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CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

DEVOTED TO

Total Abstinence, Legal Prohibition, and Social Progress.

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Ben Latour.

BY ANNIE E. BEECHER..

Some years since I listened to a lecture upon the Evils of Intemperance, and from it gathered the substance of the following tale:—

CHAPTER I.

Ben Latour was a low-browed, big-fisted, miserable, drinking wretch, and—he was my father,

I remember myself as a slight, fair-haired, blue-eyed, trembling little boy, watching him from divers hiding-places, as he raved and stormed at a thin, pale-faced, patient, weeping creature, whom I called "mother."

Heavens! what a tiny fellow I was of my age, and it seemed as though I never should get any bigger. Every week I measured myself with an old yard stick I kept hid away for that purpose; and every week wept, yearned, prayed for manhood! What for? Why, to be able to thrash my father. I hated him! I gazed at his brawny fists of iron—his burly, muscular form—at my mother's wasted features—and down upon my own little limbs, and despaired of becoming a match for him before she died. She was pure, soft, gentle; and oh! how affectionate. I have seen her lay her thin cheek against his rough, bloated face, and be so grateful, if he would permit it to remain for a few moments.

I have seen her place her worn hands upon his swarthy forehead, and drop tears upon his course, matted hair. Tears that he was unworthy of, as the devil is of Heaven.

I have seen him receive the most touching marks of love and affection from her, without the slightest recognition or acknowledgment of them. I wish I could learn women something! I wish it were possible to make them understand that there are men upon whom love, sympathy, patience, gentleness, forbearance, is utterly thrown away—lost!

I was young, but I could see that my mother was servile, humble; crouching like a dog, if her husband would but bestow upon her, in his intervals of sobriety—and they were rare—the most trifling token of his kindness. My blood boils when I think of it.

As soon as I was tall enough to be seen over a counter, I was apprenticed to a grocer in the village. He was a mean, dirty, rumselling grocer, and was glad to give my father rum for my services!

When I could earn an extra four-pence to take home to my poor mother, I was happier than a king. O! the long nights that I spent puzzling my young brain as to the ways and means of earning a little money. Boy as I was, I understood that my grief-worn mother would soon be in a state of actual want. She was on the eve of her second confinement, and O! what a prospect for her—for all of us, indeed! Well, we got through with

it, and there was one more child—a dear little girl—ushered into this sorrowful world.

How I loved that baby! Bitter winds raged without and within the winter she was born; but she was a hardy blossom, and flourished like a flower in the wilderness.—My mother's brow was always overshadowed with her dreadful griefs and constant cares.—My father grew more and more morose as our difficulties increased, and only this little sister could at all brighten or cheer my gloomy life. When I returned from my labors, there she would be in her rough cradle, laughing and clapping her tiny fat hands in paroxysms of delight at nothing—a perfect beam of sunshine amid darkness and desolation.

I worked like a dog to obtain a rattle and a string of beads for her to play with. At last I got them, and a proud boy I was when I presented them before her astonished baby eyes, and saw her reach forth her little damp fists, and curl her mites of fingers among the beads, shaking them hilariously in the glancing sun-light.

She was in the full enjoyment of them, when my father came home drunk! Oh you must nudge me, nor tell me to say "intoxicated." I tell you he was drunk! drunk!

He came reeling into the house, his rolling, blood-shot eyes shooting forth the malice of hell! I saw him look at the baby, at the rattle, at the beads, and at me.

I knew what he suspected, and shouted out in terror, that I had "purchased the toys with money a neighbor had given me for running on errands."

I might as well have explained to the winds. He struck at me fiercely, madly; and my poor mother, who was occupied with her ironing in one corner of the room, came forward, iron in hand, to save me, if possible.—Would to God she had remained at her post for the very devil of rum possessed him. He thrust her rudely backward with the whole force of his giant frame, and she fell! As she fell, the iron flew from her hand—and—in a moment—in the twinkling of an eye, my little joyous sister was sleeping along the shadowy passage that leads to the unknown world!

CHAPTER II.

When I awoke to consciousness, I was lying on the trundle-bed in the furthest corner of our only room.

There was a mountainous weight upon my breast, and a dim darkness, that was not right, rested upon all objects around me. I could not tell if I had been asleep a week, an hour, or a day; but I could hear our old clock ticking away to the same dull, monotonous tune, and could make out that there was a white bundle on the table, and that my father and mother were sitting by the fireside. I saw that his large, brown, brutal-looking hand rested on the back of her chair, and that a more deadly paleness had gathered to her face, and a sharper

agony to her large and shining eyes. I was very quiet as I lay there in my bed, and as my glance returned again and again to the white bundle, I began to speculate about it.

I thought some neighbour had left it there for me to take to its destination, and wondered if it were heavy, and if I might not get nine-pence, instead of four-pence, if it were. And how many four-pences would it take to buy my little sister a blue Thibet dress, like one I had seen upon a child in the neighbourhood; and if it and the blue beads would not set off her pure complexion.

Suddenly there came a loud knock at the door, and—I didn't know why—every drop of blood in my body leaped and bounded and rushed through me like a torrent. I saw my mother's arms stiffen as with a spasm, as my father arose to open the door. I comprehended all now. I remembered the awful scene of yesterday, and knew that the white bundle on the table was my dead baby-sister, and that her coffin was at the door. I shuddered, but did not shriek. There was something in my mother's face that prevented me.

My father took the small coffin in and laid it on a chair, and again seated himself by the fire-side, gazing furtively upon his wife, as she sat there with a look in her eyes he had never seen before. After a while she got up, opened one of the shutters a little way, then went to a closet of drawers and took out a long white veil. I had seen it a thousand times. It was her mother's bridal veil—an old-fashioned blonde. It looked quite yellow and very soft, and as she shook out the folds I saw that her thin hands trembled violently, and that she closed her eyes heavily,—so heavily that I feared she would never open them again.

At last she raised their lids, and oh! how dry and fearless they looked as she passed to her child's coffin, opened it and laid within the bridal veil of her mother? Softly she smoothed and patted it down against the rough sides of the little pine coffin, shedding no tears, but trembling all over like an autumn leaf beaten and torn by a bitter and bleak wind.

She passed to the body of her murdered babe, and slowly drew the covering from its gentle face. There was a cruel mark upon the snowy forehead, and my mother covered it with her hand as she lifted the child to her bosom, and carried it lovingly to its little bed. The small and dimpled hands were folded meekly upon the unconscious and sinless breast of my darling sister. And as my poor mother lifted a corner of the rich veil and tried to hide the dark wound on the baby's forehead, something in the action broke up the half-frozen feelings of my heart, and I sobbed aloud in all the agony of a broken and childish spirit.

I gathered the rude quilt of my little bed in my hands and held it to my mouth to stifle the cries that I felt—even then in my extremity of anguish—to be cutting and stabbing at my mother's lacerated breast, like the repeated blows of a sharp, relentless knife. I realized perfectly that her heart was broken, and that my longings and aspiration after manhood, for her sake, had been—would be all in vain.

She was passing away. The last star that shone upon my black and solitary life, was going out, and I should be left in utter—terrible darkness.

Well, the day for the funeral came, and we followed the baby-corpse to its resting place in the old churchyard, and left her there—for a brief space—alone.

Why should I linger over my mother's rapid descent to the side of her child? She died—and by the side of the humble, stoneless grave I knelt and beseeched Almighty God to spare my miserable life and feeble frame? What for? Why, to devote it to the TEMPERANCE CAUSE! My breath, my energies, my time, my money, I solemnly swore should be spent in efforts to blast this hydra-headed monster, lifting its accursedness throughout our land.

I have my vow.—*Boston Traveller.*

"Roll that Rum out of the Cellar."

Such was the expression of a Rumseller whose soul, stained with blood, a few days since passed to the retributions of the Eternal World.

Wretched man, why did he not think to "roll out his rum" before he came to his death bed? Why did he not years ago, listen to the petitions of widowed mothers and drunkard's wives and children when they besought him to close his dram-shop, and no longer put the bottle to the lips of those dearer to them than all earth besides?

No wonder that Rumseller feared to die! No wonder he started back in horror from the just retribution that he saw must in a few hours overtake him!

But there was no escape. To judgment he must go and give up an account of his stewardship. To judgment he has gone. Before the bar of God, he has found no corrupt public sentiment, no unprincipled lawyer to break for him the meshes of the law, and shield him from punishment.

There his license to sell rum has not been received in justification of his murderous work. There he has found not the Maine Law, but a higher law, an older law than that, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." That law he has willfully broken, and by that law he is condemned.

We pity the man. We mourn over his fate. But while we pity, we cannot apologise for his sin. While we mourn, we cannot except to the justice of his doom. Why should we? As he has "meted to others," so is it not measured out to him again? He meted out for his neighbors tears and groans and stripes and curses for many a year. He, by his traffic has sent many a noble man to a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's Hell. Why should he not now be made to weep and groan? Why should not stripes now be inflicted on him? Why should he not abide in the same prison-house, endure the same curse, if not a worse, with his victim?

I rejoice when I hear of a Rumseller's death. Not that I wish him ill; not that I wish the loss of his soul. But if he will not come to repentance, better far for himself that he should not be suffered to add to his iniquity and to his consequent misery in the future world. Better that he should die than that he should live only to tempt and destroy others, who were it not for him would be virtuous and happy in this world, and also in the Eternal.

Rumsellers as well as drunkards die. Last year in the town of D——, where this incident occurred, within three months, four drunkards went down to a dishonorable grave.

Cannot the Rumseller as well as the drunkard be saved? Yes. Give us the Maine Law, and we will save both.—*Maine Law Advocate.*

The White Slave, or the Appetite of Man.

(From the Welland Reporter.)

When young people hear of a slave, they think that he must live across the sea in some far off country. The reason why they think so is; that negroes have generally been held in slavery by white men almost all over the world. But there are slaves among white men as well as among negroes, there are slaves at home as well as abroad, there are slaves in Britain as well as in countries across the sea. That your readers may understand this, I will give you a short account of a white slave, it was Moses Jackson. I was a slave in soul, body, and spirit; I had a master that ruled me like a tyrant night and day, that master's name was Appetite—never was there a more cruel master. One day I was working at my business, when three of my acquaintances came in upon me, and on going away they said they were going to the Red Lion—that was the name of a public house—come and join us in a spree, and let us have a bottle of ale, why should not we be merry.

