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I had no further observations to make, and should probably have abandoned myself to vague anticipations of coming evil, if I had not remembered that God was above all, and that His ear was open to my cry. I often now think of the flush of joy this thought produced in my mind then, and with what entire and happy confidence I knelt down and cast myself on the protection of my Maker and Saviour. It was while I was thus engaged that I heard the lock of the door turned, and the door itself gently opened. In a moment I was on my feet, and, looking round, I saw that the mysterious stranger who had presided at the midnight carousal and had taken charge of me in the boat now stood before me.

'So you are awake,' he said, in the same soft voice of which I have before spoken. I hope you have slept well, Roland?'

'I want to know where I am, sir,' I said, without replying to his question, 'and why I have been brought here. And I want my clothes, too; I hope I am not to be robbed of them, sir, though they are not worth much.'

'No, not much,' said he, 'though I am glad to see you in better trim than when I first saw you in Smithfield. You see I have not forgotten you,' he added with a sort of smile, but not a pleasant one, I thought.

'It doesn't matter,' I said. 'I am much obliged to you for what you gave me then, but I don't want to have any more to do with you, and if you will please to let me go—'

'I do not know what I may please to do yet,' replied the stranger, coldly, 'and if you do not want to have anything to do with me, I may want to have something to do with you. I should not else have taken the trouble about you that I have done.'

I began to exclaim afresh about the deception which had been practised upon me, and the illegal detention to which I was then subjected, when my goaler, as I may term him, cut short what I was saying.

'You had better keep your temper and be quiet,' he said, still in the same gentle soothing tone, 'and you will find that I do not mean any harm to you, but if you begin to be rebellious, you will find that you have an old hand to deal with. You want to know where you are,' he added. 'I can tell you that you are where you are about yourself hoarse, and no one will be the wiser, and any attempt to escape will only make it worse for yourself. Why have you been brought here? I will tell you that, too,' he went on. 'You have been brought here because I have taken a fancy to have you here.'

Perhaps you may be useful to me if I make it worth your while. You are not so well off in the world as not to be glad of an opportunity of rising in it, I suppose?' he said, with another smile.

He fixed his eyes upon me as he spoke. I have before said that they were sharp and penetrating, and it seemed as though he would, if possible, have looked into my very soul.

'Who are you? and what do you want with me?' I asked, shrinking from his gaze with a feeling of terror which I strove against in vain.

'We will speak of that another day,' said he, 'and as you are getting reasonable, you shall find that you have nothing to complain of.' And saying this, he left the room to return almost immediately with a bundle of garments.

'These are not mine,' I said, turning them over, and perceiving that they were different in cut and texture from, and very superior to, the rough every-day clothes of which I had been deprived.

'Exchange is no robbery,' replied he, laughing, 'and you will lose nothing in good looks by being better dressed. You see I deal fairly with you,' he added showing me the contents of my old pockets, and the little bag of money (Fanny's), which till then I had not thought of. And before I had time to reply, he again vanished, closing and locking the door after him leaving me in a state of perplexity which I need not attempt to describe.

For several days I remained in this state of imprisonment, and saw only my mysterious keeper who regularly brought me my food, but only smiled when I either implored him to release me, or to tell me why I had been thus kidnapped. He took care to compliment me, however, on the improvement of my appearance (for I had, though reluctantly, dressed myself in the borrowed clothes), and to hint at the great things he intended to do for me.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SLOPPY STEVENS AGAIN MAKES HIS APPEARANCE, AND I FIND MYSELF IN THIEVES' CASTLE.

If I had any doubt as to the nefarious character of the designs of the man who had constituted himself my goaler, or any hope that his intentions towards me were honest, the doubt and hope alike vanished with the entrance of Sloppe Stevens into my prison room, about a week after my night adventure.

'So here you are, Roley,' said he, seating

himself on the foot of the bed, and surveying me from head to foot with a critical air. 'Well on my word of honour, the Captain has done the thing tidily, though, and you'll be an honour to his bringing up. I told you you'd be a gentleman one of these days, eh? and, you see, my word is come to pass.'

If there had been the slightest shadow of a hope of moving my visitor to compunction—if I had not known by past experience that he and compassion were utter strangers, and that he would have gloated over my sufferings—I could have cast myself at his feet, and besought him to intercede for me, but I felt how unavailing this would be, and I adopted another tone.

'I have been used in a shameful manner,' I said, 'and you know it, and I don't want to be a gentleman—not the sort of a gentleman that you mean, and, another thing, I won't be.'

