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CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

DEVOTED TO

Total Abstinence, Legal Prohibition, and Social Progress.

[Vol. XX.]

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 15, 1854.

[No. 24.]

The Man and the Demon.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

PART SECOND—THE DEMON.

(Conclusion.)

"Some brandy," said a pale featured man, coming up hurriedly to the bar of a small country tavern, and reaching out his hand eagerly.

"Nothing more at this bar without the money. That's decided!" was the tavernkeeper's firmly spoken answer.

"Just a single glass, for Heaven's sake! I'll settle all off to-morrow," urged the wretched man, as he leaned on the counter, and bent far over towards the shelves on which the decanters of liquor were ranged.

"Not a drop. And see here, Erskine, I don't want you about here any more—so just keep away for good and all. If you'll do that I'll wipe off old scores. If not confound me! if I don't clap you in jail for debt. I won't have such a drunken, good-for-nothing fellow hanging about my premises. It's disgraceful."

"That's hard talk, Grimes—hard talk!" said the poor wretch, "and you with so much of my money in your till. But come! don't be so close with me. There—do you see my hand," and he held out his arm, that shook with a strong nervous tremor—"I must have something to steady me, or I'm gone!"

"Not a dram more. I've said it, and I'll stick to it," coldly and cruelly answered the landlord. "And what's more, you've got to leave this bar instantan."

And as Grimes said this, he passed from behind the counter, with the evident intention of forcing his customer out of the house. A quick change was now visible, not only in the face of Erskine, but in his whole person. His hand, that lay trembling against the bar railing, at once became steady, and gripped the railing firmly; his stooping body, in appearance so weak and unstrung, rose up erect, while a fierce, defiant scowl darkened his countenance. By this time the landlord had left the bar and was within a few feet of him.

"I want you to leave here at once," said Grimes sharply, waving his hand, and nodding his head towards the door as he spoke.

"I'm not just ready to go now," was the cool reply of Erskine, as his now glittering eyes fixed themselves on the face of Grimes.

"Go you must! I've said it, and that ends it. If ever you set your foot inside of my house again, I will cowskin you. Go!"

And he was about to lay his hand on Erskine, when the latter stepped backwards a pace or two, saying, as he did so—

"Don't touch me, Dave Grimes; I've got the devil

in me now, and had as lief kill you as look at you. So don't tempt me."

"Bah!" ejaculated the landlord contemptuously, advancing again upon the inebriate, and making an attempt as he did so to grasp him by the collar, for the purpose of choking him into submission. His hand scarcely touched the person of Erskine, ere the latter with a demoniac cry sprang upon him, with so sudden a shock as to bear him to the floor. As the landlord fell beneath his assailant, the grip of the latter was on his throat. To free himself from this, he deemed an easy thing; but for once he was in error. He was not now dealing, as he supposed, with a nerveless and exhausted drunkard, whom a child might overcome. The poor despised wretch was suddenly transformed through an influx of malignant passions into the disordered elements of his mind, to a fierce wild beast. There was an iron grip in his hand, as it tightened on the throat of his prostrate victim; while the terrible expression of his eyes and face too clearly indicated his purpose to commit murder. And fatal would have been the result, had not the timely entrance of a third person prevented the catastrophe.

"I told you the devil was in me," said Erskine, as he shook himself free from the hands of the man who dragged him from the fallen body of the landlord, and stood glaringly a fiend-like defiance upon the now thoroughly frightened Grimes.—"I meant to have killed you; and I feel like doing it yet. It would be nothing more than a just retribution. You beggar and destroy a poor wretch, both body and soul, while he has money to pay you for your hellish work; but when every sixpence he had in the world lies safely in your till, you would thrust him out with biting insult, even though he stands shivering in nervous exhaustion before you, and almost begs a mouthful of stimulant to save him from horrible madness. Dave Grimes, you may be thankful for your escape now, but the work shall be done more surely, if ever my hand reaches your accursed throat again. Give me some brandy!"

These last words were uttered in a loud, fierce, commanding voice. Grimes waited not for their repetition, but hurried into his bar, and taking a decanter of brandy placed it upon the counter. This was seized by Erskine, and a large glass filled more than half full of the drugged and fiery liquor, that poisoned while it fevered the system. At a single draught this disappeared, and his hand was on the decanter again, when both the landlord and the person who had just enter'd interposed to prevent him drinking any farther. Madly he resisted this interference, but there were two against him now, and, though he struggled

desperately, he was soon hurled into the road, and the door barred against him.

Homeward the degraded man soon after turned his steps. Homeward! Had he a home? Reader, ten years have elapsed since you heard his mellow tones swelling upwards on the evening air in heart gushing thankfulness for the possession of a house. He was a man, then. A noble-minded, unselfish, love-inspired man, into whose arms, and upon whose bosom, were folded household treasures more prized than all worldly wealth or honors. You saw the vine and flower wreathed cottage nestling beneath the old elms, where a joyful reunion took place after a brief absence. You entered, gazed upon a happy group within, and called that home an earthly paradise.

Go home with Henry Erskine again. Only ten brief years have passed. Is he still in the cottage under the elms? No, no, reader. You will not find him there. Long, long ago, his wife and children passed weeping from its door. But yonder, in that old, dingy hovel, the windows shattered, the little enclosures broken down, and every sign of vegetation, except rank weeds, gone—there you will find the miserable family of Henry Erskine. Ah! no less changed are they. You will look in vain on their countenance for signs of gentle, loving affections. In the fall of him to whom they clung they have also fallen, not in the debasing slough of sensuality, where he lies prostrate and almost powerless, but evil affections have gradually prevailed, until the garden of their minds is overrun with thorns and briars.

You enter the wretched habitation. Surely there must be some mistake! In twice ten years a transformation such as this could hardly have been wrought. The sharp-featured and hollow-eyed woman who sits idle and brooding there, as if all hope in life had faded, cannot be the once glad-hearted Mrs. Erskine of "Elm Cottage." These hungry, miserable clad, prematurely old looking—are they the same we saw in the pleasant home, so gay and clad with their happy father? It is incredible. This cannot be the home of a man. Alas, no! It is the abode of a demon. And, see! he enters now the dwelling accursed by his presence. Not as a man comes he with blessings to the beloved inmates, but as a demon, scattering curses. The mother starts up, the children shriek away—all feel the shadow that rests upon their spirits grow darker.

From some cause the wretched being is in an unwonted state of excitement. There is something fearful to look upon his face—a demoniac expression that appeals. He is angry with himself—angry with everybody. In his heart is a fierce desire to commit violence.

"Ha! what are you doing here?" he cries, on discovering that his eldest boy is in the room. "Why have you come home?"

The frightened lad stammers out something about having offended his master, and being turned away from his place. Really innocent of any deliberate fault is the boy. He is not the wronger, but the wronged. He has tried to please a hard, exciting master, but failed in the earnest effort. All this the mother comprehends. But the insane father takes everything for granted against his son. Seizing him cruelly by the hair, he strikes him with his clenched fist, and assails

him with curses. Maddened at the sight, the mother seizes a heavy stick, and, with a single blow, paralyzes the arm of her husband.

