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THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE AND NEWS.

VOL. X.

MAY 1, 1844.

No. 9.

The Groggery on Salisbury Plain.

CHAPTER I.

Poverty and Temptation.—By the side of one of those numerous roads which intersect each other like veins of marble, and cross in every direction the vast tract of country comprised under the name of Salisbury Plain, there still stands, as there stood in the year 1773, the date of this true story, a small, low pothouse, apparently less especially designed for the accommodation of decent people, than those whom Sterne describes as unfortunate travellers; men whose own feet constitute the only means of transition from place to place with which fortune has favored them; and whose own backs, in like manner, are the only backs in the world which they enjoy the privilege of loading with a mortal burden.

One warm evening in July of the above-mentioned year, a man named Jacob Fearn might have been seen sitting on a block of granite brought from Stonehenge, by way of a chair, at the door of that identical house, smoking a short and dirty pipe, which for the sake of economy he had begged of the landlord, and sipping a pot of brown ale, for which he had expended the last few halfpence in the world that he could call his own.

Jacob was a native of Salisbury, where he resided in utter obscurity with his aged mother, and a sister of eighteen—a sensible, handsome creature, whom Jacob much loved,—and upon the exertions of whom, in various feminine employments he now temporarily depended for the barest means of subsistence: he himself being, at the time we speak of, unable to obtain any employment whereby to win the bread of life.

When a man has descended so far down the steep of poverty that it is well nigh impossible he can sink any lower, he commonly sits down as it were at the bottom of the hill, and looks upwards upon all the world above him with any eye of envy and hatred, as though ever meditating ill. And thus it was with poor Jacob. The liquid representative of his last penny was fast evaporating from before him, while there he sat in the very recklessness of despair, ragged, self abandoned, and ferocious,—a strong man, whose strength was useless on the earth—a figure which nature had cast in one of her fairest proportioned moulds, made gaunt and angular and grim by lack of sufficient sustenance from year to year; and presenting that most painful of sights which civilized society can offer—power without utility, capabilities perverted to evil ends—a human being apparently disregarded by himself, and uncared for by any other human being in the world.

And as Jacob sat thus, looking silently on the road that lay before the public house door, he saw the team-driver; by whistling in the happiness of employment and plenty, and envied him; he thought it was better to work even for nothing, than for a man to sit idle until he felt himself a mere excrescence on society, and fit only to be lopped away. And then the lordly carriage rolled by, whirling to new scenes people who sat in them seemingly as idle and, it might possibly be, no more deserving than himself; while behind, perhaps, appeared some plump-fed, well-clothed footman, or lackadaisical lady's maid: people who in Jacob's opinion, made idleness a business itself, and who throve much better upon it than nineteen-twentieths of those whose worthy business it was to supply with unceas-

ing labor all the wants and necessities of mankind. And out of all this he drew reflections which we shall not repeat, but which rendered uneasiness still more uneasy, and dissatisfaction doubly dissatisfied.

By and by, a foot-soldier, with a small bundle slung at the end of a stick, and carried across his shoulder, came up to the door. Heated by the sun, his face was scarcely less red than his jacket; and his feet were thickly covered with the dust of summer travel.

"Well comrade; he exclaimed, espying Jacob, and making a full stop, as he wiped the hot drops of moisture from his forehead—the world and you seem to agree very well together."

"True, true!" replied Jacob—"we can't quarrel, because we hold no dealings with each other. I sit idle while all the world does all the work;—she won't let me have a bit of it."

"Nor a bit of the profits either, I suppose," replied the other, with a sarcastic glance at Jacob's miserable figure, which secretly turned the idle man's heart into bitterness.

"No, nor the profits either," replied Jacob.

"Then turn soldier, man!" added he in the red jacket, "it's worth twenty ragged lives like yours. You'll live well, save a little money, and get a holiday now and then, to go and see your sweetheart, if you have one, as I do."

"Oh! you are on furlough, are you?" asked Jacob—an inquiry to which his companion gave answer in the affirmative; and, during their subsequent conversation, the soldier furthermore informed him, that about three years previously he had been quartered in Salisbury, where he fell in love with a young creature of fifteen, that he had responded with her in the mean time unknown to her friends and that he was determined now to marry her; for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries to which important ceremony he was now on a visit to her, carrying nearly fifty pounds in his pocket, which he had contrived to save during the period of his service in the army.

Fifty pounds! That revelation was fatal to poor Jacob.

Actuated by those feelings of generosity which commonly inhabit young bosoms, the happy young soldier invited Jacob to share his can throughout the evening; and as conversation induced drink, and drink yet more conversation, the twain sat at the table until late in the cool of night, when they both set out together, not in a state of the greatest sobriety, on their way to Salisbury.

Quarrelsome as some individuals are rendered by being under the influence of drink, with others again its effect is directly to the contrary; and not unfrequently may two persons so situated be observed rolling home in company, now rubbing their shoulders forcibly together, and anon flying at a tangent three or four yards apart, yet all the time vowing deep affection, friendship, and service to each other; by the next dawn of light, perhaps to forget it all, or to remember only with an unpleasant sense of foolishness and shame.

How the two characters of our story sped in this particular, the reader may judge for himself—be it enough for us to say,—

It so fell out that Jacob Fearn did not reach his home

that night, and did not ever see his mother and pretty sister again. Neither did the young soldier with fifty pounds in his pocket, who was going to Salisbury to be married, ever meet his expectant intended bride.

CHAPTER II.

The Heap by the Road side.—Since the events of the day described, above nineteen years have elapsed. It is now the year 1792. Having taken the advice of the soldier on Salisbury Plain, Jacob Fearn has now been nineteen years in the army. The reader will please to suppose him serving in Holland, and that he has never during the whole of those years we have named, once written to inform his friends of his destination, or whether indeed he be in the land of the living.

One dark evening, Jacob mounted guard about eight o'clock on the ramparts of the city of—. Like as on that night when Hamlet's father appeared to him, it was "a nipping and an eager air." As he stepped out of his box, Jacob cast his eye quickly round; nobody was abroad; nor could anything be seen, save the black platform of broad wall on which he stood, a black, cold sky beyond, and a deep gulf on one side below him, in which the town lay, studded with numberless little lights, like the reflection of a clear midnight sky. Yet Jacob felt as though something was about him. A sense of the dread presence of some being, he knew not what, was heavily upon him; and he felt more fear than a soldier ought to feel, or than even a woman whose hands were un-crime-stained. He trod his round with trembling footsteps and back again to his temporary shelter. He sat down and looked out on the broad wall with dread. The light shadow as of a woman's figure, like a film floating in the summer air, hovered before his eyes. What could it be? He had made no assignation there; he had ruined no innocence; sent no confiding woman to the grave before her time, that thus her image should haunt him reproachfully in his time of solitude. What else had he done?

"Yes, yes!" cried Jacob involuntarily—"but that was not a woman. I say it was not a woman. I say it was not a woman, and I have done no woman wrong. Begone, devil; away—away!"

But as he spoke, the figure grew more distinct to him. It seemed to be on a road that he knew when he was young—a road he had last travelled at night, some nineteen years ago. There lay the vast dark plain on either side of it, and three blighted pine-trees stood on the left, and at their foot lay the heap by the road side, which he knew again too well. And though it was but a heap of stones and dirt, overgrown with grass and nettles, it made him quake, and turn deadly cold, for beneath that heap lay what should accuse him at the day of doom; and from the streaming of the blood which soddened that earth had a witness gone up before God and pointed the finger of eternal justice towards Jacob's soul. As he leaned against the rampart for support, the figure he had seen appeared to settle and bend over the heap by the road-side. It raised up its head and Jacob saw his sister. It then appeared to disperse the earth with its hands, and to bring out something red and some decaying bones. A cry was heard or seemed to be heard—the figure fell as dead upon the ground, and Jacob saw no more.

When his comrade came to relieve guard, Jacob was found lying along the wall insensible. He was carried off, and with some difficulty restored. The cause of his indisposition he would not tell; and only requested that he might buy himself out of the regiment or be discharged, adding that he should never be fit for a soldier again, and was only worthy of one fate, that fate neither would he explain. But as both his appearance and his health bore ample testimony that some strange and incurable infirmity had befallen him, he very shortly afterwards received his discharge.

CHAPTER III.

The Plain, and what was on it.—The giant shadows of those solitary giant stones which stand on Salisbury Plain, a record written in mysterious character of an age and a people else scarcely known, stretched far to the eastward in broken and irregular shapes, as the sun sunk redly beyond the hills which lie to the west of Wiltshire, and caught in brilliant patches each rising ground, each Druid's stone, and aged tumulus, with which the downs in that part of the country are so abundantly covered. Not a breath stirred, so that the dull sound of the sheep bell could be heard at a distance inconceivable to any person who has not stood in the midst of those tracts, as a single mariner at sea, and listened to their tinkling miles away. A gray old shepherd or two, looking as small as gnats upon so vast a visible surface, were moving homewards in the now gathering twilight, when a solitary soldier was observed advancing, foot-sore, and in pain, down one of the roads leading from Salisbury, across the Plain. Shortly he overtook a shepherd who was walking the same road, and he and the way-worn soldier entered into friendly conversation. Whenever the inhabitants of peculiar localities chance to fall into conversation, they invariably evince and exercise a peculiar tact in diverting both their own and their hearer's attention to those immediate objects of home interest with which they are themselves most particularly acquainted. Thus it was with the old shepherd and the soldier:—there might be too, some mysterious affinity between the red jacket and the story which lay upon the shepherd's tongue, since one assisted very materially in calling up the other. The shepherd soon began to inform his companion how, some nineteen or twenty years ago, as a soldier like himself was passing down that very road, he was robbed and murdered, but by whom nobody knew.

"It was supposed, said he, to be near those three fir trees; for under a heap of dirt close to them they found the body."

The shepherd started, for his companion stood still as though afraid to move.

"Come, come along; don't be frightened. Why, I have come this way all hours of day and night in lambing time."

"Tell that soldier," muttered the frightened man, as he pointed forwards down the road,—“bid him for God's sake walk along and let me pass!”

"There is no soldier here except yourself," said the shepherd.

"And my sister, too!" continued the soldier, for he was Jacob Fearn. "They are both there."

Thinking his companion out of his mind, the old shepherd grew afraid, and refusing to walk with him any longer, for fear of danger, hurried away, and left him to pursue his course alone.

CHAPTER IV.

The Pot-house.—It was nearly dark outside the same little public house, which we particularly pointed out at the commencement of this story, though within blazed a heaped up fire that rendered other light needless, when the soldier Jacob Fearn entered fatteringly, exhausted, and with a countenance of ashes. He threw himself almost with the weight of a corps into the chimney-nook, and mustered just voice enough to ask for a pot of ale. The kind host of the house, seeing his condition, and pitying his weariness, hastened with all speed to place the usual stimulus before him. The soldier took it up, but he could not drink:—another mouth was at the brim—the face of that very man who had treated him so generously twenty years ago. The landlord looked amazed at the soldier, while the soldier looked earnestly at him. At length the latter spoke.

"Landlord!" said he, "did you keep this house twenty years ago?"

"No, soldier," replied the host: my father kept it at that time, and I was but about thirteen or fourteen years old."

"Then I must ask you another question, rejoined the soldier. Look at me—straight at me—in my eyes—all over. Now, after a pause, can you remember a face that you saw twenty years ago? Or has it grown too haggard to look human yet?"

"Why you are not the soldier that was said to be murdered from this house twenty years ago, are you?"

"No, not I;" replied Jacob, with a bitter smile.

"Would that I had been! Now, look at me again. Look hard, man; and do not be afraid nor ashamed, for I shall not hurt you. No, I shall never kill a single living thing again! I am not that soldier; but I am the man that killed that soldier! I am the man that sat in that seat with him, twenty years ago; that drank the ale he gave me; that talked with him; that went out late with him, that murdered him! I am the man! Believe me. I tell no lies and have walked through England here to surrender myself. Fetch somebody here to take me to jail, for the gallows is better than the life I have led ever since. Nay; do not hesitate. I would not kill a mote, nor tell a lie again in this world, for all the world has in it.