My old persecutor burst into a loud and brutal laugh. 'Pretty well for Whiskers' Rents that,' said he; 'and pray, Mr. Roland Leigh what sort of a gentleman is it that I do mean?' he asked, when his laugh had subsided.

'Such a one as you are,' I said; 'and I tell you at once, and you may tell the man that sent you, that I would rather be poor all my life—I would rather sweep the streets, beg, starve, or die, than get rich by being a rogue and a thief. That's what I have been brought here for, I know,' I continued; 'and you want to make me as bad as you are, but you won't. The man that has got me here may kill me if he likes; but he shan't make me what he is and what you are.'

I believe that I spoke this very angrily and in desperation, perhaps unadvisedly also, but, at all events, I said it honestly, and I felt at the time that if my rashness brought upon me instant cruelty, or even death, it would be better than being gradually drawn aside from rectitude. It brought upon me, however, nothing more than a broad stare and a sneering chuckle.

'So you have found out what you are here for, have you?' said Sloppe Stevens, grinning. 'Well, so much the better; it will save me the trouble of telling you. And you won't be a prig, eh? Pretty well this! Why, you airy (aria) sneak! pretty chink you are to pretend to be honest! Ha, ha! When was you in the jug last? Tell me that, Roley-Poley, and who was it saw you there? And old Peggy too, she never showed you the tricks—oh, no!'

And the effects of that false imprisonment—the legal accident of which I had been the victim—had followed me till now. But for that I should not have fallen in with the old ballad singer, and have been reported by him—as it was plain I had been—as fit for further training in crime. Those thoughts passed through my mind then, bitterly stirring it up, and afterwards I had fuller confirmation of the influence that the 'legal accident' had exercised in these after events. Nevertheless, I did not even then entirely forget how that otherwise disastrous 'accident' had been overruled for good to me; and I trusted that the same good hand of my heavenly Father which had interposed 'to keep me from evil in my former prison, would not be withdrawn from my protection in this new difficulty. He who had been with me in one trouble even when I knew him not, surely would not forsake me now.

'Hooked you there, Rokey, have I?' said Sloppy, otherwise Solomon Stevens, with a malicious grin, when he saw, or fancied he saw, that I hesitated to reply to his taunt.

'No, you haven't,' I said: 'I was sent to prison, but it was a mistake, and the magistrate who sent me there found out that I was innocent.'

Another loud and mocking laugh from my visitor followed.

I need not tax my reader's patience by describing the further particulars of my conference with Solomon Stevens; and I will condense as much as possible the narrative of my imprisonment.

I was in a den of villany. Where it was situated I cannot tell, except that it was on the banks of the Thames, and that the house itself was ancient, and as I judged large and solitary. It seemed to be the remains of some former conventual building and was well calculated for concealment, and, if need were, for resistance. I was not admitted to the secrets of my prison house: but I had reason to suspect, during the many weeks I remained there in duration, that it had secret and subterraneous passages; and that while externally it had the appearance of an innocent relic of antiquity, it was so strengthened and complicated within by bars, bolts, iron-lined shutters, trap-doors, and double doors, that great force would have been required to obtain entrance against the will of the inmates, or I may almost say, garrison, while it was so jealously guarded as to be almost beyond risk of surprise. My readers will remember that I am writing of the early

part of the present century; and probably the building I have described has been demolished, and its site now covered with modern streets. At the same time, similar retreats of crime are not, I believe, unknown in the present day to the criminal section of modern City Arabs; and it may be that the police of London are not entirely ignorant of their existence.

The owner or ostensible head of this establishment was the person whom I have previously described, and whom I heard addressed while there, only by the slang title of the Captain. He kept no female servants, nor were any females to my knowledge, admitted into the house; but he had three or four male attendants, besides an old man who bore the name of 'Twopenny,' who was alike deaf, sullen, and taciturn, and whose chief duty while I was there seemed to be that of dogging my footsteps, and pouncing upon me at unexpected times and places, when I had so far obtained my liberty as to be allowed to quit my place of close confinement, and had the freedom given me of certain rooms on the ground floor at the back of the building, from the windows of which nothing could be seen but a high blank wall, and the small yard or garden which this wall inclosed. With regard to the other apartments in the house, my curiosity would have been baffled, even if I had wished more than I did to gratify it; for I was not only given to understand that it would be at my imminent peril if I attempted to enter them, but to make assurance doubly sure, every door was kept fast locked.