I had been drinking very hard for two or three days before, and I had just got sober again; that very morning on which my companions came in upon me, I had been bitterly reproaching myself on account of my conduct. But so completely was I the slave of appetite, that the moment my three companions asked me to go, I put on my coat and went away with them to the ale-house. I could not resist my tyrant master. I had a wife and two children. One morning they were without bread, and were very hungry; there I had spent the money that should have gone to buy them food, and they were crying for bread, and I could not bear to hear their cries, and I did not know what to do;—at last I remembered that a person in the village owed me a small sum of money; I went and asked for it, and the person gave it to me; I then hastened towards home with it to buy food for my starving family. But, alas! I had to pass a public house, ere I reached home, in which I was accustomed to sit and drink—I could not pass it without going in—appetite whispered, “just take one glass and then you will run the faster home!” I went in and took one glass, and then appetite said, now just take another and another, and so appetite can tell you to drink on until you are drunk and forget your starving family, and drink all the money away. What a poor slave was Moses Jackson.

On another occasion I was taken sick, through hard drinking; my disease was what the doctors call delirium tremens; I thought I would never drink again if I got better; but the first day I went out to walk I felt a burning thirst for strong drink; I thought I would just take one glass; appetite told me to do it; so I did it, and I had no sooner taken one, than appetite told me to take another and another, and so on until I became as drunk as ever. What a poor slave was Moses Jackson.

When appetite told me to spend my money, I did it. When it told me to go to the public house instead of going home, I went. When it told me to starve my wife, I did it. When it told me to get drunk and roll about the street, and make a fool of myself, I did it. What negro was ever such a slave as Moses Jackson?

The negro is only a slave in body; but I was a slave in soul, body and spirit. The slavery of the negro is at an end when he dies; the slavery of Moses Jackson

would have destroyed the soul through all eternity, if he had not abstained from the use of strong drink.

My dear friends, would you never be such slaves; then resolve never to taste strong drink, and you will be free from its bondage; there is great danger in tasting; it is just when a man is tasting now a bottle, and then a bottle, that this tyrant appetite gains the master, and makes him a slave. But he that never tastes can never become a slave; and surely you ought to take pity on the poor slave of strong drink, who may yet be made free; if you can persuade him to abstain from strong drink, he will at once become free; try to persuade them to do something for the freedom of the white slave.

If you show me a drunkard, you show me a slave in body, soul and spirit. I have been in 8 States of America, and I never found a greater slave than the man that writes this narrative.

I have spent \$5 a week, for 15 years, which amounts to £195 or \$975. Is this right or wrong, for a man to spend so much on strong drink? Let us see what it would buy. It would have bought 100 acres of land, at \$3 per acre; one house \$200, two horses \$100, two sets of harness \$75, twenty sheep \$40, ten pigs \$30, two plows \$20, three cows \$45, seeds for the land \$10, leaving a balance of \$100 for to carry on the farm with.

Would not this have been better for me now, than spend it for strong drink, to support me in my old age. Now think before you speak, is not this the way to look for sorrow, preparing to-day to come to-morrow.

I have been brought up in a state of drunkenness by a drunken father, and he learned me to drink, at a very early age, by taking me with him to the tavern, till my appetite was formed, and then I began to go myself to the tavern.

My mother was a good mother to me, and often told me that I was making myself a drunkard; but it was too late, the appetite was formed then for strong drinks. I then thought myself a man, and that I could take a little drink as well as my father, or I would never be a man. Now at this time I could not read, nor write, I have been at the school of drunkenness for 30 years, and could not write my name.

But now I can read and write my own letters to England, and receive answers back. But if I had been to the school of drunkenness until now, I could not have done it. I have been to no school for it; I have learned at my home; my wife and children have been my teachers; my home has been my school; and this is the way I am passing through life.

I am changed from a drunken man, to a sober man; and this has made all the change in me. Men, think for yourselves; ask not another man to do that for you which you can do yourselves. Men, I ask you to not seek for happiness where it is not to be found. Look not for happiness in brandy bottles, or a rum cask, or any other intoxicating liquors. It is very plain that all drunkards were once moderate drinkers, and only became drunkards by degrees.

It is very plain that if there were no moderate drinkers there would be no drunkenness. It is very plain that if the drunkard would be reclaimed, he must abstain from that which has made, and which keeps him a drunkard.

It is very plain that if men continue to drink as they do now, drunkards will abound and drunkenness continue.

What can be plainer then, than this, that it is my duty to abstain.

One or two things more, and then I have done. In England there is no less than two millions of acres of land employed in growing hops and barley for making strong drinks.

This land would yield more than a four pound loaf to every human being in the world, or it would give three loaves a week to every family in Great Britain. The corn thus wasted would feed three millions of persons every year. But this is not all; there is fifty millions of pounds of money spent every year in Great Britain on strong drink; fifty millions more are lost to the country through the effects of drinking.

I have been a sober man now, for seven years, and I have found more happiness in that time, than I did in the 30 years before; and I am for the onward path of truth while I live, and I would rather die a sober man to-morrow, than live a drunkard to-morrow. So no more at present from your true friend, Moses Jackson. Think more, and drink less, to make a white slave free.

Harsh Treatment.

We are sometimes charged with speaking too harshly of rumsellers. We speak of their business as a traffic in human bodies and human souls—as a life-corrupting, life-destroying, devilish business—fit only for fiends, because resulting only in moral and physical death. Perhaps our language is harsh. Likely enough we are fanatical on this subject.—Who would not be, that had, but for a single hour looked steadily at the rumseller's work?

But can the rumseller justly complain? What are his claims to mild treatment? Even admitting (which we do not,) that he does not war, maliciously or recklessly, against human life, what right has he to demand of the community that his name shall be respected?—Let us look at his position for a moment, and see what are his claims to mild treatment.

He is an enemy of the state. No matter whether he kills men or not. No matter whether he impoverishes men or not. No matter whether he interferes with health, or happiness, or prosperity, or contributes to promote these. *He is the State's worst enemy*, because he tramples on the principle on which the State is built. He defies the laws—not in a moment of passion, or to gratify malice, as the murderer does—not for a single hour, that he may procure wealth for a life-time, as the robber does—but as an every day business.—He lives, day by day, on the profits of rebellion. He goes coolly and deliberately to his work—week after week—not merely to make paupers and criminals, but to *undermine government*. He puts his foot on the constitution. He labours to overthrow law—not only the liquor law, but every law. His business corrupts the State, not merely because it favors the use of a soul-destroying beverage, but because it teaches rebellion and treason. It says to every man—“Laws are nothing—government is nothing. It is the business of every citizen to do what he pleases.”

Roger Williams once said—“There is not a man in the world, except robbers, pirates, and rebels, but doth submit to government.” Will any man contend that the rumsellers of Rhode Island do submit to government? Is it submission to government, to do that, day after day, and year after year, as a business,

which the law condemns? Can the man who violates law for a living, claim the protection of the law, when his own rights are invaded? Does the community owe anything, even a good name, to the man whose daily bread is earned by trampling on those laws which the community has enacted for its protection?

It was only a few months—something less than a year—ago, that every rumseller in our State professed a willingness to submit to the question of a stringent prohibitory law, to the people of the State. They would not sell rum, if the people were against it. The people declared against it. But the rumsellers keep on. They not only defy the people's servants—the law making power—but the people themselves! And yet, we must not treat them harshly.

And especially we must not enter into the political field in search of a remedy for this state of things? It is too small a matter, the politicians would have us believe, to require political effort and action! The Ten Hour Law is a matter of immense importance—but it matters nothing whether all laws are defied and trampled in the dust! The Secret Ballot is invaluable—but submission to law can be dispensed with, without harm to any body! It is very essential that we recognize the right of every community to change its form of government whenever it please, and however they please—but of no consequence whatever whether the individuals composing the community, respect the government!

Judge Rush wrote, that “every man who habitually breaks the laws of the land, is an enemy to the country.” The rumseller habitually breaks the laws of the land—not capriciously but willfully and deliberately—makes a business of it, and lives by it—and yet, he is a good enough Democrat, and a good enough Whig. He makes the nominations, generally, for both parties. Neither party dare attempt to turn him out of his caucuses. The parties profess to have the same object as the government itself; and yet permit a rebel against the latter, and an open enemy of the country to join in their deliberations. **PEOPLE OF RHODE ISLAND! HOW LONG WILL YOU SUBMIT TO THIS?** How long shall the whining cry of “harsh treatment” prevent you from rendering **JUSTICE** to the worst enemies of your State?—*R. I. Tem. Ad.*

“My License is Out.”

Such was the notice we had the pleasure of seeing on the door of a liquor-seller in Newbury on Sunday, the 4th inst., as we were going to and returning from church. “My license is out, and they won't give me any more.” Glorious intelligence thought we. Glad of it, said I. We wish such was the case with all the rum-dens of the earth—whether sold out of whiskey wagons or glittering death palaces, all are engaged in the same unholy, inhuman, soul-debasing, heaven-dishonoring, withering, blighting traffic. Would that this were written in bold letters over the door-ways of all the liquor shops in South Carolina. Was such the case, how much happier and better would our condition be.—How many poor, deserted, dishonored, half-starved women and children, would be made comfortable, honorable and happy. Were these words written in legible characters upon every door of the numerous sinks of sin and ruin over the earth, how many bruised and ruined hearts would be bound up—how

many hopes would dawn upon the world—how many solid joys would be felt—how much peace and good will would be experienced, instead of envy, malice and hatred, which the fell curse of intemperance has entailed upon man, changing his moral nature and being, from the likeness of his great Author to that of the similitude of, not only an ox that eateth grass, but to the demon of darkness. Is man like his Maker, when, insatuated and maddened by the effects of intemperance, his puny arm is impiously raised against the command of the Deity, "Thou shalt not kill?" When the law sanctions and protects the trade in ardent spirits, and allows a man, under the broad seal of licensed authority, to sell that which maddens his neighbour—which deprives him of all reason—which dethrones every virtue, and implants all the vices of a depraved nature in his heart, which causes him to commit acts of violence, and outrages upon society—when such is the case, and the laws smile complacently upon it, then such laws are intolerable—unjust violations of certain inalienable rights belonging to every man who has a right to protection. We ask the protection of our laws. We ask our law-makers not to oppress us. We demand in the name of justice, that they will not afflict us with the support of a system of laws founded on error, and are the very embodiment of injustice and oppression. Shall society be forever burdened with the accumulated weight of this sin, which is a burthen too intolerable to be borne? Will good men join in the crusade of evil-doers against our efforts to relieve humanity from the bondage of this living death? Will the church, as a city set upon a hill, turn away its glorious light from our path, and shine only for the benefit of our enemies? No—from ten thousand angels of mercy the response is heard—let there be light. Let the earth rejoice, and heaven give back the joyful sound, that man is not forever to be the slave of sin, and the captive of selfish appetite.

