,"

("Of the Nineteenth Century.")

No. VI.

"DEAR FREDERICK,—I met Harry Chaffinch yesterday. He seemed to be in high spirits that he has got your permission (at least he assumes he has) to drink three glasses of good port, and a little unknown quantity of brandy afterwards, and he is instantly to be enrolled among the moderate men. I rather took the wind out of his sails by assuring him that you would never concede the quantity; and I further told him that, as I had not yet written my reply to your question, I would endeavour to dissipate his notion of Moderation at all events.

"Now, Fred, all the authorities are against the three glasses. I don't mean the police authorities, but such as Shakspeare and others. For instance, Shakspeare says somewhere, "A drunken man is like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and the third drowns him.

"George Herbert writes the following lines in the same context:—

"Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not tame

When once it is within thee; but before
May'st rule it as thou list, and pour the shame

Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.
It is most just to throw that on the ground,

Which would throw me there if I keep the
round!"

"So now, Fred, don't be taken in by Harry's plausible talk. I, for my part, cannot get over this, that the great Shakspeare and the good George Herbert are both decidedly of the opinion that the third glass is over the mark, and therefore beyond Moderation.

"You see, Fred, I can better tell you what moderation is not, than what it is.

"Your old friend,

"WM. WARY.

"These, Mr. Gleaner, are the answers I have received to my question. They are all indefinite or else contradictory. It may be that some of your many readers may be set a thinking about this oft talked of, oft be-praised measure of Moderation, which so many urge as a definite cure of the drunkenness of the drunkard.

"Surely, if a medical practitioner were to prescribe a cure for a disease, he would be able to define the exact quantity to be taken, even to the merest scruple weight. All proposed remedies, if they are really designed for actual use, ought to be capable of definition. We hear enough on all sides about curing drunkenness by 'Moderation'; and yet I do not think we could get one whit nearer to a definition of the term than my friends above have succeeded in doing, though we were to challenge a score of such letters. At all events, any of our Teetotal friends may try the experiment for themselves, and thus vindicate our good and holy cause against all comers.

"I am, dear Mr. Gleaner, &c.,

"FREDERICK FAITHFUL."

—English paper.

HOME.

There is something in the word *home* that wakes the kindest feelings of the heart. It is not merely friends and kindred that render that place so dear; but the very hills, and rocks, and rivulets throw a charm around the place of one's nativity. It is no wonder that the loftiest harps have been tuned to sing of home "sweet home." The rose that bloomed in the garden where one has wandered in early years, a thoughtless child, careless in innocence, is lovely in its bloom, and and lovelier in its decay. No songs are sweet like those we heard among the boughs that shade a parent's dwelling, when the morning or the evening hour found us gay as the birds that warbled over us. No waters are bright like the clear silver streams that wind among the flower-decked knolls where in childhood we have often strayed to pluck the violet, or the lily, or to twine a garland for some loved school-mate. We may wander away, and mingle in the "world's fierce strife," and form new associations and friendships, and fancy we have almost forgotten the land of our birth; but at some evening hour, as we listen perchance to the autumn winds the remembrance of other days comes over the soul, and fancy bears us back to childhood's scenes, and we roam again the old familiar haunts, and press the hands of companions long since cold in the grave, and listen to voices we shall hear on earth no more. It is then a feeling of melancholy steals over us, which, like Ossian's music, is pleasant though mournful to the soul. The Swiss general, who leads his army into a foreign land, must not suffer the sweet airs of Switzerland to be sung in the hearing of his soldiers; for at the thrilling sound they would leave the camp and fly away to their own green hills. The African, torn from his willow-braided hut, and borne away to the land of charters and of chains, weeps as he thinks of home, and sighs and pines for the cocoa land beyond the waters of the sea. Years may have passed over him, and stripes and toil may have crushed his spirit—all his kindred may have found graves upon the corals of the ocean; yet were he free, how soon would he seek the shores and skies of his boyhood dreams! The New England mariner, amid the icebergs of the northern seas, or broathing the spicy gales of the ever-green isles, or coasting along the shores of the Pacific, though the hand of time may have blanched his raven locks, and care have ploughed deep furrows on his brow, and his heart have been chilled by the storms of ocean, till the fountains of his love had almost ceased to gush with the heavenly current—yet, upon some summer's evening, as he looks out upon the sun sinking behind the western wave, he will think of home, and his heart will yearn for the loved of other days, and his tears flow like the summer rain. How does the heart of the wanderer, after long years of absence, beat, and his eyes fill, as he catches a glimpse of the hills of his nativity; and when he has pressed the

lip of a mother or a sister, how soon does he hasten to see if the garden, and the orchard, and the stream, look as in days gone by! We may find climes as beautiful, and skies as bright, and friends as devoted; but that will not usurp the place of Home.