At times, this stronghold of crime seemed to be deserted by all its inmates except my old keeper; but appearances were fallacious, for I accidentally discovered that the Captain was very rarely far distant, and that, in some part or other of the building, some secret business was constantly in progress. I have no doubt now that that business was coining; but I did not know, and could not guess then, how systematically this crime was carried on.

At other times, however, the Captain had several visitors; and with these—though under his sharp and scrutinizing eye—I was compelled to associate. One large room, rather roughly furnished, was common to all who came as well as to the regular garrison; and here all seemed to meet on equal terms of fellowship, in which the host himself had no apparent superiority.

The visitors were a strange and motley crew; and both the time and method of their appearance and departure were silent, secret, and mysterious. Generally, however, as far as I

could judge, it was in the dead of night they came and went: and neither the presence nor absence of any of the number occasioned either remark or confusion in the household.

Why should I assume a thin veil of mystery which every one of my readers can so easily penetrate? I have said that the house was a den of villany. I may add that it was a regularly organized fastness of crime, and he whom I have spoken of as the Captain was the head of the confederacy. Here, then, constantly were assembled, or going and coming as inclination led or occasion required, men who daily and hourly held human laws in contempt, and set them at defiance; burglars returning with their spoils from distant districts, forgers and utterers of forged notes and base coin; highway robbers; pirates; smugglers; pick-pockets, and others who, coming under no particular denomination, were ready for any and every evil work.

I soon discovered, moreover, that the society in this place of infamy differed in some respects from that into which I had first been introduced. That was the entrance hall; this, the inner temple itself of crime. There, comparatively, little discrimination existed—a life of lawlessness giving a sort of title to admission, subject only to general rules having regard to the immediate security of its members; but here none but stanch and desperate villains were eligible, and a suspicion of treachery would have been a sentence of death to the traitor. Here, too, lay concealed for weeks, and even months, men on whom large rewards had been set, and for whom the eyes of the police were constantly and greedily on the watch. Men who were supposed to have left the country remained in safe hiding here, till the scent had become cold and pursuit had been given up in despair; while, on the other hand, those whose safety demanded it, or who had incurred the suspicion of the gang, were speedily and secretly dismissed to distant shores from this haunt of wickedness,—its proximity to the river, and the Captain's intimate connection with lawless seamen, furnishing constant means of thus evading justice.

I found, also, that every kind of personal disguise was kept in readiness, in the secret recesses of this 'Thieves' Castle.' I have seen men who made their stealthy appearance as gentlemen, retreat in the garb of mendicants, and apparent beggars as suddenly and completely transformed into the outward aspect of gentlemen; dark hair and complexion often be-

came, under the skilful hand of the Captain, concealed by the flowing locks of a blonde, and the perpetrator of a recent crime, whose person had been minutely described in handbills and the 'Hue and Cry,' as light-haired and fair faced, has, after a visit to the den I am describing, boldly walked the streets with hair as black as jet, and a complexion swarthy as a Spaniard's.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A RECOGNITION—NOT A PLEASANT ONE.

And here, exposed to fearful temptation—brought into perpetual contact with unblushing crime—"drawn unto death and ready to be slain," and cut off from every apparent avenue of escape—this, the most dreadful part of my existence, was passed. It argued the most cruel ingenuity as well as pertinacity of purpose in my persecutors, thus to drag me into familiarity with 'almost all evil,' to keep constantly held out to me the hand of fellowship with guilt, and to hear, in effect and substance, the invitation daily uttered; 'Come with us, let us lay wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause, we shall find all precious substance, we shall fill our houses with spoil: cast in thy lot among us; let us all have one purse;' while the alternative was as plainly set before me, that refusal to share in these unlawful deeds would bring on me swift destruction.

I will not say that I had no fear of consequences in maintaining my integrity; that I never wavered in my resolution; that I did not cast about me for the possibility of some compromise by which I might escape from the toils in which I was entangled, that my heart and soul never fainted, that I did not, indeed, become contaminated by seeing and hearing the unlawful deeds and filthy conversation of the wicked. It is true, that all my life long I had been, more or less, exposed to this contamination; and, perhaps, in some way or other, I had been armed against it by Divine grace; but now it came in upon me like an overwhelming flood. But though I cannot and will not boast of the resistance I made, I may thankfully remember and record that I did not forget God. I knew that He was 'Able to keep me from falling,' that he knew how to deliver them that put their trust in him, and I was helped to lift up my soul to Him. I remembered the story of the three Jewish youths in Babylon, who refused to worship the golden image on the plains of Dura, and their reply to the tyrant's

threat of vengeance;—Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.' This incident, I repeat, was brought to my mind in these hours and days of darkness and distress, and I was enabled to take fresh courage from the example of those servants of the Most High, and to resolve rather to die than stain my hands and heart with sin.