Earth never can be happy as long as intemperance is permitted to dwell upon it—as long as licensed sin and immorality is allowed to be fostered and protected, dishonoring and despising the dignity and majesty of Heaven.

Let these words be written in uneffaced characters, over the portals of every licensed liquor-store—"Our License is out—and we can get no more."—*S. C. Temp. Advocate.*

Pity the Drunkard.

The drunkard has a soul, and that soul is in danger. Every step he takes, perdition, hangs over him. He knows it not, but rushes headlong to ruin. No drunkard can enter heaven. Heaven is the residence of God and angels, and holy beings redeemed and washed and sanctified by the blood of Jesus. Could the poor drunkard enter heaven, he could not be happy there; it is a place appointed for a prepared people. O, if the drunkard would reflect on this truth during his sober moments, he surely would abandon, and that for ever, that which endangers his everlasting well-being.

And can any one, sensible of the danger of the inebriate, pass him without an effort to help and relieve him? Dare he say, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' 'No man liveth to himself.' And if I see a brother falling on a precipice, shall I not, even at

much personal hazard, make an effort to save him? Or if I see the bolt descending on his defenceless head, shall I not raise my hand to prevent his destruction?

Never was there a more striking picture of the various classes of men who live in our times, than in the graphic description given by our blessed Saviour, when he answered the question, 'Who is my neighbour?' The priest strikingly exemplifies the priests of Bacchus, the distillers, brewers, publicans, and their numerous auxiliaries; the Levite portrays the professed moderation Christians of our beloved land; the good Samaritan not inaptly paints the consistent, conscientious, philanthropic total abstainer. He hears the voice of woe—his heart is touched—he seeks out the object of sorrow—he speaks kind words—he reaches out the friendly hand—raises him up—relieves him—looks after him—becomes his friend. Does he fall again and again? He compassionates the victim of strong drink—he knows the power of the appetite against which the drunkard struggles, and which so often baffles all his efforts to conquer it, till, by more than common human strength, he wins the day, and is saved.

And who is so likely to become useful to other poor drink-smitten slaves as the man who has been emancipated from the galling yoke? Would it not be well to expose, manfully expose, the helps to the glass and the bottle? Do the filthy, unmanly, expensive pipe and cigar not add to the exciting and restless feeling for stimulating drinks? How is it that if six men bolt out of those dens of misery where drunkards are manufactured, in general four of them have their 'hands in their pockets and pipes in their mouths'? Many have fallen by the pipe—others may.

Let total abstinence bestir themselves. Let there be no lack of effort, though a diversity of opinion may exist, of the best means to be employed to save the drunkard. Kind looks, kind words, kind acts will do much to snatch the prey out of the hand of the trade, and of their grand instigator—the common enemy of God and man. Why should we be so backward to tell the truth, and to expose evil? Souls are daily perishing and apparently few lay these things to heart. And shall not we—even we abstainers, be chargeable with crime, if we see the evil produced by drink, and leave any means untried in order to counteract it? Let us never bow the knee in God's house, in our social meetings, in private, or around our family altars, without the name of the poor, degraded, and perishing drunkard on our lips. Nor let us forget there those who make him what he is; and let us endeavour by every possible means, if they profess to be followers of Christ, to show them their inconsistency—for it must be admitted that it is grossly inconsistent in them to say, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,' while their whole lives are employed in leading their fellow-men into temptation, and then leaving them uncared for in the evil into which they have led them.

Total abstinence is evidently the cause of God. He has blessed our efforts, and as the number of the decidedly pious is on the increase in our ranks, we have every reason to display our banners anew, on which are so legibly inscribed, 'Glory to God on high, and good will to man.'—*Day Star.*

Union is Strength.

A stalk of corn, standing alone in the field, is not able to keep its erect position for a single day—it falls before the gentlest breeze—it is altogether without strength; but when the reaper binds a hundred or a thousand of them together, in bundles, and sets them up, so that they lean one against the other, they defy the strong wind. Individually, they have no strength—none to keep themselves from falling; and, of course, none to spare to their neighbors; but when they are associated—bound together by one of their own number, they become strong. Where does the strength come from? It is not in the individual stalks which compose the shock; where, then? We can't tell, unless it comes from the bond which holds them together. The fact, then, seems to be that affiliated weakness produces strength. It is not that the modicum of individual force is thrown into the aggregate, and there is really no more strength in the whole, than the sum of all its parts; but that the power is greatly increased—additional strength is created. "Out of weakness we're made strong." The wise man had some such result as this in his eye, when he said, *two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor—and a three-fold cord is not quickly broken.* And, we guess, that this might be the meaning of Samson's riddle—*out of the eater (the carcass of the dead lion) came forth meat* (food enough to sustain many.) The dead lion is the individual, standing alone; the swarm of bees, the emblem of associated strength. Should any one think it worth their while to attack our disposition, we shall not feel bound to go into any defence, as we do not profess to be so well skilled in that matter, as we ought to be.

There are plenty of dead lions in our cities and towns, who, standing alone, do but very little good. They would do much, if they were banded together; but as it is, the associated Bees bring about important results. "The staff of accomplishment" is in their hands. True, they go out, each from the hive, individually, but they all return, laden with honey to cast into the common stock.—And it may turn out that when the lions lack, there will still be a plenty of honey in the hive.

This thought is most happily illustrated by the Christian church. As an association of individuals, of one heart and one mind, it has stood the shock of two worlds, for eighteen centuries; and she is sure, remaining true to herself and her Lord, to gain a complete and a glorious triumph over all her enemies, at last. Her members have been bound together by a mysterious band—in that, her great strength lieth, and unless she turns traitress to her Leader, and breaks the band herself, she must be invincible.

What could the One Hundred and Twenty, or the Three Thousand, early Christians have done, single handed, each on his own hook, without affiliation or mutual sympathy, against Judaism and Heathenism? or rather, how could they have sustained themselves at all, in the midst of that ridicule and contumely of Greeks and Jews? They would have been scattered to the four winds, as they were; but, we think, they would have done but very little preaching, if they had not pledged themselves, as brethren of the same family, that

they would, under all circumstances, adhere to the new faith, pray for one another, keep indissoluble the bond of their union, and prove true to their great Leader. Man was not made with one hand, or one eye—he was not made to stand alone, an isolation—for, like the isolated stalk, he would bear, but here and there, a blighted kernel of grain, and fall to the ground before his fruit was ripened. No! Man was made with two hands and two eyes—he was made for union—made to be fastened to somebody else, by a bond which will make them both stronger and happier. "Out of the strong came forth sweetness."

If another illustration of the principle, that "Union is strength," were needed, we would adduce the Temperance Society. What could have been accomplished without association and the pledge? What could John Tappan, and Lyman Beecher, and Hewett, and Goodell, and Edwards, and other men like minded, have done, without a common bond of brotherhood? Why, just what they had been doing, before the temperance society was formed—little, or nothing. Intemperance would have continued to pour out its lava upon every green thing. The "Six Sermons" might never have been preached, and the Maine Law would have been buried where the rumsellers of Boston would like to have it buried—some fifty years deep, in the future. Why, without concert, without that strength of purpose which is created by union, those fathers of the Temperance reform could not have taken the first step—they could not have screwed up their courage even to the pledge of "moderate use." That was an important step—honor to the men who took it. Important, because it led to another, more important still. We have seen the benefits of the pledge—the benefits of union in the cause of temperance, and we are destined to see more of them. Outsiders may wonder at unexpected results which have been reached—unexpected to them, but not to others.—wonder, in another connection; but rather that they would understand the "manifest destiny" of the temperance cause, and become its friends.—*Mass. Life Boat.*

Character.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

I will draw a distinction between character and reputation, which are not synonymous. A man's character is the reality of himself; his reputation, the opinion others have formed about him; character resides in him, reputation in other people; that is the substance, this is the shadow; they are sometimes alike, sometimes greater or less. If a man be able to achieve things beyond his time, his reputation will be different from his character. He who seeks reputation must not be beyond the times he lives in. It is important to men beginning life to know which they want—character or reputation.

To build a character is a work of time; as ships are built on one element, and used on another, so character is built in youth and home for after life. Reputation is easily got; it is generally charlatanism, empiricism, taking many forms—as that of a patriot, a tribe numerous as mosquitoes, who, like them, lean and hungry, suck all the blood they can, but make none—who live on suction. In a man, as in a ship, the material must exist originally; a man naturally mean may be improved, but never will be a noble man. Reputation may be

made for a man; character must be made by him with labor and time, and it cannot be taken away. The antagonism between the two is not so great as the disproportion. Thus, a man, if wise, will be content to be considered wiser; he likes a shadow three times his size—like banks that issue three paper dollars for every one in specie they have—if worth a quarter, he likes to be called worth half a million, until the assessor brings him to his senses. He will disclaim "popularity," but claim the same thing under the name of "influence;" but it is what God made a man and he makes of himself, that determines his influence; the weights never ask a favor of the scales; a thousand pounds will weigh down five hundred by their natural force. So he speaks of "prudence." Prudence is coincident with rectitude; and there have been men against the grain of life all their days, who yet were most prudent men. He substitutes love of approbation for love of truth. Thousands lose their characters to save their reputations.

I will consider three classes of men: those whom a single faculty rules; those who are controlled by groups of faculties; and those who have several characters at different times. I will consider two instances in the first class; men who are ruled by love of approbation and love of gain. Approbativeness is almost exclusively an American faculty; it originates in the necessity for popular approval; we are exceedingly vain and growing vainer. Our public man is the most pliant of them all; you may knead him, so may your neighbor, and thousands after him, but he is dough still; his morals are not absolute, but vary with the company he is in; his religion is like a navigator's dress, changed for every latitude. Yet the faculty has its uses; without it, the attrition in the world would be harsh, but, where it rules, it causes weakness. It leads men different ways; some shun anything new; others sling bombs into the midst of stale properties, and like comets, slap the sun in the face with their tails. These ultras are like the engine and the anchor—both are useful; but much as I respect anchors, I would prefer to be an engine. The faculty is shown in fashion, whose first question is, "What will people say?" and whose last, "What did people say?"