She might have spared the blow. Even as it was descending, the hand that clutched the hair of the boy was unloosing its grasp, and a paralyzing terror seizing the heart of the wretched drunkard. What has fixed his eyes? Why do they start thus, almost from their sockets? Is a lion in the door? Some appalling destruction at hand? Now he has sprung to his feet—an ashy pallor on his disfigured countenance—and both hands are rising to keep off some object that he sees approaching. You see nothing. No—your eyes are not opened; and pray to heaven they never may be as his are at this awful moment. But, as real to him as the open door itself, entering through that door, and approaching him nearer and nearer is the horrible form of a serpent, bearing upwards the head of a man. In the face all malignant passions are in vivid play. Nearer and nearer it comes—nearer and nearer!—Backwards the frightened wretch shrinks, almost belching with terror, until he crouches in a far corner of the room, both hands raised to keep off the monster that still approaches. Now, the serpent is on him! Now, its cold, slimy body is wreathing neck and limbs! O, that yell of horror! Will it ever be done ringing in your ears? It was as the last cry of a lost demon!

Come! come away! It is too horrible. We cannot endure the sight. There, shut the door—hide from all eyes but those of the wretched inmates, the appalling terrors of that room.

You breathe more freely—yes—but enough has been seen and heard to make you sad for days, to make you thoughtful at times for life.

O, what a work! The transformation of a man into a demon! And what, on this beautiful earth, has power to effect so fearful a transformation? Is the fatal secret known? Do fathers, husbands, councilmen, legislators, statesmen, know in what the terrible power lies? Ah, strange, yet true, and sad to tell, the monster whose breath poisons, whose touch blights every leaf of virtue, stalks daily abroad, his name emblazoned on his forehead. And stranger far than this—councilmen and legislators, in nearly every State, take bribes from this monster for the privilege of working these fearful transformations. They sell for money—(can it be believed?)—yes, they sell for money the right to curse the hearths and homes of their fellow men, to scatter destruction to souls and bodies, over the length and breadth of the land!

You have seen one man transformed to a demon! It is the history of thousands and tens of thousands. All around you are in progress, like transformations. When, when will this work cease?—When will the master of destruction be bound?

Man, husband, father, citizen, sleep no longer! Up! arouse yourself. There is a terrible enemy abroad. Come up bravely, resolutely to the battle, and lay not off your armor until the victory is won. Fear not, falter not. All the powers of Heaven are on your side, and if you fight on bravely, you will conquer at last. God speed the day of victory.

THE IRRITABLE MAN.—Hood gives a graphic picture of an irritable man thus:—"He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his prickles."

"Saved!"

BY N. S. B.

"No danger of being a drunkard," said young Norton, as he lifted the sparkling goblet to his lips: "I am not such a fool as *that*. Fools, not men of sense, make drunkards."

"But," said the friend, whose warning words to young Norton had occasioned the above contemptuous remark, "do you not remember that noble young man, Henry Lee, how he laughed at the entreaties of friends, despised their warning-words, and madly drank till all was lost in the blackness of misery, which enshrouds the unhappy inebriate? He was no fool, but possessed talents by far more brilliant than are commonly assigned to the lot of man. Like you he felt strong in his manhood—strong in the virtuous principles of a noble mind; and when friends besought him to shun the tempter's presence, he laughed them to scorn.

The occasional glass of wine, just to please fashion's caprices, just to avoid the imputation of oddness, was, in his opinion, unattended with evil consequences. He was deceived by a false light. He was lured by a siren voice, whose enchanting melody is but a prelude to the death-song of all the hopes of man.

Young Lee, though possessed of fine intellect, genius, whose efforts had already covered his youthful brow with the laurel of literary fame, could not discern a deadly foe lurking within the sparkling wine; and like a flower, plucked by some unseen, malicious hand, he fell beneath the destroyer's spell in the bloom of life, with the dark stain of a drunkard forever to blot the memory of his name.

Such an example is an argument, truth-telling and forcible; you cannot gainsay it. It tears into shreds those finely-woven sophistries which have so long deluded the souls of men with the idea of *safety* in the moderate use of wine and other spirituous liquors.

I need not tell you, my friend, that such an example renders your arguments unground, your reasoning fallacious, your whole position totally at variance with the first principles of truth. I speak plainly, but not unfairly. My words are pointed and truthful; like arrows they are intended to pierce the thoughtless soul with conviction.

Upon my own testimony, I ask you not to rely, but point to the history of one who, commencing the use of strong drink under circumstances similar with yourself, met with speedy death in the vortex of intemperance. And this one is but the type of a countless throng, whose souls are steeped in darkness by that 'invisible' fiend of alcohol, of whom the poet has said:

"Oh! thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou has no other name, we'll call thee—devil!"

Now is the time to dash the poison from your lips;—now the time to absolve yourself from all allegiance to the demon of the wine-cup. If you fail to do so, may God have mercy on you; for the horrors of death are small in comparison with those which the victims of intemperance suffer daily.

Beware of the wine-cup;—beware of strong drink in any form. This is my warning—my first and my last. Touch not, taste not, handle not, the accursed thing."

As these words died on the lips of the speaker, he turned and left young Norton standing with the glass of wine still clutched within his now nervous grasp. There was hesitation in his countenance. A struggle was evi-

dently going on in his mind. Once the fear of ridicule, the thought of sneering companions, of fashion's curses, would have been enough to silence any momentary doubt about the propriety of drinking a glass of wine; but *now*, with the words of his friend still ringing in his ears, he paused to consider, and as he considered truth broke in upon his mind. Starting as from an unpleasant dream, he dashed the goblet to the earth, trampled it beneath his feet; and uttered a single word—"Saved."

Many years have passed, and many changes have come over the spirit of young Norton's dream since that hour, but he will never forget it. Young Norton is forgotten in the dignified old gentleman with locks of snowy hue, who is addressed with the title of Hon. prefixed to his name. There is a single word engraved upon a locket which he wears in his bosom,—it is "Saved." It is the only visible record he has kept of that hour, when bursting the fetters of passion and prejudice he dashed the wine-cup down and involuntarily uttered the magic word of deliverance.—*Maine Tem. Journal.*

The Way to Promote the Temperance Cause.

The first requisite to this end is undoubtedly a consistent observance of the principles by which the advocate of Temperance professes to be governed; for example is the corner-stone on which our institution rests. It is in vain that we recommend the habit of abstinence to others; it is in vain that we descant upon the excellencies of the system, that we represent the benefit derived by the bodily powers from the abandonment of those pernicious beverages, against the use of which our exertions are directed or the frightful effects of their imbibition on the moral constitution of man, if our own walk and conduct are not such as to prove the sincerity of our belief in the doctrines we seek to enforce. It is all to no purpose that we keep the Temperance pledge for a time, if at intervals we violate it. The very restraint over the appetite, if not persevered in, is made use of by the opponents of our cause as an argument against our system. And we may depend upon it that our conduct is observed with a lynx-eyed scrutiny, and that even the slightest departure from the straight road rarely escapes detection. The delinquencies of its professing friends, we are persuaded, have done infinitely more harm to the Temperance cause than their adhesion ever did good. Better to go to the war with a small but Spartan band than with a million of craven-hearted followers. Nor is it alone necessary that we be consistent in respect to drinking. It is likewise essential that we should *appear* to be so. Every sincere advocate of our cause should endeavour to be like Cæsar's wife—*above suspicion*—and for this purpose he should avoid the haunts of dissipation as religiously as we would the inebriating bowl itself. Apart from the danger of being enticed to drink, is the *quasi* encouragement given to those who do, and the pernicious patronage thus extended to a class of houses it is desirable to have removed. Nor is this all. Who is there who can count for a moment upon escaping the suspicion that his object in visiting such places is reprehensible, and that his conduct there reproachable? It is not to be inferred from what we have said, that there is an especial need of warning at this time; or even that the instances were ever very frequent of Temperance men seeking company at the Tavern? Cases of the kind have come to our knowledge; but it is to be hoped that the animadversion that

has been made upon the practice, together with time for reflection, will have taught the inexpediency of resorting to the grog-shop, even for the purpose of enjoying a plate of oysters or a mutton pie.

