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# THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE AND NEWS.

VOL. IX.

OCTOBER 16, 1843.

No 12.

## THE LITTLE MOURNER.

In a miserable hovel, on the outskirts of the city, upon an old pallet of straw, lay the pale and emaciated form of a drunkard's wife, counting the fleeting moments of her fast-failing existence, and breathing out her soul in accents of prayer to Him who is no respecter of persons, in behalf of her wretched husband and forsaken child.

The night was exceedingly cold, and the keen, chilling wind whistled round the abode of poverty with unusual fierceness, while a few cheerless beams from the remaining coals of an expiring fire threw a gloomy light upon the dying woman as she lay upon the humble couch of death, and exhibited the wasted form of one that once moved in the high circles of respectability—the admitted of all—and looked upon as an accomplished young lady, worthy the implicit confidence and warmest esteem of the good.

But, alas! how fickle are all human hopes—how evanescent are life's sweetest joys! Sad indeed must be a change like this, to one who never dreamed of misery. Once that face, like the bosom of the placid lake, when reflecting the golden sunbeam, was radiant with the smile that tells of inward bliss. There did exist a period when not a shade of sadness or a cloud of doubt and gloom rose up to darken the sky of youth's gay scenes; when the pang of grief had never yet left its mark upon her fair countenance—cheerfulness then made glad the social circle, and happiness—that happiness which softens the perplexing cares of life—had its shrine in the young bride's heart. But of late years, the fire which burnt so brilliantly upon the altar of domestic bliss, had gone out, and even the altar itself had been thrown down by the very hand that reared it. And now the wrinkled brow and faded cheek—the languid and sunken eye—the blanched and furrowed forehead—the bloodless lip, faltering tongue and palsied hand, all told the sad tale of a wife's crushed hopes and a mother's heart-breaking grief.

None but a wife can tell the agony she feels, when he to whom the vows of ceaseless fidelity and undying love were pledged, forsakes her society for the company of those lost to all sense of shame or feelings of remorse. None but a mother can describe the torture which rends her bosom, when the husband and father not only neglects, (for that is bad enough) but actually deprives his own child of food necessary to sustain nature, and clothing requisite to shield it from the inclemency of the weather, merely in order to satiate a created thirst for rum, and thereby enrich, adorn, and exalt the household of the heartless rum-seller! Where then was that husband and father at the time our tale commenced. Those who are better acquainted with the haunts of a lover of strong drink can best answer the question.

So completely had he become a slave to the insatiable thirst for rum, that even death at his own fireside could not break the spell; and upon the very night of which we speak, he could withstand the last entreaties of a dying wife, and leave her bed-side in order to mingle with the companions of his degradation, and drink in the liquid ruin which not only consumes the mortal frame and kills the physical energies, but also fires the gilded city of the intellect, and wraps in an awful conflagration the diamond temple of the soul! Fearful thought! How countless is the sum which a drunkard pays for the short gratification

of an artificial appetite, and how often does he forfeit a jewel beyond all price—for when once lost, it is irrecoverable.

The night was dark, cold and windy, and the old delapidated frame gave but a poor protection from the pelting storm which raged without, while the few remaining coals of fire upon the broken hearth only served to throw a faint light upon the haggard countenance of the invalid. There was no one present to minister to the wants of the dying woman. She felt that life was short—its sands nearly run out; that soon, very soon, she must bid adieu to all that earth held dear or the heart prized high—must kiss for the last time the warm and rosy cheek of her little daughter—leave the idol of her heart to the protection of a busy and heedless world. The thought was too painful for reflection: but it would present itself to view, and she could not banish it from her mind. To whom could she look as the friend and guardian of her child? Not to the world—all was stern and forbidding there! Not to her husband, for he had proved himself recreant to the most solemn of all obligations; and even when disease had broken down her strength, and the shafts of death had been levelled at her heart, he paused only for a moment in his mad career, but would not yield the baneful cause of all her misery. To whom then could she look? To Him whose mercies fail not—the orphan's friend—and to Him she did look.

It was nine o'clock, and yet she was alone. The husband was still absent. Mary (for that was the child's name) was sleeping soundly by her mother's side, unconscious that death was at the door, and about to deprive her of the only true friend she possessed on earth. Mrs. N—— felt the sadness of her condition. She seemed forsaken when most she needed friendship's soothing voice; and he, whose proper place was at her side, and who should have been there to speak the words of love and kindness, was spending his moments—nay, hours—in the abodes of ruin, while the strength of his own faithful wife was fast failing under the weight of death's heavy hand. She well knew that every moment of time, as it hurried on into the shade of the past, was only bringing her nearer to the brink of the tomb: "Oh!" thought the lone, deserted one, "if I could only see William before I die, and be permitted to whisper my last warning in his ear—tell him how deeply he has wronged me, how sincerely I forgive him, and how fervently I pray for him, surely he would not then turn away from me. Or if I only had some kind friend to whom I could make a last request, I then should die content. But none pities, none cares for me—and here is my poor little girl, none will pity her! Oh! how can I leave her a poor and friendless orphan. She dreams not of the storms before her; sleep on, sweet babe, perhaps before these eyes again open, thy fond mother will be in the invisible world. Alas! alas! it is hard—my heart yearns for thee; I know the waves of opposition which thou wilt have to buffet; thou wilt then mourn for thy friend; if I could only take thee with me to the sunny climes of everlasting blessedness—but—" It was too painful to think upon, and tear after tear coursed her cheek, pale from the ravages of disease, until she sobbed aloud. So agonizing were the deep feelings of her broken spirit, that she could not restrain their audible utterance, and soon her loud sobbings disturbed the sweet slumber of the darling object of her

painful solicitude. Mary awoke, and unable to understand the meaning of her mother's grief, with all the simplicity of a child, enquired—"What ails you, ma—is you sick?" and she put her little arms about the neck of her dying mother, and kissed her cold lips.

"I am going to leave you, Mary—and oh—you will never see me again," said her heart-broken mother, as the big tears gushed forth afresh.

"Leave me, ma?" said the little girl, crying.

"Yes, I must—I must!"

"Oh, when?"

"Soon, very soon!"

"Leave little Maney?—then who'll love me, kiss me, and be good to me?—farder won't be kind like you ma—he's cross to me. No! oh, no! you mus'n't leave me, will you?"

The deeply affected mother could not answer—the rising emotions of her heart choked all utterance: it was a time of heart-rending misery; she knew not what reply to make.—But the child would not rest satisfied without an explanation.

"Oh! say, ma, say where you goen' to?—sha'n't I go?—you won't go 'way and leave me? Oh! stay, ma, stay!" and again she kissed the cold, pale lips of her mother.

"Listen to me, Mary, my dear child. When I say that I must leave you, and leave you for ever, I mean that I am going to die; yes, I must die! and then I will be buried, put down into the ground as I have often told you, and then you can never see me again in this world. Look at my hands how thin they are; see my cheeks how hollow they are—and my lips how pale; my eyes are dull and heavy; my face is cold and withered; my pulse beats slower, my heart throbs weaker—oh! I am dying—I cannot live much longer, Mary; but I have prayed, I now pray, and I still will pray the 'Good Man' to take care of you; he will be your father and mother too—I am going to live with him, and I want you to be good, Mary, and love God, and pray to him every night and morning, as I have taught you to do, and then when you die, you will see your ma again in heaven, where the 'Good Man' lives."

"But, ma, take me with you now—let me go 'long with you, and live in the 'Good Man's' home?—I don't want to stay here."

"Oh! do not break my heart," she said, bursting into tears.

"But, ma, I can't stay here by myself—don't cry—oh! don't cry, I'll be good."

"Mary, my dear child, I cannot take you with me—I wish you could go; but live to make your father good, and tell him to meet you and me up in heaven."

"I will—yes I will, ma," said the child, looking into her mother's face, as if a new hope had sprung to her young heart, and was shining forth in her sweet countenance.

"May God bless you, Mary," said the dying one, placing her arms round the little girl, who laid her head upon the bosom of her mother, and indulged in a burst of grief, which finally subsided in a sweet and refreshing sleep.

'Twas morning. The sun had risen to spread its streaks of light and beauty over the whole western hemisphere, while the streets as usual, had become thronged with people engaged in the noisy stir and strife of business. The storm had abated, and the winds were hushed in slumber, but it was still cold without, and those who were compelled to wander into the streets thinly clad, doubtless felt the keenness of the cold morning air. All was silent at the drunkard's home: the window shutters remained closed, and there was no external evidence of activity within.

At length, as the morning advanced, and the sun was mounting the eastern sky, a loud knock at the door was given, but no answer returned; all was quiet in the miser-

able home of the degraded and poverty-stricken drunkard. The knock was repeated several times, but not a voice was heard within. Finally the applicant for admission (who was an elderly lady of benevolent feelings, residing in the neighbourhood, and had visited the sick woman every morning and sometimes oftener, during her affliction,) raised the latch, and forcibly entered the humble abode which we have described. The fire had gone out, and the room was cold and comfortless.—Upon a hard pallet of straw (scarcely worthy the name of a bed) lay the broken-hearted Mrs. N——, but she was cold and motionless, the heart was still, the pulse no longer beat, her lips moved not, her eyes were closed in death, the breath of life had ceased to animate her worn out frame, and the pure spirit immortal, having burst asunder the brittle cords of mortality, had taken its happy flight, and returned to the God who gave it: there she lay—the once lovely, amiable and pious Mrs. N——, a corpse! By her side was the young and interesting daughter, only three years old; she was fast asleep, and altogether ignorant of the loss which she had in a few short hours sustained.

The kind-hearted lady before mentioned, knew not what course to pursue. The husband of the deceased was—she knew not where: he certainly must be ignorant of his wife's death, or he could not be absent so long. At first she thought of closing the house again, and calling a few of the neighbours together, in order to adopt some plan of action, then she thought of apprising only one or two, after which she would return, awaken the child, take her home, and await the arrival of her father: the latter she adopted.

"Mary—Mary,—come child, come home with me; it is too cold for you here." Mary opened her eyes, looked round the room, and then rose up from her mother's side.

"Come Mancy, went you go home with me, you'll freeze to death here child," said the lady kindly.

"And leave ma alone?" replied the orphan.

"Your mother will not know that you are gone, and you know we won't stay long, so come along with me, and you shall have a nice warm breakfast."

"Oh no! no! I can't go; ma looks so pale, and her cheek is so cold: no, I can't leave her," she said, placing her little hands upon her mother's cold bosom. The lady wiped away the tears that filled her eyes, and said, "But my dear little girl you must not stay here, it is too cold, and I know you are hungry; come then, for your mother will never waken again."

As the last sentence was uttered, the real truth seemed to flash upon the tender mind of little Mary, for her dark piercing eyes were fixed immediately upon the speaker, and then as quickly upon the pale face of her lifeless parent. Her too little hands were clasped in mute despair, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, and then as if moved by some sudden impulse, with deep thrilling pathos, she enquired, "Oh tell me,—do now,—tell me; is my ma dead?"

"Yes Mary, your poor mother is dead!" was the solemn but affectionate reply. The youthful mourner burst into an agony of grief, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Oh do not cry so, your ma you know, is now happy in heaven above!"

"Yes, yes I know—but ma,—why did you leave me?"

The scene which followed was affecting in the extreme, most bitterly did she feel her bereavement.