But who was this man who was the main instrument in my heavy trial, and why did he take such pains about me, when thousands might have been found ready moulded to his hand and will? My readers will have anticipated the disclosure, nor was I so dull at that time as not to have early guessed at the only probable solution of this question. Let me, with a hurried and trembling pen, describe the scene in which this fearful suspicion was exchanged for certainty.

'Captain,' said a heavy-looking, determined man, whom I had reason to believe was a practised house-breaker, and who had just reappeared at the 'Castle,' and was one of some half-dozen ruffians of various professions then lounging in sottish idleness in the common room—Sloppy Stevens being another of the party—'Captain, there's a bit of business that doesn't ought to be put off any longer: this here raw hand as you would bring into this shop'—and he turned a dark suspicious look towards me, as I was seated at a table with my aching head wearily resting on my hand, and my elbow on the table.

'What about him, Kite?' asked the Captain quickly.

'That's what I says, and what we all says,' responded Kite, roughly,—'What about him.'

'And it is what I say again,' repeated my goader rather more sharply—'What about him?'

'Why this here,' continued the man—I repeat his words as nearly as I can remember them, omitting the oaths, curses, and slang phrases by which they were accompanied—'Here's where it is, Captain; you brings a yokel into this here crib without saying 'By your leave'; and that's agin rules, you know.'

TO BE CONTINUED.



The Weekly Visitor.

VOLUME IX.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 18, 1865

Remember the Sabbath afternoon Temperance Meeting in the Temperance Hall, from three to four o'clock, p. m.

Crusade Lodge Musical and Literary Entertainment is to take place next Tuesday evening, Oct. 24, in their Lodge room, Missionary Church, Elizabeth Street. The price of admission is 10 cents. We hope our friends will turn out in numbers to patronize it. Chair will be taken at 8 o'clock.

TYRONE DIVISION No. 126, S. of T.

On Thursday the 5th inst., Brother Wm. Windatt, D. G. W. P., assisted by Bro. Wm. Brent, Jr., as Grand Conductor, installed the following officers for the present term:—

Bro. W. Tuer.....	W P
" T. Windatt.....	W A
" J. Hodgson.....	R S
" W. Washington.....	A R S
" G. Smith.....	F S
" J. Heellyar.....	T
" W. Brent, Junr.....	Chap
" J. Bigham.....	C
" G. Gilders.....	A C
" E. Hamly.....	I S
" S. Bigham.....	O S
" S. Younie.....	P W P

LADY OFFICERS.

Sister Mary Gibbard....	Lady Conductor
" Caroline Gibbard.....	Love
" Margaret Storie.....	Purity
" Mary Jane Haisley.....	Fidelity

Our readers will please take notice that Yorkville Star Temple, intend holding a Soiree and Social Party, on Monday, October 23, 1865, in the Temperance Hall, Yorkville. Addresses will be delivered by the Rev John Potts and

Rev. Mr. Boyce, also several well selected Dramatic and Descriptive pieces will be recited by members of the Order. An efficient Choir will be in attendance. Chast to be taken by E. M. Morphy, Esq., at 8 p. m., precisely. Tea served at seven o'clock, sharp. Double Tickets, 50 cents; Gent's Tickets, 30 cents; Ladies Tickets, 20 cents.

NOVA SCOTIA.

The Temperance procession in King's County last week was upwards of eight miles in length. There were over 1500 carriages and waggons, and between 6000 and 7000 people. When the head of the procession had driven over about seven miles, and returned to near the starting point, there were as many people and vehicles on the ground, waiting their turn to join in, as would make a procession two miles in length. It was a grand demonstration, notwithstanding rain was falling throughout the day. Some twenty-four Divisions of Sons of Temperance and Lodges of British Good Templars in King's County were represented on the occasion.—*Abstainer*.

For the *Abstainer*.

THE KINGS COUNTY MAMMOTH TEMPERANCE PIC-NIC.

CANNING, Sept. 8th, 1865.

MR. EDITOR.