There is one spot where none will sigh for home. The flowers that blossom there will never fade; the crystal waters that wind along those verdant vales, will never cease to send up their heavenly music; the clusters hanging from trees overshadowing its banks will be immortal clusters; and the friends that meet will meet forever.
—*Mother's Magazine.*

"A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING."

"A PHYSICIAN was consulted as to the probability or possibility of medicine being rendered effectual to stop the disposition to intemperance. The poor man *would have suffered the amputation of all his limbs*, could so severe a method have rid him of his deadly habit, which, like a quillure, had fastened upon his very vitals. The physician boldly declared, that if the poor slave would strictly adhere to his prescription, not only the practice but the very inclination for strong drink would subside in a few months. Oh, could you have seen the countenance of that poor man when the physician told him of this: hope and fear alternately rising up, whilst he grasped the physician's arm and said, 'Oh, sir, be careful how you open that door of hope, for should it be closed upon me, I am lost for ever!' The physician pledged his credit, that if his prescription were punctually followed, the happiest results would ensue. The remedy was a preparation of stool; and eagerly did the poor slave begin to devour the antidote to his misery. EVERY BOTTLE WAS TAKEN WITH EARNEST PRAYER to God for his blessing to accompany it.—He commenced taking the medicine on the first week in March, 1816, and continued till the latter end of September following, and to the honour and glory of the Lord God Almighty, who sent his angel to whisper in the poor man's ear, 'I will help thee,' for the glory of God be it spoken, that from the latter end of September, 1816, to the present hour, *not so much as a spoonful of spiritual liquor, or wine of any description, has ever passed the surface of that man's tongue.*"

"The narrative which I have thus detailed might appear almost as a fable, as a fable, a tale got up for effect, but every syllable is truth; and to the glory and honour of the Lord God Almighty, the man who has been so marvellously delivered is now in perfect health, the happy servant of the Lord Jesus Christ; and he who has been plucked as a brand from the burning, and delivered from the power of Satan, NOW STANDS BEFORE YOU, and it is from HIS LIPS that you have heard the goodness of that God whose mercy endureth for EVER!!!"

As application has often been made for the prescription referred to, it is here

giron, simply as a record that in this particular case it was the remedy which, by the blessing of God, was associated with the cure:—

Sulphate of iron 5 grains; Magnesia 10 grains; Peppermint water 11 drachms; Spirit of Nutmeg 1 drachm. Twice a day.—*Extracted from "The Author of 'The Sinner's Friend.'" By Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.*

A BEAUTIFUL PROVISION.

By the wisdom of God, the Creator of the universe, water is made an exception to the law which governs all bodies when contracted by cold. Other bodies continue to contract as long as the cold increases.—Water does the same till it reaches the temperature of about eight degrees above the freezing point, when it is at its greatest density, and hence its greatest weight.—Additional degrees of cold expand it, and thus it becomes lighter.

Were this not the case, the specific gravity of water would continue to increase, until it arrived at the freezing-point; and ice thus being heavier than the surrounding water, would sink as fast as formed. All bodies of water, as a necessary consequence, would freeze solid from the bottom to the top, and the heat of our summers would never suffice to melt them. In short, these beautiful and fertile regions now teeming with mineral and agricultural wealth, would present but the solitary aspect of the Mer de Glace, or the eternal snows of the Arctic regions.

In this phenomenon, so common throughout the world, what Christian mind can fail to trace the evident workings of a Father's hand, thus providing in so beautiful a manner for the comfort and happiness of his sentient creation; while to the atheist, whose mind is, in any degree, open to conviction, this and ten thousand analogous instances observable in the world of nature, indicating design in their creation—and hence an intelligent Author—combine to form an argument for the existence of God, at once irrefutable and unanswerable. Truly we may exclaim with the golden mouthed-singer of Israel, "The heavens declare the Glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."—*Band of Hope Review.*

Winter will not last forever.

Winter will not last forever;
Spring will soon come forth again.
And, with flowers of every color,
Deck the hillsides and the plain.
Lambs will soon in fields be sporting,
Birds re-echo from each tree.
"Winter's gone! its days are ended!
We are happy—we are free!"
Hedge and tree will soon be budding,
Soon with leaves be cover'd o'er;
Winter cannot last forever,
Brighter days are yet in store.