A knock at the door was heard, and the next moment Mr. N—— entered the habitation of death. He was perfectly sober, but the paleness of his countenance too plainly told that he had been informed of his wife's departure from a world of care and misery. He could not reach the bed-side, but sunk down upon an old broken chair, completely overcome with agitation. "Oh Jane!" said he to the lady, "get me a drink of water—water;—I shall choke."—The water was obtained.

The little mourner, who, to this moment, kept her

face covered in the bed clothes, wholly absorbed in sorrow for her mother, at the sound of her father's voice, raised her head and turned her eyes piteously upon him. That look was more than his tortured feelings could bear. The long pent-up fountain of affection, unable longer to be restrained, gushed forth afresh, and swept away every barrier reared by repulsive and cold indifference; and the heart, so hardened and selfish from daily acquaintance with scenes of sensuality and vice, now yielded to the melting tones of love and kindness.

"Oh father!" said Mary, with a heart so full that she could hardly speak, "ma—ma—is dead; an—and she will be—he buried!" Mr. ——— could not answer, but the tears which fell upon the floor, told of the mighty struggle within.

"Oh what'll I do," she continued, leaving the bed and going up to her parent, "ma can never sing and pray with me again—nor kiss me; she was so good—so good to me—wi—will you be kind to me now father? ma said you would, and told me you must meet her and me too, in heaven, where the 'Good Man' lives!"

He could not withstand this appeal, simple as it was, it found way to the heart, and placing his arms around the little girl, he pressed her to his bosom, kissed her soft cheek, and said, "Yes, I will be kind and good to you, and love you, and take care of you, Mary, and we will try to meet your dear mother in heaven."

One week had passed away since the death of Mary's mother, for whom she now wore the emblems of mourning, but a change had come over the spirit of her dream. Her father was now good and kind, and his home, even thus early, wore an air of comfort, and although he toiled hard through the day, and was compelled to be absent from her during the hours of labour, yet she was not alone. Her kind and affectionate aunt, at the urgent solicitation of her brother, had consented to take his little daughter.

One evening, about a week from the time of his wife's decease, Mr. N——— did not return home as usual. Long and anxiously they waited, but he came not. It was the first evening since her death, that he had been absent. Various were their fears and conjectures, and the suspense in which they were held for two long hours, was almost beyond endurance; for the conclusion that he had again yielded to temptation, and quaffed the intoxicating cup, was almost irresistible. At last the door opened, and little Mary ran with open arms to meet her father. "Why pa, where have you been so long?"

"I will soon tell you Maney—I have been at the great temperance meeting, and there I saw some of my old 'cronies' sign the pledge, and as I would not be beat by them, I went forward and signed too, and here is a card containing my name and number: it reads thus—'I do most solemnly promise, that henceforth, I will neither make, sell or drink, any intoxicating liquor as a beverage, and will also discountenance their manufacture, sale, or use by others?'"—*Olive Branch.*

Our former extracts from Mrs. Ellis' admirable work *a Voice from the Vintage*, having attracted much attention, we again recur to the work, for the purpose of recommending it to our readers, by a further specimen of its excellence.

#### INTEMPERANCE AS IT OPERATES UPON INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER.

Intemperance, as it operates upon individuals, consists in the degree or extent of a certain act, and not in the act itself. All persons allow that intemperance is a destructive and loathsome vice, and we are expressly told in the Scriptures that no drunkard can enter the kingdom of God;—yet at the same time it is maintained by religious persons of every denomination, and to them we trust it is

so, that drink perfectly right hundred the liest character Heaven, a right in it sociated repeat, portion ceases, be the is of the deed to able to others, by vent must inc only be en what has ne. point of danger ...

What, for instance, should that man, who should go blindfold knowing that from its summit, a steep point, whose locality he had no means of a course would tend downwards with accelerated that thousands and tens of thousands had perished, arriving at this point sooner than they had anticipated. What should we think if his object in choosing to venture on this path was not any actual necessity, but a mere momentary gratification, to feel the coolness of the turf beneath his feet, or the scent of sweet flowers by the way? We should scarcely point out such a man as an example of the influence of common sense upon his conduct, much less should we wish to follow in his steps; for though the point of danger might be distant to him, it might, from its irregular and uneven nature, be very near to us.

Yet we see every day, and sometimes oftener than the day, well educated, enlightened, benevolent, and even religious persons, sit down to the cheering glass of social entertainment, and while they take that, and perhaps another, and it may be a third, they talk of subject refined, sublime, and elevated, and take sweet counsel together, and feel themselves spiritually as well as corporeally refreshed. They retire from the table to look out upon the moving world around. They behold the poor outcast from society, the victim of intemperance, and their delicacy is wounded by the sight, and they shrink with horror from his degradation and his shame. Yet that man's crisis of danger occurred perhaps only a very little earlier than theirs. He began the same course in precisely the same way. He had no more intention, and no more fear, of passing the summit of the hill than they have now; but owing to his bodily conformation, of which he was not aware until he made the experiment, owing to the peculiar nature of the draught of which he partook, to the manner or the place in which it was presented to him, but more probably than all, to the apparent safety of such men as those who are now turning from the repulsive spectacle that his emaciated frame presents, he overstepped the line of safety before he was aware, and perished on the side of misery and guilt.

If a religious parent has a son addicted to the vice of gambling, he does not sit down with him to what is called an innocent game, that is, to play without money. He does not resort with him to the billiard table, even though betting should be scrupulously forbidden there. No, the very thought of the amusement, simply considered as such, becomes abhorrent to his feelings; and comparing the vast amount of mischief which has been done by this means, with the small amount of good, he banishes entirely from his house both the cards and the dice, that he may avoid all future injury to his son by putting from him even the appearance of evil.

It is upon the same principle that few religious people

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 ment. By degrees, however, the  
 pleasant to them, so pleasant that  
 er to the point of danger; and then, as  
 en stated, the nearer they approached, the  
 more careless they grew whether they overstepped the line  
 er not. If, in such a situation, a human being could re-  
 tain the full possession of his senses, he would know that  
 the farther he advanced in such a course, the greater his  
 danger would be; but the very opposite of this being the  
 fact, and the perceptions of the intemperate man becoming  
 more dim in the exact proportion as his danger increases,  
 his case is one which claims, for this very reason, our es-  
 pecial sympathy and peculiar care. We should never for-  
 get, then, that the nearer the evil of drinking wine or any  
 other intoxicating beverage approaches to sin, the less the  
 mind perceives it, the less in short it is capable of under-  
 standing what sin is, so that by the time the point of dan-  
 ger is passed, there remains little ability to perceive that  
 it is so, and then a little further and a little further still,  
 and neither power nor inclination are left to return.

It may very properly be argued, that the individual who  
 has once been guilty of this breach of decorum and propri-  
 ety, must know that the intoxicating draught is dangerous  
 to him, whatever it may be to others. Unquestionably he  
 does, and he feels after having once fallen, more certain  
 that he will never fall again. He thinks he shall now  
 know where to stop for the remainder of his life, and he  
 begins again, very cautiously at first, congratulating him-  
 self after a great many successful efforts, upon having so  
 often stopped on the right side of danger. As his confi-  
 dence increases, however, he ventures further, for he has  
 acquired a taste for the indulgence, and he likes the stimu-  
 lus it gives to his animal frame, and the elasticity it im-  
 parts to his spirits. He likes, too, the feeling that he is  
 not bound, or shackled; that he is able to associate on equal  
 terms with other men, and can and dare do as he pleases.  
 In this mood then he passes again the point of danger, and  
 finds again, on returning to his senses, the folly and the  
 sin he has committed. Still, however, he is not cast  
 down. He has no more idea that he shall ever become an  
 irreclaimably intemperate man, than you have that the  
 drunkard's grave will be yours. He is quite sure that he  
 can stop when he likes. Society of the best kind, and  
 friends of the most respectable order, all tell him that he  
 can, and he is but too willing to believe it. With this as-  
 surance, they place before him the temptation. They invite  
 him to partake, and if he should by any strange misapplica-  
 tion of their kindness go too far, they wash their hands of  
 his guilt—it is *his*, and not theirs.\*

It is strange that sympathizing, benevolent, and well  
 disposed persons should be able to look upon individuals in  
 this state—should see their weakness and their temptation,  
 and yet never once think there is any thing due from  
 them towards a brother or a sister having just arrived at  
 such a crisis of their fate. Indeed we are all too back-  
 ward in offering advice or warning. We have much to  
 say, and often say it harshly, and with little charitable  
 feeling, when the case is decided; but the time to speak,  
 and to speak urgently—to speak kindly too, as brothers or  
 sister in weakness, and fellow travellers on the same path  
 —the time to speak with prayer and supplication—to speak  
 with the Bible in our hands, the eye of a righteous God  
 above us, and the grave, that long home to which we are  
 all hastening, beneath our feet—the time to speak thus,  
 is while the victim still lingers, before offering himself  
 up to the idol whose garlands of vine leaves are the badge  
 of death.

But suppose the friends of the poor tempted one do warn  
 him of his danger. Suppose they deal faithfully and af-  
 fectionately with him, and point out the rock on which he is in  
 danger of being wrecked. Suppose he sees that danger  
 too, and is brought to feel it as he ought, and purposes with  
 all sincerity of heart to avoid it for the rest of his life.  
 What follows? He mixes in society with the friends who  
 have warned him, and with others, who believe themselves  
 to be, and who probably are, perfectly safe. Every board  
 is supplied with the tempting draught. The hospitality of  
 the world requires that he, as well as others, should be  
 pressed to partake. Why should he not? He has no more  
 intention of partaking to excess than the most prudent per-  
 son present. So far from this, he is determined, resolute,  
 and certain that he will not exceed the limits of propriety.  
 He therefore joins his friends on equal terms; and who  
 shall say, if they are innocent, that he is not? It is true,  
 his crisis of danger has approached nearer to him, while  
 theirs remains as distant as before. It is true his power of  
 self-mastery is considerably decreased. It is true his  
 bodily inclination is opposed to his will. Yet so long as  
 other men, and good men too, nay, even delicate, correct,  
 and kind feeling women, are partaking of what is more  
 agreeable, and quite as necessary to him as to them, who  
 is there so ignorant of human nature, as to expect that such  
 a man, unaided, should be able to stop exactly at the point  
 where innocence ceases, and where guilt begins? Again  
 I repeat it, it is a mockery of common sense to look for  
 such a result, and it is cruelty to require it.

No; such are the usages of society, that an individual  
 in the state here described, is almost sure to plunge deeper  
 and deeper into the vice of intemperance, until in time he  
 grows a little too bad for that society to countenance or en-  
 dure. His early friends, those who set out with him in the  
 same career, then begin to look coldly upon him. They  
 wish he would not claim them as friends, at least in public.  
 He next falls out of employment; he is not eligible for any  
 place of trust; he begins to hang about, and his former ac-  
 quaintances endeavour to walk past him without catching  
 his eye. At last he becomes low,—his coat is thread-bare;  
 his hat is brown; he is a doomed man; his best friends  
 forsake him; the good point him out as a warning to the  
 bad; he is a terror to women, and a laughing stock to  
 children,—and such are the tender mercies of the world in  
 which we live!