The bewildered tavern-keeper knew not what to do but comply. The constable arrived, and Jacob Fearn was conveyed to Salisbury jail. On his own confession, which was repeated and persisted in, he was eventually hanged, and afterwards gibbeted, on the very spot where the remains of his sister's lover were found under the heap by the road-side.

As for the fate of that sister herself, when she found that her lover never returned, as he had promised, she sickened and pined; but when the discovery of his bones was made known to her, she rushed frantically to the spot, and died in a frenzy on his unhallowed grave; while her old mother overcome by these troubles, soon followed to the same everlasting rest. Neither of them, happily, lived to witness the ignominious end of Jacob Fearn.

The One Failing.

Deacon Upright was a man very highly esteemed in his neighborhood. For years he had been pointed to as one worthy of all imitation, both in temporal and religious matters. He supported the Church, he was upright and straightforward in all his dealings, punctual in his promises—benevolent and kind to the poor—pleasant in his family, and indulgent as a parent. In short, his many virtues made him a subject of remark by all who became acquainted with him. But the good Deacon had *one failing*. Those who knew him best were aware that he loved a drop—and that he was seldom without a little of the *ardent* about the house. This, however, every farmer kept, and nothing was thought of it. Few had ever seen him even slightly intoxicated, and none ever saw him drunk. His family knew that when the cider was out, which was generally before new supplied its place, the deacon took a little tanzey bitters in the morning to give him an appetite. After he had strengthened his stomach, he would take his Bible, read a chapter, and make his morning offering to the "bountiful giver of all good." Thus passed several years of his life, until he was brought to his fifty-fifth year.

About this time the temperance cause began to attract public notice. The Deacon read the accounts, and readily fell in with the principle of abstaining from *distilled* liquors as a beverage. It was only when the cider was gone that he habitually used rum; and this difficulty could be easily got over by substituting wine, or by one or two more barrels of cider in his cellar.

No one was more active than the Deacon in circulating the pledge, in getting up temperance meetings, or in distributing tracts. In fact, the people had become so habituated

to his taking hold and leading in all benevolent matters, that they would have felt that the cause was not well founded, or the end to be obtained not justifiable, had it been otherwise.

But in process of time, it was clearly ascertained that this scheme had failed to accomplish the object. If some were *restrained*, few were *reformed*, and the evil, on the whole, was increasing. Appetites had been nursed and cultivated with wine, beer and cider, until they ceased to gratify the gnawing at the stomach, and many had taken a degree, and were again indulging in distilled liquors. Among this number was the Deacon Upright. He was growing old, and really thought that he required something; stronger to support his sinking frame. Experience he was sure had convinced him he was right in this opinion, and although he "believed in temperance as much as any man," yet he did not believe in "carrying the matter too far." The tee-totalers, he contended, were entirely overdoing the thing. He did not believe in people carrying everything to a "fanatical extreme." True, the drunkard should be reclaimed, and the vending of *distilled* liquors as a beverage discouraged. But then a man who knows when he has enough, and can "*use it or let it alone*," need not make a fool of himself by "*signing away his liberty*," so that he cannot take a glass of cider and wine. These and like fallacious arguments were used by Deacon Upright, when it was announced that a *reformed drunkard* would deliver a lecture in the neighborhood, on the true Washingtonian Total Abstinence principle. He was one who had been reclaimed from the gutter, and knew, by sad experience, the awfulness of a life of drunkenness.

The Deacon said people might go and hear him, but for his part, there was no need of his going—he had examined that subject, and for one he believed with Paul that it was good to take a little now and then "for the stomach's sake, and for often infirmities," and he was satisfied that properly used, it was beneficial in keeping off diseases, and in preventing one from taking cold if exposed to the weather when inclement. The Deacon when young possessed a remarkably fine and healthy constitution. His parents were both healthy, and lived to an advanced age. The Deacon had never been sick a day in his life, yet now he felt infirmities creeping upon him. The stand however which he took against tee-totalism began to create surmises and inquiries, and people began to discuss the real cause. *He loved a drop*. This was the secret. Not that he had changed as a citizen, as a Christian, or as a philanthropist. No—so far as you could judge of the outward man, all was correct. When the subject became more exciting, and the whole neighborhood and country seemed to be alive to it, many wondered why Deacon Upright did not take an active part. At last he attended a meeting, and as the horrors of the drunkard were depicted in language such as only the reformed can use, the Deacon found it gave him sleepless nights; and when on one occasion the influence of the temperate drinker was dwelt upon and the fact clearly set forth that all drunkards were once temperate drinkers, and that no temperate drinker ever meant to become a drunkard, and yet did, the Deacon's resolution was overcome, and he was induced to sign the pledge.

Numbers who had withheld, and said that they were satisfied by imitating the example of Deacon Upright, who had lived honored and respected—who had always been blessed with good health—and no doubt many thought as well as the Deacon, that it was owing to a clear conscience and the moderate use of cider, &c.—were astonished.

But when the Deacon had signed the pledge, he said he never had such a burden off his mind, and strange as it may appear, though only one year has elapsed since this event, yet the Deacon is free to acknowledge that in feeling he is renewed more than twenty years—that many of those feelings which he believed to be the infirmities of age, are all

gone—his intellect is more vigorous, and his mind cleansed of much sourness and moroseness.

His influence induced many who were resting their faith upon his example to do likewise. Interest or appetite govern nine out of ten who advocate the use or sale of alcohol in any of its forms, as a beverage. And the case of Deacon Upright is only a mirror to reflect the conduct of too many Deacons who claim perfection and think their example worthy of imitation.—*Washingtonian*.

Temperance and Crime.

The following sensible remarks on the subject of crime we copy from the *Wilmington (Del.) Standard*. They claim the attention of unbelievers in the reality and efficacy of the Temperance reformation.

The remark is often made, that crimes multiply in our country rather than diminish, though the Temperance reform is making such rapid progress. An inference is sometimes drawn from this apparent fact unfavorable to the moral influence claimed for temperance in the prevention of crime. There are several circumstances to be kept in view in regarding this subject. First, the population of our country is rapidly increasing, so that an absolute increase of crime may co-exist with a *proportionate* diminution. Second, the means of giving publicity to crimes have increased, so that a much larger proportion of the crimes committed are blazoned before the view of the public. Third, *the times* are favorable to vice: a foul miasmatic influence seems to pervade the moral atmosphere and engender villany of all kinds, whenever the people are suffering in their trade and business. Fourth, the most prominent accessions to the criminal list are from two classes of society, not yet generally reached by the Temperance reform—the fashionable and aristocratic, who are above public opinion, and the destitute and reckless who are beneath it. Add to these considerations the operation of the well known law, that effects often continue and increase after the declension of the cause. As the warmth of day is greatest after the sun has culminated—as the heat of summer increases after the days begin to wane, and the cold of winter after they begin to lengthen, so the effects of intemperance will continue to accumulate for a time after the tide of drunkenness has been checked and rolled back.

We need not then look for the immediate and complete fruition of our labors. Though the soil be ploughed and sown with good seed, yet it is filled with the seeds of the noxious plants which formerly flourished there; and these seeds may germinate for years, and call for patient and persevering labor to extirpate them. Let us not be discouraged because crime does not vanish at once before the triumphant progress of Temperance. Intemperance has struck deep its roots in the vitals of society. It has formed the customs of the community, and schooled the present generation of men. Our country is filled with children whose early life has been spent under its influence—whose plastic souls have been moulded in the atmosphere of the rum shop. In this respect, intemperance has done what temperance cannot undo. Now is the seed-time. Years and years must roll on, and the grave must be opened in every church yard before the harvest will be fully realized. After intemperance, ignorance will fall; and the government of appetite and passion will be broken down. Close at the heels of the Temperance reform will come the schoolmaster to visit every cottage, however lowly. Moral and religious culture will come in train. The mind will be the man, not the body; the image of God will shine forth, and a new era will break upon the world. Such is the course of things around us in individuals; such we have every reason to hope will be the course in the national mass.

The Town Meeting.

At a town meeting in the United States, the question of license

or no license was agitated, and the physician, the minister, and the deacon, were in favour of a license; and the feeling, with one exception, all appeared to be but one way, and the president was about to put the question, when, all at once, there arose, from one corner of the room, a miserable female. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment of silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called upon all to look upon her. "Yes!" she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience, declares its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage, in health, is excess. Look upon me. You all know me or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in the town. You all know, too, I had one of the best—the most devoted of husbands. You all know I had fine noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder church-yard; all! every one of them filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe—*that excess alone ought to be avoided; and they disclaimed excess.* They quoted *you, and you, and you,*" pointing, with her shred of a finger, to the priest, deacon, and doctor, as authority. "They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and prospects with dismay and horror; I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin; I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell, in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons; I begged, I prayed; but the odds were greatly against me. The Priest said that the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the Deacon (*who sits under the pulpit there*, and took our farm to pay his rum bills), sold them the poison; the Physician said that a little was good, and excess ought to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape, and one after another was conveyed to the dishonored grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again, you probably see me for the last time—my sand has almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present abode—*your poor house*—to warn you *all*—to warn you Deacon!—to warn you, false teacher of God's word," and with her arms high flung, and her tall form stretched to its utmost; and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch—she exclaimed, "I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God—I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all." The miserable female vanished—a dead silence pervaded the assembly—the Priest, Deacon and Physician hung their heads—the President of the meeting put the question, shall we have any more license to sell alcoholic poisons, to be sold as a beverage? The response was unanimous—No!—*Am. Tem. Jour. Com.*

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

GALT, March 19.—I have to inform you that the different societies in the Township of Dumfries have formed a general union for the suppression of intemperance. The association is composed of delegates from the different societies, according to their numbers. Our present number of delegates is about twenty-four, there being about 1200 teetotallers in the Township. The officers for the present year are Elam Stinson, M. D., President; Messrs. John Smith, Daniel Totten, and Robert Elmond, Vice-Presidents; R. G. Huffman, Cor. Sec.; George Dewar, Rec. Sec., and a Committee of seven. One principle object of our Association is to create an interest in our monthly meetings throughout the Township, by employing efficient lecturers to attend them. You may think that from our numbers we are now prepared to present a pretty bold and extended front to the enemy; but when it is considered that our Township contains an area of twelve miles square, with about 8000 inhabitants, you will see that we have enough to do, and although we have many difficulties and discouragements to contend with, yet we are determined not to ground our weapons so long as the enemy remains in the field, but to oppose him at every step.—P. G. HUFFMAN, Cor. Sec.

PHILLIPSBURGH, March 30.—I beg to inform you that a meeting of the Phillipsburgh Total Abstinence Society was held in this

village on the 19th ult, and the officers chosen for the ensuing year. The movement of the cause in this section, I am happy to say, is progressive. I also have the pleasure to inform you, that after an address, delivered by myself, last evening, at a school-house in an adjoining neighbourhood, about five miles distant, thirteen names were obtained to the Abstinence Pledge, and a society was formed. The prospect of the advancement of the cause in this neighbourhood is truly flattering.—B. J. KENNEDY.

PEASETON, April 2.—On the 23d of March, 1843, Mr. G. W. Bungay first visited this village, and held a meeting, James Cowan, Esq., District Councillor in the Chair. A society of twenty-three members was then organized, and the following persons were elected office-bearers:—James Cowan, Esq., President; Andrew Hauffman, Vice President; T. J. Wilson, Secretary, and a Committee of seven. On the twenty-third of March last we held our Annual Meeting, and found fifty-three names in good standing; the following gentlemen were then unanimously chosen office-bearers for the ensuing year, viz: Jacob Lutz, President; C. H. Case and Samuel Cornwell, Vice Presidents; Andrew Hauffman, Secretary; Jacob Lathshaw, Treasurer, with a Committee of seven. This Society is much indebted to James Cowan, Esq., for his liberal support. He was elected President of the District Association. We are opposed by rum-sellers and moderate dram drinkers to such an extent that we are deprived of a public school-house for holding our meetings, and are compelled to hold them in mechanic's shops.—A. HAUFFMAN, Sec.