Amid multiplied engagements, I would not forget the relation your valued *Abstainer* sustains to the great temperance reform in this Province, and that your readers may justly expect some particulars respecting the Mammoth Temperance Pic-nic held in this County on Wednesday last. As most of your readers are aware, this Pic-nic was held under the auspices of the two principle temperance organizations in Kings County,—the Sons of Temperance and British American Good Templars. The idea was first suggested by a worthy Brother of Canning Division, S. of T. Immediate steps were taken to carry that suggestion into effect. Deputations from all the Divisions and Lodges in the County were requested; at that conference of Deputations, not only was the holding the Pic-nic decided upon, but the day was named, preliminaries arranged, a managing committee of seven appointed and the whole matter left in charge of that committee.

Four Sons of Temperance and three British Good Templars composed that committee.—

Their meetings have, without exception, been characterized by the most perfect earnestness of aim and effort, and it is worthy of remark that from the very first conference of deputations to the final session of the committee with a single exception, which occurred on a motion to wear no regalia at the "pic-nic, every resolution passed unanimously. Long may the two sister orders thus labor side by side for the accomplishment of their common noble purpose!

This much as to the inception of the demonstration brings us to the day and gathering, the time when ideas ripen into realities. The day proved not the most favorable—dark and threatening in the morning and quite rainy in the afternoon, but as this was in strict accordance with nearly all former precedent temperance gatherings, people appeared little surprised and paid less heed.

According to the programme of proceedings heretofore placed in your hands, the procession formed at the Parade Ground, Canning; Divisions and Lodges, with their guests, taking positions alternately, by seniority, and, under the direction of the Grand and Deputy Marshalls, proceeded thence to the grounds. The display of bunting was most creditable; beautiful and appropriate banners; flags of various designs and dimensions, decorated nearly every team and carriage—giving to the whole a gay appearance. But the matter of remark was the length of that procession. Upon this point many opinions have been expressed, but having been particular to obtain accurate and reliable information, I am well convinced the procession was fully eight miles long, numbering fully one thousand carriages, and that the total number of carriages on the grounds was about fifteen hundred, and the number of persons participating, 6000. The procession itself was something which, to be realized, must be seen; it beggars all description, for no words can express that sense of solemn awe, mingled with exceeding joy—that peculiar feeling of sublimity—that inward realization of the power of the living, moving mass—that strange amazement, made up of all these varied feelings—and much more which takes possession of most persons upon viewing such a scene.

When this vast line of life had entered the grounds, and persons witnessed the admirable manner in which the halt was made, the horses and carriages secured and arranged so that any carriage could easily, at any time, be driven away without difficulty or confusion, the systematic entrance to the groves and tables and

all effected with ease and grace, why, our demonstration was at once pronounced a success. The spot selected for the spreading of tables was a grove, ample in extent and beautiful in appearance, in the centre of which stood a high pavilion, while the entire circumference was occupied by tables spread in the usual liberal style of the Kings County ladies, with every delicacy of the season.

The following Prologue from the Committee was read:—

PROLOGUE.

Time in its onward march hath brought to us the day when, by arrangements and preparations made, we have come together in a Grand Mammoth Pic-nic to celebrate the Temperance cause in Kings County. The plan and arrangements by which, in this Pic-nic, the two Temperance organizations are brought together for a great demonstration of the forces and powers that now exist in the field, in this place have been successfully carried out, and we now call your attention to the object and design of this Mammoth meeting—this coming together of Marshalled Divisions and Lodges—this grand procession, and the display of banners and flags bearing different devices, emblems and mottoes,—this great assemblage on this favored spot in the Garden of Nova Scotia.

We have the good fortune, under the blessing of a benign Providence, to live in a country which we are proud of for many things,—for its benevolent institutions, for its public spirit, for its enlightened patriotism, but we are proud also—and it is among those things we should be most proud of,—we are proud of its sound faith, of its substantially correct morals, and of its temperance principles.

Life is not what it was fifty years ago. It then justified its old similitude of a journey,—it quickened with intellect into a march, it is now hurling with science and speculation into a flight. Space is contracted and shrivelled up like a scroll. Time disdains its old relations to distance. The interval between the "slighty prose" and the "deed" are almost annihilated, and the public mind must either glow in generous excitement or waste in fitful fever. How important then is it that throughout our land the temperance agencies should be brought together upon an occasion like this, and give evidence to the people of the onward strides they are making in the march of progress, of the harmony and union (of feeling) which exists between them (here), and of their determination to carry on the work with a united effort,

in order to subdue the common enemy—intemperance.