It makes the heart ache to think how much has been said  
*against*—how little *for*—the victim of intemperance. We  
 see the degradation, the shame, the misery into which he has  
 fallen; but who is the witness of his moments of penitence,  
 his heart-struggles, his faint but still persevering resolves  
 —faint, because he has no longer the moral power to save  
 himself—*persevering, because he is not yet altogether lost?*  
 If there be one spectacle on earth more affecting than all  
 others, it is that of a human being mastered by temptation,  
 yet conscious that the vice to which he yields is a cruel

\* The extent and variety of temptation to which individuals are thus ex-  
 posed, is forcibly shown in an important and valuable work by John Dun-  
 lop, Esq., of the "Drinking Usage" of our country, a work which ought  
 to be in the hands of every patriotic Englishman.

tyrant, from whose giant grasp he still struggles to be free. The writer of these pages has been appealed to again and again by the victim of intemperance, to say whether there was still hope—whether the door of mercy was closed—whether resistance to the enemy was still possible—whether the poor sufferer must inevitably be an outcast for ever? Not in one instance only, but in many, has this been her experience; not from the ignorant, and the utterly depraved, but from the highly gifted, the enlightened, and the refined. She answered the appeal in every instance by dwelling upon the efficacy of prayer; but at that time there was scarcely power to pray, and neither courage nor resolution to make the attempt. It is a subject of bitter regret at this moment, that she was then unacquainted with the principle upon which the total abstinence society subsists, that she did not say with promptness and cheerfulness in her self-denial, "Let us make an agreement together that we will taste no more this poisonous cup; it is pleasant to me as well as to you, but it is not necessary to health or cheerfulness; let us, therefore, make the experiment of abstaining from it altogether, and what you suffer, I will suffer too." By this means it is probable that others—perhaps a whole household, might have been brought to join us; and how different the case would then have been from what it was, while the intoxicating draught was constantly brought out, while it was pressed upon all, and while every one partook of the refreshment it was supposed to afford!

I repeat, there is nothing more affecting than the contemplation of the victim of intemperance, while the conscience still remains alive to better things, and before the soul is utterly degraded. In this situation, it appears as if the whole world, parents, friends, associates, even the wise and the good, were in league against them. Nor is this all. Those bodily powers which to the thief and the murderer are still left free and unimpaired, to the intemperate man are no longer under his own command. His whole frame is debilitated, his nerves are shattered, and that excruciating agony, which is the result of an excited imagination, operating in conjunction with a disordered brain, so takes possession of him, that the hours of the long day, and the longer night, are only to be endured by having recourse to draughts of greater potency, and more frequent repetition.

It frequently happens, that some severe or trying illness is sent to arrest this more dangerous disease in its destructive course. The patient then has time to think. He has time to pray, too, if he uses his privileges aright; and there is every reason to believe that many who rise up from such a bed of suffering, do go forth into the world again disposed to be both wiser and better men. And what we ask again, is the result? In this debilitated state, the physician recommends that what are called strengthening beverages, should be taken in moderation. Kind friends are offering them on every hand; and when the patient goes into society again, he goes as a sober man, and therefore he may take them with safety—as a man reclaimed from drunkenness, and therefore he may begin to drink again!

Need we further trace out this mournful history, as repulsive as it is melancholy to contemplate. Such it cannot be denied has been the fate of thousands, of tens of thousands, and such is the experience of many at this time. We will, however, take a different view of the same subject, and suppose the case of an intemperate man, who makes the same effort to abstain at an earlier stage of his career, and in a different manner. He is one who feels himself convicted of sinful excess, and who feels also that nothing but total abstinence will save him from its woful consequences. He therefore binds himself singly, not only by a firm resolve, but also by a vow, to taste nothing that can possibly produce the effect of intoxication. Do any of his friends—those sincere well-wishers, who shudder at the prospect of what he might bring upon himself—do any of these connect themselves with him in this resolve, and say, that in the path of safety and of self-denial, they will walk

by his side? No. He makes his resolution unaided and alone; and that very act which is so necessary, as the only means of rescuing him from ultimate ruin, becomes, in consequence of no one joining him in it, a badge of disgraceful distinction. In fact, he is a marked man; and when he goes into society, it is not to do as others do, but to confess by the rule he has laid down for himself, that he is weaker than they are, and that he has already been guilty of folly and sin.

By abstaining only when there is urgent need to do so—only after excess has been committed—only when the individual who practices this needful caution is so weak as not to be trusted with the common usages of society, he is stamped at once with the stigma of intemperance, and his disgrace is more than he can bear. It may be said that he ought to bear it, and that on him alone ought to rest the consequences of his past folly; but I would ask—Do men bear it? No; and no good has ever yet been effected by arguing upon, or endeavouring to enforce, what is contrary to the principles that are in human nature—principles that have regulated the actions of mankind from the beginning of the world, and that will regulate them to the end. These principles may be brought under a better influence, and made to act in unison with those of the Gospel of Christ; but they are not rendered extinct, and never can be in our present state of existence.

It is too much then to expect of man, in his natural and unregenerate state, that he should be *willing*—nay, that he should be *able*, to mix with society as it is now constituted on such terms; but for a woman it would be still worse. What! shall I declare openly, when others sip their pleasant and refreshing beverage, that I dare not drink even moderately of the same draught?—that I have once gone too far, or am liable to do so again! The reverse case is revolting to human nature; and those who make this argument the burden of their low vituperations upon the advocates for total abstinence, know little of the purity of motive, the deep feeling, the generous impulse, and the disinterested benevolence upon which such persons act.

From the causes already described, more than from any other, those who have felt themselves to be in danger, and would gladly escape from their enemy, begin again in the same course, in compliance with the usages of society, and very naturally fall again in the same excess. The history of intemperance has been almost universally a history of successive alternations between sinning and repenting, between seasons of compunction accompanied with fresh resolves, and the same course of unintentional declension which has led to the same end; with this difference, that the power to will, and the wish to act, have been weaker after every fall. It has been altogether like the case of a man with a naturally weak brain, who should walk on a pleasant and tempting path by the side of a precipice overhanging a dangerous flood. He falls in, as might be expected, but recovers himself, and tries the same path again. The experiment is repeated, and the same consequences follow; his companions and friends, who are stronger than himself, calling out to him to take more care for the future, not to go too near, but never recommending him not to try the path at all. At length he resolves to walk no more so near the edge of danger; and though the safer and more distant path is rough and uninteresting, and none walk in it but such as are awed by danger from their natural weakness, he tries it for a while. The flowery and pleasant path, however, is still the resort of his friends and associates, some of whom invite him back, while many laugh at his inability to do as they are doing, and thus he is induced to make the experiment once more, when his natural powers being now impaired by the many accidents he has brought upon himself, he falls again, with less capacity than ever to struggle against the devouring flood. He now sinks lower and deeper amongst the foaming

ways, while from those who still walk in safety on the edge of the precipice, from the very same individuals who lured him back, expressions of anger and contempt burst forth, with, perhaps, occasionally the faint wailings of compassion, or the fainter lamentations of affectionate regret. And do none cry out to him, "Try yet once more, and we will walk with you on that uninviting path? Is there no band of brothers ready to come forward for his sake? Are there no sisters, linked hand in hand, to promise they will never leave his side, but cheer him on, so as, if possible, to make it a pastime and a joy to walk with them even there? Is there no mother's voice to cry, "My son! my son! for thy sake will I never, as I have done, tread again that dangerous cliff—to me it might be safe, but since thy precious life is thus endangered, what are its flowers, its fragrance, or its grassy turf to me, in comparison with the safety of my child?" No; they all pass on—some with cruel mockery, others, it is true, with grief—but the victim is consigned to his fate, and the kindest only—let him alone.

On looking at the subject in this point of view, we see at once the beauty and the efficacy of the principle upon which temperance societies are established. If a society for the suppression of this vice were to consist exclusively of those who had been addicted to it, there would be disgrace and repulsion in the very name. Few, except persons altogether lost to shame, would have the courage to enrol their names in such a list; and the less shame was left, the deeper would be the stigma upon a community of such individuals. The thing, indeed, would be morally impossible, as much so, as for a few dishonest men to associate themselves together, and to say, "We will form a society for the suppression of theft, by inviting all who have gone too far in that vice to join us."

But the Temperance Society is based on a more rational, a more firm, and a more lasting foundation. Men and women, too, who have never had to fear temptation for themselves, and these, to the extent of hundreds of thousands, have linked themselves together, by union of purpose, for the general good, and have bound themselves, not by a vow, but by a public pledge, which may at any time be withdrawn, that while members of that society they will not partake of what, though innocent to them, has been the cause of an incalculable amount of crime and misery to their fellow beings.

Convinced of the important fact, that when the turning point in a man's life has come, when he wishes to cease to do evil, and to learn to do well, the kindest service his friends can do him is to endeavour to raise his moral standing, it must necessarily be the object of this Society to render it respectable, so that no man may be degraded amongst his fellow men by joining it. That so noble and benevolent an object should be in any way defeated by the backwardness, nay, the opposition of any amongst the enlightened and benevolent classes of the community, is one of the wonders of our day. "Yet still they have come from the east and from the west, both men and women, who were without hope in the world, and many of whom are now sitting clothed and in their right mind, giving thanks in the house of God, and offering up their prayers with the multitude, whose privilege it is to call upon His name. And still, notwithstanding all that has been thought, and felt, and done against this Society, thousands and thousands of helpless creatures have been reclaimed; from outcasts, have become blessings; from burdens, are helpers; from the shame, have come to the joy of heart-broken friends. 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' It is going on; and say what we may, what need not be denied of some doubtful procedures, of some unwise speeches, of some injudicious measures, of some even apparently rescued who have sunk back; still there remains ample room to believe the reform so far complete, that the next generation will know almost nothing of the curse which has burdened the past."

### MEETING OF FRIENDS.

A meeting of the members of the Society of Friends (Quakers) was held in London on the 2d June for the purpose of conferring on the subject of temperance. It was numerously attended by the members of the above religious society, and several eminent ministers and others appeared amongst the company. R. D. Alexander, Esq., of Ipswich, presided, and the meeting was addressed by Jonathan Priestman, Esq., of Newcastle; Samuel Bowley, of Gloucester; Joseph Sturge, G. W. Alexander, John Candler, James Backhouse, John Bright, and others, who bore testimony to the importance of the subject in a moral point of view, and to the personal benefits they had derived from abstaining from all intoxicating liquors.

Joseph Sturge, Esq., stated that although we might justly consider the Americans as behind us in the cause of negro slavery, they were far a-head of us in that of temperance. During his visit, he saw very little wine or spirits drunk, and in one of the first hotels, making up 150 beds, nothing intoxicating was sold. He had now abstained for more than sixteen years, had travelled in all climates, and was considered a pretty good specimen of a tee-totaller.

Geo. W. Alexander, Esq., had been in various countries, from the north of Europe to the extreme south, and in America; and he must say, that no country he had visited came near to England in the drunkenness of its people. He felt it his duty to set an example of total abstinence from things found to be productive of so much misery and demoralization, and he hoped that friends every where would endeavour to promote the cause, by encouraging meetings, and circulating tracts, &c.