Sometimes, I believe, there is a vain minister (though I believe there is no honest class in the main), it is hard to hear constant applause and love, too; the toughest plank will crack under perpetual sunshine; but the minister's vanity is principally shown, in fearing to lose the esteem he has gained. Characters founded on this faculty can never be great; he that does not write or speak from enthusiasm for his subject, produces nothing that will permanently control the mind. Love of applause is the fertile source of mediocrity; excellence springs from sympathy with God, man and truth.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Traffic Characterized.

The rum traffic is a bitter and relentless scourge. Hardly a day passes without the immolation of fresh victims upon its bloody altars. No home is safe from its fangs. You may say that if the home influences are right, the rum-fiend is shorn of his strength. Not so. There is no rattle of alarm. Stealthily, but surely the coils are fastened, and the noble youth yields an easy

prey to fascinations of which he has been warned from the cradle up. We think of one now, whose father is a true worker in the temperance ranks, yet with all his love for the cause, and his hatred of intemperance, he cannot wrest his son from the grasp of the destroyer. He loves his fetters. Grog-shops are on every side. So the old father and mother, the young brothers and sisters must have this great sorrow always with them—rising up like a great skeleton to crush all their happiness.

The rum traffic is a loathsome and detestable scourge. It morally ruins those engaged in it, for a man must become hardened and debased to sell rum—lost to every sense of decency and humanity. It falls with withering blight upon its victims. As with an iron heel it crushes the happiness of homes. It wars against all the best interests of society. With not one redeeming trait it riots in a christian land, flooding in like a Uvas blight upon every side. And why? Because in a country where every honorable avocation calls for laborers, a large class must "make a living" by praying upon their kind—by peddling whiskey at three cents a glass!

Can any one point us to a lower depth than rumselling?—*Cayuga Chief.*

Water.

'Water! water!' cries the bird,
With his singing, gentle note;
And the liquid cry is heard
Pouring from the little throat;
Water! water! clear and sweet!
'Te-weet! 'Te-weet!'

'Water! Water!' roars the ox,
While it rushes by his side,
Down among the mossy rocks
Rippling with its crystal tide;
Water! water! pure and true!
'Moo! Moo!'

'Water! water!' said the tree,
With its branches spreading high;
'Water! water!' rustled he,
For his leaves were very dry;
Water! water! for the tree!
Pure and free!

'Water! water!' said the flower,
Whispering with his perfumed breath;
'Let me have it in an hour,
Ere I thirsting droop in death!
Water! water! soft and still,
Is my will.'

'Water! water!' said the grain,
With its yellow head on high;
And the spreading fertile plain,
Ripening, joined the swelling cry;
Water for the grains of gold!
Wealth untold.

Water! water! sparkling, pure,
Giveth Nature everywhere—
If you drink it, I am sure
It will never prove a snare.
Water is the thing for me—
Yes, and thee!

Water! water! Young and old!
Drink it, crystal-like and sweet!
Never heed the tempter bold—
Crush him underneath your foot!
Water! water! Youth, for thee—
Thee and me!

(From the *Cadet of March*, 1854.)

"OUR DELAY IN PUBLICATION.—It was not easy to determine whether the *Cadet* should be published another year or discontinued. On seeing the malignant attack which is made in the *Life Boat* by somebody on our publisher, most people would have resolved to persevere with the *Cadet*; but he has magnanimously resolved to give way; and then an opportunity will be afforded to ascertain how far treachery and hypocrisy can impose on a credulous public. The *Life Boat* is discontinued by Mr. Campbell, and professedly goes into other hands. Caution is necessary, however, in dealing with slippery people; and, therefore, we cannot inspire any confidence into the minds of our young friends as to the future of the *Life Boat*."

The publishers of the *Life Boat* regarding the above—which appeared in the last number of the *Cadet*—as an injurious reflection upon their character, and having expressed a wish that such should be removed; we beg to state that we did not intend the remarks to bear any such construction; we simply intimated a doubt as to the continuance of the *Life Boat*, as the present publishers had not issued a prospectus to that effect. As all doubt is removed by the issue of the first number of the third volume, of course our remarks are nugatory, and are taken back as if they had not been written.

PLEDGE.—We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage, nor Traffic in them; that we will not provide them as an article of Entertainment, nor for persons in our Employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the community.

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, APRIL 15, 1854.

The Mayor of Montreal and the Sons of Temperance.

When Doctor Nelson was inaugurated Mayor of Montreal he was pleased to express himself adverse to the manufacture and sale of liquors, and enumerated in language not to be misunderstood, the complicated evils of intemperance. The Howard Division of the Sons of Temperance has since addressed a respectful memorial to His Worship, to which he has forwarded a reply worthy of the Mayor of a great city. We are indebted to the city papers for these documents, and should have published them at an earlier period, if the officers of the Howard Division had forwarded them in due time.

The Memorial of the Division is as follows:—

To W. NELSON, Esq., M.D.

The Worshipful the Mayor of the City of Montreal.

We, Officers and Members of the Howard Division, No. 1, Sons of Temperance, being a Branch of an Order now extensively organized throughout the British Provinces, the United States and Great Britain, for the promotion and support of the Cause of Temperance by mutual aid as a Benefit Society, beg permission respectfully to express our gratitude for your public avowal on the occasion of your inauguration in the Office of Chief Magistrate, of your desire to do whatever lay in your power for the suppression of the vice of Intemperance, by an efficient control over the vendors of Alcoholic drinks, inasmuch as it must be apparent to every one who has directed his attention to the subject that this evil lays at the root of most of our social crimes and municipal burdens.

While we cannot but regard the failure of all legislation to control or regulate the traffic in Alcoholic drinks as indicating the necessity for and value of a Law totally prohibiting the manufacture and sale, and are, and purpose to be, actually engaged in endeavoring to obtain the passing of what is commonly called "The Maine Law," or a Law of similar stringency by the Legislature of the Province of Canada, we yet hail with pleasure any Municipal or Legislative effort having a tendency to check the prevalence of Intemperance and in accordance with such sentiments and feeling, beg leave most cordially to express a hope that your purposes and efforts on this behalf may be crowned with the most signal success.

Permit us also to express a desire that the Great Ruler of the Universe may so control the events of your government during the civic year that peace, tranquillity and prosperity may largely be afforded to the inhabitants of this prosperous and increasing city.

The Mayor sent the following answer, in which the keen-eyed *Herald* discovers a repudiation of the *ultra* doctrines of the teetotalers. We apprehend his Worship meant no such thing. But let him speak for himself, and our readers judge for themselves. He says:—

MONTREAL, 27th March, 1854.

GENTLEMEN,—Please accept my warmest thanks for the kind and favorable view you have been pleased to take of that part of my inaugural address wherein I particularly allude to the inordinate use of intoxicating drinks.

I entered upon the pursuit of my profession at a very early period of my life, now nearly half a century ago, and was soon led to appreciate to their fullest extent, the innumerable evils which result from the baneful practice of inebriety. I have seen the finest talents destroyed, and drivelling idiocy reign in their stead. I have seen men in all the vigor and pride of the most robust manhood, within a short space of time, become weak and decrepit, with all the appearance of premature decay and old age. I have seen abject poverty take the place of wealth,—misery and ruin prevail, where, but a short time previous, ease and happiness ruled; men whom Providence seemed to have intended to be the benefactors and the example of their fellow-men, become a burden and an opprobrium to society; heaven-born virtue supplanted by the most revolting depravity. I have seen all this, and much more, accruing from the hideous vice of perpetual tipping and beastly intoxication.

If there be one sin more than any other which, it would appear entails the punishment awarded in the Decalogue of "visiting the sins of the father upon the children to the third and fourth generation," it is most certainly the habit and vice of intemperance, which is most correctly said to be "the root of all evil."

Rest assured, Gentlemen, that I shall use every exertion to accomplish the ends I have aimed at in my address, in which I am happy to find that I shall possess powerful auxiliaries in the Howard Division of the Sons of Temperance. You have chosen a most appropriate title to designate your own association. The name and the deeds of the immortal "Howard, the philanthropist," are well calculated to insure respect, influence and power to your most noble work of Christian Charity. Persevere, Gentlemen, and thousands yet unborn will testify their gratitude, and bless your efforts to advance the well-being of all.

I reciprocate most fervently the sentiments with which you close your excellent address, and I feel satisfied that the conduct and example which you and all good citizens will observe on all occasions, will promote the peace, tranquillity and prosperity of this important and increasing city, and thus render the duties of the Chief Magistrate not only easy of accomplishment, but most pleasant and agreeable.

I have the honor to be,

Gentleman,

Your very obedient servant,

WOLFERD NELSON.

To the Committee, &c., &c.,
Howard Division, No. 1.

Officers of Gough Division, Quebec, No. 3.

The undermentioned Officers were elected for the current quarter, ending 30th June, 1854:—

Brothers Jas. Hay, W.P.; Jno. Innis, W.A.; Thos. B. Dixon, R.S.; T. Magil, A.R.S.; T. Duncan, F.S.; J. R. Healy, T.; —Perry, Ch.; Wm. Wilkinson, C; F. Hall, A.C.; T. Ballantyne, I.S.; T. Gardiner, O.S.

The New York Veto.

The Governor of the State of New York has vetoed the Maine Law measure adopted by the Legislature of that State. Sorry we are to have to record that painful fact. But so it is. The *New York Times* says:—

"Governor Seymour vetoes the Anti-Liquor Law with a will. He does it with a zest,—as if he liked it. There's no half way work about it,—no lingering regrets,—no twaddle about painful necessities and solemn responsibilities. The Governor hates the bill, and puts his foot on it with emphasis. He vetoes it as if he felt a sort of personal spite against it. He seems to have modeled his Message on the famous curse in *Tristram Shandy*: he curses the bill by wholesale and in detail,—all its parts and all its purposes,—everything belonging to it or connected with it. He leaves no peg to hang a hope on, that his assent could be had to any law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors."

And then the *Times* goes on approving of the Governor's Message and act. But the *Tribune*—better authority on these matters—speaks out boldly, some will think too strongly. We do not join in denunciation of Mr. Delevan, because he happens to speak affirmatively of Horatio's honesty in the case; but we certainly think the Governor has exercised his wits to little purpose. His veto message is very windy, and mournfully stale. The *Tribune* concludes a good article thus:—

"We thank him (Governor Seymour) for the frankness wherewith he tells us that his vital objection is not to this or that provision, section or clause, but to the whole spirit, intent and scope of the act. He does not veto the bill, as he would seem at first to pretend, because it is wrong in this or that provision, but because it undertakes to prohibit the Liquor Traffic. He denies the right of the Legislature to suppress the sale of Intoxicating Beverages, though in the next breath he stultifies himself by admitting that "Judicious legislation may correct abuses in the manufacture, sale or use of intoxicating liquors." This admission covers the whole ground in dispute, and changes the question from one of principal to one of fact. We say it is an abuse to sell or use Alcoholic Liquors, as a beverage—all the more dangerous and mischievous an abuse because many buy and drink them in total ignorance of their poisonous qualities. If a man were to sell diluted Prussic Acid as a stimulant and create a large demand for it, though every hundredth man who imbibed it dropped dead the minute after, Gov. S. would not question the right of the Legislature to stop his traffic; and the fact that the buyers of Alcoholic Liquors generally kill themselves more slowly and gradually cannot, surely, affect the principal involved.