BERLIN, WATERLOO TOWNSHIP, WELLINGTON DISTRICT, April 13.—Many praiseworthy exertions had been made previous to the arrival amongst us of Mr. Bungay, in March a year ago; his powerful eloquence gave a new impulse, and a new society was organized from the materials of the old one, and with the handsome additions of new members, made up altogether about 100 that signed the pledge at that time. Since then, we have endeavoured to keep things in motion, by holding monthly meetings, &c., and we have had two excellent soirees, at which we had the bands of musicians from Paris, and from Guelph, and both were numerously attended. We have at the various meetings received additional numbers, so that now our society numbers about 120 members. We held our annual meeting, for the choice of new officers, &c., on the 30th of March last, when Christopher Culp was appointed President; Frederick G. Millar and Thomas Sparrow, Vice Presidents; and a Committee of six.—WILLIAM BEXTON, Sec.

ALDHOROUGH, April 14.—Our society met on the 2nd inst., when after a very animated address by the late President of the Society, Mr. John McDougall, a collection was made, which resulted in the sum of £1 15s., which I herein transmit you. I have the pleasure of informing you that our cause is progressing considerably, having received an accession of twenty-five new members since your visit to this place, which makes our little army now seven or one strong. We hold our meetings monthly, and we resolve to persist in doing so, for past experience suggests the propriety of frequent meetings. I conclude with expressing our grateful acknowledgments for the impetus your late visit gave the cause in this Township.—ARCH. CURRIE.

The Home District Temperance Convention met, agreeably to announcement, on Wednesday, the 17th April, 1844, in the Rev. Mr. Harris' Chapel, Hospital Street. Twenty-nine Societies were represented, thirty-one Delegates were present, and the number would have been much larger, had it so happened, that the meeting could have been called at an earlier period in the year. The gentlemen present were of the right stamp,—zealous yet prudent; they represented more than 7000 tea-totallers, and their deliberations were worthy of the Representatives of such a constituency. A District Union was organized—a Constitution adopted—Officers appointed—and the Convention resolved to sustain the Executive Committee in supporting a Travelling Lecturer for one year. Further particulars may be expected shortly. In the meantime, societies which were not represented nor have reported, would do well to communicate with the Corresponding Secretary to the Union—the Rev. James Richardson; that such an arrangement may be entered into, as will secure an early visit from the Agent. *Union is good, and greatly to be desired, but without action it is useless.* The duty of one, in this matter, is the duty of all, and *that* may be summed up in one word *Act!*

MONTREAL.—The Victoria Meetings are kept up with much energy and success. A Rechabite association has also been formed in connexion we believe, with an institution of a similar kind in New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CROSSING THE LINE.—A gentleman at the late Albany Convention remarked, that much was said about moderate and immoderate drinking, and he had often inquired of intemperate men when they crossed the line, but they could never tell, most generally, they thought, they had not yet come to it. When he was a lad, he went to South America; and he heard much about crossing the line. He was exceedingly anxious to see it, and often enquired when they should come to it. One day to his grief he found they were on the other side, and on expressing his disappointment to an old sailor that he had not seen the line; O, said the old salt, we never see it. Why? asked the boy. Because was the reply, we always cross it in the dark.—*Id.*

A ROUÉ SELLER NOT A REPUTABLE PERSON.—At Philadelphia, a poor woman lately made application to a Soup Society for a daily supply of soup, presenting a certificate according to custom. "Whose name is this to your certificate?" inquired the man with the ladle. "Mr. —, the tavern keeper," said the woman. "We are required not to give out soup, unless the certificate is signed by some reputable person," said the other, "and we don't consider grog-sellers as respectable citizens." The woman returned to the tavern-keeper and told him what had been said, when he took the certificate to a neighbor for his signature, complaining grievously that his own name was not sufficient to get a dish of soup for a poor woman. Men whose trade is to *make people poor*, are seldom credited with honesty, when they profess to feel for the sufferings of the poor.—*Id.*

[Something similar to this exists in Britain, where the Government Emigrant Agents, in granting free passages to Australia, are required to be very particular with regard to the character of applicants, but to receive no certificates signed by spirit dealers.]

GROG *versus* GOSPEL.—The following is taken from Mr. Young's recent work, "*A Residence on the Mosquito Shore*," (in Mexico) and shows the depraving influence of *strong drink*, which is indeed a sad substitute for the Gospel! It is a sorrowful question to ask—Who taught them to like this grog? The Missionary and the European!—"A short time back a Missionary arrived, for the purpose of giving them some idea of a future state. A house was speedily found for him, and he commenced preaching; and for a few Sundays he gave some of the chiefs a glass of grog each to entice them to hear him. At length, one Sunday a great number of the natives attended to hear the white stranger talk: on this occasion the worthy and reverend gentlemen was more than usually eloquent; when one of the chiefs arose, and quietly said, '*All talk—no grog—no good!*' and gravely stalked away, followed by all the natives, leaving the astonished preacher to finish his discourse to two or three Englishmen present."—Thus ended this wretched endeavour to bribe the poor besotted heathen to hear the Gospel, with the besetting agency of grog. Alas, that a Christian Missionary should ever entice souls to Christ with the fellest and foulest instrument of evil!

POETRY.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work? work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's Oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!"

Work—work—work !
Till the brain begins to swim ;
Work—work—work !
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Scam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream !

Oh ! Men with Sisters, dear !
Oh ! Men, with Mothers and Wives !
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives !
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

But why do I talk of death,
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh ! God !—that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

Work—work—work !
My labor never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags,
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there !

Work—work—work !
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime !
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

Work—work—work !
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work !
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the caves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

Oh ! but to breathe the breath !
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet ;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal !

Oh ! but for one short hour !
A respite, however brief !
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief !
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread."

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the Rich !
She sang this " Song of the Shirt ?"

[The foregoing lines, as they possess no ordinary degree of merit, have attracted no common share of attention on both sides of the Atlantic, and we give them a place, because we think they are calculated to awaken deep sympathy for the unhappy class described, the greater part of whom, if the matter were fairly investigated, would, we believe, be found reduced to their pinching misery by the intemperance of those who should have supported, or aided to support them. Yes, multitudes of the fairest and best of the human race have been reduced to the condition here represented by the intemperance of husbands and fathers. Nay, after earning their miserable pittance, with the pain described, it has often been torn from them by their *natural protectors*, to gratify the guilty appetite for strong drink.

A very excellent imitation of this piece has been published in the United States, being the "Song of the American Slave Woman at the Hoe."—Ed.]

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

Who hath woe ? Who hath sorrow ? They that tarry long at wine.
Proverbs xxiii, 20—30.

When night in holy silence brings
The God-willed hour of sleep,
Then, then the red-eyed revel swings
Its bowl of poison deep.

When morning waves its golden hair,
And smiles o'er hill and lea,
One sick'ning ray is doomed to glare
On yon rude revelry.

The rocket's flary moments sped,
Sinks black'ning back to earth ;
Yet darker, deeper sink his head
Who shares the drunkard's mirth !

Know you the sleep the drunkard knows ?
That sleep, O who may tell !
Or who can speak the fendful throes
Of his self-heated hell !

Bedded perhaps on broken hearts,
Where slimy reptiles creep ;
While the ball-less eye of death still darts
Black fire on the drunkard's sleep.

These coffin'd hearts when warm in life,
Bled in his ruin wild !
Now the cold, cold lips of his shrouded wife,
Press lips of his shrouded child !

So fast, so deep the hold they keep :
Hark his unhallow'd screams !
Guard us, O God, from the drunkard's sleep—
From the drunkard's demon-dream !

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 IN 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, MAY 1, 1844.

The Circular, of which the following is a copy, is to be sent to the Secretaries of all the Temperance Societies in British North America, known to the Committee of the Montreal Society. Should any Secretary not receive it in the letter form, he will please

consider this addressed to him, and number his answers to correspond with the queries.

MONTREAL, April 25, 1844.

SIR,—The Temperance Societies throughout Canada have very generally expressed a wish for a Provincial Temperance Convention, and several have thought that it should be held in Montreal early in June next, though it is much to be regretted the Legislature will not at that time be in Session. It is however believed, that there are a greater number of Temperance men who visit Montreal about the time in question, on mercantile business, than attend the meetings of the Legislature.

The chief objects of holding a Convention will doubtless be the following:—1st, To compare views, discuss disputed points, and declare principles. 2d, To ascertain the present strength of the Temperance Reformation, and agree upon the best modes of wedding that strength for the overthrow of all the causes and practices of intemperance. 3d, To decide upon the propriety of forming a Provincial Temperance Union, and, if resolved upon, to frame a Constitution, and appoint Office-bearers. 4th, To decide upon some simultaneous and uniform mode of endeavouring to influence the Legislature at its Session in favor of Temperance principles.

In order to attain these objects, we beg leave to submit the following queries, which you are respectfully requested to answer to the best of your ability, and to transmit *without fail*, to the Convention:—

1. How many Members in good standing are there in your Society?
2. What portion of them are voters for Members of Parliament?
3. How many intemperate persons are there within the bounds of your Society?
4. How many deaths have occurred within the sphere of your operations during the past year, that may fairly be attributed to intemperance, and what striking circumstances attended such deaths?
5. Which District Union (if any) are you connected with?
6. Do you wish to co-operate in forming a Canada Temperance Union and how much would your Society be likely to contribute annually to its funds for the employment of Lecturers, dissemination of Temperance publications, &c.?
7. If in favor of such a Union, who do you propose for the honorary offices, such as President and Vice-Presidents?
8. What number of copies of the *Advocate*, or other temperance publications do you take?
9. What number of meetings have you held during the past year?
10. Please state any good results which the Temperance reformation has produced in your place, and especially if it has in any way contributed to the prosperity of the Churches in your bounds.
11. State any other matter that you think of importance.

We entreat you not to fail to return this sheet with answers, (free of Postage) addressed to the Secretary of the Temperance Convention, Montreal, so as to be here on or before the 4th of June next; and we as earnestly urge you to appoint a Delegate, as it is only by shewing our strength that we can hope to produce a favourable impression upon our rulers.

The Convention will assemble in Montreal, on Tuesday the 4th June next, at ten o'clock forenoon. Delegates who arrive in town previously, will be pleased to report themselves at the Office of the undersigned, in order that arrangements may if possible be made for their accommodation. The place of meeting will hereafter be announced.

JOHN DOUGALL,
President Montreal Temperance Society.

ARE LICENSES TO SELL INTOXICATING DRINKS LAWFUL?

“Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.”

Inspiration teacheth, and history and observation prove this maxim. The history of the Jews, in particular, proves that sin is not only the reproach, but in a certain degree, the *ruin* of individuals and nations. Must it not lead to fatal results, that such ignorance and depravity should prevail, as lead most men to esteem highly that which is an abomination to the Lord? For men will naturally promote what they esteem; and God will promote what he esteems, and oppose the contrary. Thus God, and his poor infatuated creature, according to the significant language of the Bible, will walk contrary to each other. Who can calculate the tremendous consequences of his opposition?

Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker! “He is wise in head, and mighty in strength, who has hardened himself against Him and has prospered!”

One thing which fearfully opposes the rightness which exalteth a people, and promotes that which tends to their reproach and ruin, is the use of intoxicating drink; and Magistrates licensing that use, and thereby protecting, and, in the eyes of many, giving respectability to that which is in itself ruinous, and ought to be accounted hateful. To make this a common sense business, we may ask, what need have we of intoxication? We all need all the rationality we possess, and we need it always; and instead of marring, and gradually destroying it, we ought to use proper means to improve it. And it is capable of being improved, or destroyed, as men choose to act. And if we do not need intoxication, as all will allow, how can we need that which intoxicates? Must not the *cause* and the *effect* be of the same nature, or be equally needless and equally pernicious. How can any thing be more valuable than its effects. The most precious things in the universe are to be thus judged. For instance, the value of the wisdom which is from above, and which is first pure, and then peaceable, consists in its possessing, and promoting these qualities, so that it is gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, &c. The value of food consists in its nourishing and strengthening the body; and the value of alcohol consists in its producing intoxication. If it produce effects distinct from, or better than this, they are not peculiar to it—other things would produce them. I must then believe, till the contrary be shown, that intoxicating drink is just as needless, as is intoxication—they must stand or fall together.