But there is one particular which has not received due attention, and in which the advocates of Temperance have sometimes erred; we mean in the time and mode of their advocacy of it. In Temperance as in Religion there is need that its professors should be "*wise as serpents and as harmless as doves.*" For, while we maintain that it is requisite and *only honest* to avow our principles by our conduct on all occasions, we believe that there is always a discretion as to the mode which we make them known and the manner in which we comport ourselves towards those whose habits differ from our own in respect to the use of intoxicants. We may intrude our opinions in an inauspicious moment, or we may be indiscreet in the choice of language while endeavouring to maintain them. *Courtesy* is always appreciated, and a winning manner often disarms an adversary, even before the battle is begun, while coarseness and censoriousness provoke opposition and close every avenue to the judgment and conviction of the opponent. We believe that an ill-timed and offensive sally upon the habits of the company in which we may chance to be, is calculated to damage our cause as much as the studious concealment of our views. A manly, firm, decided conduct is what is wanted, and will always ensure respect, and is as far removed from obtrusiveness as it is from obsequiousness. It is not necessary that the Temperance man should be a boor, nor, while he evinces to the world that he is proof against the censure and the ridicule of the ill-mannered, that he should be regardless of the good opinion of the better-behaved.

Again, in the advocacy of Temperance, everything should be done with this one end in view—the *furtherance of the cause*. Wounding the feelings of others should be studiously avoided. Not that we agree with those who prefer to be inactive rather than do good at the risk of giving offence. We are oppressed with no such squeamishness. What we maintain and seek now to impress upon the mind of the reader, is, that we should not say or do anything for the mere purpose of injuring the feelings of others. Giving offence is unavoidable in the prosecution of every work of reform. You can scarcely take a step without brushing against somebody's sores. That can't be helped. Go on; never inflict a needless wound.

Let us not be misunderstood—as joining in the cry of those who reproach the advocates of Temperance with Intemperance. We believe that the stigma which has been cast upon the advocates of our cause is as unfounded as it is malicious; for, while we are ready to admit that there may be many indiscreet advocates of Temperance, (and what cause has not such among its supporters?) we maintain that the Temperance Reform does not compare unfavorably in this respect with any other moral movement. That there is zeal and enthusiasm we are free to admit, nay, we are proud of it. That this zeal and enthusiasm is not always tendered by discretion and judgment we are far from denying. Zeal and enthusiasm are both an effect and a cause, without which the Temperance Reform could have no vitality. To suppose that they would never hurry the possessor beyond the strict line of propriety would be to give him credit for qualities which fall to the lot of no other men.

What we seek, therefore, in penning these remarks, is to raise the standard of the Temperance character generally to a point nearer that comparative perfection which all must admire, though they may not imitate, and which is described in the motto *sans peur et sans reproche*.—*N. B. Temperance Telegraph.*

Secrets of Trade.

A Wall Street wine merchant was last week prosecuted and convicted, in one of our city courts of justice, for imitating the labels of a rival wine manufacturer, and using them on bottles containing his own composition, under the name of "Sparkling Champagne." There is honor among thieves, it is said, but not so among wine and liquor dealers it would appear, as the proprietor of certain 'Schnapps' complains that unprincipled men are imitating his gin, to the diminishing of his profits, and cautions the public against using the simulated article; he being the only original Jacobs; and now, here is another instance of violation of this time-honored adage, in the case of which we are writing, wherein a tradesman damages the pockets, to say nothing of the hard-earned reputation of a brother chip, by manufacturing, using the brand, and selling at seven dollars the basket champagne that the other had been getting fourteen dollars for, thereby destroying a valuable monopoly, and by forcing him into court for the protection of his rights, exposing the secrets of wine manufacturing, which would be rather injurious to trade, should *gentlemen* grow fastidious in their tastes.

In all probability the same cider, sugar of lead, and other ingredients used in this growing branch of American industry, entered into the two compounds; for no one supposes that either mixture ever saw a grape; but the underselling, that was the "unkindest cut of all," and nothing but exemplary damages could compensate for the loss of trade and ruinously small receipts.

A waggish cotemporary suggests that the offender should be made to drink several bottles of his own wine, but to this we object, as it would be a violation of the law against excessive and vindictive punishment, as laws are intended to reform only, and not to gratify a spirit of revenge.

But it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the lovers of champagne have now an opportunity of buying the article at seven dollars a basket, instead of the hotel price of two dollars a bottle, that is, if they can drink it without the genuine label, if not, then buy the fourteen dollar Simon-pure, and thus save ten dollars on a dozen bottles. No small item for those who affect gentility by giving champagne suppers, and are ambitious of being thought profuse in their expenditures. In the meantime apoplexy and congestion of the brain carry off large numbers of our fashionable people; but whether any inference may be drawn as to cause and effect, from the aforesaid *exposé*, we leave to the judgment of all physiologists.—*N. Y. Organ.*

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says that "some men lived better with a bad system of theology, than many men who had a good one," and that "*some men could do more with a jack knife than others could do with a whole chest of tools.*" For instance: General Sam. Houston is understood to have whittled his way to the Presidency of one republic, and the Senate of another.

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Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 15, 1854.

Close of the Twentieth Volume.

To review the entire series of volumes of the *Canada Temperance Advocate* is not our intention in the present number. But we flatter ourselves that any candid examiner of our career would allow that there has been throughout a consistent maintenance of the principles of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. It is acknowledged universally that the *Advocate* has done much to educate the public mind in a right direction; for it has by innumerable facts and arguments demonstrated the Scriptural soundness of total abstinence, and has confirmed thousands in a steady adherence to the temperance reform. The friends of the cause have to a very creditable extent sustained this publication, and in doing so have rendered assistance in the promulgation and extension of public morality.

In concluding the twentieth volume we have nothing to retract as to the principles advanced. As compared with some of the first years of this enterprise, there is a difference. The idea of a total prohibition of the traffic is now an essential feature of the temperance reform, not to the exclusion of moral suasion; but as necessary to the permanent success of that sort of effort. Readers of the *Advocate* need no explanation of our views. Each number has always given a certain sound. Whatever difference of opinion there may have been concerning the opinions expressed by the *Advocate*, there has been no misunderstanding of our meaning. Without any pretensions to rhetorical embellishment, there has constantly been before the reader a clear and comprehensive exposition of what we consider sound opinions, and invulnerable truths.

The year now closing has been, in many respects, a very eventful one. A fearful epidemic swept over the country during the summer months, and thousands are numbered with the dead who, at the beginning of the year, had apparently as much promise of life as any of us. It is to be feared that many, through fear and false medical opinions, returned to the use of intoxicants. Many have not recovered from the snare of the tempter, and their fall is deeply to be lamented. The medical men who commended liquor during the cholera have much to answer for; they have ruined thousands for both worlds. At the proper time, we warned our readers against deception, and we hope our efforts were not without their beneficial effects. If another such occasion should occur, we shall not fail to maintain the duty and expediency of total abstinence.