The Governor tells us, in closing, that

"While a conscientious discharge of duty, and a belief that explicit language is due to the friends of this bill, require me to state my objections to the measure in decided terms, it must not be understood that I am indifferent to the evils of intemperance, or wanting in respect and sympathy for those who are engaged in their suppression. I regard intemperance as a fruitful source of degradation and misery. I look with no favour upon the habits and practices which have produced the crime and suffering which are constantly forced upon my attention in the painful discharge of official duties. After long and earnest reflection, I am satisfied relief cannot be placed upon prohibitory laws to eradicate these evils. Men may be persuaded—they cannot be compelled—to adopt habits of temperance."

Now a man's private convictions and personal habits are affairs of his own until he sees fit to parade them before the public in order to screen himself from the judgment invoked

by his public acts. When he does that, they become legitimate subjects of scrutiny and comment. We are bound to say, then, that during the twenty years' struggle in this State against the evils of intemperance, we have never been made aware of any active "sympathy" with those engaged therein on the part of Horatio Seymour. If his "sympathy" with Temperance efforts had led him to abstain personally from the use of Intoxicating Liquors, or to give his time, his money and his influence to the promotion of the Temperance cause, then he might less hypocritically parade his private views in vindication of his public acts; but while his own lifelong "habits and practices" are all on the side of that genteel wine-drinking which leads smoothly and easily down to grog-shop tipping and ruinous drunkenness, we apprehend that those who live and labor for Man's salvation from the curse of Alcoholic madness, will prefer to meet his treacherous and deadly hostility as best they may, without being slavered over with his "sympathy."

Follow-soldiers in the Temperance army! our hopes, so far as this State are concerned, are ruthlessly stricken down for the present session; we must struggle on with the Law and its leading executor against us through the residue of this political year. But shall this rebuff dishearten us? No—never! We have the Senate secure for the next session, and both Governor and Assembly are to be chosen next November. We can surely elect an Assembly, as we did last Fall. We can carry a Governor also—and we WILL! Let us take care that some man be nominated—by each party, if possible—by one party, if no more—by ourselves, if no party will do it—who is openly pledged by his past life or otherwise to concur with the Legislature in enacting a law to arrest the ravages of Intemperance. We may be beaten—we must not be betrayed. Let this year witness the putting forth of our mightiest efforts, in the firm conviction that, with the blessing of God, we can rid our State of the curse of legalized rum-selling by this one gigantic struggle. Forward!"

New York Recorder.

This very valuable and talented weekly paper commences its tenth volume much enlarged and improved. It is a religious family newspaper, published by S. S. Cutting and L. F. Beecher, or L. F. Beecher and Co., 122 Nassau Street, New York. Although in a sense sectarian, being chiefly devoted to the interests of that respectable and useful body of Christians called Baptists, it is nevertheless in a proper and Christian sense catholic, and eminently calculated to advance true religion in the world. It has never been on our exchange list, but we shall direct our *Advocate* thither henceforth, and if not otherwise, we must have, as before, an opportunity of perusing its page through a friendly subscriber. But, being persuaded that many of our own readers are themselves "Baptists," we commend the *Recorder* to them as worthy of their support. It is two dollars a year in advance, and very cheap at that.

Answer to the Scriptural Enigma in the March number of the *Cadet*:—"The wicked flee when no man pursueth."—R. P.

Progress in the Rear of Yonge and Escott.

A correspondent of the *Brockville Recorder*, signing himself "Anti-Bacchus," gives the particulars of a Municipal movement, which we hope will not be without its effects elsewhere. It appears that there was at the election there, a triumphant adoption of the Bye-Law for the suppression of the sale of spirituous and malt liquors, in the Township of the Rear of Yonge and Escott. The writer says:—"Pursuant to public notice, on Friday and Saturday, the 31st day of March and 1st day of April, the Municipal Electors of this Township were called upon to decide by their votes, their approval or disapproval of the Bye-Law above stated; and notwithstanding a degree of apathy on the part of some professed Temperance men, there appeared at the close of the Poll

In favour of the Bye-Law.....	80
Against the Bye-Law.....	37
Giving a majority in favor of.....	43

The result of this election ought to prove instructive and encouraging, as it proves what the advocates of Temperance might do by united efforts and perseverance. For some time previous to the election, strenuous efforts had been made by the opponents of the Bye-Law, and its friends had serious fears of its defeat; but so decided was the vote on the first day of the election—70 to 37—that on the second day the opponents had not the courage to come out, and as a consequence not a vote was polled against it. After polling part of the forenoon of the second day, the friends of the Bye-Law not wishing to keep the poll open longer than was necessary, and finding no opposition, withheld their votes until the poll had remained open an hour, when it was closed by the Returning Officer.

It thus appears, that large as is the majority, it might have been much larger had it been desired.

Local Legislation by Municipalities on the subject of Temperance is objected to by many, on the ground of its being arbitrary and unjust, to prohibit the sale of spirituous liquors in one Township, while surrounding Townships more liberal are willing to foster and encourage the traffic through the license system. Compared with a general Prohibitory Liquor Law, such Bye-Laws as the above mentioned are of course insignificant, but as a means of keeping public sentiment alive and healthy on so important a subject, in addition to the great local benefit to be derived from such a Bye-Law—Legislation of this character is of the greatest importance, as it tends to strengthen and concentrate public opinion on the greatest question of the day, the Maine Liquor Law in Canada.

In view of so great a boon, we can well afford to be called arbitrary and illiberal, in refusing to open the flood-gates of vice and immorality, which many enlightened minds are forced to admit, is the inevitable result of the liquor traffic."

"Destruction and Misery are in their Ways."

Under date of April 1st, the *Middlesex Prototype* gives the annexed melancholy particulars of the effects of inebriation, produced by the licensed liquor traffic. When will the time come for the entire removal of this legalized curse? Our cotemporary says:—

"On Tuesday evening last, a woman named Eliza Hagarty died very suddenly in one of Starr's shanties, east of the barracks. Her husband, Garret Hagarty, had been before his worship the mayor about ten days before, for threatening to kill his wife with an axe. Hagarty had aimed a blow at her head with the axe, but observing the aim, she defended herself by raising her left arm, upon which she received the stroke. A gash was made in the fleshy part of the arm, about six inches in length, grazing the bone, and wounding a branch of the ulnar artery, which bled profusely. Dr. Wanless, the corporation surgeon, passed a ligature around the vessel, and dressed the wound, which was doing well up to the time of her death. From the pair having been all the time drunk, and quarrelling, strong suspicion arose that deceased had been killed by her husband. An inquest was therefore held on Wednesday morning, by Dr. Wanless, but there appeared no evidence of guilt against Hagarty. The post-mortem examination revealed a drunkard's stomach, with an old disease of the left lung, which was very much crusted with blood; blood, in large quantities, was also found within the pleural cavity, which had escaped from a pulmonary vessel. This was assigned by Dr. McKenzie, as the cause of death. On the Tuesday evening, when the deceased lay on the floor, cold and death-like, an empty black bottle, smelling of whiskey, was found by her side, the contents of which, no doubt, had been recently swallowed. What pictures of degraded mortality present themselves, from time to time, from the use of the inebriating cup! The jury gave a verdict according to the testimony adduced, and found great fault with Hagarty for allowing his wife, as he stated, a quart of whiskey daily!"

Literature and Temperance.

We have observed, says the *Maine Temperance Journal*, for some time past, in many of the standard literary periodicals of the day, commendable articles in favor of temperance. We are happy to notice this indication that the virtue of temperance is not altogether discarded in what are called the upper, polite, and literary circles of society. We would not fail to make honorable mention of any changes of this sort, and in praising what is praiseworthy, we must also censure what is censurable.

We notice quite frequently, both in the *Putman* and *Harper Magazines*, articles not only of questionable morals upon the subject of temperance, but articles of a decidedly injurious tendency. Scenes of drunkenness are talked of, and dressed up in a fascinating style, and one cannot help thinking the while, that the author who speaks of these things with so much apparent gusto, must enjoy them himself. The following is a specimen, which we select from a story in *Putnam's*:

"I returned to the supper room, as it is the custom with those who do not dance, for the purpose of satisfying my own hunger, and to drink a glass of wine with Mr. Augustus, and my friends Scribner and Docket, whom I find just beginning upon a fresh bottle of Heidsick. The scalloped oysters, the chicken salad, and the champagne go round, and so do many pleasant and wicked stories."

Our readers will judge whether such descriptions of late suppers and drinking usages, in high or low life, are calculated to benefit the morals of the people, or to deter the young from the wine "when it moveth itself aright," but which at last "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

It seems to us that our literature should be free from anything like temptation to the vice of intemperance, that next to our religion, it should pour its burning rebukes upon the head of that ravager that has plucked so many of the "bright particular stars" from the galaxy of the literary firmament. There may be a taste for this kind of reading, but let our literary men cease to cater to it, and it will depart. If the drinking usages must be described, then let the antidote go with the bane. Let rebuke accompany the description, that the right moral tone may not be wanting.

[OFFICIAL.]

Decision of the Supreme Court on the Liquor Law.

In order to avoid misapprehension in the public mind in regard to the character, extent, and effects of this decision, the undersigned, in behalf of the State Temperance Committee, having taken counsel upon the exact character of that decision, have deemed it proper to make a brief explanation.

1. That the decision was exclusively upon the 14th section and its dependent provisions, and has nothing whatever to do with the other sections of the Law. The Court says distinctly that one part of the same statute may be valid and another part void.

The other provisions of the law have been sanctioned by the same Court, and are therefore valid. The erroneous impression has quite extensively obtained, that the whole law was overthrown. We have left in full force the prohibitory principle, the provision for single sales and common sellers with their cumulative penalties for second and third offences, ending in the House of Correction, and the bonds against subsequent violations of the law.