John Candler, Esq., gave an interesting account of his conversion to the doctrines of total abstinence. On leaving England for the West Indies in 1839, he had particularly requested that the temperance tracts he took with him might not contain any on *tee-totalism*, but he had afterwards to rejoice that some friend, wiser than himself, had selected *no others*. On the passage out, several British officers were aboard, and drank pretty freely, and whom, in consequence, Mr. Candler felt called upon seriously to admonish. One of these young men died within three weeks of his arrival at Barbadoes, a victim to intemperance. Of the 10,000 temperance tracts distributed in the West Indies, one happened to fall into the hands of a magistrate, then lying ill; and so convinced was he of the soundness of the argument, that he has ever since adopted the practice of total abstinence, and, with his household, exerts a powerful influence on the habits of those around him. On arriving at Jamaica, he found the prevailing opinion to be, that it was needful in the tropics to use stimulating drink; but it was all a delusion. Great numbers of men were slain there by the use of strong drink, whereas the abstainer could take exercise, and undergo a great deal of fatigue without danger. He himself fell sick of the prevalent fever, but soon recovered, and the doctor who was a lover of wine, was candid enough to say, that it was well he had been a water-drinker, or he could not have answered for the consequences. Drunkenness was not a common vice among the negroes, but, in consequence of receiving largely of money-wages, many of them had begun to buy wine, spirits, and porter, and were in a fair way for becoming drunkards. One company of black labourers, on the Orange Valley Estate, in St. Ann's had refused to work the still, on the principle that they could not assist in making the rum, which they believed in their consciences they ought not to taste.

Jas. Backhouse, Esq., of York, stated that he had signed the declaration of total abstinence amongst the Hottentots in 1838; and he found that if he and his companions had not adopted this practice, all they could have said in favour of other Christian principles would have been useless. "As drunk as a Hottentot" was a common saying; yet,

in that country, after two years, the children had so little idea of drunkenness that, when they saw a drunken Englishman, they at first thought him mad, then sick, and at last concluded he was blind, and offered to lead him! After the drunkenness of the people was cured, it was astonishing to observe the spread of the gospel—it seemed like a new outpouring of the Spirit. At that period, the missionaries labouring among them were continually discouraged, by seeing persons of whom they had entertained hope, falling back under the influence of intoxicating liquors: but that since the adoption of total abstinence principles by that people, they had become more steadfast in that which was good, and the neglected chapels and schools had become filled to overflowing. After many interesting facts, Mr. Backhouse said he had travelled over hot sands, so hot that the very dogs howled with pain on treading upon them, the thermometer often at 116 degrees, and the water so bad that he had to conceal the taste with coffee; and he believed no journey of the same length was ever made with so little risk or danger. He had the pleasure in bearing this public testimony, that there was no single act of his life to which he looked back with greater satisfaction than to the adoption of the practice of total abstinence."

After other important testimonies, the meeting concluded at ten o'clock, after resolving to issue an address to members of the Society of Friends in Great Britain and Ireland, embodying some of those facts, and affectionately recommending the subject to their serious and candid attention.—*Scottish Tem. Jour.*

## PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

### Father Mathew and his Work.

From a Liverpool Correspondent of the New York Evangelist.

Some time since, reports were in circulation that in the county of Wexford, one of Father Mathew's fields of labor, many were breaking the pledge—whereupon, under date of February 20th, 1842, Sir Francis Le Hunt, Baronet, resident in the county, addressed a letter to him upon the subject, in which he said—"That some foolish and misguided young men have done so, is undeniable: but I know not one in this vicinity who has broken his pledge. On the contrary, I find that the very worst characters have been reclaimed; and many, with whom every other method had frequently failed, have been saved from ruin, and made happy and respectable men, by the efficacy of the pledge taken at your hands. I go much amongst my neighbors, for I love them; and I find everywhere I go, that the peace, comfort and plenty which now distinguish our people, are all owing to the blessing of God upon your labors of love. The mothers of the families now say to me, 'Oh, Sir, everything goes on well with us, now that drinking is done away.' These were the words of a good woman whom I lately visited, and whose sitting-room was full of flax, and her barn with corn, and who had never before known such plenty. I yesterday went to visit your children by the sea-side, and all expressed the same sentiments. I passed on my way to a Fair, formerly the constant scene of fights and tumult; all were quiet and peaceable, I did not see one person in the slightest degree intoxicated, or who appeared to have been drinking." Father Mathew says, that from all the information he can collect, taking the cities, towns and country together, those who have fallen from their pledge are not more than one in 500.

Father Mathew's movement has no immediate connection with that for Irish Repeal. Whatever his private opinions on that or on any other political question, he makes it a point to keep the Temperance movement distinct and separate from all. At the same time, no careful observer can fail to see, that if Mr. O'Connell succeeds in carrying the question of Repeal, he and the people will be more indebted for that success to Father Mathew's than to almost any other human instrumentality. Nothing but the temperance of the people could have insured the order and peace which have everywhere attended the many and multitudinous meetings for Repeal, and thus saved the movement from violent collision with the Government, and consequent defeat. Mr. O'Connell is well aware of this. At one of his immense gatherings, in reply to the charge of the Lord Chancellor, that there was

"an inevitable tendency to outrage" at them, he said—"It seemed almost the result of magic that so many thousands could congregate without even the occurrence of an accidental injury; in the best managed assemblies of the nobility and gentry, there was no instance in which the regulations of civil society were better observed. He had addressed 2,000,000 of persons at these meetings, and every individual, from the youngest to the oldest, was thoroughly convinced that any breach of the peace, assault, or offence of any kind, was destruction to the cause." At another meeting, after telling the people how gladly their oppressors would have them break the peace, he said—"Ireland shall be a nation, for she has too long endured the rule of the Saxon. Have I any teetotallers here?"—and a forest of hands were lifted, and great cheering—"The revenue loses £1,000,724 by that movement. And oh! there is no danger of your breaking any law while you are thus sober. Then, steady, boys—steady—is my advice, and we will yet be triumphant."

The quantity of distilled spirits imported into the port of Boston and Charleston, since the 1st of January, 1839, is as follows: 1839—67,623½ gallons; 1840—419,564 gallons; 1841—334,273½ gallons; 1842—218,295 gallons; 1843—first three quarters, to Sept. 30, 73,070 gallons.—*New York Evangelist.*

The diminution in the exports of wines and brandies from France, is remarkable, also in articles of mode, paper-hangings, and other articles, the trade in which was supposed to be prosperous. We see an increase in scarcely one article of export from France, except porcelain.—*ib.*

John H. W. Hawkins, the friend of the unfortunate drunkard, is doing up a great work in Maine. He is a noble warrior.—*ib.*

The political parties in Mobile have agreed, through a committee appointed for that purpose, that no drinking houses shall be open pending the election, in that city, by either party, at the expense of the party. Worthy of imitation.—*ib.*

Decanters and wine glasses have gone almost out of the market in the United States. A merchant in Philadelphia, says he could not sell a sixpence worth to persons now, to whom he once sold sixteen and seventeen hundred dollars worth. A Boston manufacturer of glass says, that the most unsaleable articles are rich cut glass decanters.—*ib.*

DR. SEWALL'S PLATES.—Mr. Delavan has prepared with care a letter to be sent, with a set of the mammoth plates, to the Emperors of Russia and Austria, to the King of the French, to Prince Albert, and to the Kings of Sweden, Prussia, Belgium, Holland and Greece. These plates are beginning to attract much attention in Europe.—*ib.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

PLEASE SIGN THE PLEDGE.—The temperance enterprise has now become a mighty movement,—a tree of life, under whose branches the nations are reposing;—a healthful fountain, cleansing the earth of its corruptions and sending peace, health and joy, where before was discord, plagues and deaths. None lift their voice against it. All praise it and bid it God speed, till it shall become triumphant round the globe. At this period of the enterprise there is little difficulty in finding patrons and friends. "Will you preside, sir, at a temperance meeting?" "O, yes." "Will you make some remarks?" "O, yes." "Have you signed the pledge?" "O, no. That now is not necessary. The cause will now go without pledges." "Have you banished wine from your table, sir and become a teetotaller?" "Not entirely, but we drink very little. Only keep some, so as not to appear singular." Now gentlemen, please sign the pledge and drive King Alcohol from your houses. That is what we want at the present moment. This is the only patronage that has any consistency or is worth anything. We are pleased with the attention bestowed upon us by men of wealth and influence,—but our cooler reflection tells us it is an homage paid to fashion, and no deep principle. When the tide turns, if it ever should turn, and our cause becomes unpopular they will be the first to turn against it, and Alcohol may be sure of them for his warm supporters, if not his devoted victims.—We are now peculiarly anxious to see an extensive pledge-signing among the first families of our nation. We can assure them it is no slight favor we ask for the ourselves or their children or the great interests of the human race. They may view it as a trifle; but if it is a trifle, why deny us the favour.—*Journal Am. Tem. Union.*

SELF SACRIFICES.—It is a well known principle in human life, that self-sacrifices lie at the basis of all that is salutary. Self-



indulgence is the ruin of the world. Many think that all the self-sacrifice to the poor drunkard lies in his indulgence, and that he deserves no credit for renouncing his cups. True, in drunkenness there is a sacrifice with a witness. But there is a sacrifice of self in breaking off his drinking habits, of which others have no conception. The agony of the man for rum, and his sacrifice of pleasures and indulgences, base indeed and destructive to all his highest interests, but to him the greatest, is perhaps never exceeded; and he ought to be the subject of our warm admiration. But what is the self-sacrifice of the genteel, virtuous, and even religious family in abandoning wine? Nothing at all. What the motives for it? Immense—their own preservation, and the salvation of hundreds swayed by their influence. And yet, they talk of the greatness of that sacrifice. They cannot make it. How puerile! How ill-deserving are such of the name of philanthropists, patriots, and Christians! We have in the present day a noble testimony of the power of self-denial in the masses who have enlisted in the temperance cause; but we confess we are ashamed of the feebleness of this principle in many of our intelligent, wealthy, and even Christian families. It almost seems that they would not give up their glass of wine, to save a world.—*1b.*

"It has been proved by parliamentary evidence, that nearly three millions sterling are yearly lost to the British nation by shipwrecks and accidents at sea; and by far the greater number of such casualties are the immediate results of intemperance, and of causes intimately connected with it. From Nov. 11th, 1838, to March 16th, 1839, a little over four months, 160 vessels were wrecked and the crews all perished; 42 stranded; 23 foundered; 92 abandoned; 63 sunk; 28 condemned; 227 wrecked; 76 never heard from—715. Total, seven hundred and sixteen, with the loss of twenty-six hundred lives—chief agent, *strong drink.*" Had Dr. Sewall's plates been on board each of these vessels, is it not reasonable to suppose some of them might have been saved, and many lives preserved?—*1b.*

At a large meeting in Regent's Park, the Somerset Roman Catholic T. A. Association, reared up a large banner with Father Mathew and St. Patrick on one side, and a picture of St. Aloysius, the instructor of youth, kneeling to two bleeding hearts with a cross through them, on the other. A gentleman pointed it out to Father Mathew, requesting him to state why, professing as he did, not to interfere with the religious feelings of any man, he should have that flag waving over him. He said it was not his flag, and he did not observe it before. There were cries of down with it; but the Irish gathered strongly around it. Father Mathew ordered it down, and after considerable reluctance, it was removed. The transaction looks well on his part, and manifests the sincerity of his professions of being exclusively devoted to temperance.

TEMPERANCE RECORDER.—After eleven years faithful service in the cause of humanity, this little periodical has been suspended for want of patronage. It has run a high career, and its history identified with a stupendous and glorious reformation. Its publishers have laid up a store of sweet reflections, if nothing more substantial. At one time it had 20,000 subscribers.

## CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

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

### PLEDGE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO AGREE, THAT WE WILL NOT USE INTOXICATING LIQUORS AS A BEVERAGE, NOR TRAFFIC IN THEM; THAT WE WILL NOT PROVIDE THEM AS AN ARTICLE OF ENTERTAINMENT, NOR FOR PERSONS IN OUR EMPLOYMENT; AND THAT IN ALL SUITABLE WAYS WE WILL DISCOURTEGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 16, 1843.

### VOLUME I. OF ADVOCATE.

Several judicious and highly respected friends in the country, have represented to the Committee, that the interests of the *Temperance Advocate* suffer most materially from the season of the year at which the Volume is made to begin, viz., 1st May:—

1st. Because at that time the roads are bad and the friends of the cause in agricultural districts have no time to go round for

subscribers, whilst any attempt to procure subscriptions three or four months before the commencement of the volume would be vain even if made.

2d. Because the proceeds of the preceding crop have then, generally speaking, been exhausted, and however willing, there is not in a vast number of instances, the ability to pay even the small cost of the *Advocate* at that season.

On the other hand, if the volume commenced with the New Year, there would be excellent roads—abundance of leisure—frequent public meetings—and the proceeds of the previous crop to facilitate the operations of those who take an interest in extending its circulation.

These considerations induced the Committee, after mature reflection, to close the present Volume of the *Advocate* with the 15th December number, and commence the 10th Volume on the 1st January, 1844. To such as have subscribed for a year from the 1st May, the new Volume will, of course, be sent up to that period, whether they continue to subscribe or not, so that there will be no breach of faith with them, seeing that for their subscription they will receive the paper for one whole year, viz., 24 Numbers, and in that year there will be one complete Volume.

To New Subscribers, of whom we hope for a large accession, the price will be 3s. 6d. per Annum, in advance, beginning 1st January; and to Old Subscribers, who have paid to 1st May, 1844, the additional price will be 2s. 4d., to entitle them to receive it until 1st January, 1845. This additional sum, we hope all our present Subscribers will remit during winter, when it will, as we have seen, be much more easily done than if deferred to May next.

A bountiful Providence has crowned the year with abundance. Let not the Temperance Treasury starve!

### PROGRESS—PROSPECTS—PERSEVERANCE.

Sincerely do we congratulate the friends of Total Abstinence, on the progress and success with which it has pleased Almighty God to bless the efforts put forth to arrest the vice of intemperance—to restore to wretched families, the hallowed charities of domestic life, and to diffuse the peaceful influence of sobriety and religion.

In every part of this province, our cause is onward; in other lands, the value of the pledge is beginning to be appreciated, and we are presented with signals of its triumph from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south.

God is signally blessing FATHER MATHEW in his philanthropic career. The sons of Scotia and England are giving him their cordial welcome and aiding in his success; and we trust, that in the wreath which is woven to celebrate the triumphs of Temperance, the rose and the thistle will appear as conspicuous as the shamrock, telling not of their thousands or tens of thousands, but of their millions, enlisted under the banner of teetotalism.

But amid much that is encouraging and for which we are thankful to a gracious Providence, there is much cause for solicitude and fear. In almost every city and town and village, the fires of the distillery are still burning, and vast is the number of places where the alcoholic poison is dispersed. Men who take the lead in society—Ministers who serve the altar—members of Christian churches—gentlemen who fill the offices of government, stand aloof from our ranks and witness our operations with indifference or dislike. The legalized sale of pernicious drinks, is zealously pursued by merchants respectable and respected, and effects the most fearful, degrading and heart rending, will most assuredly be produced. The dissipated son will bring down the gray hairs of the parent with sorrow to the grave. The bride blooming beautiful and joyous, will be disappointed, neglected, heart-broken, perhaps laid in a premature grave, or thrown with her fatherless

children upon the cold charity of the world, by the intemperance of her husband. Churches will be afflicted by the defection and sin of some of their brightest ornaments. Clergymen distinguished for wisdom, literature, eloquence and zeal, will be deposed from the holy ministry, and driven like the leaves of autumn, to some obscure resting place, to rot and die. On our lakes and rivers and around the coasts—where commerce spreads her sails and speeds her course—steam boats and ships, and property, and lives, and souls, will be lost. Our asylums will be supplied with lunatics, our hospitals with patients, our prisons with criminals, and our scaffolds with victims. The Sabbath will be profaned, the house of God neglected, the Bible disregarded, the soul undone and lost. These effects will assuredly yet be produced—results enough to make one's hair to stand erect and fill one's mind with horror, and who will bear the responsibility? not the tea-totaller, no, but the man who makes the accursed drink—the vender, who sends forth the desolatory stream to waste and to destroy—the man who keeps it on his side board—places it on his table—uses it in his family—sips it with his friends—these are the parties who must share the responsibility of the results of intemperance. Total abstainer, work while it is day—come up to the help of the Lord and rejoice in knowing that you subtract from the evils of intemperance.

W. C.

## EDUCATION.

### Truth.

"The tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things, therewith bless we God, even the Father, and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God."

The Apostle tells us here, my young friends, a startling truth. The power of utterance, that most noble gift, which raises us so far above the brute creation, and leaves us but little lower than the angels, is perverted to cruel and base uses.

Consider for a moment of what the tongue is capable—of prayer, the highest office of the soul; of that greatest of all social privileges, interchanging freely thoughts and feelings; expressing indeed all knowledge, thought, feeling, desire, and want; of stirring thousands to deeds of valor, or of beneficence; of soothing a mob; of opening the flood-gates of hope, and reviving the faded images of memory; of comforting the sorrowing, and giving fresh animation to the happy. It would be far easier to tell you what it cannot, than what it can do. Truly may the tongue boast "great things."

Now, my young friends, consider well the purposes for which this great and wonderful gift of utterance has been given to you. Resolve to dedicate it to its high offices. Resolve religiously that it shall not be defiled with the vices and follies that so often pollute it. Set all the powers of your soul to watch over a faculty capable of such honor, and liable to such dishonor. Form right habits now, based on right principles, which, remember! are the soul of habit.

The measure of your power over your tongue is the test of your self-control, that great distinction of a rational being. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able to bridle the whole body."

Truth is the first law in the government of your speech. It is to your tongue what the popular star and the magnetic needle are to the mariner; without them, his ship had better never leave its port, and without truth, your tongue had better rest in eternal silence.

Lying is the vice of slaves. It is the poor and ineffective art by which the weak attempt to protect themselves against the powerful. Truth is scarcely known among the slaves of our southern states, among the timid natives in the European colonies in the East. It is the virtue of free and independent nations, and of courageous individuals. "Without courage there cannot be truth," says a Persian proverb; "and without truth, there cannot be any other virtue." Americans have no excuse for not speaking truth; for no where have young people such national and individual freedom. You are not tempted to lie to evade the oppression of national, school, or family government.

But truth must be something more than the mere accident of your condition. If you speak the truth merely because you happen to be born in New-York or Massachusetts, your truth is a mere accident, the result of circumstances; and if you chance to be thrown into a society unfavourable to this virtue, it will, like other good habits that are not enforced by principle, soon give way.

Your truth, then, like all other valuable moralities, must rest on the sure basis of religion. If you are true because you know and feel that "God is truth," and that He requires truth of you, you will be true in all circumstances: terror cannot frighten you from the truth, nor temptation persuade you from it.

This, my friends, was the same spirit in common life, and in every-day affairs, that attends the martyr to the stake.

There is a species of lying over which young people throw the veil of generosity, so that its odious features are obscured. Boys are apt to consider the obligations of truth as inferior to a certain arbitrary law which they call honor. A riot lately occurred in a village in Massachusetts. A boy having been put upon oath—that is, having sworn to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," was asked if, provided he knew any circumstances involving a comrade, he should disclose it? He replied, decidedly and unblushingly, in the face of the oath just taken, that he should not.

What were this unfortunate boy's notions of the obligations of truth? He might have refused the oath—he might have died rather than have taken it; but, surely, once taken, instead of lightly disregarding it, he had better have died than not have abided by it.

Girls are not much exposed to this violation of God's laws; but girls are sisters, they will be mothers. Let them do what they can to rectify these false notions, and by their examples, to inspire a devotion to truth.

Contrast with the conduct of the boy to whom we have alluded, that circumstance in the life of Helen Walker, to which Sir Walter Scott has rendered due honour in his "Heart of Mid Lothian." Helen Walker was the original of Jeanie Deans. She had an only and motherless sister, much younger than herself, to whom she supplied the care of a mother, and whom she loved with a devoted fondness. This young creature committed a crime, for which, by the laws of her country, she must die, unless it could be proved she had told some one of her offence, "Her counsel told Helen Walker that if she could declare her sister had given her any intimation on the subject, however slight, that this testimony would save her life. Helen replied, "it is impossible for me to swear a falsehood, and whatever may be the consequence, I will give my oath according to my conscience." And she did so; her poor culprit sister standing before her, and looking at her with the expectation that life would come from her false testimony. The sister was condemned; and Helen afterwards, as you probably all know, by almost incredible pains, obtained a pardon of Queen Caroline."

Few are called to such great sacrifices for truth's sake; but every day, my dear young friends, there are occasions when you are tempted by the hope of gaining some trifling advantage, or avoiding some little disgrace, or appearing a little better than you are, to swerve "the least bit in the world" from the truth. Resist the temptation, I pray you. Truth is so sacred, that even the hem of her garment should be looked upon with reverence. If you allow yourself carelessly to handle the garment, you may come to profaning the body.

There is the species of trifling with truth so common, that there seems to be a very imperfect sense of its culpability. I allude to a want of punctuality and exactness in the performances of promises.

I ask Mary to do a message for me. She promises to do it. I find to my disappointment, it may be to my great loss, that it has not been done. I ask her why? "Oh, I forgot it!" she replies, carelessly, and thinks this excuse sufficient for having broken her word. Alice promises to call for Sarah when she goes to lecture. Sarah waits in vain. Alice does not come, and when asked why she failed, says, "Oh! I forgot it!"

This easy promising and non-performing leads to very bad habits. When Alice and Mary grow up, if they chance to be mistresses of families, you will hear their neighbours say, "Mrs. So and S is a fair-spoken woman, but there is no depending on her."

\* I know a gentleman who never permits a domestic or a child to say, in excuse for non-performance, "I forgot it." A promise, in his family, is the serious matter it should be.

Or if they chance to be milliners or dress-makers, they will be among those who degrade themselves and torment their employers by broken engagements.

The non-performance of promises is so common among trades-people, that they often come to that worst state, callousness to its culpability.

I once heard a shoemaker, a proprietor of one the largest establishments in New York, reply to a lady who reproached him with having again and again failed in his promises, "Did not you know they were shoemakers' promises?"—*Miss Sedwick.*

(To be Continued.)

## MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT.

### Maternal Authority.

BY THE REV. J. S. C. ABBOTT.

