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JOURNAL OF TEMPERANCE

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL

POSTAGE FREE.]

PRESCOTT, NOVEMBER 1, 1864.

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JOURNAL OF TEMPERANCE.

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

I shall never forget the commencement of the temperance reformation. I was a child at the time, of some ten years of age. Our home had every comfort, and my kind parents idolized me, their child. Wine was very often on the table, and both my father and mother gave it to me in the bosom of the morning glass.

On Sunday, at church, a startling announcement was made to our people. I knew nothing of its purport, but there was much whispering among the mob. The pastor said that on the next evening would be a meeting, and an address upon the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks. He expressed himself ignorant of the object of the meeting, and could not say what course it would be best to pursue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came up at our table after the service, and I questioned my father about it with all the curious eagerness of a child. The whispers and words which had been dropped in my hearing clothed the whole affair with great mystery to me, and I was all eagerness to learn of the strange thing. My father merely said it was some scheme to unite the church and state.

The night came, the groups of people gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard the feet and the laugh, and saw drunken men come reeling out of the bar-room.

I urged my father to let me go, but he at first refused. Finally, thinking it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on his hat, and we walked across the green to the church. I well remember how the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off.

In the corner was the tavern-keeper, and around him a number of his friends. For an hour the people of the place continued to come in, till there was a fair house-full. All were curiously watching the door, and apparently wondering what would appear next. The pastor stole in and took his seat behind a pillar under the gallery, as if doubtful of the propriety of being in the church at all.

VOL. I.

Two men finally came in and went forward to the altar and took their seats. All eyes were fixed upon them and a general stillness prevailed throughout the house.

The men were unlike in appearance, one being short, thick-set in his build, and the other tall and well formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full, round face, and a quiet, good-natured look as he leisurely looked around over the audience.

But my childish interest was all in the old man. His broad deep chest and unusual height looked giant-like as he strode slowly up the aisle. His hair was white, his brow deep, creased with furrows, and around his handsome mouth, lines of calm and touching sadness. His eyes were black and restless, and kindled as the tavern-keeper uttered a low just aloud. His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush went and came over his pale cheek. One arm was off above the elbow, and there was a wide scar over his right eye.

The younger finally rose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to open it with prayer. Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short address, at the conclusion calling on any one to make remarks. The pastor arose, under the gallery, and attacked the position of the speaker, using the arguments which I have often heard used since, and concluded by denouncing those engaged in the new movement as meddling fanatics who wished to break up the time-honored usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable people. At the conclusion of his remarks, the tavern-keeper and his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the strangers and their plan.

While the pastor was speaking, the old man had fixed his dark eyes upon him and leaned forward to catch every word.

As the pastor took his seat, the old man arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled his breath through his thin, dilated nostrils. To me, at that time, there was something awe-inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man; as he stood, with his full eye upon the audience, his teeth shut hard,

and a silence like that of death throughout the church.

He bent his gaze upon the tavern-keeper, and that peculiar eye lingered and kindled for a moment. The scar grew red upon his forehead, and beneath his heavy brows his eyes glistered and glowed like a serpent's. The tavern-keeper quailed before that searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze. For a moment more he seemed lost in thought, and then in low and tremulous tones commenced.

There was a depth in that voice, a thrilling sweetness and pathos which riveted every heart in the church before the first period had been rounded. My father's attention had become fixed upon the eye of the speaker with an interest I had never before seen him exhibit. I can but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said, though the scene is as vivid before me as any that I ever witnessed.

"My friends! I am a stranger in your village, and I trust I may call you friends. A new star has arisen, and there is a hope in the dark night which hangs like a pall of gloom over our country."

With a thrilling depth of voice, the speaker continued, "O! God, thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of earth's frail children, I thank thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted up upon which the drunkard can look and be healed—that a beacon has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him; which shall guide back to honour and heaven the bruised and weary wanderer."

It is strange what power there is in some voices. The speaker's voice was low and measured, but a tear trembled in every tone, and before I knew why, a tear dropped on my hand. The old man brushed one from his own eye, and continued:

"Men and Christians, you have just heard that I am a vagrant and a fanatic. I am not. Ah, God knows my own heart; I came here just to do good. Hear me and be just:

"I am an old man striding alone at the end of life's journey. There is a deep sorrow in my heart and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a beaconless ocean, and all life's bright hopes have been wrecked:

I am without friends, home or kindred on earth, and look with longing to the rest of the night of death. Without friends, kindred or home! I was not once so!

No one could withstand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye, and I no more felt ashamed of my own.

"No, my friends, it was not so once. Away over the dark waves which have wrecked my hopes, there is the blessed light of happiness and home. I reach again convulsively for the shrines of the household idols that once were mine! now mine no more!"

The old man seemed looking away through vacancy upon some bright vision, his lips apart and his finger extended. I involuntarily turned in the direction where it was pointed, desiring to see some shadow invoked by its magic moving.

I once had a mother. With her old heart crushed with sorrows, she went down to the grave. I once had a wife—a fair, angel-hearted creature as ever smiled in an earthly home. Her eye was as mild as a summer sky, and her heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her blue eye grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away its brightness, and the living heart I wrung till every fibre was broken. I once had a noble, a brave and beautiful boy; but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know if he yet lives. I once had a babe, a sweet, tender blossom; but these hands destroyed it, and it lives with one who loveth children.

"Do not be startled, my friends—I am not a murderer in the common acceptation of the term. Yet there is a light in my evening sky. A spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles upon him who again turns back to virtue and honor. The angel child visits me at nightfall, and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny palm upon my feverish cheek. My brave boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment which drove him into the world, and the blow that maimed him for life. God forgive me for the ruin which I have brought upon me and mine."

He again wiped a tear from his eye. My father watched him with a strange intensity, and a countenance pale and excited by some strong emotion.

I was once a fanatic, and madly followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness and home to the accursed demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I injured so deeply.

I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence, I plunged into degradation and poverty. I left her alone amid the wreck of her home of idols, and roted at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and the children went hungry for bread.

"One New Year's night, I returned into the hut where charity had given us a roof. She was yet up, and shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get gone. She

turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling fast over her pale cheek.

"At this moment the child in the cradle awoke and sent up a famished wail, starting the despairing mother like a serpent's sting.

"We have no food, James—have had none for two days. I have nothing for the babe. My once kind husband must we starve!"

"That sad, pleading face, and those streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child, maddened me, and I—yes, I—struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell forward upon the hearth. The fires of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deep intensity I felt that I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped down as well as I could in my drunken state, and clenched both hands in her hair.

"God of mercy, James!" exclaimed my wife, as she looked up in my fiendish countenance. "you will not kill us; you will not harm Willie," and she sprang to the cradle and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair, and dragged her to the door, and, as I lifted the latch, the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With a yell of a fiend, I still dragged her on, and hurled her out in the darkness and the storm. With a wild hal hal I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingling with the blast and the sharp cry of her babe. But my work was not complete. I turned to the little bed where lay my elder son, and I snatched him from his slumbers, and, against his half-awakened struggles, opened the door and threw him out. In an agony of fear, he called me by a name I was no longer fit to bear, and locked his little fingers in my side-pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and with the coolness of a devil, as I was, shut the door upon the art, and with my knife severed the wrist!

The speaker ceased a moment and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had arisen from his seat, and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, and the large drops standing out on his brow.—Chills crept back to my young heart, and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up, and I have never since beheld such mental agony depicted on a human face as there was on his.

"It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and then I looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her, for the first time a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought I had dreamed a fearful dream, but involuntarily opened the outside door with a shuddering dread. As the door opened the snow burst in, followed by a fall of something across the threshold, scattering the cold snow and striking the floor with a sharp, hard sound. My blood shot like red-hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes

to shut out the sight. It was—it—O God! how terrible!—it was my own injured Mary and her babe frozen to ice! The ever true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it, and had wrapped all her own clothes around it, leaving her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her own hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen to the white cheek. The frost was white in its half-open eye and upon its tiny finger. I know not what became of my brave boy!

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all that were in the house wept with him. My father sobbed like a child. In tones of low and heart broken pathos, the old man concluded:

"I was arrested, and for long months I raved in delirium. I awoke, and was sentenced to prison for ten years; but no tortures could have been endured equal to those within my own bosom. Oh, God, no! I am not a fanatic. I wish to injure no one. But while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark and fearful a one to me. I would see my angel wife and children beyond this vale of tears."

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strange as that wrought by some wizard's breath rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, and tears to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him, and as he hesitated a moment with the pen in the ink, a tear fell upon the old man's paper.

"Sign it—sign it, young man. Angels would sign it. I would write my name there ten thousand times if it would bring back my loved and lost one."

My father wrote *Mortimer Hudson*. The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flushed with red and a death-like paleness.

"It is—no it cannot be; yet how strange," muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir, but that is the name of my own brave boy."

My father trembled, and held up his left arm from which the hand had been severed. They looked for a moment in each other's eyes, both reeled and gasped—

"My own injured boy!"

"My father!"

They fell upon each other's necks till it seemed that their souls would grow and mingle into one. There was a weeping in that church, and I turned bewildered upon the streaming faces around me.

"Let me thank God for this great blessing, which has gladdened my guilt-burdened soul," exclaimed the old man, and kneeling down, poured out in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was then broken, and all eagerly signed the pledge, slowly going to their homes, desirous to leave the spot.

That old man is dead, but the lesson he taught his grandchild on the knee, as this evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His fanaticism has lost none of its fire in my manhood's heart.

Two Pictures from British Columbia.