But does *intoxication* possess no value. Judging by the conduct of men, what they give for, and what miseries they undergo to obtain it, it possesses a great deal: there is nothing on earth or in heaven they desire beside, or so much as it. But its *value* too must be judged by the same criterion as its effects. We may then look at some of them, and these not the very worst, as described by the pen of inspiration. Prov. xxiii. Woe, sorrow, contentions, babblings, wounds without cause, redness of eyes; and after first flattering men, then, at the *last*, when they are completely under its power, biting them like a serpent, and stinging like an adder—leading to lewdness and perverseness—to rush blindly on the most fatal dangers—making men insensible to their miseries, so that they desire nothing so much as that which is promoting them. Murder is not named in this black list, but murder and suicide are frequent effects of this popular idol. And what would Satan invent, or wish to invent, more insulting to God, or ruinous to men, than that which uniformly produceth such effects. These, then, decide the value of intoxication, intoxication decides the value of intoxicating drink, and both decide the value of the traffic in that drink. This is the tree, *bearing such fruit*, which respectable men, by their license, plant and protect in every neighbourhood throughout the country. Are they, in this, acting in accordance with their designation as Justices or protectors and promoters of the public peace, and as a terror to evil doers, and as praise to them that do well?

But it may be said, that as, in granting a license, men do not design or intend the effects which follow, they are not responsible, for them. Men, however, are responsible, and ought to be so for the natural necessary consequences of their conduct; and especially after they know them, however far they may be from intending them. Our first parents were very far from intending the consequences which followed their eating the forbidden fruit. The owner of the ox in Exodus did not design injury to any in keeping such a dangerous animal yet he was responsible for the mischief done.

To give a license to deal out that which intoxicates, is virtually licensing intoxication, and all the mischiefs which follow, and these are many and awful. When that deadly foe is brought to a place, however peaceable it might have been before, evils begin. Without any sign, you may know it by a number of horses standing near, often cold and hungry: so that the cruelty it occasions to these noble useful creatures, though nothing else were taken into the account, by far outweighs, in the estimation of God, all the good it ever did, or can do. Within, attracted by the report of their favorite drink being brought to the place, are the foolish, the idle and the vicious, spending their time and money, and labour for that which satisfieth not: but, on the contrary, creates a craving insatiable as the grave, and ruinous as hell; thus spending what ought to feed and clothe their families, or perhaps what ought to pay their debts. In the meantime, babbling, contention and horrid oaths begin, and, not unfrequently, strokes, and wounds, and blood, and yelling, alarming the neighbourhood at the distance of a mile: and, to crown all, sometimes death! This creates works for courts and lawyers, and takes men often far from home, at their own expense, as jurymen, to settle these drunken broils. These are some of the fruits of licensing this traffic; and to look for any good fruit from such a business, would be to look for "grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles."

Can men then make this traffic lawful? Men, in former times, God grant that those times may not return! gave a license or authority to hang or burn their fellow-men for reading and believing the Bible, instead of believing what the Church, *i. e.*, the clergy taught them; but did that make the killing of these men a lawful business? If it were possible to hold a convention of all the rulers on earth, and they were to be unanimous in granting licenses to carry on the traffic in maddening drinks; they could not make it any thing but just what it is—an enormous ruinous evil. Those who are engaged in it, ought, in order to be safe, to examine it according to the law of God, and not please themselves with merely having the laws of men on their side. They may now keep their consciences easy with the latter; but let them remember that they and the victims of their trade must soon meet at the bar of Christ, the perfect final judge; let them produce or plead their license, and see what it will avail them. They will then find that a license from men and a license from their judge are very different things.

What is a license, but an indulgence, authorizing all the evils for which drink fits men? Would it not be very proper for men in authority, to consider that to God they are responsible for the exercise of it—that all lawful authority must be derived from him, and that all they do in their official, as well as in private, character, ought to be done for his glory and the good of his creatures? They cannot but know, that much evil, moral and physical, will be prevented, or encouraged, according as they act in this matter. Neither would it be unworthy of their attention, to inquire who are most worthy of being gratified, those who apply for an indulgence to deal out poison among their fellow-men, or those who would restrain this evil: the former can hardly pretend to be actuated either by love to God or man; but by a selfish desire to gain property; while the latter certainly deserve credit for very different motives.

What purpose can intoxicating drink answer, but to smooth the way to hell, by blinding men's minds, seazing their conscience; producing such views and feelings, as lead them to think that they are strong when they cannot stand; rich, when they are penniless and in rags; happy when they are wretched and miserable, the scorn of their fellow-men, a disgrace to humanity, a curse to their connections, and near eternal ruin? What is the

use of this agent of Satan but to gratify the unnatural craving of dark, dreary, desolate souls, astray from the fountain of life, because living without Christ, without God, and without hope in the world? Oh what a substitute this for the favour of God—the water of life, to which sinners are freely invited, and to which many more would come, but for this wretched substitute!

If ever men were led to commit too evils, forsaking God the fountain of living waters, and hewing them out cisterns, broken cisterns, (digging holes or pits) which can hold no water; they are led to do so by the use of this beverage. God speaks of men's turning their back to him, as a most awful evil; and whatever men may say or think now, they must sooner or later find things to be just what he declares them to be. They may call evil good, and good evil, He will not. Let God then be heard. "Be astonished O ye heavens, at this, and be horribly afraid, be ye very desolate saith the Lord; for my people have committed two evils, &c."—Jer. ii. 12, 13.

As an excuse for the evils arising from this business, men plead the necessity of taverns. That houses for the entertainment of travellers are necessary is admitted. But how absurd must it be to argue, that because such houses are needed, therefore, alcohol is also necessary! Is not this, as Cowper says, to

"Fling at your head conviction in the lump,
And gain remote conclusions at a jump."

logic indeed worthy of the cause which it is intended to serve. If the delusion in which custom and the love of intoxication, involved the minds of men were dispelled, they would see that intoxicating drink in a tavern, is in no degree more necessary to travellers than a gallows in the back yard would be. If intoxication be not necessary, that which produces it cannot be so. How widely different is that which men often really do, from what they design to do. In licensing taverns on the present plan they are virtually setting up temples to bacchus, and thereby increasing his worshippers, who are more numerous than the worshippers of Jehovah; and we may say of them, as Dr. Harris says of the worshippers of Mammon, "That there is no hypocrite among them."

TEMPERANCE PUBLIC HOUSES.

To the Editor of the Canada Temperance Advocate.

Sir,—It appears from a late number of the *Advocate*, that at a recent meeting of the Essex Temperance Union, "it became a matter of enquiry, if a person could keep a temperance house of entertainment without a license." You have answered that you "know of no legal impediment," which I have long considered to be the fact. This subject has been frequently conversed about, among temperance friends in the Western District. I am not aware that the question has been started in other parts of the country, arising from the fact, as I suppose, that a license has not been enforced by Magistrates in other Districts. Here, however, as is stated by the Rev. R. Peden, it has been enforced, and the taxation exacted, under threats of prosecution. I could mention the names of parties aggrieved, and comfortable temperance houses have been shut up, and several others not opened, that would have been, but for the knowledge of the fact, that in this District a license duty would be demanded by the Inspector; whether under instructions from the Magistrates, or not, has not appeared.

Previously to the last Session of the Magistrates, when the licenses are granted, I addressed a Memorial to the Bench, in the hope of awakening attention to the question, and, if possible, preventing the continuance of what is really an injury to the temperance cause. It is doubtful whether any Magistrate saw the Memorial, though its receipt was acknowledged by a scribe in the

office of the Clerk of the Peace. Probably its publication may be of service. It may lead to more decided action, and further investigation, and I fancy my exposition of the law will be found to be correct. Hereafter I may make some further observations respecting temperance houses of entertainment, and how they have been and ought to be sustained. For the present I shall have occupied sufficient space, if you think it worth while to publish the following:—

To the Worshipful the Bench of Magistrates in Quarter Session assembled.

The Memorial of the undersigned humbly sheweth, that * * * Your Memorialist is of opinion, and he has also sought legal advice on the subject, that the Act III. Victoria, Chapter 20, does not comprehend houses of entertainment, where no strong drinks are sold, and that in fact they are no more included in that Act, than boarding-houses where the same articles may be sold, as are required in such a house of entertainment. To insist otherwise affords no encouragement to persons of temperate habits, and to those who may be disposed to endeavour to promote the dissemination of orderly and temperance principles, while on the other hand it offers a premium of probable profit to the seller of ardent spirits.

Your Memorialist begs permission to submit a few remarks for your consideration, and entreats the Magistrates to secure legal advice before any further action be taken. The Act under which the license fee is claimed for houses of entertainment not selling liquors, is that before mentioned. It may be found in the Provincial Statutes of 1840. On examination of that Act it will be seen that no such houses are contemplated or described. The fourteenth clause is that which is made the grounds of change for mere houses of entertainment. It reads thus:—"That from and after the first day of June next, all, and every person or persons, who shall open a house of public entertainment, or a house for the sale of ale, beer, cider, or other liquors not spirituous, within this Province, by retail, he, she, or they are required to take out a license for so doing, &c." It must be admitted that if two classes of public houses are described in this clause, then there may be some plausibility in the demand, that persons keeping a house of entertainment, where no strong drink is sold, should be required to take out a license, and pay the prescribed sum. But a few observations will make it evident, that not two classes, but only one class of houses is therein set forth. The house of public entertainment is in the next sentence, by the continuation of the sentence more fully described, and it is a house where ale, beer, cider, and other liquors, not spirituous, are sold, and may constitute a part of the entertainment. The conjunction, or, is not disjunctive merely, but also copulative, and serves to distinguish the public houses contemplated in the Statute, from those houses where ardent spirits also may be sold. Two classes of houses, one indeed described in the Statute, and the title of the Act is certainly plain enough to show their character. It is "An Act for further regulating the manner of granting Licenses to Inn-keepers, and to the keepers of Ale and Beer Houses in this Province." If in the fourteenth clause, another kind of house is really contemplated, then the character of the Statute is not given by the title, for it would then include three different kinds of public houses. But this is evidently not the case, and, therefore, a house may be opened for public entertainment, without being liable to license taxation, providing spirituous liquors, or ale, beer, cider, &c., are not sold or kept for sale. This will further appear from the title or description of the 14th clause, printed in the margin, which is "License to be taken out for selling beer, ale, &c." The same conclusion will be arrived at from the 16th clause, where the payable amount of license is mentioned. The ale house is the house of public entertainment, the license for which is not more than five, and not less than one pound currency. Here also, in the margin, the class of houses is described, and the clause specifies the "amount payable on license to sell beer, &c."

Thus, therefore, houses where beer or other intoxicating drinks are not sold, are not liable, within the provisions of the Provincial Statutes, regulating such affairs, and to enforce payment of license is contrary both to the letter and spirit of the Act. And it seems perfectly reasonable that those persons who have heretofore been compelled to pay, ought to be refunded the several amounts exacted from them, under a misunderstanding of the Act of Parliament. Most assuredly no license can be required for keeping a public house, where no strong drinks are sold. And

in behalf of persons keeping, or wishing to keep, such houses, the consideration of the Magistrates is respectfully urged by the Memorialist,

WILLIAM SCOTT,
Minister of the Gospel.

Port Sarnia, March 20, 1844.

[We strongly recommend our temperance friends in the Western District to petition the Governor for redress without any delay, and we will be much disappointed if they have any future reason to complain of the conduct of their Magistrates or Inspector in this matter.—Ed.]