The Committee find in these and other provisions left, a more efficient Liquor Law, than any license system that could be devised.

2. The decision fully sustains the principle of the 4th section. The Court says:—"We have no doubt that it is competent for the Legislature to declare the possession of certain articles of property, either absolutely, or when held in particular places and under particular circumstances, to be unlawful, because they would be injurious, dangerous, or noxious, and by due process of law, by proceedings *in rem*, to provide both for the abatement of the nuisance, and the punishment of the offender, by the seizure and confiscation of the property, by the removal, sale or destruction of the noxious articles." This sustains the right of seizure, forfeiture and destruction as plainly as language can do it; yet the report has been industriously circulated that the principal of the section was overruled. In remarking upon the objection generally made to the constitutionality of this section, that it takes private property for public use without compensation, the Court says:—"We are of opinion that that claim has no bearing and no connection with this subject."

3. The Court decide—and this is the whole of their decision—that while the thing to be done is right, the mode of doing it is wrong. In the language of the Court, "the system of measures directed and authorized by the State" are unconstitutional. It is quite apparent that the Court criticised the "system of measures" with entire freedom, and yet the principle came forth from the ordeal unscathed. Now, the only question is, can a constitutional "system of measures" be devised for applying the principle? The same principle has been repeatedly applied to other subjects, and that, too, under our own Constitution and Bill of Rights; and to suppose that it cannot be applied in this case, is to invest intoxicating liquors with a sacredness that belongs to no other article of property in possession. There is no cause of discouragement to the friends of Temperance.

On the contrary, if they do not suffer themselves to be deceived as to the exact character of the decision, it is quite clear they will stand on firmer ground than before, for the principle of the 14th section is now settled by the Judicial Power, and nothing remains but to reconstruct the details.

Let them adhere to the other provisions of the Law, which remain unimpaired by the decision, enforce them rigorously throughout the Commonwealth, and seek until they obtain an amendment of the 14th section.

WM. B. SPOONER,
JOHN L. BAKER,
ROBT. C. PITMAN,
LYMAN BEECHER,
B. W. WILLIAMS.

For the Massachusetts State Temperance Committee.

Original Correspondence.**The Lectures of Mr. O. L. Ray, of Canton, N.Y.**

Notice having been given that Mr. O. L. Ray, of Canton, N. Y., (late Editor of the *Canton Independent*, a staunch Temperance paper,) would Lecture in the Hall, last evening, when a goodly number attended, and all felt gratified and much pleased. Mr. Ray is a staunch advocate for the Maine Law; a fluent and a pleasant speaker, and although not so powerful in voice or appearance as Mr. Kellogg, is yet supposed by many to be fully equal to the latter gentleman.

The following Resolution was adopted at the meeting by acclamation, with much applause:—

Moved by A. M'Eachern, G.W.P., of the Sons of Temperance, of Canada East, seconded by W. Winters, P.W.P., Representative to Grand Division:—

"That O. L. Ray, of Canton, N.Y., be recommended by this meeting as a proper person to Lecture on Temperance throughout the country."

Mr. Ray has already visited Edwardsburgh, Matilda twice; Williamsburgh four times; St. Michaels and at Cornwall twice, the second time by special invitation; and it is but right, if he is not a paid Lecturer, that he should at least have the influence of important Societies to encourage and cheer him onward.

Information from Bruce.

It may not be uninteresting to you to hear a little of what is going on in these quarters with regard to the Temperance cause. It is hardly three years since the first settler erected the first shanty in the Township of Bruce, in this county of Bruce. This Township and County lies on the east shore of Lake Huron about 40 miles north of Goderich; this Township is now pretty nearly settled, principally by highland Scotch; many are warm friends to the Temperance cause; though, it is to be regretted many love the cup of strong drink—many to their own hurt. It is a lamentable fact; that as soon as man makes his way into the forest, he is followed by the enemy, alcohol; and man, through this means, is made to corrupt the land in haste. Temperance societies are the only means, *short of the Gospel*, to save men from ruin by this great enemy. When there are zealous friends of the cause, much good is done with their united efforts against this evil.

In our neighborhood, nothing had been done in the cause of Temperance, in the way of forming a society, till Wednesday, the first of the present month, when a meeting was called to organize a society. The Revd. Mr. Fraser, of Kincardine, a warm friend of the Temperance cause, gave a very appropriate lecture to a respectable and attentive audience. At the close of the lecture, the Pledge was brought forward and read, when 40 names were placed to it. Afterwards officers were elected, consisting of Peter McLonan, President; Donald McBain, Vice-President; Nathan Borrowirt, Treasurer; Hugh Mathewson, Secretary; James Kippan, John Greig, Alex. McBain, Joseph Gunn, and Danio Borrowirt, Committee. Thus the foundation of the Bruce Temperance Society was laid; which, it is hoped, by the good hand of God, may be useful in stopping, in some measure, the tide of intemperance in this fast flourishing Township. The sooner its progress can be stopped, the better. I ought to have mentioned that the meeting was held in the house of Mr. James Kippans, who is a good friend to the Temperance cause, and who, with his family, gave a hearty reception to all. Trusting sincerely that the cause may prosper till not an enebriate can be found in the whole land, and spirit venders ashamed of their unholy work, may turn to a more honorable employment, is much to be desired.

H. M.

Editorial Scrap Book.

THE LICENSED LOOK.—The sergeant of the republic of letters says the *Glasgow Commonwealth* has been very successful among tailors, shoemakers, printers, and other trades; but he does not appear to have had any recruits from the whisky-shop. There seems to be so great an enmity between the barrel and the brain, that they cannot thrive together. Nature apparently has decreed, that he who lives by supplying others with the means of temporary madness, shall himself sink away down to the region of permanent stupidity. We are assured by one of our friends who has studied the subject minutely, that when a man with a countenance comely enough for the ordinary purposes of life, becomes a publican, the features gradually undergo a singular transformation, and ultimately assume what our informant calls the *Licensed Look*. Our friend says that this peculiar expression of the face is the unique result of the shrivelling of the mental, and the swelling of the masticatory region, combined with dull, lazy eyes, that are open indeed, but with nobody looking through them. He undertakes, with no other data than the smallness of the head and the width of the mouth, to tell how long a man has been in the "traffic." This problem he solves by the application of what he calls the theory of "inverse ratios," and he goes so far as to affirm that what with the widening of the oral orifice, and the contracting of the cranium, the spirit-dealers, before the close of the current geologic era, will degenerate into alligators! Our science is not so profound as to enable us to pronounce on the merits of so grave a theory. We may be permitted to remark, however, on the authority of the police, that the spirit-dealers, especially on Saturday nights, make a great many of our citizens into pigs. Now, since they turn other people into such ugly shapes, who knows what they may turn themselves into? It is certainly time for the licensed victuallers to consider their "prospects." After this warning if they waken some fine morning and find themselves "all mouth and no benevolence," they have themselves to blame.

BURIED TALENTS.—Can any one doubt that there lies at this moment hidden in the bosom of religious society, and dormant for want of a fitting scope for exercise, an immense amount and variety of talent, which might have been elicited and trained under happier auspices, and triumphantly employed in the prosecution of Christian objects? Amongst the myriads of men and women whose hearts have been opened to welcome the message of God's love, that marvelously expansive principle both for the intellect and the will, ought there not to be, in conformity with all the known laws of our nature, an assortment of mental and moral power in the germ, capable, when unfolded and matured, of effecting, under God's blessing, the most stupendous results? Just imagine a mass of political organization of equal extent, set in motion, too, with unfailling regularity every week, one day of which was especially consecrated to its action, working on to an ultimate purpose from generation to generation, and calculate if you can the number and variety of modes of action it would by this time have systematized, the agencies it would have established, the instruments it would have called out and trained, the latent capabilities it would have

evoked, the efficient workmen of different pretensions it would have had at its command.

That the main purpose of the churches is spiritual, offers no explanation of the lack of a similar result amongst them. Instead of solving the mystery, this fact rather increases it. Think, for a moment, of the strong emotions the first exercise of spiritual faith in the Gospel usually awakens, the fresh instincts it quickens into life, the mental activity it excites, the gushing streams of warm benevolence it causes to flow, the wishes for others it inspires, and the abiding principle of well doing it implants. To what heroic enterprises might not these elements of power be led forth, and disciplined and invigorated! What materials are here for moral machinery, were they but properly appreciated and sedulously put together! Neglected, they soon shrivel up, and become unavailing, like every other talent for usefulness which is buried, instead of being employed for the Master's use.—*Miall's British Churches.*

A WALK IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—Dr. Kane thus sketches a morning's walk in the regions of ice:—

"Now let us start out upon a walk, clothed in well fashioned Arctic costume. The thermometer is, say 25 deg., not lower, and the wind blowing a royal breeze, but gently. Close the lips for the first minute or two, and admit the air suspiciously through nostril and mustache. Presently you breathe in a dry, pungent, but gracious and agreeable atmosphere. The beard, eye-brows, eye-lashes, and the downy pubescence of the ears, acquire a delicate, white, and perfectly enveloping cover of venerable hoar-frost. The mustache and under lip form pendulous beads of dangling ice. Put out your tongue, and it instantly freezes to this icy crust, and a rapid effort and some hand aid will be required to liberate it. The less you talk the better. Your chin has a trick of freezing to your upper jaw by the luting aid of your beard; even my eyes have often been so glued, as to show that even a wink may be unsafe. As you walk on, you find that the iron-work of your gun begins to penetrate through two coats of woolen mittens, with a sensation like hot water. But we have been supposing your back to the wind; and if you are a good Arcticised subject, a warm glow has already been followed by a profuse sweat. Now turn about and face the wind; what a devil of a change! how the atmospheres are wadded off! how penetratingly the cold trickles down your neck, and in at your pockets! Whew! a jack-knife heretofore, like Bob Sawyer's apple, "unpleasantly warm" in the breeches pocket, has changed to something as cold as ice and hot as fire: make your way back to the ship! I was once caught three miles off with a freshening wind, and at one time I feared that I would hardly see the brig again. Morton, who accompanied me, had his cheeks frozen, and I felt that lethargic numbness mentioned in the story books. I will tell you what this feels like, for I have been twice "caught out." Sleepiness is not the sensation. Have you ever received the shocks of a magneto-electric machine, and had the peculiar benumbing sensation of "can't let go," extending up to your elbow-joints? Deprive this of its paroxysmal character; subdue, but diffuse it over every part of the system, and you have the so called pleasurable feelings of incipient freezing. It seems even to extend to your brain. Its niteria is augmented; every thing about seems of a ponderous sort; and

the whole amount of pleasure is in gratifying the disposition to remain at rest, and spare yourself an encounter with these latent resistances. This is, I suppose, the pleasurable sleepiness of the story books.