During the year a general election has taken place. In

many places the temperance question was considered in the selection of candidates, and many gentlemen were elected to the Legislature who were pledged to support the Maine Law. But we do not think there has yet been the formation of a temperance party, which, by suitable organization, has brought out the full sentiment of the country. If we have a Maine Law Legislature, certainly the old foggy politicians cannot charge us or our friends generally with political manœuvring and strategy in order to carry our measures. If we succeed now in obtaining a prohibitory law, it can be attributed only to the simple force of truth upon the conscience, by personal effort rather than by party combination. We hope for the Maine Law, but we are not quite sure of it this session. The *Advocate*, however, will be found true as steel. No finching! The rum-sellers, like the Russians, fly before the bayonet.

The *Canada Temperance Advocate* will commence its twenty-first volume on the first of January next. The prospectus already issued defines our position. Our colors are flying at the mast head of the good old ship—first in the campaign—never to retire until the battle is won and every fortress of the enemy dismantled. You, dear reader, wish to hear the shout of victory—then stand to your arms—the *Advocate* is your leader. We are ready for hotter battle than any engagement yet passed through. The enemy is strongly entrenched, but we expect to route them at all and every point. Send on the reinforcements. Ten thousand soldiers enlisted in our ranks, and standing fair on our books, will assure the aliens that a retreat for us is impossible, but for them a safe, if not honorable course.

Every one an Agent.

Without dispensing with the services of those numerous friends who have for years past been so very vigilant and successful in circulating the *Advocate*, we yet wish to engage every present reader and subscriber in active effort to raise at least TEN THOUSAND for the new volume. At least, we say, for we really have a notion that more may be done, and we hope more will be done. We repeat what we said on the 15th of November last, and respectfully urge attention thereto:—

“To accomplish anything great in the way of increasing our subscription list, it is of importance to begin early. Every subscriber may be considered as appointed Agent for the *Advocate*. All who send six subscribers and upwards, with the cash in advance, will be entitled to a copy of the *Advocate* gratis. If to-day you set about this work you may to-morrow send forward your lists. It will greatly facilitate our business, especially in the matter of getting our mail books regulated, if our friends will immediately set to work, and send their orders in December.

The Publisher would have been glad if he could have offered greater inducements to friends who might be inclined to assist in circulating the *Advocate*; but when it is considered that expenditures connected with the Printing business have all greatly augmented, and yet no advance on the price of the Periodical itself, it will be perceived, without argument, that for the *Advocate* to pay its own way, it must have an increased list of paying subscribers at 2s. 6d. each. Nevertheless, in the Prospectus the Publisher says he “again offers to agents and friends who may forward twenty subscribers with the cash, a copy of that very useful book *Mopleton, or More Work for the Maine Law*; or if they have already that, some other work of equal value, and a copy of the *Advocate*.” Those who obtain 20 subscribers, may choose from the following list

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THE CADET, Two Volumes Bound in One; or,
A BOUND VOLUME OF THE MAPLE LEAF.

One more vigorous effort through Canada, and then the *Advocate* again becomes an efficient instrument for good."

Festivities of Christmas and New Year.

We suppose it will be generally admitted that the spread of temperance principles has had a very beneficial effect in many and various ways. Not among the least important or interesting may be noted the improved habits of the people on occasions of festivity and social enjoyment. There is less of wine-drinking and brandy-bibbing than there once was; and there are large numbers of families who have long ago found out that they and their friends can be abundantly happy, and enjoy each other's society without the stimulating aid of intoxicants. But we fear there are yet many who adhere to ancient and dangerous usages, and make "provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof;" and, further, we are afraid that there are those who once abstained, and kept the liquor from their table and side-board, who have backslidden and relapsed into their old habits of drinking and offering drinks to others. Medical or, perhaps, friendly advice during the prevalence of epidemic, may have done much toward bringing about this calamitous result; but, however it may be as to the cause, the fact itself, to whatever extent it may be so, is much to be deplored. We are sure true friends of the people will most deeply deplore it. Can we say or do anything to remedy the grievance? We may—let us try.

The eye of some one—perhaps the head of a family—may fall on this page and paragraph, who is more than half inclined to comply with the baneful custom of furnishing liquor to friends on festive occasions. May we entreat you to consider what it is you propose to do. It may be attended with consequences the most terrible to contemplate. You may kindle an appetite in some dear friend that you may never be able to extinguish. Pause then and resolve not to provide liquor as an "article of entertainment."

New Year's Day is that one day—the first day of the year—when the temptations to drink and provide drink, are the most difficult to resist. It is that day, too, whereon more mischief has been done than on any other single day in the year. A custom prevails (we say, nothing here as to its absurdity or propriety), but a custom prevails whereby gentlemen are required to call on the ladies of their acquaintance, or with whom they may desire to become acquainted, and present their friendly greetings and salutations. Every family, professedly Christian, ought religiously to "abstain from all appearance of evil," and, for conscience sake, to lead no one "into temptation." We shall not argue the case. But we unhesitatingly declare our doubts of the religious character of those persons who will, at this hour of the clock of moral progress, offer intoxicating liquors as a beverage on any occasion of annual or periodical festivity. Can a Christian utter that part of the Lord's prayer, "lead us not into temptation," and yet present the "cup of devils" to a neighbor, or brother, or

friend? It is impossible. Away the bowl! Banish it from your tables! Keep New Year's soberly, and if you must prove your social and amiable qualities by providing refreshments, we entreat you to prepare "the cup which cheers but not inebriates."

Yet, in this age of pliable morality, there may be many found who will, notwithstanding the actual dangers and the inward motions of conscience, supply their sideboard or table with stimulating drinks. Many will, therefore, be exposed to vicious indulgence who otherwise and generally are under no special temptations to vice. To such we say, Enter not into temptation. Resist the tempting bait, even though offered by the fair hand of female loveliness. Even if it could be shown that moderate drinking is safe, remember, as said the great John Foster, "It may be fair and harmless at the outset, but how far on?" "How may it, by a natural progress, affect the passion after a while? What may very probably fall in and mingle with it? This demands an exercise of discerning foresight.—Be fearful of that where the temptation is certain and the good only possible, or at best only probable. A dangerous problem this: How much good possible is worth how much temptation certain? Let suspicion and alarm be awakened when we find our minds at work to make out anything to be innocent against doubt and uneasy conscience." Abstinence can do you no harm. Indulgence may be your ruin. We anticipate with fearful forebodings the effects of what may transpire on next New Year's Day. We lift our warning voice both to the tempting and the tempted. Beware of what you do. A fearful retribution awaits the transgressor. Reader, be persuaded to pursue a course that you may reflect on with pleasure when you come to die.

The Gazette quoting the Morning Chronicle.

In our last we made a brief reply to the attack which the *Gazette* of this city was pleased to make on the Maine Law. Since then the *Gazette* has copied an article from the *London Morning Chronicle*, which, coinciding with his own views, must have afforded considerable gratification. We must say, however, that our opponents on both sides of the Atlantic do most strangely misrepresent the Maine Law itself, and do at the same time misrepresent its effects where it is in operation. This great social question is not dealt with fairly; it is not argued on the same principles as other similar questions which are considered proper subjects of legislation, and parallels are drawn with apparent sincerity which are in reality no parallels at all. It is our business to justify legislation on this matter, and do what we can to rescue the Maine Law from the unscrupulous falsifications of its adversaries.