A FEW HINTS.

Notwithstanding the indefatigable and successful labors of the self-sacrificing pioneers of the temperance reformation, the hydra-headed vice, intemperance, prevails to an alarming extent. There is weeping and wailing among drunkards and their relatives, because in the distillery the worm dieth not, and the fires are unextinguished. Go to the Hospital, the Poor House, the Lunatic Asylum, the common Jail, and the Penitentiary, and there you may be introduced to the unfortunate and unhappy graduates from the grog-shop, with their diplomas printed on their distorted features. Visit the cellars, garrets, hovels, and kennels tenanted by drunken prodigals, who are surrounded by squalid poverty, and inquire the origin of such scenes of distress, and you will be informed that a combination of causes impelled the victims of inebriation onward, with rail-car rapidity, to unimaginable misery and destitution. Although compulsory usages do not prevail on this as they do on the other side of the Atlantic, yet the drinking customs have been interwoven into the frame-work of social habits—intermingled with the business transactions of every-day life—linked with the etiquette, courtesy, and fashion of society, and entwined with our notions of friendship and hospitality. Noxious nostrums, composed principally of alcohol, have been palmed on the community as infallible panaceas for mental and physical infirmities; so that sickness is offered as an apology for the use of dangerous compounds, which originate the deadly appetite. Yes, nauseous mixtures, assuming the name of medicines, drange the digestive organs, corrupt the blood, and generate the germ of future excess in the use of intoxicating liquors. The love of excitement, as well as the gratification of appetite, leads scores, and hundreds, and thousands of misguided, but well meaning persons from the pleasant paths of sobriety into the dark and dangerous labyrinths of intemperance. The writings of eminent men, who have celebrated in song and story the drinking usages of what they term the golden age, have led the multitude astray, invited generation after generation to the fatal cup, and accelerated their down-hill progress to the valley of the shadow of death. The needless and pernicious habit of using cider, beer, and wine at the table during meals, has contributed largely towards increasing the army of tipplers and toppers, and incorporating a love for ardent spirits into the systems of those who indulge a vitiated taste at the luxurious board. The absurd habit of treating, and sealing bargains, and drinking healths and toasts has accomplished an immeasurable amount of irreparable mischief, by associating the glass with the out-gushing of generosity, and the expression of the best feelings of our nature. Using the drunkard's drink at bees, raisings, feasts, parties, and militia trainings has swelled the impetuous current of vice, and swept millions into eternity. The abominable practice of drinking at auctions, and elections, and town meetings, has added many to the list of the intemperate. The disgusting habit of chewing and smoking opium and tobacco has, like an incendiary, set insatiable appetite on fire. The temptations from without, and the desires from within—the cheapness of the leverage, and the facilities for

drinking have done their share towards sending men to the land of epitaphs, skulls, and worms.

The example of respectable men, and the fact that many professors of religion have stood in the way, and frowned upon the Temperance cause, whilst they have, by precept and practice encouraged and defended the drinking customs of society, have thrown serious obstacles in the highway of reform, which have impeded the progress of the temperance cars. The press has groaned with anathemas, and the pulpit thundered forth its fulminations against the cause of total abstinence. Appetite, interest, ignorance, and bigotry have leagued together against the holy cause of human happiness. How shall we arrest the progress of the flaming current now sweeping through the land. Not by damming a mountain torrent here, nor cutting off a tributary stream yonder; but by tracing it to its fountain head, and shutting the flood-gates against it. We must put forth systematic, organised, persevering, and united effort to obtain the desirable consummation. A local society should be formed in every settlement, village, town, and city—these should be organized in Township and District Unions, which must concentrate their capital and influence and talent in a PROVINCIAL UNION. Every District Union can afford to support a Lecturing Agent, extensively circulate the *Temperance Advocate*, and purchase Tracts for gratuitous distribution. If we adopt and adhere to permanent and efficient plans for doing good, we must lay a broad and firm foundation, and raise a magnificent superstructure. Temperance unbars a gate to an ample field for the labors of the patriot and the Christian.

Let the rich make it unfashionable and disreputable to drink intoxicating beverages. Let the sun-browned and hard-handed laborer prove that he can perform his task without the aid of artificial stimulus. Let Legislators and Magistrates refuse to protect the making, vending, and using of poison, (as a common drink) by legal enactments. Let the authorised and respectable physician discountenance the quackery of those whose alcoholic tinctures are provocative to disease, and so deleterious to the system. Let the traveller who wishes to remunerate the tavern-keeper, treat his horse to oats, and not maltreat himself with "*agua mortis et damnationis*;" let him refresh himself with food instead of drink. Let the cook prepare her rands with water instead of brandy. Let the lovers of excitement exhilarate their minds in intellectual pursuits. Let the pulpit and the press speak out in favor of the cause. Let us labor as though all depended on ourselves, and pray as though all depended on God: then temperance, which is suited to every temperament and every variety of climate, and every vicissitude in life, will prosper and prevail, and *victory! victory!! victory!!!* will be inscribed on our triumphant banners.

G. W. BUNGAY.

March 22, 1844.

[We request particular attention to one of the topics above alluded to, we mean the beverages, nostrums, panaceas, bitters, &c. &c., palmed off upon a credulous public, under the name of "Temperance," but which are in reality, generally speaking, only provocations to drinking, or intoxicating drinks in disguise. Such disreputable contrivances have done great evil in Ireland, and other countries, and we are not without our share of them here. Let the public, especially at the beginning of the warm season, be warned, for many a reformed inebriate has been dragged back to his ruin by such questionable compounds as spruce and root beer, temperance cordials, and bitters, &c. &c.—ED.]

THE CHURCH AND THE TRAFFIC.

An article under this caption appeared in our last, to which we respectfully invite the attention of Ministers and office-bearers in

churches, requesting any who dissent from its arguments or conclusions to oblige us with a reply to what they consider objectionable. If no one objects, we shall indulge the pleasing hope, that the churches of Canada recognise the principles laid down in that article, and are prepared to act upon them; a measure which, more than any other, would promote and establish the Temperance Reformation.

The only argument which we have yet heard adduced against the article in question, is what may be called the *per se* argument, and is usually advanced in words somewhat like the following: "All that is said of the consequences of the traffic is very true, but I cannot see that distilling or selling is in itself sinful, or a *sin per se*, because they may, in some cases, be prosecuted for good purposes." This same argument, it will be remembered, was very frequently used against total abstinence itself, and probably still has much weight in many minds; it is, therefore, worthy of serious consideration.

First, then, we shall not attempt in any way to deny or invalidate the proposition itself. It only requires to be stated to commend itself to every understanding; we only deny that it has any relevancy to the cases in question, and we shall best prove this by applying the same argument to analagous matters.

Slaveholding is generally considered to be incompatible with the Christian character; but some one objects:—I cannot see that it is a *sin per se*, and in all circumstances to hold slaves, it may in some particular instance be for the good of the enslaved—and—oh! monstrous conclusion—therefore, the Christian church is to sanction slavery.

A man spends much of his time between the ball room and the gaming table, and is considered unfit for membership in a Christian church. Oh, but, exclaims some one, I cannot see that moving one's limbs in dancing—or exchanging painted pieces of paper round a table constitute sins *per se*, and therefore, he should be admitted into the church.

A man keeps an unrestrained ox, which he knows was wont to push with his horns, and if any mischief happen, the law of God holds him guilty as if he had done the evil intentionally with his own hand. But, short sighted man, who, in this instance, would assuredly make himself wise above what is written, replies: I cannot be convinced that it is a *sin per se*, to keep an ox untied, and, therefore, the owner's conduct is not blameworthy. It will at once be seen that, however correct the premises in all these cases the conclusion is a mere assumption, not only, not in accordance, but actually at variance with them; and the same may emphatically be said of the argument when applied to the traffic in, or use of, intoxicating drinks.

The mere mechanical or physical act involved in any sin, is not a *sin per se*, since there are circumstances in which it may be performed without guilt. It is the attending circumstances, and above all the knowledge of the effects to be produced, which constitute the sin, and these, we contend, are now as strong against the distiller, as they are usually found against criminals condemned in Courts of Justice.

UNION.

The following letter has been received from a zealous and influential friend in Toronto, on the subject of Union:—

Sir,—Recognising, as I do, the principles of the Society, whose honoured advocate you are, as based on the Bible, and consequently intended for general application and utility, I am glad to see a proposition emanating from your society, for a Provincial Union. This proposition, if carried out zealously and practically, is quite necessary for many reasons, only a few of which appear present to the most anxious friends of the cause.

The total abstinence principle is one involving most important consequences to individuals, families, communities, and nations.

It is a generic principle, capable of almost infinite expansion. It involves the practice, principle, and with it is intimately connected the conservation and perpetuity of nations. All former nations have fallen by luxury, vice, and drunkenness. If we would be the conservators of ours, we must promote the principles of total abstinence.

Believing as we do, that our principles are in strict harmony with the physical, moral, mental, religious and political interests of the human family, it is our duty to promote the influence of the society as extensively as possible.

JAMES LAMB.

EDUCATION.

Old Humphrey's Observations.

ON UNREASONABLENESS.

Surely man is the most unreasonable of all God's creatures! Feed the birds of the air, or the beasts of the field, and they will be satisfied; but the more is given to man, the more he requires.

If he have riches, he will hug his bags of gold, and carry out his plans to increase them. If he have estates, he will join house to house, field to field, and vineyard to vineyard; give him a country, or a kingdom, and he will crave for more.

When we rise in the morning, we expect to pass through the day prosperously. If we lie down to rest at night, we expect to enjoy refreshing slumber. If we propose a journey, we expect to perform it unmolested and uninjured.

If we pass through one birth-day, we expect to arrive at another in good health; to eat and to drink, to ride and to walk, to wake and to sleep in peace, without considering that these things cannot take place, unless God, of his infinite mercy, keeps us from a thousand temptations, and delivers us from ten thousand dangers.

So continually are we partaking of God's blessings, that we look on them as things of course: the seed we sow must, in our apprehension, spring up abundantly; our talents must be provided for, and the mercies of yesterday must be supplied to-day, and those of this year continued to us through the next. How seldom do we offer up the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," Matt. vi. 11, with a full consciousness of our entire dependence on our heavenly Father for our earthly supplies! And how frequently do we feel more gratitude to our fellow worms, for a passing act of kindness, than to the Lord of life and glory, for his permanent and unmerited mercies! We bow and cringe to a fellow sinner, to obtain at his hands the empty baubles of an hour, while the love of the Redeemer of the world, the means of grace, and the hope of eternal glory, are sought for with indifference.

Let us look more on our common mercies as the gifts of God. Let our health and our strength, our days and our nights, our bits and our sups, and our meanest comforts, be regarded as being bestowed by a heavenly Benefactor; and let us bear in mind our own unworthiness, that we may be more reasonable in our desires, and more grateful when they are attained.

ON READING.

The other day it happened that, while I was sitting in the midst of a family, with several young people around me, the doctor called, one of the party being a little ailing. Now, the doctor is a friendly man, of good parts, and of a kind-hearted disposition; but very unsound in his religious views, inasmuch as he is guided by his own opinions, instead of the records of eternal truth.

It has often puzzled me how it is that some medical men, who so ardently seek to know, and who understand so much better than others, every thing in reference to the wonderful framework of the body, should manifest so much apathy and ignorance respecting the soul. I always liked the society of medical men, but for all that, Old Humphrey is not one that will tickle their ears with pleasant words, when he sees an opportunity of touching their hearts with a salutary truth. There are many doctors who are well versed in, and influenced by the Holy Scriptures, to their own advantage, and to that of their patients; but there are others who think neither of the souls of their patients, nor of their own.

We were speaking of books, and of the great influence they had over the minds of their readers, when the doctor unhesitatingly gave it as his opinion that young people should be permitted to read what books they pleased, good and bad, without restriction, to enable them to form a correct judgment respecting them.

"Young persons," said he, "who are not allowed to do this, are sure to form very cramped and precise notions."