The Hudson Bay Company has for many years traded with the Indians over the northern parts of British North America. Their business has been to obtain from the Indian population valuable furs, which the natives obtain by hunting. In exchange for these furs, the Company gave the Indians articles of commerce, blankets, clothes, and implements, whereby the condition of the Indians has been much improved. It has been the endeavour of the Hudson Bay Company to keep drink from the natives. The Indian loves drink, because he is a savage. He is excitable, and drink increases his excitement, and therefore he loves it; the desire for excitement being planted in him by nature. Some years ago, when the exclusive license to trade with the Indians, held by the Hudson Bay Company, was removed, it was a bad thing for the poor Indian. Now, the trader who goes to deal with them says, "I know the Indian likes drink;" and he makes a mixture, a vile mixture—bad spirits and a little burnt sugar—and calls it rum, which maddens the poor Indian. He makes casks and casks of this mixture, and fills his schooner with this stuff, and proceeds up the rivers to trade with the native Indians. They come to trade with him, and bring their valuable furs and skins, which are most valuable in the markets. I will take one instance. Some of the skins are worth 10s. each out there; and if a native takes one of them to any trading post in the forest, he will get for it 10s., the full value. Now, what does the liquor trader do? He gives the poor ignorant native a gallon of this mixture, which costs him 1s., for the skin which is worth 10s. When the native has disposed of all his skins for his drams, he takes the blanket off his back, sells that for more liquor, and goes his way. I have often seen the Indian sell all that he possessed—his rifle and everything—for the cursed drink; and then he has been known to go into the forest, and lie down and die. Fights take place between them, in which both men, women, and children perish, and none can imagine the results of this crime of the ungodly trader. Still the trader continued to bring his schooner up the river, and a deputation of Indians called upon me to ask why he should not be stopped? Why should the white man come and bring the evil spirit amongst us? Still nothing can be done; and I visited a village last April, where two schooners were lying out in the river to carry on the liquor trade. I saw the place again, and found there two chiefs lying dead after the visit of the liquor trader, they having killed each other when under the influence of the drink. From the same cause a son had murdered his own mother, and a brother his sister, and when the latter came to himself he committed suicide. Such, my friends, is the result of the liquor traffic in British Columbia. We see the misery that is introduced amongst these poor creatures, depriving them of the means by which their comforts should be increased, causing

death and slaughter, and throwing them into such a state of depravity, which unfits them to receive the higher influence of Christianity. Now, I will take you to another picture—a brighter one. We have a number of natives in British Columbia, who have left their heathenism, and have been brought to Christianity. I went up to their fishing ground last April—to the river called Mass River—where they were engaged for six weeks at a particular fishing of great consequence to them. It was a wonderful scene. The river was about a mile and a half wide. There were five thousand natives collected on the banks, fish swarmed in the river, and the birds were seeking for their prey amongst the rising fishes. It was a great scene of excitement, and there were other birds of prey to those that came up the river. Of them I shall speak presently. It is the custom amongst the natives, and has been for years, for them to greet the fish as they come into the river in a kind of superstitious ceremony. They imagine that the fish have spirits, and wish to keep in favour with them. But the Christian natives on this occasion withdrew from the supports of the superstition of their heathen forefathers, and went apart and had a thanksgiving service, sang Christian hymns, and prayed God to make them worthy of His gifts. When the Sunday came, there was a great temptation to the Indians to spend it in a lawless manner; but the Christian natives resisted the temptation, and kept holy that day, and every Sunday of the season. They had no teachers or ministers with them, but it was the work of God in their hearts that moved them to good works. But those other birds of prey I have mentioned—they were two schooners, laden with liquor, that had come up the river to prey upon five thousand human victims. How were they met? The Christian people had a consultation, and selected ten young men, who offered to go and remonstrate with the traders, and request them to go away. They boarded the schooners, and found them commanded by an Englishman. They said to him, "We know you have come up and bring nothing—nothing but misery with your liquor. We don't want it." The captain scoffed at them; but they said, "We are determined you shall not bring it to us." They took up the anchor of the vessel, and sent it away. After that, the "Petrel" (that is the name of the other vessel) slipped its anchor and fired a cannon amongst the Indians, and wounded one of them. The natives then held a consultation, saying, "Shall we fire upon them, or go and speak peace to them?" Some of the natives expressed a fear that they should not be strong enough to go and argue with them; when one young Indian stepped forward and said, "If no one else will go, I will go alone." Then eighteen were selected, and went out in their canoes and boarded the vessel. After a long consultation with the captain, and having received many insults from the crew, so determined were they, that the captain was obliged to take the vessel out of the river. Not a drop of blood was,

however shed by the Indians, as they said, "It was not right to shed blood, though they might protest." All these Christians are Total Abstinents; and you see what Christianity has done for them, for no mere pledge would have produced such bravery. It was Christianity that made them temperate and brave, God-fearing men. So you must ever bear this in mind, never to pull up Temperance as to stand in the place of other spiritual progress. Not because we have learned to abstain from drink, therefore to think we have gained any possession which may make us acceptable in the sight of God. It is only dependence on the merits of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and that inworking of the Spirit of God, that sanctifies us, and makes us true temples of the Holy Spirit, and true members of Him into whose body we have been baptized. Let us keep these things in their proper place, and we shall do well. If in this great work we can join together and associate ourselves in mutual help, so that we may be enabled, under God's blessing, to rescue some soul from perdition, how blessed indeed will be all the trouble that has been taken. This is the ground, I think, upon which we may well stand—the ground advocated by the Apostle Paul, when he says that "it is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor do anything whereby our brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." We are convinced that it is good to abstain for the purpose of helping our brother, and being weak for the weak. If as Total Abstinents we help our fellow-creatures in this particular matter, I believe we shall do good in this day by contributing towards shaking what I see in the land after several years' absence, a great growth of luxury and self-indulgence, in consequence of the great prosperity of the country. We shall be doing good in our generation by setting a higher standard of simplicity of life, and exemplifying the great principle of Christian life, when we say, "If ought makes my brother to offend, I will do so no more while the world standeth."—Bishop of British Columbia.

LIFE'S ANSWER.

I know not if the dark, or bright,
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag, for years,
Toil's heavy chain;
Or, day and night, my most be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and gloe;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One, who has known in storms to sail,
I have on board;
Above the ravings of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall;
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light,
He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land—
The end is this:
And then, with HIM, go hand in hand;
Far into bliss.

Bowling in Tears—Reaping in Joy.

BY MRS. F. E. L. WIGHTMAN.

It was a glorious summer morning. The whole country was leafy. The sun had been up for hours—the wide world's joy. The scent of the newly mown grass came right over the murky chimney tops and red brick houses, fresh from the fields; the jasmine and honeysuckle peeped in at the casement, reminding us that we had some pretensions to rural life.

We sat at breakfast, but I was not very joyous; for at my district visitors' meeting the night before I had been much cast down at hearing that so much discontent and dissatisfaction existed amongst the members, because I did not visit them as often and as regularly as I used to do.

Indeed, John—had even gone so far as to say, "When I took the tract round last Sunday, I never saw such a thing as it was. Some of them told me that they were sure you did not care about them, for you never went near them now."

What can I do? I am but one. Four years ago, when our numbers were fewer, I had only the Tuesday night engaged, and could, therefore, visit them in their homes on all the other evenings; but now I have so many classes and meetings. Can I give up any of these, and devote the time to a more general system of visitation?

It was plain that my constant evening engagements were telling for evil on the Society at large. The new members had not a chance of seeing me at their homes. By day my time was taken up in visiting the sick—either members, or members' children or wives—and these living at far-off distances in various places.

I thought of some who had left off coming to the meetings because I had not called on them, and of others who had become unsettled and irregular. The well-filled room faded from my remembrance, and the many loving hearts won for Christ seemed to melt away as a myth. The faces only of those who had broken their pledge and become careless rose before me, until I was half scared with the sad vision my mind had raised.

In this condition was it a wonder that I cried myself to sleep, and awoke on this lovely summer morning unrefreshed and weary, with eyes and head aching? "I have laboured in vain, and spent my strength for nought," was the answer I gave, in bitterness of heart, when my husband called me for not caring for my breakfast.

It did not at the moment occur to me, till my husband reminded me, that these were our Lord's words, and that even in this trial I was not walking in an untrodden path, but in His footsteps who was in all points tempted like as we are, and yet without sin; and that His loving heart had been wrung in grief over many of whom He could say, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life."

"Will you pray for me, that I may not be overwhelmed of sorrow to-day, for I feel more sad than I can express," were my words to my husband that morning.

The door opened, and Mary announced "A woman wants to see you, sir."

My husband went down stairs to see her, but soon returned, saying, "It is you whom she wishes to see—you had better have her up here."

"No, I would rather go down to her," I answered.

In a moment I saw there was some special pent-up matter. The woman seized my hand earnestly, and burst into tears. I led her from

the hall into the dining-room, and begged her to sit down till she felt recovered. She tried to speak, but words failed. At last came such an outburst of thanks.

"My dear woman, you mistake me for some one else. I do not remember ever having seen you before."

"Oh yes, but I remember you. It's just about two years ago—on Sunday night, in St. Alkmund's school room, and I'm come to thank you for what you did that night for my husband and me."

I was perplexed what answer to make.