These two organizations are striving for the one cause; they have the one aim and the one purpose; they are maintaining the same principles; they are struggling to overcome the same foe.—Their sympathies, then, must be united, and if they wish to succeed they must be united in action. No jarring discords should be allowed to exist—no clashing of interests—nothing allowed to come in between to destroy the harmony, to separate their efforts, to allow the enemy to outflank their movements and check their advance.

The Sons of Temperance could not accomplish the work alone, the Good Templars have come into the struggle, and it is only by their united efforts the field will ever be fairly won. We must rally to one standard: and our object in having this Mammoth Picnic to-day is to raise that standard—and that standard is UNION—and by that standard we will conquer!

Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Britain united their forces to stop the aggressions of that mighty Conqueror which no separate power had been able to arrest, and who was like to overrun Europe with his armies, and by their united efforts, on the plains of Waterloo, they overcome their common foe, and restored peace again to the European world.—England and France that had once stained the field with blood by the sanguinary battles of their hostile armies, have since united their forces, and astonished the world, in their allied efforts, by taking Sebastopol, the stronghold of the greatest Empire in the world. The Northern States which had been distracted by political parties, united their prowess to put down the Southern Rebellion and finally disappointed the nations by conquering the South, which had so long held out against such numerical strength.

As Temperance organizations, our Cause is one, our aim is one, our principles are the same and in what way could we better demonstrate this to the world than by a social gathering from all parts of the country, such as we have to-day. In this Picnic we have an opportunity of enjoying every pleasure that can be afforded to the mind. By driving in procession through this beautiful country, with its fine dwellings, and gardens, and orchards, its well-cultivated farms and broad acres of dyke, the eye is pleased with seeing; by the good music which is afforded, the ear is charmed with hearing; by the speeches which will be delivered, you will

enjoy an intellectual treat; and by the social intercourse of brother with brother, and sister with sister, friend with friend, there is a delightful opportunity for the full and free exercise of those sentiments of "Love, Purity, Fidelity," which so exalt the nature of man as to raise the mind above the mere feeling of self-interest, that every one must see the beauty of a united effort for the promotion of any good cause.

With all the mind, and money, and muscle, that have been made use of to make this Picnic a success, it could not have been accomplished without the united efforts of the Sons of Temperance and Good Templars. By their united efforts, we are proud to say, we have a Picnic which surpasses anything of the kind ever before enjoyed in this County, and by the same united effort we will strike dumb the enemies of our cause.—We must, then, be united—*we will be united*—in our efforts to advance the interests of our common cause!

It is hoped this day will afford such gratification to every one present that they may ever look back upon it with pleasurable emotions. This day, with its festivities, will expire, but the lofty spirits which united in this day's enjoyments will never expire—

"These shall resist the empire of decay
When time is over, and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

After reading the above the cloth was removed, and Dr. Hamilton, M. P. P., appointed to preside, when brief and excellent addresses were delivered by the Chief Commissioner of Railways, Rev. Mr. Welton, Mr. Beattie, and Rev. Mr. McKean. These addresses were all most appropriate to the occasion, and, notwithstanding the continued fall of rain, were listened to with marked attention. Frequent well executed pieces of music from the Halifax Volunteer Band gave great additional interest to the proceedings.

After passing several votes of thanks, uniting in three lusty cheers for our Queen, and the playing of the National Anthem by the Band the vast gathering scattered to their various homes.

Thus ended the largest and most orderly demonstration ever held in this county, and thus closed a day and event in which every working Division and Lodge in the county participated; a day when, forgetful of the unpleasant state of the weather, everybody seemed given up to history

complete, sober enjoyment, and a day which we trust, will not lose its effect for good in the temperance reform.

In great haste,
Truly yours,
In L. P. & F.,
S. H. TURKIN.

MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL,

More than buildings showy mansions,
More than dress and fine array,
More than domes and lofty steeples,
More than station, power and sway—
Make your home both neat and tasteful,
Bright and pleasant, always fair,
Where each heart shall rest contented,
Grateful for each beauty there.

More than lofty, swelling titles,
More than fashion's luring glare,
More than mansion's gilded honors,
More than thought can well compare—
See that home is made attractive
By surroundings pure and bright—
Trees arranged with taste and order,
Flowers with all their sweet delight.

Seek to make your home most lovely,
Let it be a smiling spot,
Where in sweet contentment resting,
Care and sorrow are forgot.
Where the flowers and trees are waving,
Birds will sing their sweetest song;
Where the purest thoughts will linger,
Confidence and love belong.