THE REV. R. W. VANDERKISTE.—This well-known City missionary, when on the point of sailing for Sidney, wrote to the *Times* which lately noticed his work, calling attention to the statements he has made respecting the intemperance of the people. In London, in 1848, there were 11,000 public houses to 10,790 bakers, cheesemongers, butchers, grocers, dairy-keepers, fishmongers, greengrocers, and fruiterers. "We may," he says "build churches and chapels, and multiply schools, but sir, until the drunken habits of the lower orders are changed, we shall never act upon them as we would wish. While the pothouse is their church, gin their sacrament, and the taproom their school-room for evening classes, how can we adequately act upon them for the conversion of their souls? I have no doubt but that if the masses of the humbler classes are to become worshippers of their Saviour, and their children voluntarily educated, in contradistinction to the Prussian and other compulsory systems, then the parents must cease to be the gin and beer bibbers they unfortunately now are, and, since our beloved Queen has already been called upon to sign a 'Maine Law,' for a portion of the British dominions as large as Ireland (I refer to New Brunswick), I shall hope one day, 'the sooner the better,' to find the wisdom of England taking a lesson from the poor uncouth timberhewers, of the Penobscot, and the backwoodsmen of the Minnesota, and demanding a Maine Law for old England. Nor have I the slightest fear of reaction in such a case, as the lower classes would speedily find their temporal circumstances improved, and their personal comfort surprisingly increased, by the abandonment of their previous drinking usages. Religion and education would then receive such an impetus as would gladden beyond measure every rightly influenced mind."

HOW TO TREAT THE WORLD.—At one of the evening parties at Streatham, Mr. Coxé was discoursing, perhaps not very considerably, on the happiness of retiring from the world, when Dr. Johnson cautioned him against indulging such fancies, saying: "Exert your talents, and distinguish yourself; and do not think of retiring from the world until the world will be sorry that you retire." Johnson said once, when some one complained of the neglect shown to Markland, "Remember, he would run from the world, and it is not the world's business to run after him. I hate a fellow whom pride, or cowardice, or laziness drives into a corner, and who does nothing when he is there but sit and growl. Let him come out, as I do, and bark."

CECIL'S MOTHER.—Richard Cecil made the following observation, before his mind was influenced by religion:—"I see two unquestionable facts. 1. My mother is greatly afflicted in circumstances, body and mind, and yet she cheerfully bears up under all, from the support she derives by constantly retiring to her closet, and to her Bible. 2. My mother has a secret spring of comfort, of which I know nothing; while I who give an unbounded loose to my appetites and seek pleasure by every means, seldom or never find it. If, however, there is any such secret in religion, why may I not attain it as well as my mother? I will immediately seek it from God."

A SURFEIT OF INTOXICATION.—The *Spectator* mentions a curious remedy in use in Swedish hospitals, for that form of madness which exhibits itself in the uncontrollable appetite for alcoholic stimulants. The process may be easily described. We will suppose that the liquor to which the patient is addicted to drinking is the commonest in the country—say gin. When he enters the hospital for treatment, he is supplied with his favorite drink, and with no other; if anything else is given to him, or any other food, it is flavoured with gin. He is in Heaven—the very atmosphere is redolent of his favorite perfume! His room is scented with gin; his bed, his clothes, every thing around him; every mouthful he eats or drinks, everything he touches; every zephyr that steals into his room bring to him still gin. He begins to grow tired of it—begins rather to wish for something else—begins to find the oppression intolerable—hates it—cannot bear the sight or scent of it; longs for emancipation, and is at last emancipated; he issues into the fresh air a cured man; dreading nothing so much as a return of that loathed persecutor which would not leave him an hour's rest in his confinement. "This remedy," says our contemporary, "appears to have been thoroughly effectual—so effectual, that persons who deplored their uncontrollable propensity, have petitioned for admission to the hospital in order to be cured; and they have been cured."

PRESERVING BUTTER.—The farmers of Aberdeen, Scotland, are said to practice the following method for curing their butter, which gives it a great superiority over that of our neighbors:—"Take two quarts of the best common salt, one ounce of sugar, and one of saltpetre, take one ounce of this composition for one pound of butter; work it well into the mass and close it up for use." The butter cured with this mixture appears of a rich and marrowy consistence, and fine color, acquires a brittle hardness, nor tastes salty. Dr. Anderson says:—"I have eat butter cured with the above composition that has been kept for four years, and it was as sweet as at first." It must be noted, however, that butter that is thus cured requires to stand three weeks or 2 month before it is used. If it is sooner opened, the salts are not sufficiently blended with it, and sometimes the coolness of the nitre will be perceived, which totally disappears afterwards. The above is worthy the attention of every dairy woman.

EXPEDIENCY OF PROHIBITION.—In the course of an address delivered last year in the Masonic Hall, Pittsburg, by the Right Rev. Bishop Potter, he used the following forcible language:—"We all consider it madness not to protect our children and ourselves against small pox, from vaccination—and this, though the chance of dying by the disease may be but one in a thousand, or one in ten thousand. Drunkenness is a disease more loathsome and deadly even than small pox. Its approaches are still more stealthy, and the specific against it—total abstinence—has never failed, and cannot fail."

THE INFIDEL REPROVED.—When the Rev. Mr. — heard an infidel jestingly say once, "I always spend the Sunday in settling my accounts," that venerable Minister turned round, and said, in an accent of deep solemnity, "You may find, sir, that the day of judgment is to be spent in exactly the same manner."

IMPORTANT.—It is said that those who regularly pay the printers are never attacked with epidemics.

Philanthropic & Social Progress.

The "Rights" of the Shopman.

In the course of a speech delivered at a great meeting on behalf of the early closing movement, held in the City Hall, Glasgow, a few days since, the Rev. Norman McLeod observed:—"It is not only good for the mind, but for the soul, this early closing movement; and it is not only good for the bodies, and minds, and the souls, of the young men, but it is good for the employers themselves. It is good to their consciences, for these don't upbraid them with the oppression of the labourer. It is good for the cashbooks, for they have afforded their young men the means of improving their morals, and establishing rectitude of principle. It is good for ministers. We depend upon young men. To whom do we look for Sabbath school teachers, for collectors and for the energetic agencies and operations of the church? Chiefly to the younger portion of the population—to the young men, and young women, of the city. But it is absolutely necessary to meet them in classes, and lectures; and we feel it incumbent upon us to appeal to the employers for their own sake, for the sake of the young men and women, for the church's sake, for Christ's sake, to let the young people go free. But it is not only for your good, as human beings, it is your right to have more liberty. It is your right to be happy. No person has a right to diminish your happiness. And what diminishes your happiness? The late shopper drops in easily at the twelfth hour—looks at your goods—speaks of their colour, but never thinks of yours; asks if it wears well, but never thinks whether you will wear well; says it looks rather thin, but does not consider that you, too, look rather thin; no, no, on the contrary, you are expected to be spruce and cheerful—for that, of course, is a more comfortable thing for your customers; and all the while, though your back may be breaking, and your head racking after the toil of the livelong day, with oceans of silks and tathoms of ribbon passing through your hands. Of this the fair customer has no thought. Her sole consideration is how she may strut and sounce to the best advantage, and what particular piece of goods will best bring about this desired effect. But you have a right to the consideration of the public. It is in vain to tell me that you will abuse your liberty. I may not spend my time well, but is that any reason why I should be locked up? The idea is intolerable. Why should you not have a right after your day's work, when you have given fair labour for your wages, to close your windows and lock your shop-door, and return to your homes, and indulge in the pursuits of learning—or luxuriate among the sweets of poesy—or see how the world is moving, and what it is doing—or play the fiddle if you please, there's no harm in it—or talk with your mother, or brother, or sisters, or your sweetheart if you like, and you've got one. Has a draper no right to a sweetheart? Is all this luxury of mind and affection merely the employers'? By no means—it's your right too; and those who would deprive you of it are equally cruel and unjust. Well, now, how is this evil to be cured? I believe it will be cured by the good sense of the Drapers themselves. If they are slow to move with the age, the public must give them a hearty shove. The public must make it a positive duty to encourage those chiefly who attend to the comfort of their employees, and to enter no shop after the reasonable hour of shutting. And if I, or any one belonging to me, should in a brown study slip into your shop after that hour, I hope you will take me by the shoulders and tell me I have made a great mistake, and that I had better not come there again."

New Method of Lighting Churches.

In the new Reformed Dutch Church in Seventh-avenue, between Twelfth and Thirteenth-streets, there are arranged in the ceiling, in the form of an ellipse, twenty-four gas-burners concealed by slides during the day, so that you see no gas fixtures. Behind each of these is a reflector, so adjusted as to throw the light directly upon the heads of the audience.

During evening service, the slides being drawn, a most splendid light, rivalling that of Sol himself, fills a room sixty feet wide, seventy-five feet long, and thirty-five feet high, so that you can see to read with comfort the print of small psalm-books, and sing with ease from "minion." The convenience of this arrangement is, no dazzling globe or jet pains your eyes, for there is no light on the pulpit, or on the gallery, or on the side-walls of the church. The comfort is in its agreeableness to the eye, all being reflected from above, and equally diffused, and nobody is able to get in your light. The economy is in the absence of expensive gas fixtures, which are a nuisance during the day, and an eyesore at night, and in the ability to get as much light, and of a better quality, from nearly one-third of the burners that are necessary on the old plan. This is an improvement worth looking at, and as the church is open every Sabbath evening, the pastor being engaged in a course of lectures, the editors of the Times and its readers would be pleased with the sight. No notice has yet been taken of this new arrangement by the press—probably because it is not known. In my judgment it is a fine affair, and, when seen, cannot fail of being admired.—*New York Daily Times.*

A Song for the Ragged Schools.