Sorrows will not last forever,
Brighter times will come again,
Joy our every grief succeeding,
As the sunshine after rain;
As the snow and ice of winter
Melt at the approach of spring,
So will our cares and trials
Joy, and peace, and comfort bring,
When the heart is sad and drooping,
Think, though you be vexed sore,
Sorrows cannot last forever;
Brighter days are yet in store.

GOSSIPING.

Reader, did you ever listen to the conversation between ladies and gentlemen in what is termed, par excellence, fashionable society, without wondering how human beings possessing any brains could be satisfied with such thin, watery, intellectual diet? It is wonderful that intellect does not die of starvation, but then it is fashionable, we suppose to indulge in this sort of insipid, puerile small talk, and so the world wages on because everybody is afraid to do anything different from what everybody else does. The intellect, the soul may starve, but it will not do to step out of the ordinary routine. On this subject, Mr. Whipple, in his essays, has some good hints. He says:

"But of all the expedients to make the head break, the brain ganzy, and bring life down to the consistency of a cambic handkerchief, the most successful is the little talk and tattle which in some charmed circles, is courteously styled 'conversation.'—How human beings can live on such meagre fare, how continue existence in such a famine of topics, is a great question, if philosophy could search it out. All we know is, that such men and women there, are who will go on dawdling in this way from fifteen to fourscore, and never hint on their tombstones that they died at last of consumption of the head and marasmus of the heart.

The whole universe of God spreading out its splendors and terrors and pleading for their attention, and they are wondering where Mrs. Somebody got that divine ribbon on her bonnet! The whole world of literature, through its triumphs of fame, adjuring them to regard its garnered stores, both of thought and emotion, and thinking it is high time if John intends to marry our Sarah, for him to pop the question.—To be sure, when this frippery is spiced with a little envy and malice, and prepares its small dish of scandal with bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slight venomous vitality which does pretty well in the absence of soul, to carry on the machinery of living if not the reality of life."

THE BROKEN BUCKLE.

We read in history of a hero who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit and all his followers were urging him to more rapid flight, coolly dismounted, in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness. Whilst busy with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder; but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down upon him, the flaw was mended, the clasp was fastened, the steed was mounted, and, like a swooping falcon, he had vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him on the field a dismounted and inglorious prisoner; the timely delay sent him in safety back to his bustling comrades. There is in daily life the same luckless precipitancy, and the same profitable delay. The man who, from his prayerless

awaking, bounces into the business of the day, however good his talents and great his diligence, is only galloping on a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and must not marvel if, in his hottest haste or most hazardous leap, he be left inglorious in the dust; and though it may occasion some little delay beforehand, his neighbour is wiser who sets all in order before the march begins.—*Rev. James Hamilton.*

A NOVEL CUSTOMER.

"Guv'nor," said a jolly cartor to a publican in the West Riding of Yorkshire, "you don't care what liquors you sell, do you, if you get plenty of profit?"

"No, not I," replied Boniface.

"Well then, I'll have a bargain with you," continued the cartor. "I'm a teetotalter, and so are my horses. I have to come past here every week, and I'll pay you threepence for a glass of water instead of a pot of beer, and then I can freely let my horses drink out of your trough."—*Band of Hope Review.*

I DON'T DRINK WINE.

Why? 1st. Because "Port, Madeira, and Sherry, contain from one fourth to one fifth of their bulk in alcohol, so that he who drinks a bottle, drinks nearly half a pint of alcohol, or about a pint of pure brandy.

2d. Because it the most fascinating and therefore the most dangerous of intoxicating liquors.

3d. Because I am convinced from the best medical authority, that it is injurious, and not beneficial, to persons in health.

4th. Because it is expensive, and I think it wrong to waste money upon a bad article, which might be given to the poor, who can scarcely get bread.

5th. Because the depressing and debilitating effects upon the system after drinking it over night, prove it to be bad.

6th. Because if I drink wine, I cannot blame my children if they also become wine drinkers.

7th. Because a wine drinker cannot consistently reprove others who get fresh with drinking Ale, Porter, or Spirits.

8th. Because a great quantity of wholesome fruit is spoiled to make this wine, and a vast amount of labour of our countrymen exchanged for this dangerous article.

9th. Because being recommended by physicians as a medicine, it cannot be considered fit for the dinner table.