Never punish when the child has not intentionally done wrong. Children are often very unjustly punished. Things which are really wrong are overlooked, and again, punishment is inflicted on account of some accident, when the child is entirely innocent. Such a course of procedure not only destroys, in the mind of the child, the distinction between accident and crime, but is in itself absolutely iniquitous. The parent has all the power, and she may be the most relentless tyrant, and the child can have no redress. There is no oppression more cruel than that often thus exercised by passionate parents over their children. It is not unfrequently the case that a mother, who does not intend to be guilty of injustice, neglects to make a proper distinction between faults and accidents. A child is playing about the room, and accidentally tears its clothes, or breaks a window with the ball which it is allowed to bounce upon the floor. The mother, vexed with the trouble it will cause her, hastily punishes the poor child. A child may be careless, and so criminally careless as to deserve punishment. In that case, it ought not to be punished for the accident, but for the carelessness, which is a fault. This injustice is far more extensively practiced than is generally imagined. The most common cause of unjust punishment, is confounding the accidental consequences of an act with the real guilt which a child incurred while performing that act. We are all too much inclined to estimate guilt by consequences. A child who has been permitted to climb upon the chairs, and take things from the table, accidentally pushes off some valuable article. The mother severely punishes the child. Now where did this child do wrong? You never taught him that he must not climb upon the table. Of course, in that there was no disobedience, and he was not conscious of doing any thing improper. If merely a book had fallen, probably no notice would have been taken of it. But the simple fact, that one thing fell instead of another, cannot alter the nature of the offence. If it had been the most valuable watch which had fallen, and thus had been entirely ruined, if it had occurred purely through accident, the child deserves no punishment. Perhaps some one says, there is no need of arguing a point which is so clear. But is it not clear, that such acts of injustice are very frequent? And is not almost every mother conscious that she is not sufficiently guarded upon this point? A mother must have great control over her own feelings—a calmness and composure of spirit not easily disturbed—or she will be occasionally provoked to acts of injustice by the misfortunes of which her children are the innocent cause.

Does any one ask what should be done in such cases as the one referred to? The answer is plain. Children ought to be taught not to do what will expose them to injury; and then, if they do what is prohibited, consider them guilty, whether injury results or not. If the child, in the above-named case, had been so taught, this would have been an act of direct disobedience; and a faithful mother would probably pursue some such course as this. Without any manifestation of anger, she would calmly and seriously say to her son,

"My son, I have often told you that you must not climb upon the table. You have disobeyed me."

"But mother," says the son, "I did not mean to do any harm."

"I presume you did not, my son; I do not accuse you of doing harm, but of having disobeyed me. The injury was accidental, and you are not accountable for it; but the disobedience was deliberate, and very wrong. I am very sorry to punish you, but I must do it! It is my duty."

She would then punish him, either by the infliction of pain, or by depriving him, for a time, of some of his usual privileges or enjoyments. The punishment, however, would be inflicted for the disobedience, and not for the accident which attended the disobedience. The child could not but feel that he was justly condemned.

But the question still remains, what is to be done, upon the original supposition that the child had never been taught it was wrong to climb upon the table, or to throw his ball about the room? In that case the mother has, manifestly, no right to blame the child. The fault is hers, in not having previously taught him the impropriety of such conduct. All she can now do, is to improve the occasion, to show him the danger of such amusements, and forbid them in future.

If the child be very young, the mother will find it necessary occasionally to allude to the accident, that the lesson may be impressed upon the mind. If she did not do this, the occurrence might soon pass from his memory, and in a few days he might again, through entire forgetfulness, be engaged in his forbidden sports.

Allowance must also be made for the ignorance of a child. You have, perhaps, a little daughter, eighteen months old, who often amuses herself in tearing to pieces some old newspaper which you give her. It is, to her, quite an interesting experiment. Some day you happen to have your attention particularly occupied for a length of time, and at last raise your eyes, to see what keeps her so quiet upon the floor. Behold, she has a very valuable book in her hand, which she has almost entirely ruined; and your first impulse is to punish her, or, at least, severely to reprove her for the injury. But has she really been doing any thing deserving of punishment or censure? Certainly not. How can she know that it is proper for her to tear one piece of paper, but wrong for her to tear another? She has been as innocently employed as she ever was in her life. The only proper thing to be done, in such a case, is to endeavor to teach the child that a book must be handled with care and must not be torn. But how can she be taught this without punishing her? She may be taught by the serious tone of your voice, and the sad expression of your countenance, that she has been doing something which you regret. In this way she may be easily taught the difference between a book and a newspaper.

A little boy, about two years old, was in the habit of amusing himself by scribbling upon paper with a pencil. The father came into the room one day, and found that the little fellow had exceedingly defaced a new book. The marks of his pencil were all over it. Perfectly unconscious of the mischief he was doing, the child continued his employment as the father entered. In many cases, the parent, in irritation, would have roughly taken the book away, and inflicted a severe blow upon the cheek of the child. I thought I perceived that this was the first emotion in the mind of this parent, though he was of an unusually calm and collected spirit. If it was, however, he immediately saw its impropriety, for, approaching his child, he said, in a perfectly mild and pleasant tone,

"O! my son, my son, you are spoiling the book."

The child looked up in amazement.

"That is a book, my son; you must not scribble upon that. See here," turning over the leaves, "you will spoil father's book. Here is some paper for you. You may write upon this, but you never must write in the book."

The father then took the book, injured as it was, and laid it aside, without any exhibition of excited feeling. Now how manifestly is this the proper course to pursue, in such a case; and yet how few children are there who, in such circumstances, would have escaped undeserved punishment.

These illustrations are sufficient to show the importance of making allowance for ignorance, and for accidents. And they also show how frequently children suffer, when they are not to blame. If a child is punished when innocent, as well as when guilty, the distinction between right and wrong is obliterated from his mind. Hence it becomes an important rule in family government, never to punish when the child has not intentionally done wrong.

Never think that your child is too young to obey. We are ingenious in framing excuses for neglecting our duty with our children. At one time they are too young; again they are too sick. Some parents always find an excuse, of one kind or another, for letting their children have their own way. A child may, at a very early age, be taught obedience. We can easily teach a kitten or a little dog, that it must not touch the meat which is placed be-

fore the fire, that it must leave the room when bidden, and a thousand other acts of ready obedience.

A Frenchman has recently collected a large number of canary birds for a show. He has taught them such supple obedience to his voice, as to march them in platoons across the room, and directs them to the ready performance of many simple manoeuvres.

Now, can it be admitted that a child, fifteen months or two years of age, is inferior in understanding to a canary bird? And must the excuse be made for such a child, that he does not know enough to be taught obedience? A very judicious mother, who has brought up a large family of children, all of whom are now in situations of respectability and usefulness, remarked that it was her practice to obey her children for the first year of their life, but ever after she expected them to obey her. She, of course, did not mean by this remark, that the moment the child was one year of age, a sudden and total change took place in her management. During the early months of its infancy she considered it to be her duty to do every thing in her power to make the child comfortable and happy. She would endeavour to anticipate all its wants. She would be obedient to the wishes of the child. But by the time the child was one year of age, she considered it old enough to be brought under the salutary regulations of a well disciplined family.

I am aware that many parents will say that this is altogether too early a period to commence the government of a child, and others equally numerous, perhaps, will say that it is too late; that a beginning should be made at a much earlier period. In fact, the principle which really ought to guide in such a case, is this: that the authority of the mother ought to understand a command or prohibition expressed by looks and gestures. This is at a much earlier period than most parents imagine. Let the mother who doubts it try the experiment, and see how easily she can teach her child that he must not touch the tongs or andirons; or that, when sitting in her lap at table, he must not touch the cups and saucers. A child may be taught obedience in such things then, as well as at any period of its life. And how much trouble does a mother save herself, by having her child thus early taught to obey! How much pain and sorrow does she save her child by accustoming it in its most tender years, to habits of prompt obedience.

## CHILDREN AND YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

### "The Traveller"—Rivers.

"The rivers! the rivers!" cried Edmund, running into the shrubbery, at the end of which stood the traveller, musing on the winding stream which ran along an adjoining meadow below him. "The rivers! the rivers!" exclaimed Gilbert, almost treading on Edmund's heels. "The rivers! the rivers!" echoed little Leonard, as he panted along the path after his brothers.

To the traveller it was pleasant, when he saw allowed it, to pass away an hour in entertaining his young friends. At the top of the meadow an oak tree had been felled, and lopped of its branches. To this tree the whole party proceeded, and seated themselves on the knotty trunk, which, after successfully opposing the elements for a hundred years, had at length fallen beneath the sturdy axe of the woodman. The spot commanded a beautiful view; the meandering brook rippled along at no great distance from their feet; the sun brightly shone in the sky, though they were screened from his beams by the trees whose branches impended over their heads. The heavens were curtained with the loveliest clouds; the bee buzzed around them, and the butterfly waved its painted wings from flower to flower, as the traveller began his narrative.

"When we regard the universe around us," said he, "there is always enough to fill the mind with astonishment and admiration. If we look at the beautiful earth which we inhabit, and examine its mountains and its valleys, its woods and winding streams, we see that none but the Almighty Maker of all things could bring into existence works so lovely.

"The beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fishes that skim along the waters re-echo the same truth. The mighty ocean in all its rage obeying with childlike obedience the command of its Creator, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed,' acknowledges its almighty Master, and sun, moon, and stars declare that Omnipotence alone gave them birth.

'The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spang'd heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.

'The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Doth his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.'

"But, however wonderful the providence of God may be, and however calculated to strike us with admiration, the manifestation of his mercy, in sending his beloved son to be the Saviour of sinners who had rebelled against him, is still more astonishing and admirable; and the poorest human being who gains his bread by daily labour, who has a saving interest in that sacrifice offered upon the cross, is richer than the ungodly even though they sit on the throne of the earth, with golden sceptres in their hands, and glittering crowns on their brows.

"I am about to describe, in some degree, the rivers of the earth; but in doing this, I must acknowledge how little I know, compared with what I know not. It has always been a mystery to those who have thought most about rivers, that they should take their rise in high mountains, and various opinions are abroad on the subject; but I will not puzzle your heads now about the matter, but proceed at once, to give you the best account I can of the rivers themselves.

"In England we have many rivers; the Humber, the Wye, the Trent, the Severn, and the Thames, are of the most importance."

*Edmund.*—The Thames is the largest river, is it not?

*Traveller.*—The largest, but not the longest. The Humber is not so much as forty miles in length. The Wye is a beautiful winding river, flowing through some of the most agreeable scenes in England. The Trent flows full 200 miles before it falls into the Humber. The Severn is a fine stream, 250 miles long, reckoned in its windings, and is famous for its salmon. The Thames, when considered in reference to its navigation, is the finest river in the known world.

*Gilbert.*—I thought the rivers abroad were much larger than the Thames.

*Traveller.*—So they are, but they have not the advantages of the Thames, nor half the number of ships which float along its surface. It is an astonishing sight to gaze on the masts of vessels crowded together on this river, looking like a forest of firs.

*Leonard.*—What is the use of a large river, when we can get plenty of water to drink out of the wells and pumps.

*Traveller.*—The great advantage of a river is, that it enables those who live on its banks to convey any commodity they please to distant parts, and to receive other commodities which they may want. If London had no river, all the large timber, the coal, the corn, the hogheads of sugar, the iron, the stone, and other large and heavy articles, which are used there, must be conveyed in carts, waggons, and other carriages along the turnpike roads, at a much greater expense and loss of time. Thus in almost all instances, large and populous cities are built on the banks of a river. I was once heedlessly rowing a boat on the Thames, with a companion, when we got into the main stream, very near the centre arch of London Bridge. This was when the old bridge was standing, the starlings of which were so large that the water, at the return of the tide, could not escape without forming a fall of considerable depth. A little boat like ours would have been upset immediately, if precipitated down the fall. Happily the waterman who was with us observed our danger just in time; jumping up from his seat, he suddenly snatched the oars from our hands, and by great exertion succeeded in getting away. As my companion could not swim, this might have been a very serious adventure, had we been hurled through the centre arch of the bridge.