Make your home a second Eden,
Imitate her smiling bowers,
Let a neat and simple cottage
Stand among bright trees and flowers.
There what fragrance and what brightness
Will each blooming rose display!
Here a simple vine-clad arbor
Brightens through a summer day.

There each heart will rest contented,
Seldom wishing far to roam;
Or, if roaming, still will cherish
Memories of that pleasant home.
Such a home makes man the better:
Pure and lasting its control;
Home with pure and bright surroundings
Leaves its impress on the soul.

How long Eve, the first woman, lived, we do not know. It is a curious fact that in sacred history the age, death, and burial of only one

woman, Sarah, the wife of Abraham is distinctly noted. Woman's age, ever since, appears not to have been a subject for history or discussion.

THE TRAFFIC IN STRONG LIQUORS

IMMORAL AND DESTRUCTIVE

BY REV. ALBERT BARNES.

"Cast ye up, cast ye up, prepare the way, take up the stumbling-block out of the way of my people."—*Isaiah* lvii. 14.

THE MANUFACTURING AND VENDING OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS IS MORALLY WRONG, AND OUGHT TO BE FORTHWITH ABANDONED.

We mean that it is an employment which violates the rules of morals that ought to regulate a man's business and conduct. In one word, by any rules of life that have been set up to regulate the conduct of men, whether in the Bible, in the necessary relations of the social compact, in the reason and conscience of Christians, and of other men, this business is incapable of vindication, and is to be regarded as immoral.

This proposition, however, we confine simply to the business where they are sold as articles of *drink*. For to sell them as medicines, with the same precaution as other poisons are sold, would be no more immoral than it is to sell arsenic. And to sell them for the purpose of manufacture, where they are necessary for that purpose, is no more immoral than to sell any other article with that design. Between selling them for these purposes, and selling them as drink, there is, as any one can see, the widest possible difference.

When we speak of this business as immoral it is also important to guard the use of the word immoral. We do not mean that no man may be engaged in it, and be an honest man, or even a Christian. For our belief is, that many such men have been, and are still, unhappily engaged in this traffic. The time has been when it was thought to be as reputable as any other employment. Men may not see the injurious tendency of their conduct. Thus the slave-trade was long pursued, and duelling was deemed right, and bigamy was practised. But for a man to maintain that all these would

* Intoxicating is the proper word, and is judiciously chosen by Mr. Barnes, as it should be by all to describe the liquors to be avoided.

be right now, and practise them, would be a very different thing.

In this view of the subject, we do not of course speak of the dead, or offer any reflection on their conduct or character. Many men are unwilling to regard this traffic as wrong, because, by so doing, they would seem to convey a reflection on their parents, or friends, who may have been engaged in the same business. But nothing of this kind is intended. The great laws of morals are indeed unchanged, but the degrees of light and knowledge which men possess may be very different. Man's conduct is to be estimated by the light which he has. They who sin without law are to be judged without law, and they who sin in the law are to be judged by the law. Your father might have been engaged in the traffic in intoxicating liquors. Whether he was innocent or not, is not now the question, and has been determined by a higher tribunal than any on earth. The question now is, whether you can pursue it with a good conscience; or whether, with all that you know of the effects of the traffic, it be right or wrong for you to pursue it.

With these necessary explanations, I proceed to prove that, in the sense in which it has been explained, the traffic is MORALLY WRONG: and in doing so I shall take for granted two or three points which are now conceded, and to establish which would lead me too far out of the way. The first is that this is not an employment in which the *properties of the article are unknown*. The seller has as good an opportunity to be acquainted with the qualities of the article, and its effects, as the buyer. There is no concealment of its character and tendency; there can be no pretence that you were deceived in regard to those qualities, and that you were unintentionally engaged in the sale of an article which has turned out to be otherwise than you supposed it to be.

Its direct tendency is to produce disease, poverty, crime, and death. Its use tends to corrupt the morals, to enfeeble the intellect, to produce indolence, wretchedness, and woe in the family circle, to shorten life and to hurry to a loathsome grave: to spread a pall of grief over families and nations. It is ascertained to be the source of nine-tenths of all the pauperism and crimes in the land. It fills our streets with drunkards, our alm-houses with loathsome wretches, our jails with poor criminals, and supplies our gibbets with victims.

It is agreed further and well understood, that

this is the regular effect of the traffic, and manufacture, and the use of this article. It is not casual, incidental, irregular. It is uniform, certain, deadly. It is not a periodical influence returning at distant intervals; but it is a pestilence breathing always—diffusing the poison when men sleep, and when they awake—by day and by night, in seed-time and harvest—attending the manufacture and sale of the article *always*.