Omitting reference to the first half of the article copied by the *Gazette* from the *Chronicle*, because our last reply to the *Gazette* covers most of the ground, we beg the reader's attention to the following paragraph:—

"After all, these prohibitory laws are, and ever will be, of unequal incidence. Even now, in Maine itself, every man who can import a hogshead of brandy, or a pipe of wine, can get as drunk as he pleases at home. And if, for social purposes, we are resolved to make drunkenness impossible in the poor man, we ought to guard against its possible commission by the rich man. It may be true, and in one sense it is, that drunkenness is a grave social offence; but unless we treat intoxication as equal

nal in every class of the community, we are legislating unjustly. If it is the duty of the State to interfere on behalf of a moral virtue, it must do its work thoroughly; and great as may be the benefits of compelling sobriety, the compulsion must be total. In other words, the social advantages of lessening drunkenness are more than counterbalanced by the immoral spectacle of a law which permits exceptions to its principles in the case of all who are rich enough to afford the luxury of setting it at defiance."

In the above short paragraph there are several things worthy of notice, as showing the egregious mistakes men will make who write about what they do not take the pains to understand. These prohibitory laws are of "unequal incidence," because they prevent the poor from doing that which the rich may do with impunity,—that is, procure law by some means or other. Now, we think it possible, nay more, we think it certain, that in spite of the most stringent prohibitory laws, both the rich and the poor may contrive some means of intoxication; but will anybody therefore argue that the State ought, by legislation, to afford its aid and sanction to either class, whereby certain other parties pandering to vitiated tastes may, for a consideration, present the means of sensual gratification. The inequality of which the *Chronicle* and *Gazette* complains is fully as great under license laws as under prohibitory laws, as between the rich and the poor; for the poor, in consequence of poverty, cannot obtain as much as the rich, and in many myriads of instances cannot get any at all. There are and will be inequalities in society which we cannot remedy by legislation; but will our social philosophers of the *Gazette* and *Chronicle* justify the liquor traffic on the ground that rich and poor may alike get drunk, and thus claim an honorable equality?

"Unless," says the *Chronicle*, "we treat intoxication as equally criminal in every class of the community, we are legislating unjustly." This is just the equal view of intoxication which the Maine Law takes, if it may be considered as having anything to do with intoxication directly. Regarding it as equally criminal in all, it proposes to prohibit the traffic to prevent that criminality in any, and if the rich, by perversity of judgment will get it any how, what then? Are they better off on that account?—Let the thousands, who, by the use of strong drink have come down from wealth to beggary, or from health to a premature grave, answer that question. Once more, however, looking at the little paragraph above, it assumes, concerning the Maine Law, that which is not true. It assumes that the law is set at defiance by a person who may be fool enough to get drunk. It is presumptive evidence that some person may have broken the law, but it is possible to get drunk in Maine without violating what we call the Maine Law, its chief provision being simply a prohibition of the traffic.

Take another paragraph from the *Chronicle* as endorsed by the *Gazette*, it relates to the old topic of consistency.

"Further, the law," says the *Chronicle*, "in taking the place of moral suasion, ought not merely to be equal, but consistent. Not only must it prohibit intemperance in the matter of drinking, but in that of eating. Paley tells us that the quantity of corn consumed in distilled liquors is a sufficient reason for prohibiting its use in the form of alcohol. On the same principle, the State is bound to see that there be no waste, not only in the matter of grain consumed in distillation, but in flour profligately expended in pastry

and other luxuries. If it is a robbery of the national storehouse, and if it unnecessarily enhances the price of corn, to permit a single bushel to find its way into the distillery, second courses and soups are equally an unjustifiable waste of the common stock of beef and mutton. We must have sumptuary laws against the table as well as the bottle.—We must interfere with the dish as well as with the glass—with tobacco no less than with rum. Velvet and satin are equally an offence with port and sherry. Nor can we stop here. Temperance is only one of the majestic circle of Christian graces or moral virtues, but if the Legislature is bound to step in between a man and his conscience in one case, why not in all? Drunkenness is the ruin of families—it is a profligate waste of health and means—it entails not only on the sinner, but on all concerned with him, an incalculable amount of poverty and misery. We admit all this to the full. But so does idleness—so do incontinence and adultery—so does living beyond one's income. Are we to have a Maine prohibition specially directed against every breach of the moral law? If not, why against intemperance alone? Moralists and thinkers will, perhaps, add that, after all, special prohibition do not touch the root of the evil. Intemperance is only the accidental sin of general moral corruption. A man who is a drunkard does not labor so much under a specific and local weakness as under a total abeyance of moral restraints; and the experience of six thousand years proves the inability of merely secular prohibitions to cure this inveterate evil. Barbarism and vice, in their most hideous forms, may and do exist in communities where intoxication is impossible."

Now, here we have thrown together the dish, the glass, tobacco, velvet and satin and rum, and it is argued that if you interfere with one you ought to interfere with all. Now, what is the reason that the laws generally do not interfere with one—with velvet, for instance, as with rum? Simply because rum creates evils which velvet does not and cannot. Things that are equally dangerous may be equally prohibited. In the entire category of things possible, from any business, you cannot produce anything like the effects of the liquor traffic. It stands alone in the malignity and magnitude of its bitter fruits. Our opponents say "they admit all this to the full," but then add as a set-off,—"*So does idleness—so do incontinence and adultery—so does living beyond one's income;*"—i. e., they produce all as great evils as drunkenness. Of course we deny this; and every other body knows that it is totally incapable of proof. But if, for argument sake, we admit it, what then do our opponents gain? It is perfectly certain that public drunkenness is the fruit of the legalized traffic. The law, as it now stands, (for, unfortunately, we have not yet got the Maine law in Canada,) increases drunkenness; it has, in most cases, initiated the habits of intemperance, which are so perilous to social prosperity and happiness. Now, if idleness be as bad as drunkenness, would you, therefore, tolerate a law which increased idleness? Would you not rather sanction a law which rendered idleness at least less possible? If "incontinence and adultery" be as bad as drunkenness, would you, therefore, sanction a law which, in its necessary results, produced "incontinence and adultery?" Or, would you legalize brothels and houses of ill-fame? Ought the law to be so constituted that the heedless spendthrift may be facilitated to live beyond his income? Certainly not; in all the matters of public policy referred to above, the principle is clear and plain that legislation ought not to facilitate immorality. But, in the matter of intemperance, legislation leads to it, produces it, and increases it. The argument of our opponents about

the equality of crime in respect to its various manifestations, would necessitate equality of legislation concerning them all; and then all prohibitory laws must be abolished, and crime be left unimpeded. On their principles you have no more right to interfere with liquor than with velvet, or mutton chops. The least, then, that the Legislature can do, is to abolish the restrictive liquor laws, and give us free trade in grog as well as in ribbons and potatos. Of course all our readers well know that this is not what we seek or wish, but we maintain that it is the legitimate result of the argument of our enemies. To be consistent they must defend free trade in anything that can be ate, drank or worn. On the contrary, our doctrine is, that the liquor traffic stands alone in its profligacy, being in itself the fruitful source of crime and misery, and, therefore, ought to be prohibited forever. According to the sentiments of the *Gazette* and *Chronicle*, a drunkard labors under "a total abeyance of moral restraints," and, therefore, our theory is sound that the means and causes of drunkenness ought to be kept in "total abeyance" by total prohibition. Men may now plead a legal right to do that which is morally wrong. The *Edinburgh Review* has taken up this subject in another of its bearings, and lays down a principle which we regard not only as sound, but as specially applicable in the case under consideration.—"Law," says the *Review*, "ought to be made in every case, and to the utmost practical limit, coincident with the claims of moral and social equity. When this is not the case, the moral perceptions themselves become blunted; and there is scarcely any wrong which the exemption from legal liabilities, and the influence and contagion of example, may not induce the selfishness of man to suppose that he may do with as much innocence as impunity." We leave the subject with this quotation, begging the *Gazette* to digest it at his leisure.