10th. Because at parties and public dinners it is the constant source of disorder, tumult, and serious accidents.

11th. Because drinking wine is a state of slavery from which I am determined to be free.

12th. Because the brightest geniuses, the greatest men, and the most powerful nations have been destroyed by wine.

13th. Because it is the testimony of all Lecturers and Ministers, who have made the experiment, that they can sustain more exertions without using wine.

14th. Because many a clever man has been brought to poverty and ruin, who might have been independent, and many are in their graves, who would have been living had it not been for their wine.

15th. Because in abstaining, I am sure I am right, but all wine drinkers have their misgiving.

16th. Because all nations have been so alive to the evils of wine drinking, as to either prohibit it, or to refrain its use.

17th. Because I like "the fruit of the Vine," or the pure juice of the grape such as I believe Jesus gave to his disciples, and which was common in Judea; but Port, Madeira, Sherry, and Champagne, and every kind of brandied wine I am determined not to touch.—*Peninsular Herald.*

DEW.

The form of moisture known as dew arises from the deposition of water previously existing in the atmosphere as aqueous vapor, which is deprived of its vaporous shape by contact with colder bodies. Grass and leaves arrive at a lower temperature than the circumjacent air, in the following manner. All bodies are constantly radiating heat, and their temperature can only remain constant by their receiving from other objects as many rays of heat as they emit. The temperature of a substance situated so as to radiate a greater number of calorific rays than it receives, must fall; such is the condition of grass, leaves, and substances of this sort, on the surface of the earth; on a clear evening, their rays of heat are emitted into the air, and lost in space, as nothing is present in the atmosphere to exchange rays with them. If a thermometer be placed upon a grass-plot, on a clear balmy evening, it will frequently indicate a temperature from ten to fifteen degrees lower than that of the surrounding air; but the thinnest cambric handkerchief held stretched above it will, by exchanging rays of heat with the adjacent grass, cause the thermometer to mark an increase of temperature. The passage of a thick cloud over the spot will be followed by the same result. But on a clear evening, as the calorific rays of grass and leaves become dissipated, their temperature necessarily diminishes, and falls below that of the surrounding air, and some of the aqueous vapour therein is converted into water by contact with the grass or other bodies whose heat is dissipated.

Grass, wood, leaves, and filamentous substances are good radiators, and consequently dew is usually deposited upon them, but rarely upon smooth stones or sand, for two reasons—firstly, because they are not good radiators; and secondly, because some of the heat lost by radiation is restored by their contact with the earth. Thin clothes are also good radiators; and Campbell correctly says:—

"The dew on his robe was heavy and chill,
For his country he sighed when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill."

As the most copious deposit of dew takes place when the weather is clear and serene, the poet, when using the epithet 'wind-beaten' refers, no doubt, to the general character of the hill, and not to the state of the evening.

At the time aqueous vapour is being condensed or converted into dew, it communicates to the body effecting the conversion the whole of its latent heat, which is so very considerable that it would be sufficient to raise nine hundred and fifty times the weight of water condensed into dew one degree of Fahrenheit, or more than five times the weight of water from the freezing point to the boiling point. Incredible as this may seem, it must actually happen, and the whole of this vast amount must be dissipated by the substances upon which any dew is deposited ere the deposition can proceed. This enables us to form some conception of the prodigious powers of radiation possessed by dew-condensing plants. It also presents water to us as a sort

of what may be termed a heat or caloric regulator, for when water is converted into vapour or steam, it absorbs precisely the same amount of heat as is liberated on the condensation of steam or vapour into water; thus when the weather is very hot, large quantities of water are converted into vapour, thereby withdrawing or rendering latent a vast amount of heat, which must otherwise prove injurious to animal or vegetable life. On the other hand, by being condensed into dew, it restores to vegetables that heat which they had dissipated by radiation, and which, but for such restoration, might possibly operate to impair or destroy their vital functions. This is one reason why places near the sea are always more temperate; that is, enjoy a more equable climate than those remote from it.