Now the question is, whether this is an employment in which a moral man and a Christian man ought to be engaged? Is it such a business as his countrymen ought to approve? Is it such as his conscience and sober judgment approve? Is it such as his God and judge will approve?

In examining this, let it be remembered that the reason why this occupation is engaged in, and the sole reason, is to make money. It is not because it is supposed that it will benefit mankind, nor is it because the man supposes that duty to his Creator requires it, nor is it because it is presumed that it will promote public health, or morals, or happiness, but it is engaged in and pursued solely as a means of livelihood or of wealth. And the question, then, is reduced to a very narrow compass. In answering it, I invite the attention to a few very obvious but undeniable positions.

1. It is an employment which tends to counteract the very design of the organization of society. Society is organized on a benevolent principle, one of the best adapted instances of design and of benevolence anywhere to be found. It is on this principle that a lawful employment—an employment fitted to produce sustenance for a man and his family—will not interfere with the rights and happiness of others. It may be pursued without violating any of their rights, or infringing on their happiness in any way. Nay, it may not only not interfere with their rights and happiness, but it will tend to promote directly their welfare, by promoting the happiness of the whole.

Now we maintain that this traffic is a violation of this wise arrangement. It tends to sap the foundation of the whole economy. It is solely to benefit the trafficker, and it tends to evil—evil only, evil continually.

2. Every man is bound to pursue such a business as to a *render a valuable consideration* for that which he receives from others. Thus the merchant renders to the farmer, in exchange for the growth of his farm, that which

is needful for clothing or comfort. This is a valuable consideration, it advances the interest of both parties. But it is not so with the dealer in strong drink. He may look on his gains obtained as the result of this business with something like these reflections.—

"This property has been gained from other men. It was theirs honestly acquired, and was necessary to promote their own happiness and the happiness of their families. It has become mine by a traffic which has not only taken it away from them, but has ruined their peace, corrupted their morals, sent woe and discord into their families, and consigned them perhaps to an early and most loathsome grave."

Let the men engaged in this traffic look on their property thus gained, let them survey the woe which has attended it, and then ask as honest men, whether it is a moral employment?

3. A man is bound to pursue such a business as shall tend to promote the welfare of the whole community. But the welfare of the whole cannot be promoted by this traffic. Somewhere it must produce poverty, and idleness, and crime. Even granting, what cannot be established, that it may promote the happiness of a particular portion of the community, yet it must be at the expense of some other portion.

Suppose a man were to advertise consumptions, and fevers, and pleurisies, and leprosy, for gold, and could and would sell them—what would the community say to such a traffic? Suppose for gain he could transport them to distant places, what would the community think of wealth gained in such a traffic? True he might plead that it brought a vast influx of money—that it enriched the city, or the country that the effects were not seen there, but what would be the public estimate of the man who would be willing to engage in such a traffic, and who would set up such a plea? And yet we witness a thing like this every day on our wharfs, and in our ships, and our groceries, and our inns, and from our men of wealth, and our moral men, and our professed Christians—and a horror comes through the souls of men when we dare to intimate that this is an immoral business!

Concluded on next.

CHILD SPORTS.—There is no pleasure that I have ever experienced, like a child's holiday. The time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go up the brook, and take our dinner with us, and come home at night tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great mess of trout, three little trout and one shoe, the other having been used for a boat, till it

had gone down with all hands, out of soundings. How poor our Derby days, our Green dinners, our evening parties, with plenty of nice girls, after that! Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasures of grief after fourteen as he does before, unless in some cases in his first love making, when the sensation is new to him.

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BRITISH ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS

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The Toronto City Lodge will, until further notice, meet in the basement of the Evangelical Union Church, Albert Street, every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock p.m.

J. ROBERTSON, Provincial Deputy.

The QUEEN CITY Lodge will, for the present, meet on Tuesday Evenings, at 8 p. m., in the basement of the Evangelical Union Church, Albert Street.

W. A. POOLE, Provincial Deputy.

The JESSE KETCHUM Lodge meets as usual on Friday evening, at 7:30 p.m., in the Coldstream Hall, Brock Street.

J. J. WILLIAMS, Provincial Deputy.

The CRUSADE Lodge meets in the Missionary Church, Elizabeth Street, every Tuesday evening, at 8 p. m.

P. STEWART, Provincial Deputy.