Woman's Influence.

When subjects of great, and vital importance are being agitated in a country or community, the question often suggests itself to the minds of private individuals, "What is my duty?" and as the public mind is made up of individual minds, so the opinions and usages of a community are a sure index to the opinions and usages of the individuals, who make up that community. The main point, then, in resolving any great question, is to influence individual minds and hearts.

This is particularly true of the important question which is now attracting the attention of the public,—I mean the "Temperance question," and in reference to this, let every one, and especially every woman ask "What is my duty?" And, having asked, let the answer be sought for earnestly, and with prayer.

And what is duty in this case? Can any Christian woman,—nay more, can any sister, wife, or mother be long in doubt?

Is it not to discountenance in every possible way, the use of distilled liquors? Let this be done, and we shall have no need of legislating on the subject—no need of lengthened discussion—the question will be settled and our land be saved from the fearful inroads of the monster "Intemperance." Let every one do her duty nobly and fearlessly, and we shall be "a law unto ourselves."

But just as long as woman panders to the taste for stimulating beverages, even though it be in the most genteel manner, surrounded by the appliances of wealth, and the refinements of society, so long will the cause be weak and wavering—so long will fathers—husbands—brothers rush on to the drunkard's eternity of woe—so long will life be wasted, hopes blighted, and home, which should be the sanctuary of peace and happiness, be little less than a hell.

I speak warmly; it is because I feel warmly, and I believe that while men are answerable for their sins, whatever influences may surround them, yet woman has a great and fearful responsibility with reference to the influence she exerts, either directly, or indirectly on those around her.

Every woman, it is true, has not a husband; some have not a father or brother, but these cases are rare, and still rarer are those where a pure, warm-hearted woman has not some friend, on whom her smile of approval, or word of kindly, though earnest, reproof will not tell with sure and happy effect.

Let no one then take refuge behind the plea that she has no influence. A pebble dropped in mid-ocean is seemingly powerless; yet, in ever widening circles, it moves the waves from shore to shore, and so it is with our influence.

I well recollect, in conversation with a person, who was sacrificing his noble talents at the shrine of Intemperance, after I had urged him by every motive that I could bring forward, to break away from the habit which was hurrying him on to destruction, "Ah," said he, "if my sister had said to me, years ago, what you have said now, I should not have been the ruined man you see before you." I knew that sister, and knew that she had mourned over that brother's downward course, and yet lacked the courage to plead with him to retrace his steps to virtue and happiness.

We believe in the influence of others, let us not doubt our own, and not doubting, let us act on the belief. Impressed with a sense of the fearful exigencies of the case, with a just view of the miseries which the use of intoxicating drinks entails on its victims in this life, and more than all, having a firm belief in the truth of the Divine declaration, that no drunkard shall inherit the "Kingdom of God," let us not falter; and though man, with his stronger arm, must set the "Temperance Car" in motion, let us be sure that we lay no obstacles in the way of its progress.

EDLA.

Montreal, Dec. 15, 1854.

Feathers Fly—The Birds are Hit.

Quite a stir just now among the big dailies,—the liquor advertising commercial press. Our readers will find by our talk to the *Gazette* that the most ancient paper in Canada has been doing something in the way of denouncing the Maine Law. The *Transcript* has come out against the *Pilot*, and the *Advertiser* fights on his own hook against us, just when he feels inclined to. Very well, gentlemen, we are quite ready for you—one at a time, or all together, as you please. Our readers for 1855 will be kept quite animated, if the ammunition of the adversaries should hold out.

Editorial Scrap-Book.

BE NOT DISCOURAGED.—Glorious as was the promulgation of Christianity at its commencement it met with few supporters. From high positions, it was asked with peculiar significance, "Have any of the rulers believed on Him?" After years of labor, and the performance of stupendous miracles by the Saviour, one of his disciples betrayed, another denied, and they all forsook him and fled! Yet this Divine system has now become the glory of the world, and shall ultimately triumph over all opposition. So with the present great movement to perfect one branch of the gospel—it is destined to go forward and pervade the earth, opening the way for other gospel influences, where they have been all but shut out. We remember when the temperance army could be counted by one or two recruits in a place. We remember, after a powerful sermon preached in New York to a large congregation, the able Divine invited all those interested in the subject, to remain for consultation. How many does the reader suppose tarried? *One solitary man!* Now, in place of counting by tens, we count by millions those engaged in this great work; and these millions will have other millions added to their numbers, until the opponents of our noble enterprise shall constitute as insignificant a minority as its friends once did—with this difference, however, they, unlike its early advocates, will have no vital principle to sustain them, and in the darkest hour of adversity give them the assurance of ultimate victory. Be not discouraged. To the advocates of so beneficent an enterprise, there should be no such word as fail.—*Prohibitionist.*

A DEATH-BED REVELATION.—A large wine dealer, residing in London, recently, on his death-bed, being in great distress of mind, acknowledged to his friends that his agony was occasioned by the nature of the business he had followed for years. He stated that it had been his habit to purchase all the sour wines he could, and by making use of sugar of lead, and other deleterious substances, restored the wine to a palatable taste. He said he did not doubt he had been the means of destroying hundreds of lives, as he had from time to time noticed the injurious effects of his mixtures on those who drank them. He had seen instances of this kind where the unconscious victims of his cupidity, after wasting and declining for years, despite the best medical advice, went to their graves, *poisoned by the Adulterated Wines* he had sold them. This man died rich, but alas, what legacy did he leave for his children? Wealth gotten by deceit, and that not of a harmless, but fatal nature. Present dealers in intoxicating poisons!—you have got to die too. Do you not see how the Wine Fabricator, whose confession is recorded above, on his death-bed felt the deepest remorse for what he had done? Fly, then, from a traffic so horrible! You all know your drinks are shamefully adulterated by the most fatal drugs. You know they are poisoning and demoralizing to all who drink them. Law-makers, is it not time you should put your strong seal of condemnation on a traffic so wicked? If you do not, but permit this crying sin go on, are you not parties in the terrible guilt incurred?—*Ibid.*

HOW TO MAKE MONEY FAST AND HONESTLY.—Enter into a business of which you have a perfect knowledge. In

your own right, or by the aid of friends and long time, have a cash capital sufficient to do, at least, a cash business. Never venture on a credit business on commencement. Buy all your goods or materials for cash; you can take every advantage of the market, and pick and choose where you will. Be careful not to overstock yourself. Rise and fall with the market, on short stocks. Always stick to those whom you prove to be strictly just in their transactions, and shun all others, even at a temporary disadvantage. Never take advantage of a customer's ignorance, nor equivocate, or misrepresent. Have but one price, and a small profit, and you will find all the most profitable customers—the cash ones—or they will find you. If ever deceived in business transactions, never attempt to save yourself by putting the deception upon others, but submit to the loss, and be more cautious in future. According to the character or extent of your business, set aside a liberal per centage for printing and advertising, and do not hesitate. Never let an article, parcel, or package, go out from you without a handsomely printed wrapper, card, or circular, and dispense them continually. *Choose the newspaper for your purpose, and keep yourself unceasingly before the public; and it matters not what business of utility you make choice of, for if intelligently and industriously pursued, a fortune will be the result.*—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