"Oh! I'll remind you of it, ma'am. My husband used to get good wages then; times was good, not like what they've been since the factories were stopped—there was no regular work. Though my husband spent a deal at the public, we were pretty tidy and considering the lads worked and me. Well, there was a cheap train to Shrozebury, and so we come one Friday, all on us, that is, my husband, the two boys, and me, and the return tickets cost us 12s. We went back on the Monday, and when we was here we heard tell on you, so we all come to hear you on the Sunday night in the school room. It was very crowded, and a man at the door gave us two hymn books. I shall never forget my husband's face that night; he never moved his eyes off you once, he was that earnest—and the children was just the same. I never saw such a thing. And I can't tell what come over me too. And when we went out, my husband said to me, 'I say, mother, it won't do to go on as we've been doing, we must live different—I say go must.' And he began at once. He would never touch a drop of drink from that night, and he's prayed for you every day since; our house is changed, and we are changed." (Here the woman began to weep again.) "There's sixteen houses in our row—such a set of wretches we all was. As soon as my husband was seen in church, sure there was a talk; and a gentleman gave him some clothes, because his was so shabby. And a Quaker gentleman came to see us, to know if it was true what he had heard about us; and he asked my husband if he had read your book about the Rescue, and he hadn't so much as heard of the book. 'But,' says he, 'I'll buy it for her sake; so he saved up 3s. 6d., and bought it, and oh! didn't he cry over it—and we all cried over it, it got so over us all, and about Stedman in particular; for my husband went to St. Chad's Sunday School with Stedman as a lad; they was children together, and he know what a drunkard Stedman had become, for they used to drink together as young men. And to think of his getting changed! My husband said, 'It's time for me to be changed too.' And so, when he came home from work, he would go up to his room at nights, and spread the book open in the chapter about Stedman, and pray to the Lord. And I have heard him weeping there all alone, and praying to the Lord to have mercy upon him and to turn his heart as he turned Stedman's. And one day he said to me, 'We must have prayer together, mother.' So he took to pray with me and the lads every day, and he's left off cursing and swearing. And when the neighbours wondered what had come over him, he said, 'We must lend them the book.' So he lent it to one and another, and you can't tell the change that has come over our row of cottages. Where no one went to a place of worship there's several goes now; and there's some of the wildest young men joined to the Young Men's Association. And when I was coming over here to the funeral of my brother's wife, my husband said, 'Whatever you do, mother, you be sure to go and see Mrs. Wightman,

and tell her what God has done in our Row through her."

The woman burst into tears afresh, holding my hand tightly between both hers. As soon as I could recover myself, I said, "Let us kneel down, and ask for a continuance of the Lord's blessing." I then took her to my husband, that he might hear the wonderful story from her own lips, while I went alone to my room to give God all the glory, and to ask for a more thankful, trusting spirit. How truly do we thus at times experience the realization of the promise, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him!"—Ps. cxxvi. 6.—*Church of England Temperance Magazine.*

THE VICTIM.

"The end thereof is death."

I saw him at the festal board,
His bearing proud and high,
Health glow'd upon his manly cheek,
And pleasure in his eye.
He stood among the revellers,
With due consent their chief,
With wine and song and merriment
Dispelling care and grief.

I saw him in the banquet hall,
His lofty step and air
Wrought dreadful havoc 'mong the beauty
Of maidens young and fair;
And all who heard his gentle voice
And saw his winning smile,
Knew well that 'th his open heart
There lurked no secret guile.

And who can know the joy that filled
The widow's mother's breast,
As on her sleeping son she gazed
While on his couch of rest!
It were no sin to worship him—
The dotting parent said—
So like is he to him I loved,
Who now is with the dead.

But O, what changes time doth work
In every thing of earth!
We see its wanton ravages
Commencing with our birth;
Death and decay are written
On every human brow,
And those we loved in early youth
O say, where are they now?

Years passed, and with them boyhood too—
Stern manhood came at length,
But he, that noble, high-souled youth,
Had thrown away his strength;
His earthly hopes had perished,
His early friends were gone,
In deep and loathsome drunkenness
His life was passing on.

And where was she who bore him?
That marble slab will tell
How of a broken heart she died
When he her first-born fell!
The angry winds are blowing o'er
Her grave below the hill
Her cottage home is desolate,
"All there is husht and still."

Time roll'd along, again I stood
A brother, at his side,
With horrid blasphemy he curs'd
Our mother's God, and died!
Would you not in perdition's gulf
At last be swallowed up,
Beware, young man, the tempter's snare—
The devil and the cup.

AN OFFICER'S TESTIMONY.

"I have often heard the natives make remarks in regard to our religion. 'You call yourselves Christians,' they say; 'you profess temperance, sobriety, and chastity; you preach against idolatry; do you show by your lives that you get up to these professions? Where is your temperance? You are always drinking. Where is your sobriety? You are always getting drunk. Whom do you worship? Not God, surely!' and this is the general opinion of the Indian community; and this is the reason why our Missionaries find it so difficult to make converts to the true faith."—*Ten Years in India; or, the Life of a Young Officer.*

EXPEDIENCY.

Our movement is based also upon the principle of *Christian expediency*. We find that Paul would not even "eat flesh while the world standeth," if he thereby made to offend a weak brother. He made this declaration in consequence of some converts from heathenism having conscientious objections to eating flesh which had been offered in sacrifice to an idol. Now, while Paul himself regarded an idol as "nothing," and thereby the flesh as no way affected by having been offered in sacrifice, yet as some of the converts felt averse to using as food, flesh which had been so employed, he was prepared, rather than offend their weak consciences, to eat no flesh at all. If, then, Paul would abstain from what was good in itself for the sake of others, surely it cannot be wrong, for the same reason, to abstain from that which is pernicious. "What he aimed at," says Jonathan Edwards, "was by any means to promote the interests of religion, and the good of the church. And he had rather forego all the common comforts and enjoyments of life, than that religion should suffer." "Everything that is lawful in itself," says the Rev. Dr. John Brown, "is not always expedient or proper in the circumstances in which we are placed. Where it becomes inexpedient in my circumstances, it becomes unlawful for me. The Christian who acts on the principle, that everything that is lawful in itself may be done at all times, and in all circumstances, will often make his liberty a cloak of wickedness. A Christian must never do what is unlawful; but it may sometimes be his duty to refrain from doing what is lawful." "Scarce is there any one thing," says Bishop Sanderson, "wherein the devil putteth a slur upon us more frequently, you, and more dangerously too, because unsuspected by us, than in making us take the utmost of our freedom in indifferent things. It therefore concerneth us so much the more to keep a sober watch over ourselves and our souls in the use of God's own creatures, lest, even under the fair title and habit of Christian liberty, we yield ourselves up to a carnal licentiousness, or to a criminal uncharitableness." "Christians do not sufficiently consider," says the late Dr. Wardlaw, "what advantage the world is ever prone to take of everything in their conduct that can at all be construed into allowance of what they themselves wish to practise; how much farther the evil of their example goes than the good; from how slight an indulgence on the part of a saint they will deduce a wild and licentious sanction. Surely this ought to make Christians exceedingly cautious and circumspect. When they find their example, even in what they may conceive to be in itself—and as they practise it—innocent, pleaded in behalf of indulgences far beyond the harmless limit which they have set to themselves, it becomes their duty to exercise self-denial; and although they may conceive it, and justly conceive it, a harshness that the perverseness of others should deprive them of a liberty in which God and conscience do

not condemn them; yet, since God and conscience do not require them to take the liberty, and no principle therefore is violated or compromised in its relinquishment, there can be no hesitation as to the path of duty. If, by their walking on the brink of a precipice, the result is that others fall over it, will they, for the sake of showing their liberty, still persist in keeping near the edge, and disclaim the consequences? It is not for us to say, 'If men will pervert and abuse our example, we cannot help it; the fault is their own, and let them take the consequences.' This is not the benevolent spirit of the gospel. O! what is any little liberty of ours, however harmless, when compared with encouraging fellow-sinners in their worldly and self-destroying courses! Such sacrifices are not to be named. Life should not be dear to us when the stake to be won by its forfeiture is the souls of men." "Such was Paul's respect for expediency," says the Rev. Dr. Chalmers, "by which we mean, not a selfish, or political, but Christian expediency, or what is best and most expedient for the good of human souls, that on his mind—and on every mind such as his, of highest spiritual philanthropy and patriotism—it is an expediency which acts with all the force of a most urgent obligation; and hence the noble declaration regarding what in itself he hold to be a thing of indifference: 'Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.'"—From "Our National Vice."

NADAB AND ABIHU.

"In the 10th chapter of Leviticus we are told that Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, took either of them his censor, and put fire therein, and put incense thereon, and offered strange fire before the Lord, which he commanded them not. And there went out fire from the Lord, and devoured them, and they died before the Lord." Now it is natural to ask, how came Nadab and Abihu to be guilty of this careless affront to God, lighting their censers probably from their own hearths, and not from the hallowed fire of the altar, as they were commanded to do? Possibly we cannot guess how it happened—it may be one of those very matters which are of no particular importance to be known, and concerning which we are accordingly left in the dark. Yet, when I read shortly afterwards the following instructions given to Aaron, I am led to suspect that they had their origin in some recent abuse which called for them, though no such origin is expressly assigned to them. I cannot help imagining that the offence of Nadab and Abihu was at the bottom of the statute, 'Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die: it shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations: and that ye may put difference between holy and unholy, and between unclean and clean;

and that ye may teach the children of Israel all the statutes which the Lord hath spoken unto them by the hand of Moses.' Thus far at least it is clear that a grievous and thoughtless insult is offered to God by two of his Priests, for which they are cut off—that without any direct allusion to their case, but still very shortly after it had happened, a law is issued forbidding the Priests the use of wine when about to minister. I conclude, therefore, that there was a relation (though it is not asserted) between the specific offence and the general law; the more so because the sin against which that law is directed is just of a kind to have produced the rash and inconsiderate act of which Aaron's sons were guilty. If, therefore, this incidental mention of such a law at such a moment—a moment so likely to suggest the enactment of it—be thought enough to establish the law as a matter of fact, then have we once more ground to stand upon; for the enactment of the law is coupled with the sin of Aaron's sons; their sin with their punishment; their punishment with a miracle. Nor, it may be added, does the unreserved and faithful record of such a death, suffered for such an offence, afford an inconsiderable argument in favour of the candour and honesty of Moses, who is no respecter of persons, it seems, but when God's glory is concerned, and the welfare of the people entrusted to him, does not scruple to be the chronicler of the disgrace and destruction even of the children of his own brother."—From *Undesigned Coincidences*, by Rev. J. J. Blunt, B.D.

SELLING GRAIN TO DISTILLERS.