*Edmund.*—Ay! that was a narrow escape.

*Traveller.*—Say, rather, a merciful preservation. Little do we know in how many instances we are thus snatched from destruction by an Almighty hand! The banks of this noble river, between London and Windsor, are adorned with the most beautiful mansions, seats, and gardens of the nobility and gentry. The Forth, the Clyde, and the Tay are the principal rivers of Scotland, and the Shannon is the largest in Ireland; but we must now speak a little of the rivers in other parts of the world.

*Leonard.*—I want you eadly to come to the large rivers with crocodiles in them.

*Traveller.*—The prodigious streams which pour their waters over the different countries of the earth, may justly call forth our admiration. The Ebro, the Po, the Seine, the Rhone, the Loire, and the Tagus, are all situated in Europe and are of different lengths, the Tagus being between four and five hundred miles long. There is much variety in rivers, some sweep along in a uniform manner, others are broken by falls and cataracts; some are clear, others muddy; some shallow, others deep; some sluggish, others very rapid in their course; some fall into the sea in

one current, while others find their way there in various streams. The mountain country in Switzerland gives birth to more rivers than any other part of Europe.

*Edmund.*—That is the country where there are so many precipices.

*Traveller.*—The Oder, the Vistula, the Elbe, the Rhine, and the Danube, water Germany with their streams. These are all large rivers, the first being more than 500 miles long, and the last exceeding 1800.

*Leonard.*—I did not think that there was a river so long in the world as 1800 miles.

*Traveller.*—( ) yes, there are rivers much longer than that. I shall never forget sailing down the Rhine, for its banks are enriched with goodly structures and luxuriant foliage; cities, and tree-tufted villages, with rustic spires and whitened walls. In the distance, the misty mountains caught my eye, towering towards the heavens; and, nearer to the shore, the pointed rocks, appearing to rise out of the blue waters, spread their dark shadows abroad; some of these were fringed with beech trees, some crowned with the ruins of the castles of other days, and here and there might be seen the spire of a lonely monastery. Nature and art have enriched the banks of this favourite river, and few who have gazed on the fair scenes which adorn them, can cease to call them to mind in after years.

*Edmund.*—It must be pleasant indeed to sail down such a river as that.

*Traveller.*—The rushing Danube, it is said, comprises sixty other navigable rivers in its progress, and empties itself into the Black sea, with such force, that the thunders of its waters are heard for many miles round.

*Gilbert.*—Ay, but I remember that the noise of the hurrying mountain, Cotopaxi, was heard hundreds of miles distant.

*Traveller.*—You have an excellent memory, Gilbert in such matters, and I hope you endeavour to remember useful remarks as well as wonderful events. The Volga, or Wolga, in Russia, is the largest river in Europe, being in extent above 2000 miles.

*Gilbert.*—My geography book says, that Great Britain is either 600 or 700 miles long, I forget which; so that the Volga must be about three times as long as Great Britain. I don't like those Russians, though they have got such a capital river, and make fine soldiers.

*Traveller.*—It has been too much the custom with every country under heaven, to lust after conquest, and to pollute themselves with the blood of their fellow creatures. Russia has been faulty in these respects but how much more so France? Nor has England always been free from blame. Never will wars end, till the gospel of peace has more influence over the sinful affections of sinful men. Oh that all the nations of the world would be "kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love;" but He alone who has given this commandment, "Love one another," can enable us to keep it. The rivers of Asia are greater than those of Europe. The Don, the Indus, and the Ganges are all of great magnitude. When you call to mind the inconvenience that is often felt in this country by the overflowing of a brook across the turnpike road, you will be convinced of the terrible consequences which sometimes must follow the overflowing of a river of such vast extent as those of which I am now speaking. The natives on the banks of the Indus in many parts, erect their houses on strong posts, considerably elevated, that they may be secure when the country is flooded over for leagues round by the river.

*Leonard.*—But how can they get anything to eat when the country is all under water?

*Traveller.*—No doubt they often find great difficulty in this respect, but by laying in a stock of provisions before-hand, fishing and paddling in their boats to different places more elevated, they contrive to provide for themselves. These inundations repay them afterwards, for they render the country more fertile for hundreds of miles round. The Hindoos show a superstitious veneration for all the great rivers which fertilize their country, but especially for the Ganges. This river is considered as sacred; and, on certain festivals, more than a hundred thousand persons assemble on its banks to bathe. It is a custom too, with these poor ignorant heathens, sometimes to remove those among them, who are on the point of death, to the sides of the Ganges, or to some creek which runs into that river, and there to leave them.

*Edmund.*—What a shocking custom!

*Traveller.*—This is but one of the many cruel practices of ignorance and superstition. When the Saviour of the world is better

known, and the light of his gospel is shed more abundantly abroad in the world, such practices will wholly cease; for then the heathen will be known as a portion of his inheritance and the uttermost part of the earth as his possession. The river Euphrates is 1800 miles long; Burraupooter still longer; and Obc, Hoang-ho, Yang-tse, and Enuses, much larger than either. The Hoang-ho and Yang-tse are situated in China, where there are, it is said, upwards of 300,000,000 of inhabitants.

*Gilbert.*—They have need of a very long river then. Say what you will, those Chinese are very useful people.

*Traveller.*—The principal rivers of Africa are the Gambia, the Niger, the Senegal, and the Nile, and if you wish to see crocodiles in abundance, these rivers will abundantly repay you the trouble of a journey to them.

*Leonard.*—How many crocodiles have you seen in the course of your life?

*Traveller.*—That would be quite impossible for me to say; but often have I seen scores of them at once basking in the sun-beams. The mighty rivers of Africa, and the still greater streams of America, swarm with them. Different persons have divided crocodiles into different kinds, and called one kind alligators or catmans; but, for my part, I never yet could discover much difference between them, though I have seen them by day and by night, sometimes lying lazily on the brink of a river, or floating on the surface of the water like trunks of trees, and sometimes dashing and splashing in the stream, struggling with their prey, while the moon has quietly sailed through the sky.

*Edmund.*—How big is the largest sized crocodile?

*Traveller.*—Some of them are full twenty feet long, and would be to the man or beast who comes within their power. When the Nile overflows, it brings about health and plenty in the land of Egypt; but some other rivers, and the Senegal among them, by their inundations, produce disease, famine, and death. The soil thrown up by the floods becomes useless, from the indolence of the savage wanderers who occupy the country; and the luxuriance of rank and noxious herbage furnishes a convenient repository for venomous insects and reptiles, as well as for beasts of prey. When the floods have subsided, the heat and humidity spread a pestilential taint, whilst the carcases of vast numbers of animals, swept away by the inundation, become putrid and baneful.

*Gilbert.*—When I go to see the crocodiles, I shall keep clear of the river Senegal, and make the best of my way to the Nile.

*Traveller.*—The Nile is called Abranchi, which signifies, in the Abyssinian tongue, "the father of rivers;" it is also termed by the Africans, Neel Shem, "the Egyptian river." Travellers have stated it to be 2000 miles long, but others affirm that it exceeds 3000, reckoning all its windings. It divides Egypt into two parts and falls into the Mediterranean sea or seven channels.

(To be Continued.)

## AGRICULTURE.

### Winter Food for Sheep.

Every farmer is aware, that one of the chief difficulties in the raising and management of sheep consists in preserving them through winter, without disease or loss. Hence every fact or hint in relation to their winter management becomes of the first importance. It is indispensably necessary that sheep should be kept in good condition in order to prevent disease; and it is a secondary point, yet one to which much attention should be paid, to make use of the cheapest kinds of food.

With regard to the quantity and nature of food, it should be such as to keep them in a strong healthy state, and rather full of flesh, yet not partaking too much of fatness. This good condition, even if maintained at considerably greater immediate cost, will be found by far the most profitable in the end; for independently of the constant danger of loss by death, when sheep are ill kept, they shear much less wool, and the future progeny is much weaker, in consequence of such imperfect management.

One of the most necessary requisites to be observed is constant and regular feeding. Sudden changes, from scanty to plentiful food, are highly detrimental, as is also the reverse. Perhaps the only exception to this remark, is the case of ewes rearing lambs, which require better feeding than in ordinary times.

The quality of the food is a thing of much consequence, and the quantity must be adapted to the quality. It is satisfactory

ascertained, that hay alone, is not adapted to keeping sheep in the best condition. Still less is it if they are not allowed a constant supply of water. But the intermixture of roots, and particularly mangel wurtzel, is found to produce an excellent effect. A very successful manager of sheep, whenever he feeds any kind of roots or grain to them, first gives them a foddering of straw in order to fill them, as he does not consider the roots digest so well on an empty stomach. In order to be able to proportion the different kinds of roots, grain, &c., according to their nutritive qualities, it is necessary to know in what proportions those qualities exist in them respectively. The following table exhibits the results of the experiments of the distinguished agriculturist De Raumer, on the effects produced by an equal quantity of several substances in increasing the flesh, tallow, and wool of sheep.

The first column of figures is the produced weight of the living animal; the second, produces wool; and the third, produced tallow.

	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.
1000 lbs. potatoes, raw, with salt,	46½	6½	12½
do do without salt,	44	6½	11½
do mangel wurtzel, raw,	38½	5½	6½
do wheat,	155	14	59½
do oats,	146	10	42½
do barley,	136	11½	60
do peas,	131	14½	41
do rye, with salt,	133	14	35
do do without salt,	90	12½	43
do meal, wct,	129	13½	17½
do buckwheat,	120	10	33
do good hay,	58	7½	13
do hay with straw, without other fodder,	31	15½	6½

These results agree nearly with those of Do Dombale, and with those of a number of other agriculturists.

It has also been ascertained by the experiments of some eminent agriculturists, that

1 lb. of oil cake is as nutritious as two pounds of hay.

200 lbs. of good sound straw of peas and vetches are equal to one hundred pounds of hay.

300 lbs. of barley and oat straw are equal to a hundred pounds of hay.

400 lbs. of wheat straw are equal to a hundred pounds of hay.

It will be perceived by the above table, that *wheat* produces the greatest increase in the flesh of the living animal, though but little greater than *oats*; that *peas*, *wheat*, *rye*, and *hay mixed with straw*, produce the greatest increase of wool; and that *barley* and *wheat* causes the greatest increase of tallow. That, as an average, grain generally gives about three times the increase in the flesh, that roots and hay do, when in equal weight; that grain produces about twice as much wool as is caused by an equal weight of roots, and several times the amount of tallow, that is produced either by roots or hay. But as an equal weight of mangel wurtzel may be raised at an expense of less than one tenth of what is required for the production of most kinds of grain, the vastly superior economy of its use as food for sheep, for every thing except fattening, will be at once perceived.

De Raumer found, that sheep ate with avidity eight pounds per head of mangel wurtzel a day, intermixed with straw; during which time they drank one quart of water, and remained in good and healthy condition.

That of raw sliced potatoes, they ate with good appetite at the rate of seven pounds per day, also with straw, and drank three pints of water in twenty-four hours. Also remained healthy.

That they ate two pounds of peas per head daily, drank from two to three quarts of water, and remained fine and healthy. It was necessary to soak the peas to prevent injury to their teeth.

That wheat produced nearly the same results as peas.

That they do not eat rye readily, and it appears not well adapted for their food.

That of oats and barley, they ate about two and a half pounds per head daily, with avidity, did extremely well on it, and drank about three quarts of water in twenty-four hours.