A little incident occurred several days ago—not important to be sure, but yet pleasant enough to be mentioned. A gentleman, while conversing with a friend in his office, was complaining that he had several notes to meet, and could not imagine where the money was to be procured for that purpose, he having been disappointed in his calculations. Just about this time a small girl came near the door. She was poorly clad, and carried in her tattered apron a few chips, and was on her way to the place which she dignified with the name of "home." She was bare foot and her ankles were as red as beets. The friend remarked to the gentleman, "There's a chance for the exercise of your charity. Buy her a pair of shoes, and before night you'll get money enough to pay your notes." The gentleman, not hesitating, accompanied the girl to a store, and purchased her a good pair of shoes. She thanked her benefactor, and then skipped away, with a light heart, rejoicing; while the benevolent gentleman participated largely in the joy which his generosity had produced on the object of his sympathy. Before the lapse of an hour, as his friend had predicted, several persons called to pay the gentleman money; and he received not only a sufficient amount to meet his obligations, but had more than enough remaining to buy a pair of boots for himself.—*Washington Sentinel.*

FAITHFUL TO THE END.—On the day of his death, in his eightieth year, Elliot, "the Apostle of the Indians," was found teaching the alphabet to an Indian child at his bedside. "Why not rest from your labors now?" said a friend "Because," said the venerable man, "I have prayed to God to render me useful in my sphere, and He has heard my prayers; for now that I can no longer preach, He has given me strength enough to teach this poor child his alphabet."

GROANING AND CRYING.—The introduction of chloroform and ether, with a view to prevent the pain of surgical operations, or blunt the effects of nervous diseases, is hailed everywhere as a great blessing to mankind. This view, however,

is questioned by a French surgeon, who not long since published a dissertation, in which he takes the ground that the more groaning and crying during a painful surgical operation the better it is for the nervous system. From the benefit which hysterical and other nervous patients derive from groaning and crying, he supposes that by these processes of nature the superabundant nervous power is exhausted, and the nervous system is thereby rendered calm, and even the circulation of the blood greatly diminished. He relates a case of a man who, by means of crying and bawling, reduced his pulse from *one hundred and twenty to fifty*, in the course of two hours! That some patients often have great satisfaction in *groaning*, and that hysterical patients often experience great relief from *crying*, are facts which no person will deny. As to restless hypochondriacal subjects, or those who are never happy but when they are under some course of medical dietic treatment, the French surgeon assures that they cannot do better than to *groan all night and cry all day*. By following this rule, and observing an abstemious diet, a person will effectually escape disease, and may prolong life to an incredible extent.—*National Intelligencer*.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.—The same God who moulded the sun and kindled the stars, watches the flight of the insect. He who balances the clouds and hung the earth upon nothing, notices the fall of the sparrow. He who gave Saturn his rings, and placed the moon like a ball of silver in the broad arch of heaven, gives the rose leaf its delicate tint, and made the distant sun to nourish the violet. And the same Being notices the praises of the cherubim and the prayers of the little child.

BRavery.—Be valiant against the corruptions of the world; but fear to do evil; he that fears not to do an evil, is always afraid to suffer evil: he that never fears is desperate: he that fears always is a coward. He is a true valiant youth that dares nothing but what he may, and fears nothing but what he ought. Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged: slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and it is finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.

—To those who have no hope beyond this life, what is it but one long care for its physical wants—one long struggle with its moral evils! Pleasures and pains alike destroy its energies, and there is probably a period in every one's existence, when the soul as earnestly desires the repose of the grave, as the body does the rest and quiet of the night.

THE POETRY OF SCEPTICISM.—Shakspeare in his own sceptic tragedy has to desert the pure tragic form, and Hamlet remains the beau-ideal of 'the poetry of doubt.' But what would a tragedy be in which the actors were all Hamlets, or rather scraps of Hamlets? A drama of Hamlet is only possible because the one sceptic is surrounded by characters who have some positive faith, who do their work for good or evil undoubtingly, while he is speculating about his. And both Ophelia and Laertes, Fortinbras, the King, yea, the very grave-digger, know well enough what they want, whether Hamlet does or not. The whole play is, in fact, Shakspeare's subtle 'reductio ad absurdum' of that very diseased type of mind which has been for the last forty years identified with 'genius'—with one difference, namely, that Shakspeare, with his usual clearness of conception, exhibits

the said intellectual type pure and simple, while modern poets degrade and confuse it, and all the questions dependent on it, by mixing it up unnecessarily with all manner of moral weaknesses, and very often moral crime.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

PEDANTRY.—Pedantry consists in the use of words unsuited to the time, place, and company. The language of the market would be as pedantic in the schools, though it would not be reprobated by that name, as the language of the schools in the market. The man of the world who insists that no other terms but such as occur in common conversation should be employed in a scientific disquisition, and with no greater precision, is as truly a pedant as the man of letters who, either overrating the acquirements of his auditors, or misled by his own familiarity with technical and scholastic terms, converses at the wine table with his mind fixed on the museum or by the laboratory.—*Coleridge*.

PAUL QUOTING A HEATHEN POET.—In Paul's address to the Athenians, (Acts xvii.) he quotes a heathen poet, confirming a sentiment he had uttered. "For in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, 'For we are also his offspring.' He is supposed to have referred to Aratus the Cilician, and Cleanthes, stoic of Assos. Mr. Lewin has furnished the following translations:—

From Aratus.

From Jove begin we—who can touch the string,
And not harp praises to heaven's eternal king?
He animates the mart and crowded way,
The restless ocean and the sheltered bay.
Doth care perplex? Is lowering danger nigh?
We are his offspring and to Jove we fly.

From Cleanthes.

Great Jove! most glorious of the immortal band!
Worshipped by many names alone in might!
Author of all! Whose word is nature's law!
Hail! unto thee many mortals lift their voice,
For we thine offspring are. All things that creep
Are but the echo of the voice divine.

—*Presbyterian.*

Hoping for the Good.

All my days are spent in hoping—
Hoping for the Good to come,
When men shall cease from groping
In the darkness and the gloom.

I know not what that Good may be,
But the Hope forever burns
The Ages shall reveal to me
That for which my spirit yearns.

Joining in each brave endeavor
That would right the wrongs of life,
I would work and hope forever,
Till the ending of the strife.

A little while the Evil reigns,
But dies in its appointed day;
But lo! the Good, like golden grains,
Falleth, and springeth up alway!

Hew down the oak, and burn with fire—
Ascending from its charred remains,
Behold the Principle of Life
That all the boundless wood sustains.

So shall the Good forever rise,
Like a spirit and a spell,
From the holy dust that lies
Where reforming heroes fell

—*Tzetotaler.*

C. J. D.

A Page for Young Folks at Home.

Don't be too Certain.

Aye, now boys, don't be too certain. Remember that nothing is easier than to be mistaken. And if you permit yourself to be mistaken a great many times, everybody will lose confidence in what you say. They will feel no security in trusting to your word. Never make a positive statement, without you know it is as you say. If you have any doubts, remove them, by examination, before speaking confidently. *Don't be too certain.*

"John where is the hammer?"