The brewery and the distillery stand at the head of the drunkard-making business. This everybody knows; yet is it not wonderful that respectable, temperate, and professedly Christian men feed them with corn and rye, &c., and thus aid them to curse mankind? I have known many farmers to do this year after year, and that, too, apparently with quiet consciences. I would like to ask this well-meaning class of men, would you feed a herd of tigers to be let loose for the destruction of your neighbours and of your own children? Feeding a distillery you feed an enemy to the public not less powerful and dangerous. Would you, for money, assist in poisoning the wells from which your neighbours are to drink? When you sell your grain to a distillery, you, for money, poison the drink of thousands, and this, too, perhaps, for one paltry penny on a bushel more than you could claim elsewhere, or because it is a little more convenient to deliver your grain where it will be manufactured into whisky than where it will be manufactured into bread. Would you dig in the earth to open a fountain whence should flow the waters of destruction, far and wide, over all the land around? When you strike the plow into the ground for the distillery, you open a fountain whence shall flow living streams of vice, misery, and death without end. He that sells his grain to a distillery is certainly accessory to all the evils of in-

temperance. He sanctions the business of drunkard-making by his influence, and supports it by his toil.

Could farmers behold the poverty, the filth and rage, the blood-shot eyes, the haggard brows, the tears—widows' tears, orphans' tears, tears of bereavement, tears of remorse, tears of woe; could they hear the blasphemies, the perjuries, the midnight cantonals, the sighs of despair, the groans of disease, and the shrieks of death contained in one crop of grain, they would sell it not on their farms before they would sell it to a distillery. Lo, these are the fruits, a cluster culled at random from the deadly upas of intemperance!—*Rev. S. Smart.*

ALCOHOL A POISON.

The effects of large doses of strong alcoholic liquors upon men, are precisely of the same kind with those which have been described as presenting themselves after the introduction of pure alcohol into the stomachs of animals. Examples of this kind unfortunately present themselves so frequently that there is no difficulty in collecting materials for the comparison; those being furnished by the recklessness which leads men to make the most dangerous experiments themselves, either for the gratification of their love of drink, or for the exhibition of their prowess in defying its effects. The following cases are selected as exhibiting the three different modes in which we have seen that death may supervene; in the first place, from the immediate shock to the nervous system; in the second, from less complete but continued torpor; in the third, from secondary inflammation of the stomach and intestines.

1. Two soldiers quarrelled in a suburb of Paris, having each drank for a wager four litres (about seven pints) of brandy, died, one on the spot, the other whilst being conveyed to the military hospital. A man was some years ago brought dead into the Westminster Hospital, who had just dropped dead, almost immediately after drinking a quart of gin for a wager.

2. A chimney-sweep drank eighteen glasses of rum in quick succession (upwards of a quart); he soon became perfectly insensible and motionless, but his respiration and circulation continued for about six hours, when he died. A case of poisoning by gin in a boy of eight years old is related by Doctor Chowne, in which life continued sixty-seven hours and a half, the child remaining in a state of partial insensibility; and death seemed to take place from slow suffocation, no inflammation of the stomach being found after death.

3. A man drank a quantity of pure rum, supposed about two pints; he shortly became insensible, and was found in that state under a hedge, near the West India Docks. A surgeon passed by, bled him, and ordered him to be sent to the London Hospital. When admitted, he was in a state of total insensibility, and presented all the symptoms of narcotic poisoning. An emetic was given, which operated well; but as the same symptoms continued, he was bled again largely a few hours after-

wards, and his head was shaved. On the following morning he was sensible when roused, but was heavy and drowsy; during the day, however, he seemed to be gradually recovering, and continued to mend on the day following. On the third day, however, he complained of pain in the region of the stomach, and this was succeeded by delirium, which at first was furious, and afterwards slow and rambling; and he gradually sunk on the fourth night after taking the rum. On examination after death, there was found to be extensive inflammation of the intestines.

The mode in which the alcoholic poison occasions death has been clearly made out by the experiments of Dr. Percy and others. The fluid is first absorbed from the stomach into the blood-vessels of its walls, and then passes into the general current of the circulating blood, with which it mingles, so as to be conveyed to every part of the body. This has been proved by the experiments of M. Bouchardat and Saubras, who detected alcohol in the blood of the veins returning from the stomach; and by those of Dr. Percy, who found it in the general mass of the blood. So rapidly may the process of absorption take place, that in the first of the experiments just now quoted the stomach was found to have been completely emptied of alcohol, although scarcely a minute elapsed between its introduction and the death of the animal. The suddenness of the fatal result in this instance, must be attributed to the strength of the depressing agency of the blood thus poisoned, upon the centres of the nervous system; this being sufficient not merely to produce an instant annihilation of their own powers, so as at once to destroy all sensibility and power of voluntary movement, but also to occasion an immediate cessation of the heart's action, just as when death is immediately produced by a severe blow upon the head or stomach, which does not produce any change that can be discovered in the dead body.—*Physiology of Temperance.*

IMMEDIATE REMOVAL OF FEVERISH HEADACHE BY COMPRESSION OF THE TEMPORAL ARTERIES.—M. Guyon, a French physician, accidentally ascertained that compression of the temporal artery produces at once this very desirable effect.—He thus relates the manner in which he made the discovery:—"Happening one day, while feeling the pulse of a patient in yellow fever, and touching his temporal artery, to press the latter more strongly than usual, the sick person exclaimed, 'How you relieve me!' This suggested the compression of both temporal arteries; and when this was done the headache immediately disappeared." He found from subsequent experiments an equally good result in headaches arising from other causes, and he never observed the least inconvenience to arise. On the contrary, the patient, if in a state of torpor or somnolence, opened his eyes, breathed freely, and expressed himself at ease. The application of this remedy to the yellow fever is not altogether new.

TO WHISKY.

O' a' the plagues that o'er us war feel
To cause Egyptians to repent,
O' a' the plagues that o'er us war feel
Since time began,
They whisky beats them less yet feel,
Is ill or dram.

Thou'lt prove a curio to every land
That ever took thee by the hand,
A curio that has its thousands down'd
Past a' redemption;
Surely Auld Nick had the command
O' thy invention.

It's reed the sale, and maist than two,
To see the wiles employed by thee,
To lead poor mortals clean awa',
Frae truth an' trust,
At eccl' board wi' social glee,
Dice, cards, and turf.

Just now, thar' thy false for an' cloze,
I ha'e a head bath light and salt;
Thine troth if a' had the same share
O' after pain,
I see they wadna touch thee mair,
Unless in case,

But yet, why speak o' after pain,
For whar' thy sting is fairly gane,
We're in a' the same o' the same,
While thou'lt's a' groak,
As to 't' goes to quit thy train
Are a' forgot.

How many start on life's career,
Wi' a' before them eam an' clear,
Till thou w'lt thy curst wiles appear,
An' at a blow
Destroy the fruits o' mony a year,
An' lay them low.

See you poor raggit, homeless crew,
Thou knows a sleet that's nae ways new,
But when I think it's a' through you
They are sae placid,
The blood in your veins gae boiling through
Wi' madduin' haste.

An' what wad they ere get thy power
Caused fortune on them sae to lour?
A family that, eek Scotland ower,
Few war sae woe!
Though now, a' each day an' hour
Thy curse they feel,

O whisky! thou'lt deen muckle ill
Since first thou wimp'lt frae a still,
While mony a heart wi' grief is full
Through thy mirdreds,
And mony a wife, against her will,
Thou'lt clad in weeds.

I ken there's some at this will sneer,
An' say that thou art best o' cheer,
The blood to warm, the head to clear,
Within their ken,
An' scowl at those who interfere
Tween you and them,

An' say, "What harm when friends are happy?
Although at times they tak' a caprie
O' whisky punch, or guld brown nappy?
Is that a proof
They'll tak' a likin' for the drappie?
Gae wae ye coof!"

But ask you poor half-idiot form,
That's barely corer't frae the storm,
Why friends new pass him by in scorn
That used to woo him?
He'll tell ye tipplin' night or morn
Has been his ruin.

Whisky, whatever way you ta'en,
Be't grog, or punch, or by yer lano,
The consequence will be the same.
This some deny;
But play wi' you's a dangerous game,
Let wae like try.

When warm wi' thee, friends will dispute,
Then there's a foct without a doct,
Then sink the man and show the brute,
Wi' hideous form;
Till heads and hands, wi' mony a clout,
Aro snar and torn.

Has there some murderous deed been done,
Wi' knife, wi' rape, wi' staff, or gun?
Then if there has, it's ton to one
Thou art to blame;
For thou the cause has been o' some
The diel wad shame.

O for some law, or power divine,
I'd banish thee frae every clime,
Aye, even frae the face o' time
I wad thee blot;
Then let us hope wi' faith resign,
Such be thy lot.

—"Dougal," in *Alliance News*.

MODERATE DRINKING.

Let us, cheered by the successes of the past, and encouraged by the promise of the future, urge forward, with renewed energy, our work of mercy.

There was a time when the whole Christian church could be congregated in an inner chamber at Jerusalem. Now its numbers, reckoned by millions, are spread abroad over continents and islands. Within even our own recollection, the same inner chamber would have contained all the advocates of total abstinence in Christendom. Now their number too is reckoned by millions, and their influence is felt by the inhabitants of many a kingdom, and the seamen that navigate the waters of many a sea.

During the ages gone by, the ruinous, leathsome and brutalizing effects of intemperance were extensively experienced and deplored and counteracted. Governments legislated, moralists reasoned, Christians remonstrated, but to no purpose. In the face of all this array of influence, intemperance not only maintained its ground, but constantly advanced; and advanced with constantly increasing rapidity. Death indeed came in aid of the cause of temperance, and swept away, especially during the prevalence of the cholera, crowds of inebriates, with a distinctive and exemplary vengeance. Suddenly the vacancies thus occasioned were filled up; and, as if the course of life whence these supplies were furnished was inexhaustible, all the avenues of death were not only re-occupied, but crowded with augmented numbers of fresh recruits. The hope even of reclaiming the world by any instrumentalities than in being, departed, and fear lest Christendom should be utterly despoiled by so detestable a practice, took possession of many a reflecting mind.