To work, to work! ye good and wise,
Let "ragged" scholars grace your schools,
Ere Christian children can arise,
They must be trained by Christian rules.
We ask no fragrance from the bud
Whom canker-vermin feeds and reigns,
We seek no health-pulse in the blood,
Where poison runneth in the veins.
And can we hope that harvest fruits,
In living bosoms can be grown,
That palms and vines will fix their roots,
Where only briars have been sown?
Man trains his hound with watchful care,
Before he trusts him in the chase;
Man keeps his steed on fitting fare,
Before he tries him in the race;
And yet he thinks the human soul,
A meagre, fierce and untaught thing,
Shall heed the written Law's control,
And soar on Reason's steady wing.
Oh, they who aid not by their gold,
Or voice, or deed, the helpless ones,
They who with reckless brain withhold
Truth's sunshine from our lowly sons;
Shall they be blameless—when the guilt
Of rude and savage hands is known;
When crime is wrought and blood is spilt—
Shall the poor sinner stand alone?
Dare we condemn the hearts we leave
To grope their way in ajcet gloom,
Yet conscious that we help to weave
The shroud-fold of Corruption's loom?
Shall we send forth the poor and stark,
All rudderless on stormy seas,
And yet expect their spirit-bark,
To ride out every tempest breeze?
Shall we with dim short-sighted eyes,
Look on their forms of kindred clay,
And dare to trample and despise
Our sharers in a "judgment day"?
Oh, narrow, blind, and witless preachers!
Do we expect the "ragged" band
To be among God's perfect creatures,
While we refuse the helping hand?
To work, to work! with hope and joy,
Let us be doing what we can;
Better build school-rooms for "the boy,"
Than cells and gibbets for "the man."
To work, to work! ye rich and wise,
Let "ragged" children claim your care,
Till those who yield Crime's jackal cries
Have learned the tones of peace and prayer,

ELIZA COOK.

A Page for Young Folks at Home.

The Renowned Pathway.

BY MEETA.

Many years ago, in a foreign land, there dwelt three young princes, called Helas, Noorod and Ahmed. They were brothers, and equally well-loved by their only parent, a mighty and powerful monarch. It came to pass one day, that a strange ambassador happened to arrive at the court of this sovereign. While there, he told of many wondrous things and singular adventures.

Among these various relations, he spoke of a renowned and beautiful pathway, situated in the heart of a distant and dense forest.

Hereupon the three princes crowded around him, and begged of him to inform them of its peculiar merits, and why it had become so celebrated. The ambassador replied, "Royal Princes, it is because this pathway is unlike any other one ever created, and is remarkable for its beauty and grandeur!"

Now the young princes thought of this thing among themselves, and said:—"Why may not we also journey to this celebrated place, and look with our own eyes upon its ambient beauties?"

So they agreed to go in search of it, and related their decision to their kingly parent. He gave them his permission and his blessing, and they set out at once upon their pilgrimage of discovery. For a long space of time they wandered uncertain of their course, when at last they were directed to the great forest by an aged magician.

When the princes arrived at the entrance of the pathway, they consulted which should enter first.

"Let us each go separately," spoke Ahmed the younger, "so that we may observe all things with attention, and form our opinion of its merit."

The brothers assented, and Noorod made entrance first. This prince was not a good youth; he was dissipated and fond of pleasure, and had often caused pain to the tender heart of his beloved parent. Yet, at times, he reflected and repented, but this was not often the case. As he walked along the pathway he saw gigantic rocks rising on either side, and shuddered as he gazed. They seemed to him as the mouldy walls of a prison. The verdant mounds appeared as new-made graves; and the graves of those whom his own folly might perhaps bring down broken hearted to the tomb.

Every brilliant butterfly that hovered in the sunlight, he likened to himself, as a gay joyous creature, idling away existence—fitted to dwell for a time in splendor, then to die worthless and forgotten; Flowers had no charms for him unless formed of precious stones, and the murmuring rivulet sounded to his ears like a continuous wail of despair.

He groaned in spirit, and cried when he reached the end;—"O! what a charnel-house of evil visions and terrible scenes, there is no beauty in it!" and he shuddered.

Then the second brother entered the pathway. Now, Helas was an evil prince, and criminal in heart. He knew none of the delights of love or happiness; the world and all things therein was hateful to him. He wept rather than walked along the path; he listened for the slightest sound; and the chirp of a bird sent a cold thrill through his frame. Every crevice in the rocks he watched with suspicion, deeming them as dark hiding places for innumerable snakes, ready to dart out at him with poisoned tongues. And he even gazed with distrust at his own shadow. So he was glad when he arrived at the end, and said:—"What is this pathway that we have journeyed so far to behold?—a den of reptiles and evil spectres.

Then Prince Ahmed, who had waited at the entrance, stepped within. Oh! what a pleasant scene lay before him. Far down the distant windings, through a shady vista, he beheld the azure and golden skies, reflecting their rich tints upon the shining leaves. Everything was fresh and teeming with loveliness in his eyes. He stooped to gather the delicate flowers by the wayside, and drank of the silver riv-

ulets, gushing up in sunshine. He looked up to the overhanging crags with an elevated spirit, and listened to the warbling birds joyfully. The rosy sky seemed smiling upon him from above, and he held praise in his heart for the Holy One.

As he emerged to where his brothers awaited him, he lifted up his voice, saying,

"Thou good and all-merciful Father, how beautiful is this creation of thy Holy Hand!"

Then were the elder brothers angered with him, because he praised that which they condemned; and they said:—"Thou speakest false things; it is not beautiful; have not we beheld it also?"

"Nay, mine eyes deceive me not," spoke Ahmed gently. "They tell me it is exceedingly lovely."

Then there arose a great dispute between the elder brothers, and they were beside themselves with rage. But Prince Ahmed said, "My brothers, thou knowest well that the heart reflects all things truly. Therefore, let each one of us turn our eyes inward and read therein, so that we may see which of us is in the right."

So Helas and Noorod followed the advice of their brother, and turned their vision inward. For a space of time they were silent; then spoke Ahmed softly, saying—"What seest thou, my brothers?"

But the brothers spoke not—and trembled with fear. O! what strange and horrible visions beheld they in their hearts. Thousands of evil passions and murderous thoughts. A chaos of dark feelings and criminal ghosts. They shuddered, covered their eyes, and sank down upon the ground remorseful and agitated.

Prince Ahmed saw none of these things in his heart. Purity, love and gentleness reigned supreme and beautiful. It was a clear mirror, wherein angel faces was reflected. So he smiled softly, looked to Heaven and went on his way.

And this pathway—was it so very beautiful? Ah! very beautiful and full of all good. There were rocks covered with exquisite verdure; trees in whose branches hovered a low, sweet melody. There were birds and blossoms, and waters of everliving music and loveliness. There were tracings of golden sunlight, and draperies of softening shadows, intermingling and braiding within each other. Rosy skies made a canopy for it, and truly, it was a most beautiful pathway.

And though the three princes had wandered within its precincts and each beheld a different view, yet had it remained unchanged. For that pathway was the pathway of—Life.

GOOD NIGHT.—Thus beautifully did John B. Gough close his last temperance address before the people of Edinburgh, Scotland:—

"Now, let me say to you, good night. Voyagers with me, I trust to a better world, if I never see you again, I shall hail you often, and you will hail me—will you not? I look out through the eye-lids of expectation to the beacon fires that are to blaze upon us while conducting the coming contests. Good night to you! Let us slacken no sail, but straight for the high land—crowd all our canvas—cut through the foam—then we will cast anchor there! That God may bless you, throw the mantle of his love over and about you, and save you from the curse of drunkenness, is the hearty prayer of him who is your obedient humble servant, in all things to command, in view of the interest of the temperance enterprise, and who now bids you a grateful and affectionate good night.

THE POOR HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF IT.—While the City Marshal of Bangor, Me., was engaged in destroying a quantity of liquor that had been seized, some one in the crowd inquired, "Why was this not sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?" A voice from a distance replied, "The Poor have had enough of it; let it go!"

Patience is the balm of suffering; while you, therefore, bear with firmness, what you cannot avoid, submit with resignation to the will of the Almighty, who is just and merciful.

The Midnight Revel.

"Give me the bowl, the generous bowl,
 "With the red wine in it flowing;
 "It cheereth the heart, it moveth the soul,
 "With its liquid life ever glowing!"—
 The reveler said, and his eye glow bright,
 As he sat with the riotous band;
 And the laugh grow loud, while the flickering light
 Told that midnight was close at hand.
 Nor cared for the hour, the reveler wild,
 Nor his comrades who left him unheeded;
 The wine cup was full, and the reveler smiled—
 No other companion he needed.
 He saw not the change, as a sulphurous light
 Overpowered the lamp's feeble ray;
 He heard not the whispers, that in the still night
 Came, and went, as the hours passed away.
 But he saw that the wine cup was empty again,
 He turned, and there sat by the table
 A stranger, and one of the queerest of men
 Ever heard of, in fact, or in fable.
 A strangely wrought goblet he held in his hand,
 And its contents were rosy, and clear,
 And he asked with a voice that seemed used to command,
 To share in the revel, his cheer.
 'Take the goblet,' said he, 'it was sparkling and bright,
 'And spare not the tempting draught,—
 'Tis the rarest that ever in revels of night,
 'The most fortunate mortal has quaffed;
 'It is mingled with skill, by a master sprito,—
 'The ingredients are costly, and rare,
 'It must not be drank by the sun's piercing bright,
 'But it sparkle in midnight air.
 'There are tears of a father, a child's heavy groan,
 'And the heart of a murdered mother,
 'Of a spirit broken wife, the heart-rending moan,
 'With the sighs of a sister, and brother.
 'All these, with a long train of death breathing woes,
 'Combined with a masterly pride,
 'Make the goblet's rich draught, and the hue of the rose,
 'In the blood of the rash suicide.
 The reveler stared as the stranger spoke,
 Not a sound dared his lips to utter,
 Until wearied at last the silence he broke,
 With a strange unearthly mutter—
 'Who the devil are you? At your service, am I,
 'For I make this wonderful draught,
 'At the bar, you will find an unending supply,—
 'I am master of all the Craft.'

The Erring.

Hush! speak not lightly of her now,
 Nor breathe reproach upon her name,
 Beyond the reach of earthy cares,
 She needs no more our praise or blame.
 The turf lies freshly on her breast,
 In pity, then, oh let her rest.

As gently laves the gushing stream,
 The lowly spot where she is laid,
 As sweetly sing the bright-winged birds,
 As though she were some happier maid;
 And tears of midnight's drooping flowers,
 Fall on her grave—why should not ours?

We only will remember her,
 When she was still, young and gay;
 Before the world had spread its snare,
 The tempter taught her feet to stray.
 We loved her then, with sunny brow,
 And guileless heart—thus let us now.

For she may be an angel now;
 (We cannot gaze on heavenly things),
 Forgiven—er she meekly stoops,
 To guard us, with her shining wings.
 Oh, cherish well her memory dear—
 Speak kindly, for she may be near.

—Arthur's Home Gazette.

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