That buckwheat produced excellent effects upon them, which they eat with avidity.

And that of good hay they ate four and a half pounds daily, and drank from two and a half to three quarts of water.

As a large number of fine-wooled sheep have been introduced into the country within a few years, it is absolutely necessary, in order to render them most profitable, that they be well sheltered during winter. In those countries in Europe which are most

famous for the growth of fine wool, strict attention is given to this subject, and sheep are not only sheltered in the night, but whenever the weather demands it during the day. It is said that on this depends in a great degree the fineness and quality of the wool. Sheds, at least, should always be provided for the most hardy breeds of sheep; much more so then, ought they to be for the more tender, fine-wooled varieties. Henry D. Grove, of Hoosick, Rensselaer county, who has been uncommonly successful in raising and wintering fine-wooled sheep, says that shelter against the inclemency of the weather, "is almost as necessary to the health and good condition of sheep, as food itself, and for this reason stables for that purpose are of great benefit. Not only do sheep do much better, but it is also a saving of fodder and manure. The latter is as important as the former; for manure, properly applied, is money to the farmer; and it is well known that sheep manure is of the best kind. These stables ought to be so constructed, as to admit of a great quantity of hay being put over head; and for this reason I would recommend a side hill facing the south, and a dry spot around it, for their location. Each full grown sheep requires six square feet including racks. These ought to be so constructed as to have a manger attached to each, for the purpose of feeding grain and roots, and to catch the hay the sheep draw through the racks. The stables ought to be eight feet high at least, nine feet is preferable, and sufficiently ventilated. It is also necessary to have windows for the purpose of light. The difference between wool grown in a dark and light stable, is really surprising. In a dark one, wool does not get the brightness it has in a light one. Of this fact I have witnessed the most surprising proof. Over head the stable ought to be tight, that no fodder, chaff, &c. may fall into the wool, which reduces its value. The stables ought to be littered with straw from time to time, to keep the wool clean and add to the comfort and health of the animals."

We conclude these observations with the remarks, relative to the importance of water and succulent food to sheep during winter, of J. Barney, Esq. of Philadelphia, whose experience and skill on this subject are well known. To a gentleman who visited him, he showed from fifty ewes, upwards of sixty lambs, all lively and brisk, with a loss of perhaps three or four. The gentleman observed to him that he had his shed covered with dead lambs, and asked wherein the secret of breeding lay. He answered, "you stuff your sheep with dry food." "Yes, as much good clover and hay as they will eat," was the reply. "You give them no water, but suffer them to go out in time of snow and eat as they are disposed to do?" "Yes." "Then there lies the secret. Your sheep fill themselves with hay; they get no water; and they have not a supply of gastric juice to promote the digestion of the hay in the stomach, they cannot raise it to chew the cud; they lose their appetite; are thrown into a fever; and cannot bring forth their young; or they bring forth a feeble, starved lamb, that falls off and dies on the first exposure to the cold and rain.—On the contrary, I take care to provide my sheep with good clear water in summer and winter. I feed them regularly with hay through the winter and give them ruta бага and mangel wurtzel every day. The ewes produce me one hundred and twenty per cent in lambs. You cannot get along without ruta бага and mangel wurtzel."—*Baltimore Farmer.*

### Spring Wheat.

Spring wheat, to succeed well, requires a good rich soil—one that is so naturally, or that is made so by manuring. It will frequently do well on land in which clay is so abundant as to be unfit for winter wheat, since being sown in the spring it escapes the freezing out to which winter wheat on clay soils is liable.—Spring wheat should be sown early, as all spring crops put in as soon as the ground is fit for the reception of seed, mature better, and give a heavier grain than late sown ones. It is a good plan, where convenient, to give land intended for spring wheat a ploughing in the fall, as it not only greatly facilitates the preparation in the spring, but destroys the larvae of a multitude of insects that prey on spring plants, by exposing them to the severe frosts of winter. Sheep manure seems to be excellently adapted to spring wheat, and the crop can in many instances be nearly doubled by folding or feeding a flock on such land as is intended for this crop. There are two kinds of spring wheat now in pretty extensive use; one is the common bearded, red chaff and red berry; the other is the Italian or Florence wheat, without beards, and with a white berry, more resembling the white flint than any other. This

spring wheat of last year was of good quality, weighing sometimes sixty-two or three to the bushel, making good flour, and in all respects where cultivated one of the most profitable of our crops.

### Stock in the Winter.

What is the expense of keeping stock through the winter? is a question frequently asked, and the correct solution of which is of consequence to the farmer. I have paid some attention to the subject, and am willing to allow my opinion to be laid before your readers. My hay has been cut and secured in such a manner that its quantity could be estimated with tolerable accuracy, and the manner of its distribution rather more than guessed at. My horses eat rather more than two tons each; oxen will eat about the same; cows a ton and a half; sheep require a ton to eight sheep, or twelve ton to a hundred, and calves will make away with about half a ton each. Thus I am aware is more than has been usually allowed, but I am confident it will be found rather under than over the quantity required where hay alone is used, and it is desired to bring the stock through in good order. Farmers by the use of other fodder, such as corn stalks, straw, &c., greatly reduce the quantity of hay fed, and where the materials are cut, a still further saving is effected. If horses are worked constantly during the winter, they must have at least thirty dollars worth of oats to a span, in addition to the hay. I am convinced that horses pay the least profit of any animal whatever in proportion to the cost of raising, and should be pleased to see sheep and cattle taking the place of those droves of straggling worthless colts that swarm on many farms. First rate horses will always command a good price; as the means of keeping at present are, ordinary horses are worse than nothing. Animals with us must be fed from the first of Nov. to the middle of April or later, and those which are the most valuable in every respect should alone be selected by the farmer as the subject of such expense. Let every one count the cost of his different animals, and determine for himself.

A. B.

## NEWS.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, after returning from France, visited Belgium, and returned in safety to Windsor.

The markets for manufactures and all kinds of agricultural produce in Great Britain were steadily advancing.

**IRISH REPEAL.**—This agitation, or revolution, goes on without cessation or interruption. Immense meetings are constantly held, at nearly all of which O'Connell appears in person. His labors are immense, and his influence over the mass is growing constantly stronger. He fortunately uses it in a peaceful, lawful manner, and no violation of any statute of the kingdom seems as yet to have occurred.

On the 23rd of August, at a large public meeting at Dublin, Mr. O'Connell brought forward his plan of a Repeal of the Union. It is a document embracing nine articles, the first of which is an acknowledgment of the prerogatives of the Queen, her heirs and successors, and declaring allegiance to her. The second is an acknowledgment of the right of the hereditary peerage of Ireland. Subsequent articles provide for the restoration of the Irish House of Commons, to consist of 300 members, of whom 173 shall be representatives of counties, and 127 representatives of towns. The members are distributed according to the population of the counties and towns. The vote to be by ballot. The plan is to be carried into effect "according to recognized law and strict constitutional principle." One of the English papers says, the first movement toward the actual election of such a Parliament, will be followed by the indictment of all the leaders for treason.

London papers state, that the King of the French had signified his intention to reciprocate the friendly visit of Queen Victoria, by an excursion to England in the course of the present autumn.

O'Connell's rent for this year has reached an aggregate of £40,000 sterling.

Trade in England has been improved, and the factories thrown into rather brisk employ, chiefly by large orders from foreign countries; so that the lamentable disturbances among the manufacturing population are likely to be allayed.

The Harvest has been, on the whole, satisfactory; for, though some crops were rather light, the increased quantity sown makes up for it.

Captain Ross has returned in the *Erebus* and *Terror*, from his distant voyage of exploration, after an absence of four years.

During the last Session of Parliament, Deputations from the Anti-Corn-Law League visited eighteen counties, in which twenty-two county meetings were held.

The number of soldiers receiving pensions from 6d and 9d to 1s per diem, is upwards of 50,000.

The riots in South Wales become more formidable, as the rioters become better organized, and a jury has refused to convict one of the offenders, although clearly guilty by the evidence. This state of things is causing great anxiety.

The English Quakers, Alexander and Wiffen, had arrived at Copenhagen, to convince the Danish Government of the expediency to abolish slavery in the Danish West India Islands.

A plan for the emancipation of the Slaves in the island of St. Bartholomew has been ordered to be laid before the next Assembly of the Estates, by the King of Sweden.

Of 386 Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts and Barons, in the English Peerage, 296 have been created within the last 100 years, and only 40 more than 200 years ago.

Several Chinese, who have been educated at Rome as priests, in the Propaganda, have departed as preachers of the Gospel, for their native land.

**IMPROVEMENT IN MANNERS.**—Mr. Wood, Editor of the *Albany Evening Journal*, remarks in a late letter, from England, that profane swearing has gone quite out of fashion. The oaths and imprecations so common on this side the water, are not heard there, even among the lowest classes of society. This is an example of good morals and decent manners which ought to be adopted here. If the fear of God and regard for moral obligation will not prevent this vulgar habit, at least self-respect and regard for the common decencies of life should. No gentleman will now be found using profane language.

**HEMP IN IOWA.**—The farmers of Iowa are turning their attention to the cultivation of hemp, the present crops of which promise well. A rope and twine factory is in operation at Rock Island, the hemp of which is now supplied from St. Louis; but the *Davenport Gazette* expects that enough will be raised this season in that and the opposite country to supply it with the raw material.

**SILK IN MEXICO.**—A Paris paper states, that agents from Mexico are occupied in the purchase of machinery, and the enlistment of adepts and operatives for the introduction of the silk manufacture into that country, with every modern improvement.

A late number of the *Washington National Intelligencer*, containing advertisements for 96 runaway slaves, offers in the aggregate \$3500 for their apprehension. How much better would it be, to let the poor negroes run, and give them \$3500 to set them up in the world as MEN, instead of expending it in hunting them down as brutes!—*American Paper*.

The *Genesee Farmer* says, that in Seneca county, in the State of New York, more than one thousand acres of land have been put under flax, merely for the purpose of obtaining seed to make oil. Large quantities are also raised in other counties.

The *Rochester Post* says, "G. W. A. Mills, of Mount Morris, Livingston Co., had a pair of oxen at the Cattle Show, which weighed six thousand two hundred and fifty pounds."

The whale fishery of the United States employs 650 ships, of 183,000 tons, giving employment to 16,000 people.

The Canadian Parliament has met, and been the scene of several stormy debates. Messrs. Harrison and Cameron have resigned their places, in consequence of the intention of the Cabinet to remove the Seat of Government to Montreal.

A tariff of duties is proposed, and doubtless will be immediately imposed, upon live stock, and meat of all kinds, from the United States.

### Monies Received on Account of

*Advocate*.—C. Brooks, Lennoxville, 3s 6d; P. Freeland, Toronto, 10s 6d, A. McGlashen, Toronto, 3s 6d; J. Christie & Son, Toronto, £1 1s; Sergt. Grant, Royals, Toronto, 10s; Sundries, Montreal 12s 6d.

*Arrears*.—C. Brooks, Lennoxville. £3 17s; Sundries, Montreal, 12s 6d.

*Open Accounts*.—J. Christie & Son, Toronto, £5.

*Donations and Subscriptions*.—Two Friends, Thornhill, 7s 6d; Napance Society, 3s; Perth Temperance Society, £1 13s

*Penny Subscriptions*.—George McIntyre, Perth, 6s 6d.