The reason why water distilled from aqueous vapour on the leaves of plants takes the form known as dew, depends upon the combined and contemporaneous action of three several and distinct forces, all operating during its formation. The three forces are—the mutual attraction between the dew and surface of the leaf, or substance upon which it is deposited, called "adhesion;" the mutual attraction of particles of water for each other, termed "cohesion;" and the force of "gravity," or its own weight. During the earliest period of the deposition of dew, the first force, or that of adhesion, predominates, and a thin film of moisture is spread over the whole radiating surface, or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, is spread over the whole surface proportionably to the radiating power of its several parts. As the deposition progresses and more water is distilled, the second force, or that of cohesion, asserts its influence, and this thin film of water is broken up into a number of minute globules; these gradually increase in size as more water is condensed, and the third force, the force of gravity, or the weight of the dew, begins to be felt, which at last overcoming the force of cohesion, the poor little globules are ruthlessly torn from the leaf or radiating surface, and roll dishonoured on the ground. Some few, however, glide to a point in the leaf or blade of grass, where the force of adhesion, favoured by some accidents of surface, successfully renews its struggle with the force of gravity, and the fortunate little globules are sustained aloft. The three forces are now in stable equilibrium, the second, or that of cohesion, being locally predominant, which results in a bright little pearly sphere, clear as a diamond—and thus, in our morning walks, our eyes are dazzled by Night's jewelled gifts to Nature.—[*Chamber's Journal.*]

AMBITION.

An ambition which has conscience in it will always be a laborious and faithful engineer, and will build the road, and bridge the chasms between itself and eminent success, by the most diligent, faithful, and minute performance of present duty. Men are to rise upon their performances, not upon their discontent. He who will not do well in his present place, because he longs to go higher, is neither fit to be where he is nor yet above it: he is already too high, and should be put lower.—*Beecher.*

THREE MISTAKES.

"There are three things which, if Christians do, they will find themselves mistaken:—If they look for that in themselves which can only be found in another—perfect righteousness; if they look for that in the Law which can only be found in the Gospel—mercy; if they look for that on earth which is only to be found in heaven—perfection."—*M. Henry.*

* It may be mentioned that the three elements which determine the climate of any place, omitting that of aspect, are the coast line, the altitude and the latitude.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

[The following admirable lines by an American lady, a member of the Society of Friends, lately appeared in the *Times*. We are told that the poem was found in the cottage of a tippling gardener of the United States, and that it not only won him from the noisy taproom to his own domestic hearth, but that the judicious distribution of it was the means of much good.]—*English paper.*

You took me, William, when a girl, unto your home
and hearth,
To bear in all your after fate a fond and faithful part;
And tell me, have I ever told that duty to forego,
Or pined there was no joy for me, when you were
sunk in woe?
No; I would rather share your tear than any other's
glee—
For though you're nothing to the world, you're all
the world to me;
You make a palace of my shed, this rough hewn
bench a throne;
There's sunlight for me in your smiles, and music
in your tone.
I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears
grow dim,
I cry, O, parent of the poor, look down from heaven
on him;
Behold him toil from day to day exhausting strength
and soul;
O! look with mercy on him, Lord, for thou canst
make him whole.
And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids
settled,
How oft are they forbade to close in slumber by our
child?
I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of
rest,
And feel it is a part of thee I lull upon my breast.
There's only one return I crave, I may not need it
long,
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched
feel no wrong;
I ask for not less frugal fare, if such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur
not;
But I would ask some share of hours which you on
clubs bestow.
Of knowledge which you prize so much, might I not
something know?
Subtract from meetings amongst men, each eve, an
hour for me,
Make me companion of your soul, as I may safely
be;
If you will read, I'll sit and work; then think
when you're away;
Less tedious I shall find the time, dear William, of
your stay.
A meet companion soon I'll be e'en of your studious
hours,
And teachers of those little ones you call our cottage
flowers
And if we be not rich and great, may we be wise
and good!

THE IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS.

A young man, about the age of twenty-one, went into the city of Paris, in 1788, in search of a situation. He had nothing to trust to but Providence and a letter of introduction to a celebrated banking establishment. He called on the gentleman at the head of it, in full expectation of finding employment. Monsieur Perregeaux glanced hastily over his letter, and then returned it, saying, "We have nothing for you to do, sir." The young man's hopes died within him.—He almost burst into tears. But there was no help for it. So he bowed and retired in dejected silence. As he passed through the courtyard of the building, he saw a pin lying on the pavement. He picked it up, and stuck it carefully into the sleeve of his coat. The banker saw what took place, and argued from it a habit of economy. He called him back, and offered him a humble situation in the establishment. From that he rose by degrees, till he became the principal partner in the firm, and eventually the chief banker in Paris. Thus Jacques Lafitte, the son of a poor carpenter in Bayonne, under God, owed his fortune to the picking up of a pin.