"Well," thinks I, "the doctor gives his physic to those who want it, and why should not Old Humphrey? A little dose on this occasion cannot hurt the doctor, and if it should do him no good, perhaps it may do some of the young people around me," for they very naturally thought a good deal of what fell from the lips of their medical friend.

"Let us see," said I, "how this principle would work in common life; for my notions, I must confess, are so 'cramped and precise,' that I prefer, as a guide in such matters, the experience of a thoughtful parent, to the inexperience of a thoughtless child. What say you to allow your own children to roam about your own surgery, and to let them taste, without restraint, your powders and potions, to enable them to form a correct judgment of their influence? The first packet might be magnesia, which could not do them much harm; but if the second happened to be arsenic, which is not very unlike it, they would most likely be poisoned. If, instead of going to the substances, they went to the liquids, the first phial might have in it tincture of rhubarb, an excellent stomachic; but the second might contain prussic acid, which, if highly concentrated, would cause immediate death.

"There is certainly a difference between books and the contents of the surgery, and it is this—that the one is medicine for the body, and the other for the soul. Books and medicines are both influential, and the prussic acid, which destroys the life of the body, is not more deadly than the bad books that poison the principles of the soul."

I tried to say this kindly, but am rather fearful that my natural quickness of temper in some degree got the better of my prudence; for the doctor made me no reply, and the young people seemed more disposed to talk with their medical friend than to listen to my observations.

It is something, however, to sow good seed, it may not all fall in stony places, but spring up when least expected, and bring forth fifty and a hundred-fold. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good," Eccles. xi. 6.

If you put a hot coal in your pocket, it will burn its way out. Ay, and so will a bad deed that is hidden make itself known. *A fault concealed is a fault doubled, and so you will find it through life. Never hide your faults.*

Address to the Friends of Peace.

Abridged from the last Address of the New York Peace Society.

Christianity is emphatically a religion of peace. It proclaims peace as one of its objects; it promises peace as one of its results; our Saviour, its author and finisher, was foretold by ancient prophets as the Prince of Peace; the choir of angels sent to herald his advent, sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men;" and prophecy assures us of a coming era, when, under the benign influences of his gospel, "they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nations shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Surely, then, such a religion ought, wherever it goes, to promote peace among nations as well as among individuals. Rightly applied, it would; but it is a fact, not more deplorable than true, that nations possessing this very religion, have long been pre-eminently for their skill and delight in war. They study it as a science; they practice it as an art; they train millions to this trade of blood for a livelihood; they deem it the most honourable of all professions, and make it the great highway to fame and power. The result is inevitable; Christendom, drenched ago after age in blood, is still covered with barracks, and groaning under the support of three million warriors in a time of peace, and under a sum total of war debts amounting to nearly ten thousand million dollars!

It seems to us, that such an incubus on the bosom of Christendom should not, and need not be continued. We do not suppose it can be removed at once; but we deem war just as curable as

any other evil. It is a custom; and like every other custom, it is liable to change, and capable of being entirely reformed. It exists solely because men choose it; its continuance depends entirely on their choice; and whenever we can change that choice, and array the mass of mankind against the savage and brutal arbitrament of the sword, war must of necessity come to an end forever. This reform then is quite as feasible as any other. There is nothing in the word or the providence of God; nothing in the nature or the circumstances of mankind; nothing in their passions or time-hallowed customs; nothing in the structure of society or government; nothing in all the influences that have been for ages accumulating in support of the war system, to forbid the possibility of banishing it entirely from every land blessed with the light of the gospel.

This result, however, can never be reached without appropriate means. The gospel, as God's chosen remedy for the moral maladies of our world, must be applied to this as to other forms of sin and misery. For this purpose, we must put in operation the requisite machinery. The pulpit and the press, the school and the fireside, the Christian, the philanthropist, and patriot, must all be enlisted in forming a public sentiment against war, and in filling every Christian community with such pacific views and feelings as shall constrain rulers henceforth to employ other and better means than the sword for the settlement of all national disputes. *It can be done*—done without injury or danger to any nation; and all we need, under God, for such a result, is a right use of the means he has appointed for that purpose.

Such means the friends of peace in both hemispheres began to use more than a quarter of a century ago; and, however few or feeble, the God of peace has already crowned their efforts with a degree of success truly wonderful in view of the slender means employed. All the money contributed directly to this cause through Christendom in twenty-five or thirty years, would hardly support a single first-rate war-ship six months, or the entire war system of Christendom two hours; less for the cause of peace in thirty years, than for the war system, even in a time of peace, only two hours! Yet has the general peace of Christendom, mainly by the smiles of heaven on these efforts of peace-makers, been preserved ever since, and only since the commencement of their labours, now nearly thirty years; a longer period of general peace than had been known before for many centuries; the glorious era of modern benevolence and reform; an era that has probably done more than any two or three centuries before, to reclaim the world from ignorance and error, from sin and its woes.

Permit us, then, to invite a general co-operation. The object is strictly common, and appeals alike to men of every sect and every party. Our sole aim is the abolition of international war, the promotion of universal and permanent peace; and we ask the aid of all that desire a consummation so devoutly to be wished. On some points there may be more or less diversity of opinion; but we see not why all good men should not unite for the utter extinction of a custom which every one of them deploras as an enormous evil. Action is our test; we ask the co-operation of all that are willing to labour for this common cause; nor can we well conceive why any benevolent man should refuse to aid in abolishing a custom which confessedly contradicts our religion of peace, outrages the dictates of common sense, and preys like a remorseless vampire on the dearest interests of mankind; a custom which has cost our own government from its origin more than six times as much as all its civil offices, and heaped upon Christendom an amount of debts so vast, that the bare interest, at six per cent., would be \$630,000,000 a year; a custom that sacrificed, in little more than forty years, some twelve millions of American Indians by the hands of the Spaniards alone, no less than nine millions in the wars consequent upon the French Revolution, and the almost inconceivable number, if we may credit Edmund Burke's calculation or conjecture, of thirty-five thousand millions since its work of blood began!

MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT.

Parental Care.

Obedience to parents is a duty that should especially be impressed on the minds of the young. On this subject, teach them what God commands; what he promises to the dutiful and obedient; and what he threatens against undutiful and disobedient

children. God has commanded, "Honour thy father and mother," Matt. xv. 4. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right," Eph. vi. 1. Teach children this commandment; and teach them that to obedience to this command, God formerly annexed the promise, of long life and prosperity, Exod. xx. 22; and that if now his promises more especially refer to spiritual blessings, yet that still he beholds with approbation, and often crowns with temporal prosperity, young persons that are dutiful, obedient, and affectionate to their parents. Teach them also that he denounces his wrath against undutiful and disobedient children; "He that curseth father or mother let him die the death," Matt. xv. 4. They that set light by father and mother, were sinners that brought ruin on themselves, and their country too, Ezek. xiv. 7; and God expressed his abhorrence of this sin, when he inspired Solomon to write, "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall peck it out, and the young eagles shall eat it," Prov. xxx. 17. Let children have these lessons impressed upon their minds; let them be made sensible that God has commanded them, in their earlier years, to their parents' care, and that to disobey them is (except parents desire them to do wrong) to disobey him; and that God is a witness of every act of disobedience, even when hidden from their parents' notice. While such principles are inculcated on children, parents should avoid occasioning them vexation, by exerting authority needlessly. The same God that says to children, "Obey your parents in the Lord," commands to parents, "Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged," Col. iii. 21. Maintain parental authority, and teach your children the duty of implicit obedience to all your commands, that accord with those of God; but discourage them not, by multiplying needless directions, and by unnecessary restraints.

The indulgence of kind and gentle dispositions, and the manifestation of them in the whole deportment, should especially be inculcated on children. The Saviour lays much stress on the cultivation of a kind and gentle spirit. He said to his disciples, "Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls," Matt. xi. 29. Among the fruits of the Spirit which adorn the Christian character, "love, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, and meekness," are prominent graces, Gal. v. 22. Christian love or charity, "is kind," and "doth not behave itself unseemly;" 1 Cor. xiii. 4, 5. "The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle," James iii. 17. The indulgence and manifestation of these dispositions eminently promote the happiness of the family circle. Where they abound, a family presents a very different scene from what it would otherwise exhibit; a scene of loveliness and comfort, instead of dissension and uneasiness. Teach your children that these are the dispositions the Saviour displayed, and which he still loves; and that these graces are so beneficial and lovely, as to be worthy of daily effort and prayer for their acquisition and improvement. And show them how hateful are passion, and stubbornness, and unkindness, and ingratitude, and contention, and strife; and how different from the spirit of Christ, and from what he loves!

Care should be used to infuse a spirit of benevolence into the hearts of children. Man is, by nature, a selfish creature. Here is the root of his depravity. Selfishness is the fruitful source of his sin and misery. Many parents, by their griping and covetous practices, encourage this evil in the breasts of their offspring; and thus unwittingly teach them to indulge the worst passions of the depraved human heart. Would you have your children happy and useful? teach them benevolence. Encourage them to believe that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and to delight more in communicating than in receiving good. If your ability to help others is small, if you have no means for feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, there are other acts of kindness and sympathy which you may perform; and you may confer real benefit on your children, by allowing them to be your helpers in deeds of mercy. Where persons have more ability to relieve the wants of the suffering and afflicted, their children may, occasionally, be allowed to convey such relief, and to be the almoners of their parents' bounty. To impart relief to the afflicted, may be considered as a reward for improvement or good behaviour. In another place, the writer has recorded a fact of this kind, which is so connected with these remarks, that it may be useful to introduce it here. "An aged servant of God, for the sake of his health, visited the sea side. When he and his companion arrived at their lodgings, they found every thing they could need provided for them: earthenware, groceries, food, etc. were all ready. This provision had been unexpectedly made by

a benevolent lady in the neighbourhood. She had told her little son, but a mere child, to say what he thought Mr. ———, would want. The little boy mentioned different articles, which were likely to be required, till he had named all that could be needed. He was then directed to go and procure, or see procured, all that was wanted. He had done so." How different in future life will be the spirit of a child thus trained up, from that of children, who see their parents intent on nothing so much as worldly pleasure, or sordid wealth!

In connexion with these remarks it may be added, that children should be taught to refrain from all acts of cruelty to the inferior creatures. Torturing of insects, or birds, or beasts, should be represented to them as a sin against God; and as the indulgence, in their own hearts, of a wicked disposition. By no means should they be allowed to take pleasure in the sufferings or death of any animal. No sports connected with cruelty to animals, should be tolerated, in the least degree. Parents who permit their children to find amusement in witnessing dogs or cocks fighting, and in setting them to do so, are preparing them to be ruffians and reprobates. Children should be taught that all pleasure of this kind is worthy only of a savage or a demon; and that those who delight in beholding scenes of cruelty, are evidently slaves of that most cruel being, Satan, and will soon be tormented with him, unless their hearts are changed and their sins forgiven.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

An Orphan's Recollections of Home.

Behold a father and mother and two little boys and a grandfather and aunt Mary; they dwell under one roof and make a happy and loving family. It was on a beautiful farm where they lived, and green fields, and oak groves, and raspberry hedges flourished all around them. Away beside the hill was a bright stream of water, sparkling in the sunbeam or playing with the willow boughs which hung over it. They had cows to give them sweet milk, and good butter and new cheese, and a horse to carry the corn to the mill, or take a ride to the neighbouring town, and hens to lay fresh eggs and hatch broods of happy little chickens. When the father and grandfather went out to walk in the morning, the little boys often skipped by their side, and then began to learn how to handle the hoe and the spade, the rake and the scythe; or perhaps with pockets full of luncheon they scampered down the green lane to the old school house, ready for a lesson or a play. During the long winter evenings while every hill and valley were covered with snow, grandfather used to tell pleasant stories, about "when he was a boy," or their father read aloud some entertaining book while they rested between his knees, and watched aunt Mary's knitting needles—or perhaps they cracked nuts or made candy and had a merry frolic. Every body said how happy these children are, and I am sure they had a great deal to make them happy.