In that dark hour, the great discovery, **THAT DRUNKENNESS IS CAUSED BY DRINKING; moderate, temperate, continuous drinking; and that entire sobriety can be restored and maintained by ABSTINENCE:** In that dark hour, this GREAT DISCOVERY was made and promulgated to the world. A discovery which, simple and obvious as it seems to be, had remained hid for ages—during which no one dreamed that mere drinking, regular, reputable, temperate drinking, injured any one; much less that it produced, and by a necessity of nature produced, that atrocious shameless drunkenness which debased so many individuals, beggared so many families, and brought such indelible disgrace on the community itself. This discovery, though not even yet generally known throughout the community, has relieved more misery, conducted to more happiness, prompted to more virtue, and reclaimed from more guilt; in one word, it has already shed more blessings on the past, and lit up more hope for the future than any other discovery, whether physical, political, or moral, with which the land and the age in which we live have been signalized.

By this great discovery it has been made apparent that it is not drunkards, but

moderate drinkers with whom the temperance reformation is chiefly concerned; for it is not on a change of habits in the former, but the latter, on which the destiny of the state and the nation hangs suspended.

Drinking, and the manufacture and sale of that which makes drunkards, operates reciprocally as cause and effect on all the parties concerned.

The manufacturer and vender furnish the temptation to the drinker, and the drinker in return gives countenance and support both to the manufacturer and the vender.

All these classes must be reformed before the triumph of the temperance cause will be complete; and the reformation of either contributes to the reformation of all. Every dram-shop that is closed narrows the sphere of temptation, and every teetotaler that is gained contributes to the shutting up of a dram-shop. And they must all be shut up, the rum and the wine and the beer selling grocery, and temperate drinking relinquished, or drunkenness can never be prevented, society purified from crime, relieved from pauperism, freed from disease, and human life extended to its allowed limits.

This discovery is not fancy but fact; an ascertained, palpable, indubitable fact, at the knowledge of which we have arrived by collating the data furnished during other ages and in other countries, and comparing the same with the state of things existing in our own; in the prosecution of which inquiry we have visited the localities where intoxicating liquors are manufactured, and sold, and drunk. We have marked their effect in the hat of ignorance, and the parlour of fashion; we have actually taken the dimensions of the miseries they have occasioned, and summed up the number of the dead which they have slain; and while doing this, we have been surprised to learn, that drunkenness was not, as we had once supposed, a calamity resulting from some single, sudden, overwhelming indiscretion, or at most from some few flagrant, wanton cases of criminal indulgence, into which men of every class were liable to be surprised; but that it was a calamity confined to a single class, the moderate drinking class; that the victims were never "teetotalers," but always moderate drinkers, and the process always moderate drinking—a process not sudden, but gradual, beginning when drinking began; continuing with its continuance; and making its silent, undiscovered, unsuspected advance, covertly and without sign of progress or note of warning; till suddenly friends and kindred are awakened to the knowledge of the alarming truth; that, seduced by moderate drinking into drunkenness, a father, a son, or a brother lies in ruins.

And having discovered this truth, to wit, that drinking, I mean temperate drinking, is what makes drunkards; a truth momentous indeed, and big with everlasting consequence—but a truth hid for ages—and still hid from numbers; having discovered this truth, we hasten to announce

it both to the vender and the drinker; to announce it, not in the language of rebuke and censure, but in that of Heaven's own mercy—saying, as an Apostle said—*"Brethren, I wot that through ignorance ye have done this, as did also your rulers,"* who have licensed and by licensing sanctioned the doing. And full well we know that even God winked at those bygone days of ignorance, though now, and far as the light shineth, *He commandeth all men everywhere to repent.*

That self-denials and sacrifices will be required, in effecting that change in our social habits which is called for by this discovery of the deleterious effects of even the moderate use of intoxicating liquors on the human constitution, must be admitted. And it must also be admitted that, so far as sacrifices are concerned, manufacturers and venders will be the chief, I had almost said the only sufferers. Still it must be recollected that these are sacrifices that patriotism as well as religion sanctions; and such too as are elsewhere called for, whenever in this onward movement of society any new and valuable improvement is introduced. Not a canal can be excavated, a railroad constructed, a steamboat started, or even a spinning-jenny or a power-loom put in motion, without impairing the fortune of some and taking away the means of procuring bread from others.

And yet these partial temporary evils are submitted to, and often without a murmur, even by the sufferers, cheered as they are by the prospect of public, enduring, superabounding good.

But never was the endurance of private temporary evils encouraged by the promise of requital in the bestowment of such public, enduring, and superabounding good, as in the case before us.

O! could the employment of capital, and the consumption of provisions, and the waste of labour, in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors, be prevented; and could the moral and physical energy, now paralyzed by their use, be directed to the production of comforts, how different would be the condition of all classes—especially of the labouring poor, who now, small as their earnings are, eagerly purchase, and unhesitatingly press to their lips, that cup which is ever, to those who taste of it, the cup of affliction—often even the cup of death!—*Eliphalet Nott, D.D., LL.D.*

DARE AND DO.

- Dare to think though others frown;
- Dare in words your thoughts express;
- Dare to rise, though oft cast down;
- Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.
- Dare from custom to depart;
- Dare the priceless pearl possess;
- Dare to wear it next your heart;
- Dare, when others curse, to bless.
- Dare forsake what you deem wrong;
- Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
- Dare to give where gifts belong;
- Dare God's precepts to obey.
- Do what conscience says is right;
- Do what reason says is best;
- Do with all your mind and might;
- Do your duty, and be blest.

TERMS

of the "Journal of Temperance:"—

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TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

PRESGOTT, O.W., NOV. 1st, 1864.

"The Journal of Temperance."

The present number is the first of the second half year of the existence of the "Journal of Temperance."

The first six months of a new periodical is usually a testing time, and a fair opportunity for judging of the probability of the success of the enterprise. We are happy to say that our expectations have been realized. We have already reached a circulation that secures us against loss, and the prospect of it gradually extending, so that we will receive some remuneration for our labours.

We are the more gratified at this, for we commenced the publication with considerable fear. A number of Temperance periodicals have flashed like meteors across the sky, and gone out as quickly in darkness; and fearing that ours might experience a similar fate, we commenced with no great pretensions and no large promises.

We have advertised its existence to a very limited extent beyond the circulation of our other periodicals, and we are pleased to find that with every succeeding month since the commencement the circulation has steadily increased. We are inclined to think that the merit of the publication may have had some influence in this result, as we are assured by several gentlemen, that, as a Temperance journal, it is second to none that has been published in Canada within their recollection.

We have aimed, and will still aim, at making it a valuable journal of Temperance literature. Other magazines represent the different organizations. They furnish members of societies with valuable party details. Ours has a different sphere.

(1.) It supplies members of societies with suitable material for storing their own minds on the question of Temperance,

and furnishes them with valuable facts and figures to employ in addressing others.

(2.) It is valuable for ministers and others, who are frequently called on to deliver public addresses on the Temperance question, and who, in general, cannot get elsewhere so much suitable reading at so moderate a price. It would be performing a great work, if we succeeded in furnishing a repository from which hundreds of shooters might select their shafts, to shoot at the great demon of intemperance. This we aim at doing.

(3.) It is suitable for circulation in families who take no interest in Temperance societies. Many people who will not join an organization are favourable to Temperance. They have no interest in periodicals that are occupied with the details of their respective organizations, but they nevertheless will read Temperance tales, &c. For such our "Journal of Temperance" is very suitable.

We trust our subscribers will use their influence in their own sphere to extend our circulation.

TEMPERANCE FESTIVAL.

On Wednesday the 14th ult., the Claireville Division of the Sons of Temperance, (No. 286) celebrated their fifth anniversary. All necessary arrangements had been made for holding the festival in Mr. W. Porter's grove—the place where it has hitherto been held. But, shortly before the hour at which it was appointed to begin arrived, a drizzling rain set in, which, of course, rendered them of no use. The rain, however, did not even damp the zeal of the Clairvillians. As quickly as possible, the refreshments—which the ladies had prepared with no niggardly hand—were taken to the Congregational Church, where they were served up. This part of the day's proceedings over, the company retired to the grounds around the Temperance Hall. As a far greater number was present than the Hall could contain, and as the rain was now over, the seats were brought out, and as many as possible accommodated with them. The Rev. W. Rowe of Toronto, G. W. P., then took the chair. At his request, the Rev. T. Fenwick, of Metis, C.E., opened the meeting with prayer. The Revs. Messrs. Hay of Pine Grove, and Matthews of Malton, and Messrs. Morphy and Nasmith of Toronto, followed with addresses both instructive and amusing. Mr. Fenwick read a few Temperance stories in the Scotch dialect. Music of superior quality, furnished by the band of "The Queen's Own," from Toronto, added largely to the entertainment of the guests. Among the rest of the

attractions, we must mention a specimen of wood work made by Mr. W. Smith of Claireville, composed of 446 pieces. These are fastened together by being simply fitted into one another. The whole weighs only 1½ lbs. At length, after the National Anthem had been played, the company broke up—the full orb'd moon lighting them home. Though the Festival had not a good beginning, it had a very good ending. Societies, as well as individuals, must not expect to get everything according to their wishes.—We are happy to learn that fully 400 were present on the occasion referred to. But for the unfavourable state of the weather, the number would have been much larger. Fully 800 were present at the Festival last year.