"It is in the corn-house."

"No, it is not there; I have just been looking there."

"Well, I know it is there; I saw it there, not half an hour ago."

"If you saw it there, it must be there, of course. But suppose you go and fetch it."

John goes to the corn-house, and presently returns with a small axe in his hand. "Oh, it was the axe I saw. The handle was sticking out from a half-bushel measure. I thought it was the hammer."

"Well, don't be so certain another time."

"Yes, father, but I did really think I saw it, or I should not have said so."

"But you said positively that you *did* see it, not that you *thought* you saw it. There is a great difference in the two answers. Do not permit yourself to make a positive statement, even about small matters, unless you are quite sure; for if you do you will find the habit growing upon you, and by and by you will begin to make loose replies to questions of greater importance. *Don't be too certain.*"

John wandered off to the house, trying to convince himself that he was in the right, after all. His father had given him a pretty wooden snow-shovel, the winter before, and John had taken great delight in shovelling the clean white snow, during the winter.

It was now the middle of April. The sun shone warm, and the birds sang gaily in the trees. John shouldered his pretty shovel, and was marching off with it.

"What are you going to do with your snow-shovel, John?" said his grandmother.

"I'm going to put it away in the barn, for the summer, so that it needn't get broke."

"It seems to me I would not put it away just yet; we may have more snow pretty soon."

"Oh, fiddle-dee-dee! we shall not have any more snow until next winter; I'm sure of that. Don't you see how warm it is? The lilacs have all budded, the peas have come up, and the robins and martins are singing about. I *know* it won't snow any more."

"Well, perhaps it will not," said his grandmother: "don't be too certain; it looks like a storm now."

"*Don't be too certain.*" The words rang in John's ears; but he carried his shovel, and stowed it carefully away in the barn.

The next morning, what was his amazement to see the ground white with snow, and the storm violently beating against his chamber window. It continued to snow all day long, and the next morning it lay in great drifts around the house.

John waded down to the barn for his shovel, and soon cleared the paths of snow. When he came to his breakfast, he declared he would not put away his shovel again until the first of July, at the very least.

The Beggar Boy.

(From the New York Tribune)

I saw a boy wasted and sad,
With eye all red with crying;
Three-pence was all the tin he had,—
Or else the boy was lying.

His cheeks were pale and ghostly thin,
His breeches they were thinner;
He looked death's own when he stepped in,—
Or else he was a sinner.

He said his mother long was dead,
His father in the prison pent,
And yet he coolly raised his head,
And asked a penny for their rent.

"O ho!" I said, "you want a cent
Upon pretences frail;
Why pay your buried mother's rent?
Or father's locked in jail?"

He sadly bit his pale thin lip,
A tear stole out his eye;
I thought I had him on the hip,
I thought he'd told a lie.

At length he spoke in quivering tone,
And midst the words he wept;—
"My father soon is coming home,
He's most worked out his debt.

"And mother while she starved and died
On our cold cellar floor
Would often call us to her side,
And tell us Christ was poor.

"She said that He would give us bread,
That he would take her trust
When our sick mother should be dead,
And moldered into dust.

"She said her spirit would not die,
But often with us be,
And often too, we'd feel her nigh,
Though in eternity.

"And since she died," the pale boy said,
"We've found her words were true;
At night we see her by our bed
Her face of brilliant hue

"All round our little room she'll tread
And stay sometimes till light;
Oh no! her spirit is not dead,
She's with us all the night.

"And often when we sob and sigh,
And think we'll never sleep;
A soft hand wipes the tearful eye,
We feel we must not weep

"And so dear James and little May,
And I live on alone;
From door to door I beg all day
For bread to carry home.

"And when at times I bring some meat,
We save it all the night,
That mother when she comes may eat,
Or gladden at the sight.

"And so kind sir, I ask a cent,"
The faltering boy kept on,
"To help make out our weekly rent,
'Till 'ather can come home."

And so the tatter'd boy was right,
The rent was for the dead;
His mother lived with him at night,
Close by her children's bed.

Turn not away the stricken poor,
With harsh and chilling air;
Think when they hover round your door,
'Tis Christ who sends them there.

PROSPECTUS OF
The Canada Temperance Advocate,
VOL. XXXI.
FOR THE YEAR 1855.

Periodical literature has become a distinguished feature of our times. Its continuance is indispensably necessary. Every enterprise for the public good must have an exponent of its principles. The press is and must be employed as an instrument of success and as a means of defence. At an early period of the Temperance Reform its friends availed themselves of the power of the press to disseminate and defend their views. One of the first to do battle, for the truths of temperance, was this periodical. With steady aim, unsullied integrity, persevering zeal, and enlightened progress, the *Canada Temperance Advocate* has passed unscathed through the vicissitudes and conflicts of Twenty Years. Considering its purpose, and the character of its antagonistic forces, it is looked upon as a venerable friend by those who hailed its first appearance, while, by all, it is respected as being endowed with the energy and nerve of untiring and unchanging youth. The fall of almost all its competitors is regarded with sorrow rather than as affording subject for boasting, but its claim for support is thereby made stronger than it otherwise would have been. While grateful for all the vigorous efforts made by his friends, the publisher is persuaded that more can and will be done to perpetuate and augment the progressive power of the Temperance Reform in its two most conspicuous and essential features,—total abstinence and legal prohibition, as these are expounded and defended in the *Advocate*.

THE PROSPECTUS FOR 1855

is therefore sent forth at this early period, that all who desire may have an opportunity of inviting their neighbors to join them in united exertion to procure at least

TEN THOUSAND PAYING SUBSCRIBERS.

The several departments of this journal will be conducted substantially as during the past year. The able manner in which the cause of prohibition is now argued and defended, in England, will give many opportunities for increasing the interest of our own pages. Canada started in this career of progress before the leading temperance men of England ventured to hoist the Maine Law Banner. But having now done it with a will, and having attained a full maturity of manly and truthful independence which already foreshadows a glorious triumph, the *Advocate* of prohibition in Canada will unite with the *Alliance* of England and select the choicest ammunition in full faith that victory will crown co-operative and zealous exertion.

THE EDITORIAL CONTROL OF THE ADVOCATE

will be again entrusted to the person under whom it has attained so high a degree of popularity. He will continue to give his attention to every article of importance, and the public may depend upon receiving the earliest intelligence of what is passing in all countries where the Sons and Daughters of temperance are contending for the rights of man and the moral progress of the human race.

FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION

accept the assurances of this prospectus as a pledge of fidelity to the cause of truth, and again unite in rescuing the country from the evils of the traffic.

The First Number of the TWENTY-FIRST VOLUME

will be issued on the first of January, 1855. As usual it will appear twice a month, *free of postage*, at the low price of Half a Dollar, (2s 6d,) a year, payable in advance. The Publisher again offers, to agents and friends who may forward twenty subscribers, with the cash, a copy of that very useful book, "Mapleton, or more Work for the Maine Law;" or, if they have already received that, some other work of equal value, and a copy of the *Advocate*.

All who send six subscribers and upwards, with the cash in advance, will be entitled to a copy of the *Advocate* gratis.

Our friends in all other British North American Provinces are respectfully invited to co-operate on the same terms.

All orders and remittances are to be sent to

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