Not many years passed by, when one pleasant autumn day, the father came home from the fields, and he slung himself upon the bed, saying, "I am sick." For many days he grew sicker—no medicine could cure him, and no nursing could heal him; and he became paler, and every body said he must die.

"Must I die and leave my little ones?" exclaimed the father. Yes, it must be so. Then he raised his hands on high and commended them and their mother to the Great God, and prayed the Lord Jesus to receive his spirit. He became still and calm, and he spoke no more, for it was death: and his body was carried away to the cold grave. How did the children mourn for him! But their mother was left, and they seemed to love her more than ever.

Not many months after, when the chilling winter winds were abroad, sickness laid its hand upon their dear mother. "Oh, mother must not die," cried the little boys. Ah, that mother must die too,—so was God's will, and physi-

cians and friends and the tears of the little boys could avail nothing; the mother died and a new grave was opened, and the father and mother lay side by side in the cold earth.

"What will become of the poor orphans?" asked one and another. A letter came from afar off, asking for the elder of the two, to come and make his home with an aunt, who would love him dearly for his mother's sake. They talked it over and it was decided he should go, and they prepared his clothes and his trunk; but the brothers did not realize how soon they were to part and dwell a great many long miles away from each other.

At last the stage came and took Newman away; but they told him so much about the strange and beautiful things which he would see in the great city whither he was going, that he went willingly, saying, "Oh, I will bring some of these home to Peter."

Newman arrived at his new home. It was a larger, richer home than his cottage home in the country; and his aunt, in a thousand ways, tried to make it a pleasant home to the orphan boy. Many weeks passed away and perhaps nobody suspected but Newman was the happiest boy in the world.

One night, long after he had retired to bed, his aunt happened to pass by his chamber door: it was open, and she listened and heard a loud sobbing from within. How quickly did she hasten to his bed-side.

"What is the matter, Newman?" she inquired kindly—"Are you sick?" Drawing down the clothes she saw his eyes were red with weeping.

"No, aunt, I am not sick," he said.

"Are you afraid, my child?" asked the aunt.

"No, aunt," said Newman.

"Have you been naughty at school?" still asked his aunt.

"No, aunt," still answered the sobbing boy.

"Can you not tell me, what is the matter?"

"Oh, I very often cry, after I come to bed. I cannot tell you, aunt—it is all with myself," as he hid his face in the pillow.

The lady felt very anxious as she looked down upon the sorrowing boy. "I am afraid you are not happy here, Newman," she said sadly.

"Yes, I like here—I like here, aunt, but"—and his tears almost choked him,—"*but I cannot help thinking of Peter—how, when I used to live with him, I would not sometimes let him have my play-things.* I would now, if I could live with him again."—And as he thought of it again his tears flowed afresh. Poor Newman! It was, then, the memory of unkindness to his little brother that made him so full of grief.

Newman went to school, where he had a good and pleasant teacher, a great many play-fellows, and a fine opportunity to study. He loved to learn his lessons, and his teacher loved him for it.

One day, Newman was heard crying in his seat. The boys looked surprised and wondered what he was crying for. The teacher was surprised and feared he was sick: then the teacher went up to his desk and asked him "what the matter was?"

"Oh," exclaimed he, sobbing as if his little heart would break, "when I lived with my mother, I most always minded her, but *sometimes I did not.*"

What a bitter memory was that! He most always minded her, "*but sometimes he did not.*" His mother was now gone; and, although he could remember many happy days with her and could recall many proofs of his kindness and obedience towards her, yet the painful thought that he *sometimes* had disobeyed her, came like a dark cloud over his heart and made his brightest hours full of sorrow and tears. Poor Newman, he had sinned, and now, he was reaping its bitter fruits. Ah sin is like a serpent: if you

take it to your bosom it will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.

There are many boys who will read this, that are still living with their father, and mother and brothers. Obey your parents *always*, be kind and obliging to your brothers and sisters *always*, now they are with you, or you will be laying up bitterness in your heart, when it will be too late to repent, and God has taken away from you your opportunities of showing your love and of making amendment.—*Well-Spring.*

Obedience.

Do my young friends know what it is to obey? If not, I will tell them. Sometimes children think they obey when they do not. This mistake may arise from not understanding the *nature* of obedience. I will try to illustrate it so that all can understand it.

I knew a boy once, by the name of Henry. He was about ten years old. Henry loved to fly his kite very much. One day he was very busily engaged fixing his kite, and his mother called him:

“Henry, I want you a minute.” He paid no attention to it, but just kept on fixing his kite. So presently his mother called again a little louder.

“Henry, I want you.” So he said, “Yes, mother: I’m coming.” But he did not go. Pretty soon his mother went to the place where he was, and said,

“Henry, I’m sorry I have to speak so often; why should you give me so much trouble? I want you to go and get me a pail of water immediately.” So Henry got up with a scowling face, and went grumbling along after a pail of water.

Now, my young friends, I want to ask you one question. When Henry got up and went after the water, did he obey his mother? Perhaps you will say he did. I do not think so. And this is what I want you to understand. Henry would not have gone at all if he could have avoided it; he went reluctantly because he could not help it. Perhaps he was afraid of being punished, if he did not go. His body went, but his heart staid where his kite was. He went whining and pouting, just as if his mother had told him to do something very unpleasant. Now I want you to understand that obedience does not consist in moving the body from place to place, where you are directed to go, but the heart must go also, or else it is not real obedience. There is a great deal of conduct that children take for obedience, which is not. You should never give yourselves credit for obedience when you have done a thing just because you could not help it, or to save yourselves from being punished.

True obedience consists in doing a thing cheerfully, because it is right. It is doing just what your father, or mother, or teacher bids you do; because you love to do just as they say, because you think it is right, and because it is your happiness to obey.

Little James was once asked, by his mother, to go and do an errand for her. He *instantly* jumped up, *although he had been very deeply engaged with his playthings*, and left them all, and said, with a smiling face, “Mother, what can I do for you?” Oh, you cannot tell how I loved him when I saw him so happy to mind his mother. And I found that every body loved James. Every one said, what an excellent child James is. And he was always just so at home and abroad. If his mother told him to do anything, he always seemed happy to think he could do something for her.

Now here was real obedience. Do you always go *instantly* and cheerfully, with a pleasant face, *and without being spoken to, two or three times*, when your parents tell you to do anything?—*Teacher’s Offering.*

NEWS.

REPEAL.—At a meeting of the Dublin Repeal Association a letter from Mr. O’Connell was read, from which the following passages are cited as worthy of especial notice:—

“I meet many Englishmen who are in what I may call the precursor state, declaring positively that they will assist us in ‘the repeal,’ if the present government perseveres in its present impolicy with regard to Ireland; and, as such perseverance is certain, I reckon on having much English assistance, even before the session is over, in advocating repeal.” Alluding to reports that the repeal agitation is to be abandoned, he adds—“English sympathy induces us to be more moderate in tone, and conciliatory in language, but it leaves untouched and undiminished the inevitable necessity of the restoration of the Irish Parliament for any redress of Irish grievances.”

It is not generally known that Lancashire has become the most populous county in the kingdom: such, however, is the fact; and Middlesex, which a short time since stood at the head, in point of numbers, is now only rated third.

The *John Bull*, a Tory and High Church Journal, has the following editorial:—

“There is a report in circulation that a large body of, the evangelical clergy, are about to secede from the Established Church, and to set up a distinct communion on the principles of episcopacy. Is there any truth in such a rumor? It is certain that the following advertisement appeared in the *Record* of Monday last:—‘It being in contemplation to form an Episcopal Church, separate from the State, with a revised Liturgy, all who are favourable to this object are earnestly requested to communicate by letter,’ &c. We shall watch the progress of this business, and not fail to bring the promoters of it before the tribunal of their country, should they seriously engage in any such mischievous design.”—*John Bull.*

NEW KIND OF SHEEP.—Several of the English nobility have introduced with much success, the Alpaca, from the Andes, on their estates. It is supposed they will be found profitable, as the fleece weighs 6 or 8 lbs. and the South Down Sheep the wool of which is not worth much, yields only two pounds. The Alpaca, too is much harder than the sheep, and lives on mountain herbage, little better than withered grass, which will not sustain sheep.

The noble project set on foot by the Wesleyan Methodists, of raising by voluntary contributions the sum of £200,000 towards the establishment of day-schools in every circuit belonging to that vast connexion, is likely to be carried out to an extent fully according with the sanguine anticipations of its promoters.

The *Great Western* has been sold and will not return to New York.

THE SPRING TRADE TO CANADA.—It gives us the greatest pleasure to learn that our spring ships already on the berth for Canada have received full cargoes, more goods being about to be exported to that valuable colony this season, from this city, than for several years past. The *Bellona* and *Caledonia* cleared on Wednesday with full cargoes, and a number of other ships about to sail from the Broomielaw are also well fitted with merchandize.—*Glasgow Paper.*

The New Zealand Company has been compelled to suspend its operations; as, after expending upwards of £500,000, notwithstanding the compact entered into three years ago by Government, is yet unsecured by the grant of a single acre from the Crown.

In Parliament, Lord Denman adverted to the case of an individual condemned to death in Louisiana for aiding a slave to make his escape. He hoped that the expression of the feeling which prevailed in England and over Europe, would reach the United States in time to prevent the infliction of a punishment so utterly disproportioned to the alleged offense.

The action of the Judges and the House of Lords on the marriage question—deciding marriages between Episcopalians and Presbyterians, solemnized by Presbyterian clergymen, to be illegal—was exciting great alarm and indignation among the Protestant population of Ireland, where such marriages have been frequent.

The British Anti-Slavery Society have issued a circular to the ministers of churches in London and the neighborhood, calling upon them to sign a memorial to the American churches against slavery. The memorial was forwarded by the Acadia.

The British trade with China is increasing very rapidly. Upwards of eighty vessels have left London docks for Canton since the first of March, all carrying out full cargoes.

Dr. Halley's congregation, at Manchester, at a public meeting, subscribed, then and there, £1000 for educational purposes; £6000 is expected.

Bombay.—Advices from Bombay are up to February 1st. In Gwalior two or three battles have been fought, in which the British arms were successful. The natives of the country are said to have commenced the hostilities by firing first at a baggage party, and then on some reconnoitering troops. The British right wing, under the command of Sir H. Gough, attacked the Mahrattas in their position of M-abrajpool, while the left wing, under Maj. Gen. Grey, followed up the assault at Panniar. The loss of the British army was severe, amounting to 141 killed, and 826 wounded; the natives lost between 4000 and 5000 killed and wounded, and 50 pieces of artillery. The fort of Gwalior shortly after surrendered, and some of the principal chiefs came in and tendered submission. The British Government has resolved not to occupy the country. Matters were still in a quiet posture in the Scinde, Panjab, Hydrabad, and Sukkar. India throughout is peaceful. —*British Paper.*

[This cruel butchery is without even an apparent object. How long is it to continue?]

At a large meeting held in Glasgow, it was resolved to recommend to the Free Church of Scotland, to send back the money received from the Slave States. Such a procedure would strike a severe blow at the iniquitous system of Slavery, as countenanced, and practiced by professing Christians.

The last letters from Italy are full of accounts of the armed bands which have of late re-appeared in the Appennines and in the low country on the coast of the Adriatic; and it is said that all the troops the Pope has at his disposal at Bologna, are not sufficient to prevent the nightly depredations to which that city is exposed.

The impression has become very general that Sir Robert Peel intends, on the renewal of the Bank Charter, to prohibit after a certain time, the issue of Notes by Private or Joint Stock Banks. This measure will curtail to a very serious extent the power of those Banks to accommodate their customers. The amount of the Private and Joint Stock Note circulation in the United Kingdom, namely, £18,000,000, makes the withdrawal of it, and the substitution of Bank of England Notes, a matter of great delicacy.

Jews.—The celebrated professor *Tholuck* lately wrote as follows; "There have been effected more voluntary conversions of Jews in these last twenty-five years, than in the seventeen hundred years elapsed since the days of St. Paul."