On the evening of Friday following, the same Division held another Festival in the grove already referred to,—a place admirably suited for the purpose. The evening was all that could have been desired. Not a cloud was in the sky. The winds were at rest. The masses of silvery light and deep gloom, formed by the moonbeams shining through the trees, contrasted with the ruddy glow of the bonfires, and the coloured lamps with which the grounds were lighted, formed a scene on which the eye of the painter could not weary in gazing. During the evening several amused themselves in boating on the river which flows through the grounds, and which had been dammed up for the occasion. At one end of the enclosure, a fountain sent up a stream of water about 12 feet high.—At the other end, a stage was erected for the speakers and musicians, which was decorated with evergreens, flags and lamps. After refreshments had been handed round, there followed the reading of "The Glasco' Buchts; or the lost horse," a Scotch Temperance Story—a Temperance speech—several pieces of music, and lastly a display of fire-works. It was intended to send up a balloon, but an accident prevented this from being carried into effect.

The committee of arrangement richly deserve a high compliment for the treat with which they furnished those present on this occasion. They seem to have spared neither time, labour nor expense to give satisfaction to those who patronized them. Their object was fully realized. We are also pleased that they were so well supported by the public. The company must have been, at least, as large as it was on the Wednesday previous.

[The above account of a Temperance celebration has been sent to us by a friend, an ardent supporter of the Temperance cause. We give it a place in the Temperance Journal, but we wish our subscribers to understand that such communications are not invited for our periodical, and after this will not be inserted. They are more properly in place in the organs of the divisions of Temperance to which the Society holding the festival belongs.—Ed. J. T.]

HACKING COUGH.

It is not known as generally as it ought to be, that consumption, that disease known as "common consumption of the lungs," called by many a "decline," begins with a regular hacking cough in the morning, or on getting up. In fact it is so slight at first, that it scarcely amounts to a cough; it is a mere "hem" or effort to clear the throat of something which seems to excite a little tickling sensation there, generally referred to the spot known as the hollow, at the bottom of the neck in front. The person does not imagine that it has any thing whatever to do with the lungs; he insists upon it that it is only in the throat; and for weeks and even months afterwards, when it has become a decided cough, as regular as the rising of the sun, he regards it as an affection of the throat merely, and repeats the saying a thousand times, as if to reassure himself and others of the truth of it; and that if he could only get something to apply to the throat, and take away "that pesky tickling," he would have no cough, and would be as well as he ever was in his life; he strikes upon his chest triumphantly, and exclaims "all right, not the slightest pain or other inconvenience there, anyhow." To remove this tickling he has the fashionable remedy applied; a bit of sponge is dipped into a solution of the nitrate of silver, and passed down to the tickling spot, and lo it is gone! To make the matter more sure, the applications are renewed daily or several times in the course of a week or two; the physician is gratefully and liberally paid and he returns home with a heart so light and buoyant, he is ready to hug and kiss everybody he meets; is quite as jubilant as an honest man, who by great and long-continued exertions, has paid the last dollar of indebtedness he owes in the world. In about two years, on an average, the throat swabbed man dies of consumption; because the nitrate of silver only destroys the sensibilities of the part by the greater wounding inflicted, when nature has recovered from the violence offered, the tickling returns, just the same as ever, and then there is the usual routine of syrups, cough drops, lozenges, troches and the like, all of which contain opium, which like the nitrate of silver, only deaden the sensibilities of the parts, but for a short period, requiring renewals every few hours; then follow the more desperate (and as vain) efforts of going to the South, to a warmer climate, or Minnesota, to die in some miserable log cabin, away off in some cheerless prairie, or bleaker "thicket;" or in some more pretentious "water cure." Whole Hecatombs of the dead are piled up every year in this way from one mistaken idea. The cause of the tickling in the throat is tubercles in the lungs; the throat is the point where we get the intelligence of their beginning existence. A tubercle is of the size of the tiniest crust of bread, which, when it "goes the wrong way," that is passes into the lungs, is a foreign matter there, and so is the tubercle; nature takes the alarm, and endeavors to get rid of it,

by exciting a tickling in the throat, which brings about a cough, and this cough generally, as all have experienced, continues until the crumb is dislodged.—Destroying the tickling feeling here, is to remove the kindly cough, intended to bring the offending crumb away. The time to "cure consumption," is when it has proceeded no farther than the morning cough; the manner of doing it is to remove, to cause absorption of, or otherwise rendering the tubercle harmless, by developing the activities of the lungs, by correcting that "error of nutrition" which the most eminent physiologists of the age agree in regarding as the cause of tubercle; and let the tickling and the throat and the cough alone, as the friendly sentinels of danger: when the tubercle is rendered harmless, the throat will be well, and the cough and tickling will disappear. Defective nutrition is to be corrected by keeping the system in the highest state of health possible; in the breathing of large amounts of out door air; in the consumption of nutritious food; and the working out of all impure matters from the system by moderate, continuous, interesting and profitable activities; all the while aiding nature, by such means as the scientific practitioner well understands, will keep the skin, liver, feet, and the whole digestive apparatus in the most perfect order, without which, the rendering of tubercles harmless, that is the arrest of consumption, is absolutely and always, utterly impossible.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

OAKS PLANTED BY SQUIRRELS.

It is a curious circumstance, and not generally known, that most of the oaks which are called spontaneous are planted by the squirrels. The little animal has performed the most essential service to the British navy. A gentleman walking one day in a wood belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, near Treyhouse, in the county of Monmouth, had his attention diverted by a squirrel, which sat very composedly upon the ground. He stopped to observe his motions; in a few moments the squirrel darted like lightning to the top of a tree beneath which he had been sitting. In an instant he was down with an acorn in his mouth, and began to burrow in the earth with his paws. After digging a small hole, he stooped down and deposited the acorn, then covering it, he darted up the tree again. In a moment he was down with another, which he buried in the same manner. This he continued to do as long as the observer thought proper to watch him. The industry of this little animal is directed to the purpose of securing himself against want in winter, and as it is probable that his memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable him to remember the spots in which he deposited every acorn, the industrious little fellow no doubt loses a few every year. The few spring up, and are destined to supply the place of the parent tree. Thus is Britain in some measure indebted for her mercantile greatness to the industry and bad memory of a squirrel!

A REMONSTRANCE.

BY ELIPHALET NOTT, D.D., LL.D.

Brothers, inn-keepers, grocers, whose business it has been to sell to drinkers the drunkard's drink, has it never occurred to your minds that the liquors dispensed were destined, though unseen by you, to blanch some glow of health, to wither some blossom of hope, to disturb some asylum of peace, to pollute some sanctuary of innocence, or plant gratuitous, perhaps enduring misery, in some bosom of joy? Have you never in imagination followed the wretched inebriate whose glass you have poured out, or whose jug or bottle you have filled; have you never in imagination followed him to his unblessed and comfortless abode? Have you never mentally witnessed the faded cheek and tearful eye of his broken-hearted wife; never witnessed the wistful look and stifled cry of his terror-stricken children, waiting at nightfall his dreaded return; and marked the thrill of horror which the approaching sound of his footsteps sent across their bosoms? Have you never in thought marked his rude entrance, his ferocious look, his savage yell, and that demoniac frenzy, under the influence of which, father, husband as he was, he drove both wife and children forth, exposed to the wintry blast and the peltings of the pitiless storm; or, denying them even this refuge, how he has smitten them both to the earth beneath his murderous arm?

If you have never heretofore considered these things, will you not now consider them and give up an occupation so subversive of virtue, so conducive to crime, so productive of misery, you would not willingly, even though it were desired, you would not directly furnish your customers with pauperism, insanity, crime, disease and death; why then supply them with what produces these, and more than these; more of misery than eye hath seen, or ear heard, or than it hath entered into the heart of man to conceive?

But the sale of liquors is your employment, and it furnishes you and yours subsistence. Be it so; still is it a desirable employment? Are you willing to live, and that your family should live, on the miseries endured, and the crimes committed by others, in consequence of poisons by you, dispensed? Are you willing to receive and treasure up the profits, which arise from the widow's tears, the orphan's cries, the maniac's loss of reason, the convict's loss of liberty, and the suicide's loss of life? Are you willing that death should find you still corrupting youth, dishonouring age, and sending waste and want and battle into the families of the poor; and disgrace, disease and death into those of the rich; and subverting, in both, the course of nature, so that in the habitations of maternal kindness, and under the tutelage of paternal virtue, in place of wise and good, and useful men, debauchees, and paupers, and criminals are reared up? Are you willing death should find you still preparing victims for the poor-house, and prison-house, and graveyard?

AN OBJECTION MET.

These objectors seem entirely to overlook the fact, that intemperance is a physical, as well as a moral evil, and, therefore, may be cured by physical, as well as moral means. Being a disease of the body, as well as of the mind, to effect a cure, physical may be as legitimately employed as moral remedies. The man who abstains from intoxicating liquors, as effectually secures himself against becoming a drunkard, as the man on whose mind the gospel exerts its greatest power. Nay, a man who thus abstains will not become a drunkard, though he should remain through life an infidel; but a man who drinks may become a drunkard, though he be regular in his attendance on the gospel. Have not many who were regular in their attendance on the ministrations of the gospel become drunkards? But was it ever known that an infidel, who abstained from intoxicating liquors, became a drunkard? Intemperance may be prevented by abstinence, as well as subdued by moral influence. If professing Christians use spirits, they will require the love of them as well as infidels; for the love of them does not depend on the moral only, but also on the physical constitution. It is readily admitted, that gospel principles, when they are obeyed, will oppose the growth of intemperance; but still, it is equally true, that if the vilest infidel abstain from spirits, he will never become enslaved to their power. The gospel, by bringing our whole moral nature under the sweetly constraining power of a desire to please a redeeming and Saviour God, must induce us to yield our bodies up to Him in holy and intelligent obedience, and consequently to be sober and temperate in all things. But the fear of personal evil and other considerations which move our selfishness only, may, by leading us to abstain from intoxicating liquors, give origin to the same outward effect. And why? Because, as it is through the physical constitution that men become drunkards, it requires, on his part, not the exercise of faith, but the exercise of abstinence. If faith in the gospel formed the only effective security against intemperance, then all men would require to be believers to enjoy its protection. But all men have not faith. And it is one peculiar excellence of temperance societies, that their essential principle adapts itself both to the believer and the unbeliever, and a rigid adherence to this principle forms an equal security to both. This position is established by incontrovertible facts. Why is infidel France a sober nation, but because the people abstain from ardent spirits? And why is Christian Britain a drunken nation, but because her people indulge in ardent spirits? The one nation has her infidelity, but she has her sobriety along with it. The other nation has her Christianity, but she has her drunkenness along with it. And will any man affirm that it is the influence of the gospel which explains the mystery? No. It is abstinence, the grand essential principle of temperance societies, which constitutes the difference. Here,

then, the question is brought to the decision of experience, not on the limited scale of a few individual exhibitions, but on the broad scale of nations, and the most perverted ingenuity cannot nullify the soundness of our conclusion. For, if abstinence is to be set aside as an element for determining the question, why the one nation is sober and the other drunken, and the gospel is to be admitted as the alone element for resolving the problem, then, with the facts of France and Britain before them, those who contend for the gospel to the exclusion of abstinence, as the sole influencing circumstance, are by their own promises conducted onwards to the monstrous and impious conclusion, that infidelity makes men sober, but that Christianity makes them drunkards.—*W. Collins, Esq.*

EFFICIENT MEN.

It is a fact of history and of observation, that all efficient men, while they have been men of comprehension, have also been men of detail. I wish it would be possible to produce as high an example of this twofold character among the servants of God and benevolence in these times, as we have in that fiery prodigy of war and conquest, who, in the beginning of the present century, desolated Europe. Napoleon was the most effective man in modern times—some will say of all times. The secret of his character was, that while his plans were more vast, more comprehensive, and, of course, more difficult than those of other men, he had the talent, at the same time, to fill them up with perfect promptness and precision, in every particular of execution. His vast and daring plans would have been visionary in any other man; but with him every vision flew out of his brain, a chariot of iron; because it was filled up, in all the particulars of execution, to be a solid and compact framework in every part. His armies were together only one vast engine of desolation, of which he was the head or brain. Numbers, spaces, times, were all distinct in his eye. The wheeling of every legion, however remote, was mentally present to him. The tramp of every foot sounded in his ear. The numbers were always supplied, the spaces passed, the times met, and so the work was done.

The nearest moral approximation I know of was Paul the Apostle. Paul had great principles, great plans, and great enthusiasm. He had the art, at the same time, to bring his great principles into a powerful application to his own conduct, and to all the common affairs of all the disciples in his churches. He detected every want, understood every character; set his guards against those whom he distrusted; kept all his work turning in a motion of discipline; prompted to every duty. You will find his epistles distinguished by great principles; and, at the same time by various and circumstantial attention to all the common affairs of life; and, in that, you have the secret of his efficiency. There must be detail in every great work. It is

an element of effectiveness, which no reach of plan, no enthusiasm of purpose can dispense with.

Thus, if a man conceives the idea of becoming eminent in learning, but cannot toil through the million of little drudgeries necessary to carry him on, his learning will be soon told. Or, if a man undertakes to become rich, but despises the small and gradual advances by which wealth is ordinarily accumulated, his expectation will, of course, be the sum of his riches. Accurate and careful detail, the minding of common occasions and small things, combined with general scope and vigour, is the secret of all the efficiency and success in the world.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

RETRIBUTION.

We are against the traffic because God is against it. His curse is written upon it. All his attributes are opposed to it. He wars against his creatures, him and heaven. He has pronounced a war against him who maketh his neighbour drunken. What awful temerity in those who deliberately cast defiance in the teeth of Jehovah himself, and say to men that they may sell!

Retribution follows upon the footsteps of the traffic. The property accumulated in the business sooner or later crumbles away. He whose hand holds the poisoned chalice to another's lips, in turn holds it to his own. His sons become drunkards, and his daughters are sooner or later cursed with drunken husbands. Most of the drink-sellers who have died in the last quarter of a century have died drunkards, and their property wasted. Such is history. The avenger is on their track, and at their threshold awaits their last coming out. Their victims have gone before them, and been shut out of bliss. Where can they go, if those they have made drunkards see not the rest of heaven? Offences have come by them. They have tempted and lured men to ruin. They have dug pits, and the blinded have fallen therein. They have been the altar-priests of the world's darkest iniquities. Within their bloody temples they have given false responses, and grown fat amid death.

They have increased that which was not theirs, and there shall rise up suddenly in the last hour a remorse which shall bite them and vex them. They have spoiled many families, and shall be spoiled in their turn, because of "men's blood and the violence of the land, of the city, and all that dwell therein." They have "coveted an evil covetousness," that they may set their "nest on high." They have reaped shame, for they have cut off "many people." As they turn from their dwellings to the grave, the "stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it." Woe to them, for they have builded a "tower with blood," and established "a city of iniquity." They shall be "filled with shame," and "the cup of the Lord's right hand shall be turned unto them." Accusing spectres follow them. Dread thoughts shall torture them in death,

and herald them to the judgment. We know not of a more accursed business than that of dram-selling. It is a crime against human society—against nature—against God. It is the refinement of robbery and cruelty. Let us die with a soul burdened with every crime but that of putting the bottle to a neighbour's lips. We then answer for our own crimes. Those of others cannot be laid to our charge. For the wealth of the universe of God we would not sell strong drink. May God be merciful to those who do! No class have more to expect from the saving influences and triumphs of the temperance reform.

A MEDICINE.

BY S. DOWLEY, ESQ.

We are well aware that some individuals have been prevented from adopting the practice of total abstinence only by the fear of injuring their health; they have been so long accustomed to consider a small quantity of fermented or distilled liquor absolutely necessary, or have been so often recommended to take it by medical men, that it is very difficult to receive the large amount of medical testimony, and personal experience, which is now obtained in favour of the entire abandonment of such liquors as a means of sustaining health and strength. We cannot but rejoice, however, at the large number of persons who have had the good sense to bring the recommendation of medical men to the test of experience, and who have found the practice of entire abstinence, tend to the ultimate benefit of their health, although from long habit, the change may have occasioned them considerable temporary inconveniences; and we trust those who may still be hesitating on this ground will soon follow so good an example, which would speedily put to flight much of the ignorance and credulity that have so long deceived both physicians and patients, as to the medical qualities of these deleterious liquors.

What should be done with it?

There is specially one reason why I abhor the liquor traffic. It spares neither age nor sex. Its trophies are more to be dreaded than those of the red man's belt, snatched from the throbbing brows of innocence. The system is cruel, mercilessly cruel. It wars upon the defenceless—upon women and children. Its most desolating strife is at the fireside. We execrate it for its cowardice, as well as its injustice and cruelty. Those who are never seen abroad, and who never lifted a hand or a voice against the seller, are crushed down with a remorseless coolness. If men alone were destroyed, without wringing the hearts that are linked with them, it would not seem so damnable. But why should a Christian government and a Christian people war upon the happiness of the defenceless inmates of the household? Why should woe and want be carried into our homes? Why should our mother, and

wives, and daughters be scourged until they weep drops of blood? Why should children be turned out with no inheritance but orphanage and disgrace? Why should the props and pride of old hearts be snatched away and broken? Why—in God's name tell us!—in the land of plenty, where our barns gush with fatness, where our fields groan under the harvests which roll like golden oceans to the kiss of the sunbeams, and where an ever-kind Providence has scattered his blessings on every hand—should women and children go hungry for bread? Why should our sons be turned out to be drawn into the whirlpool of crime, and our daughters to forget all that's womanly, and sink in vice for their daily bread? Is this Christian-like? Is it like freemen? Why should our homes be transformed into hells, and the husband and father into a demon, to torture and kill? Why must those we love be torn with hunger and grief, that a few men may fatten by selling whisky?—*E. H. A. League.*

The True Source of Strength.

While Rev. Dr. Finley was President of the college of New Jersey, at Princeton, there was within the circle of his acquaintance a man and a friend who had fallen gradually under the dominion of intemperance, so as to seem past recovery. As soon as the Doctor saw the truth of the case, instead of abandoning the man in despair, he set himself earnestly to the work of emancipating the victim from his fearful bondage. Finley was a man of great 'magnetic' power, as some would call it; his personal influence was extraordinary. He was an eloquent speaker, as well as a man of prayer; and so by means of private visitation and public address, he plied every power of which he was master, in order to restore his fallen friend to sobriety and self-control. It was not in vain; the inebriate became "himself again," and for many years a distinguished trophy of Finley's love and fidelity.

At last, however Dr. Finley fell sick, and it was deeply touching to observe the intense interest which this rescued man expressed in his daily inquiries as to the state of his minister's health. All that medical skill could do was done; but, day by day, the accounts became more unfavourable. Just in proportion to the progress of the Doctor's disease, this man's anxiety became distressing. At length the sad news was announced: Dr. Finley is dead. At once with a look of anguish, the man responded to the announcement with the exclamation, "Then I am a lost man!" And it was so. Returning to his house, he resumed his cups and soon drank himself to death.

What a remarkable illustration is this of the subtle power of mind! This man was conscious of his own weakness, and of his moral dependence upon a trusted friend for the restraining and upholding influence that would keep him from ruining himself. When that was gone, he sank

like a vine from which the trellis had been taken away. O, how different the result, if he had only felt his dependence upon Jesus Christ as deeply as he felt his dependence upon the sympathetic support of his distinguished earthly friend!

Let the reader remember that every one of us is thus dependent upon the Saviour to emancipate us from the bondage of sin, to uphold us amid scenes of temptation, and give us power of self direction. He is a friend that "abideth forever," and in Him are the springs of our strength.

MICROSCOPIC WONDERS.