OREGON.—TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENT FORMED.—Recent letters state that at a meeting of the American settlers in the spring of '43, a Government was regularly formed by the choosing of Judges, Sheriffs, Clerks, &c. It was a perfect Territorial Government, except that no Governor was appointed. The *Newburyport Herald* of Thursday contains an interesting letter from a former citizen of that place, now settled at Williamette Falls, Oregon, dated 29th of Oct. 1843, which states that within six months there have been erected at that place 2 flour and 2 saw mills, and between 30 or 40 two story frame dwellings. The settlement is upon Williamette river, a branch of the Columbia. He also states that the climate is good, that there is no sickness of consequence, and that mechanical labour commands from \$2 to \$2.50 per day.—*N. Y. Observer* April 13th.

Snocking Loss of Property.—The *Pennsylvania Inquirer*, of the 15th ultimo, gives a terrible account of the wreck of the *Shepherdess* steamer. It pathetically says—"One man lost 3000 dollars in money, and another thirty negroes!" We trust that the latter calamity will touch the benevolent bosoms of the Americans, and that no time will be lost in subscribing for the poor man at least thirty blacks. It is bad enough to lose mere dollars, but to see one's black human flesh go to the bottom of a river, would wring tears from the heart of a rock.—*English Paper.*

Penny Postage.—A gentleman recently returned from Europe states, that the influence of the penny system of postage throughout Great Britain, in improving the intellectual, moral and social habits of the humbler classes, is truly wonderful; that hundreds of thousands are learning to write for the pleasure of corresponding with their friends. The effect of reducing the postage from a shilling to a penny, in increasing the number of letters, is well illustrated by the anecdote of a person writing to his son in London; "Remember my dear boy, not to forget to write often, for every letter saves me eleven pence!"

The people of Iowa have decided in favor of forming a State Government. Delegates are to be elected next August to a con-

vention, which is to assemble in October to form a constitution. At the next session of Congress, Iowa will apply for admission into the Union as a State.

DRUMMOND LIGHT.—It is in contemplation to light the Hall of the House of Representatives with the Drummond Light. This light is produced by the union of two parts of oxygen and hydrogen gas upon a piece of unslacked calcined lime in a state of combustion, and is said to possess an illuminating power equal to six hundred oil lights from the best argand burners. The light can be sustained, without diminution for twelve hours, and the cost of it is declared to be but one-fourth the cost of oil light.

Dr. Burns is doing well for the Free Church. Hamilton has acted very spiritedly, and expects to raise £400. Toronto may exceed £150. Cobourg, it is pretty certain, will subscribe £200.—*Christian Guardian.*

At the Niagara April district Assizes, John H. DeWitt was found guilty of setting fire, on the 13th July, 1840, to the valuable mill of Gilbert M'icking, Esq., of Chippewa. DeWitt was a comrade of the ruffian Benjamin Lett, and besides the crime of which he has been found guilty and condemned to the Penitentiary for life, is known to have been one of the parties by whom Brock's monument was blown up, who burnt Chippewa Church, robbed the house of the Rev. Mr. Anderson, and committed numberless other villainies. The gang is now utterly broken up.—*Montreal Gazette.*

A late trial for usury has caused no little sensation in the city of Toronto. It seems that a Mr. Thomson had lent the Messrs. Sutherland the sum of one thousand pounds, charging for it at the rate of fifteen per cent, or two and a half times the legal rate. The Messrs. Sutherland having, it is said, afterwards quarrelled with Mr. Thomson, sued him for usury, the law imposing a penalty or the forfeit of treble the amount lent, should more than six per cent, be exacted; one half the penalty to go to the informer, the other half to the Queen. The verdict of the Jury was against Mr. Thomson, and the enormous sum which he is consequently compelled to disburse will, it is to be hoped, prove to the Legislature of this Province the utter absurdity of our present usury laws, which, independently of all other objections to them, tend to raise the rate of interest on money, instead of lowering it as they are foolishly supposed to do.—*Id.*

MONTREAL PRICES CURRENT.—MAY 1.

ASHES—Pot	26s 0d	BEEF—Prime Mess tierce	\$12
Pearl	26s 6d	Do do blbs	\$7½
FLOUR—Fine	2s 3a 2s 6d	Prime	\$5½
WHEAT—	5s 9d to 6s 0d	TALLOW—	5d
PEASE—	2s 6d per <i>minot.</i>	BUTTER—Salt	5d a 6d½
OAT-MEAL	8s 6d per <i>cow.</i>	CHEESE—	3d a 5d½
PORK—Mess	\$15	EXCHANGE—London 1½ prem.	
P. Mess	\$12	N. York	3
Prime	\$10	Canada W.	½
LARD—	4½d a 5d <i>p. lb</i>		

By the last advices from Britain business was generally a little duller, especially in wheat and flour. Pork was advancing; beef flat onary, and pot ashes a shade lower.

Monies Received on Account of

Advocate, Vol. X.—W. Edwards, Lochaber, 16s 8d; Z. Fell, St. Johns, £1 10; S. Blackstone, Barton, 5s; Rev. T. Hulbert, Orillia, 15s; J. Modeland, Chingacousy, 1s 4d; Drummer Sutherland, 93d Regt., Toronto, 2s 6d; R. Byewater, Vaughan, 7s 6d; S. Armitage, Newmarket, 2s 6d; O. Phillips, do 2s 6d; T. Warwick, do 2s 6d; T. Freedom, do 2s 6d; W. Dunn, Whitby 2s 6d; J. G. Rogers, Etobicoke, 2s 6d; J. Wilson, Credit, 2s 6d; W. Dunbar, Pickering, 1s 8d; J. Christie & Son, Toronto, 5s 5d; Rev. R. H. Bourne, Rawdon, £1 5s; W. Newth, Chambly, 1s 8d; A. Davies, 71st Regt., do 1s 4d; F. T. Bush, Beverly, 2s 6d; P. Hicok, do 2s 6d; W. Greig, and R. Rennie, New York, 6s; J. Brodie, Bytown, 1s 4½d; W. Glassford, Gloucester, 2s; Rev. J. Clinie, jun., Darlington, 1s 8d; A. M'Laren, Caledon, 5s; Sundries, Montreal, 16s 5d.

Donations.—J. Cooper and Family, £1 5s 10d; Aldboro' Society, £1 15s.

Penny Subscription Cards.—Jacob Rynal and Margaret Hess, 10s.

Arrears.—M. Kelly, R. C. Regt., Amherstburgh, £1 18s 6d; Sundries, Montreal, £1 15s.

THE RELIGIOUS AND COMMERCIAL NEWS

ROOM will be found supplied with the principal Newspapers and Magazines of the LEADING RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS and the VARIOUS MISSIONARY and BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES; as well as some of the best COMMERCIAL, POLITICAL, and LITERARY PUBLICATIONS of Great Britain, the United States, and Canada.

Annual Subscription, 20s, Semi-Annual, 12s 6d, Quarterly, 6s 3d, Monthly, 2s 6d.

Clerks and Mechanics, half the above rates,
Clergymen and Schoolmasters, free.

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Montreal, May 1, 1844.

JAMES R. ORR,

IMPORTER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

BEGS to inform his friends, that he removes on the 1st of May, to AULDJO'S BUILDING, (next to TOBIN & MURISON'S) St. Peter Street. By the first vessels, he expects a very general assortment of New Goods, selected with great care in the British markets.

Montreal, April 1, 1844.

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

THE Committee of this Society beg leave to apprise the Sabbath Schools throughout Canada, that they have received a new and extensive supply of suitable Library and Reward Books, comprehending a general assortment of Elementary Books, such as Primers, Spelling Books, First, Second, and Third Class Books, &c. &c. Bibles and Testaments, Union Questions, and other helps for teachers; all of which will be disposed of at the usual favourable conditions to Sabbath Schools.

A few additional Libraries have also been received, varied from former supplies, which will be furnished to Poor Schools on the usual Terms. As many of those just received are already promised, to prevent disappointment, an early application will be necessary.

The Canada Sunday School Union holds no supervision over any School, further than that a Report from such School is required annually. (See Circular.)

Applications to be made (if by letter, post paid,) to Mr. J. C. BECKET, Recording Secretary, or to Mr. J. MILNE, Depository McGill Street.

Montreal, January 1, 1844.

A SCHOOL-MASTER WANTED,

CAPABLE of teaching Arithmetic and Grammar. Liberal wages will be given. Application to be made, if by letter, post paid, on or before the 12th of May. Apply to

DANIEL M'DOUGALL,	} Trustees.
DAVID MUNROE,	
HUGH CHRISTIE,	

Glenarry, near Martintown, April 24, 1844.

TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

THE Subscriber begs to tender his sincere thanks to his customers for the support they have given him, and also to inform them, and the public in general, that he has removed to No. 228 South end of St. Paul Street, where he has excellent accommodations for several Boarders and Travellers, and where he hopes, as his house will be conducted on strict tee-total principles, to share the patronage of friends to the cause.

Montreal, May 1, 1844.

H. MEYER.

TO ALL TEE-TOTALLERS AND FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE IN THE GORE DISTRICT.

THE TIME IS COME, when Tee-totalers must upon the avowed principles support men in business who stand up for the Temperance cause, in preference to those who oppose it, and who strive to uphold the drinking practice of the day.

MATHEW MAGILL, of Hamilton, begs to invite the attention of his Temperance friends to this advertisement and to inform them that he has opened a DRY GOODS AND GROCERY STORE, in Stinson's Buildings, King Street, on strict tee-total principles, where his friends can obtain any article in his line, as cheap as at any house in town. His store is well supplied with Cloths, Casimeres, Tweeds, Moleskins, Satinets, Factory Cotton, Flannel, Blankets, Prints, Muslins, &c. &c. &c. Hats, Caps, Bonnets, Boots and Shoes, Leather and Crockery, all at very moderate prices. He sells 20 yds. factory for one dollar, Blue Pilot Cloth double fold at 1s 10³/₄d per yard; fine broad cloth at 7s 6d per yard. TEAS AND SUGARS of the best quality, and at prices that must give satisfaction.

M. M. is a member of the Committee of the Hamilton Total Abstinence Society, and is well known in many parts of the District as an advocate of the good cause. He is happy in thanking those kind friends at Nelson, Trafalgar, Jersey Settlement, Stoney Creek, Waterdown, Glandoid, Seneca, Benbrook, Grimsby, Fifty Mile Creek, and other places who have assured him of their continued support, so long as he abides by the Temperance Flag.

Tee-totalers will please to enquire for MATHEW MAGILL'S Store, No. 4, Stinson's Buildings, King Street, next door to Mr. IRELAND'S Hardware Store.

March 1, 1844.

DRY GOODS.

THE Subscriber expects by the first spring vessels, a general and very fine assortment of Dry Goods, selected with great care in the British markets.

GROCERIES.

He will also keep a choice assortment of Teas, Sugars, and Dry Groceries, Fish, Salt, Oils, &c.

PRODUCE.

He offers his services as usual for the sale of all articles of Country Produce, with the exception of intoxicating drinks.

JOHN DOUGALL,

St. Joseph & Commissioner Streets, near Steamboat Wharf, Montreal.

Montreal, April 1, 1844.

TERMS OF ADVOCATE,

Two shillings and sixpence currency per annum, payable strictly in advance.

The above rate is exclusive of postage. When sent by Mail in the Province, the postage will be a halfpenny on each number, payable by the Subscriber. To Britain it goes post free, and the rate of subscription is 2s. stg.

It is hoped the cheapness of the above publication (2s. 6d. for a volume of 384 pages) and the various and important objects to which it is devoted, will recommend it to general patronage, especially in a country so much in want of popular Literature as Canada.

Individuals or Societies procuring and remitting subscriptions for ten copies, will be furnished with one gratis, and so on for every additional ten subscriptions.

All communications to be addressed (post paid) to Mr. R. D. WADSWORTH, Rec. Sec. Montreal Temperance Society.

Montreal, Dec. 25, 1843.