Upon examining the edge of a sharp lancet with a microscope, it will appear as broad as the back of a knife; rough, uneven, full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly small needle resembles a rough iron bar. But the sting of a bee seen through the same instrument exhibits everywhere a most beautiful polish, without the least flaw, blemish, or inequality, and it ends in a point too fine to be discerned. The threads of a fine lawn seem coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors; but a silkworm's web appears perfectly smooth and shining, and everywhere equal. The smallest dot that can be made with a pen appears irregular and uneven; but the little specks on the wings or bodies of insects are found to be most accurately circular. The finest miniature paintings appear before the microscope ragged and uneven, entirely devoid of beauty, either in the drawing or coloring. The most even and beautiful varnishes will be found to be mere roughness. But the nearer we examine the works of God, even in the least productions, the more sensible shall we be of his wisdom and power. In the numberless species of insects what proportion, exactness, uniformity, and symmetry do we perceive in all organs! what profusion of colouring! azure, green, and vermilion, gold, silver, pearls, rubies, and diamonds, fringe, and embroidery on their bodies, wings, heads, and every part! how high the finishing, how inimitable the polish we everywhere behold!

NEW STIMULANT.

It has been found that in cases of great exhaustion, attended with cerebral weakness, produced by severe labour or any other cause, a preparation from beef may be used, at least partially, instead of brandy, as it exerts rapidly a stimulating power over the brain. It is thus made:—Chop up lean beef, place it in a pan, and subject it for an hour or more to heat by keeping the pan in a vessel of boiling water; the fat, fibre and essence will distinctly separate. Strain the liquid portions from the fibre, and remove from it the fat by means of blotting paper. A highly aromatic amber-coloured liquid, of an agreeable flavor will remain. This is the required stimulant. Unlike common beef tea, its effect is stimulating rather than nutritious.

DEMANDS OF THE CAUSE.

In presenting the importance of the Temperance Reform, we are not suppliant—we ask nothing for self. We do not kneel as a mendicant at the door of the sanctuary, humbly craving an incidental allusion in prayer; a pittance, grudgingly tossed as a crust to an importunate beggar; a stereotyped God-speed, which costs but the breath that bears it. In the midst of mind destroyed; ruins sadder to look upon than earth bears upon her surface; of the swift consuming of bone and muscle; by the homo shrines from which the angels of hope and happiness long since fled; by the thick-ranking graves of premature and dishonoured dead; in the chill shadows of almshouse and jail; for the weal of earth and the hopes of heaven; for the love of man and the fear of God, we firmly demand that position for, and aid of our cause, which is its due. And no man, in pulpit or with pen, shall turn us away with an empty good wish, or a sneer. He who wishes the salvation of souls; nay, if possessing the sympathies of our common humanity, and wishing his neighbor great earthly good, yet works not for our cause, stands arraigned for the great crime of being false to his profession, and living a lie before God and man. The "impotent folk" are waiting by the waters, but ye put them not in; lepers are by the wayside, but ye have healed them not; prodigals hungering for husks, but ye have not gone out to meet them. There are hungry ones, ye have given them no meat; thirsty ones, and ye have given them no drink; naked ones, and ye have clothed them not; sick and in bonds, and ye have ministered not unto them. Ye slumber while the tares of unnumbered crimes are thickly strewn in the highways of life. And if by your own firesides in the future you do not reap the harvest of woe, you may thank God for great mercy.—*Am. paper.*

DON'T DESPISE SMALL THINGS.

Some years ago a gentleman visiting a farmer took from his pocket a small potato, which somehow had got in there at home. It was thrown out with a smile, and the farmer taking it in his hand to look at it, a curious little boy of twelve standing at his elbow asked him what it was. "O," said he, "nothing but a potato, my boy; take and plant it, and you shall have all that you can raise from it till you are free." The lad took it; and the farmer thought no more about it at the time. The boy, however, not despising small potatoes, carefully divided it into as many pieces as he could find eyes, and put them into the ground. The product was carefully put aside in the fall and planted in the spring, and so on till the fourth year, when the yield being good, the actual product was four hundred bushels! The farmer seeing the prospect that the potato field would, by another year, cover his whole farm, asked to be released from his promise! Let us not despise small things.

WHY I BECAME AN ABSTAINER.

In becoming a Teetotaller, I personally gave up but little. Distilled liquors I never agreed with; and malt liquors never agreed with me. My only beverage in the way of Strong Drink was—"a little wine," not certainly "for my stomach's sake," but for custom's sake, and for society's sake. And yet I felt as though I had given up a great deal—not in the measure or the amount, but in the act of giving it up at all. The deed was so very decisive, and I felt as though it might be interpreted as too marked a protest against others, and as an affectation of superior virtue. Besides, a great many persons would, good-naturedly enough, put themselves out of their way to commiserate me as the subject of a thankless martyrdom; and some few would even go so far as to blame me for risking a break-down of that physical strength which would be needed for the large work I was called to fulfil in my vast and populous charge. I am thankful to say that I have survived the mere cowardice of personal feeling; the commiseration of friends has turned into approval of my conduct; and nobody now blames me but they that love the drink, and scold even these!

But to my narrative. I had always a predisposition in favour of Teetotallers; any way, I never could find it in my heart to argue against the system. I used ever to regard the Teetotalism of a working man as a good part of a good character. But I fear a great deal of this feeling was attributable to a self-righteous spirit, that approved in others what was not felt to be expedient for one's self. A passive approval of a good thing is very far removed from an active effort to promote it. The mere observer standing on some distant eminence, telescope in hand, is surely not the warrior striving and struggling earnestly in the dust of the battle-field beneath.

Yet I was not altogether a passive spectator. I honestly, and, as I then thought, fully tested the practicability of the system on two several occasions, and failed.—Some six or seven years ago, impressed by the appeals of some earnest advocates, but without any adequate appreciation of the movement itself, I tried the practice of Abstinence. I took no pledge, I made no promise to any one; nor was my Abstinence known beyond my own immediate circle. I simply drank water instead of wine. My first attempt continued for a space of about six weeks. A hard Sunday's work would make me feel a need of a stimulant; and it was not a hard thing to put the saddle on the wrong horse.—So, after a few weeks, I felt it "would never suit me" to be a Teetotaller. And as no promise or agreement had been entered into, a return to wine was a matter for myself alone; and, accordingly, on what I considered a tolerably fair trial of Abstinence, I resumed my glass of wine. On a subsequent occasion I again abstained for nearly two months, on the same terms, and again fancied I had need of the prop of a stimulant "for despatch of busi-

ness." In these attempts I never publicly committed myself to the principle; and, therefore, no public example was involved one way or the other.

And then I settled down upon my lees, self-satisfied that I had made the experiment, and was quit of responsibility in the matter of Abstinence from wine. Two years or more passed by, and the subject was not revived by any circumstance of appeal that would be likely to impress me. I passed the drunkard in the streets, and blamed him; heard of drunkenness everywhere, and found my work doubled, troubled, multiplied manifold thereby; and yet I made no real effort to reclaim the drinker, or to stay the drink. The evil fruit I grievously deplored, yet the root I was content to leave in undisturbed possession of the soil.

One day, in the month of November, 1800, I received a letter from a parishioner, a working man, inviting me to attend and speak at the inaugural meeting of a Temperance Society which was about to be formed in the parish, to be called after our Parish Church, "The St. James's" Temperance Society. I replied that I had never yet attended a public meeting of the Temperance Society in a public capacity, nor could I see my way to attend this, lest I should appear to be sailing under false colours. My correspondent replied, urging my acceptance of the invitation, and stating that they had no intention of placing me in a false position by reason of my presence at the meeting.

This caused me to reconsider my former letter. I felt on this wise—Well, here is a parochial effort contemplated; an attempt made for the parish and within the parish; and by parishioners. There is no other work for the good of the parish that I would wish to see done without me, and certainly I would not need all this pressure to induce me to take part in other parochial institutions. In other works I generally led the way, and but seldom followed in the rear! Here then, very plainly, there was something out of gear somewhere. A number of my parishioners sought me for the purpose of helping them to do good; and I was reluctant to join them! My train of thought led me one step forward; and I replied that I would come and speak, but that they should take me as they found me, and allow a few words "from an outsider." Here again, I now feel, my words savoured more of a self-righteous spirit than my subsequent deed of abstinence can be charged with. I was now on the eve of meeting the question face to face, all-unknowing of the results.

The meeting was held; my valued friend Mr. Deputy-Judge Payne in the chair. I was warmly welcomed to the platform, which was chiefly occupied by working men—parishioners of mine. I must candidly say I did not feel comfortable. I was now engaged with men whose principle of action must be either very much higher or very much lower than my own; any way, we were not equally yoked that night.

Now, there was one point on which

had not been able to satisfy my own mind, when I thought at all upon the subject; and that was as to the need of my own personal adoption of the cause. I thought it a most excellent expedient for the drunkard, and even for those who indulge in drink, without being actually drunk.— But “Why do you ask me to abstain?” was a question I fancied had not been answered to my satisfaction. I mention this, not only because of its connection with my narrative, but also because I believe it is the question that lurks the longest in the mind of most men who think upon the subject. I confess I must have had very narrow view of the bounds of human duty, and of the extent of personal influence, and of the measure of individual responsibility, when I needed to be enlightened on this subject; but we are all of us, more or less “slow of heart” to understand all that we ought to know, and all that we ought to do.

The undesigned coincidence of the testimonies borne that night by the several speakers directed the train of thought into the groove of this very question.—

One man, for example, related the circumstances of his reformation from drunkenness. Among the many gifts that God had given him, he had retained but one, and that was a good and loving wife.— This blessing left, who shall marvel if it should prove the nucleus of many blessings yet to be recovered? This wife of his had never participated in her husband's vice; she had never exceeded in the matter of drink. One day she said to her husband—“James, there is to be a teetotal meeting to-night in the village.” “Well, and what of that, wife?” said the man.— “I was only thinking,” she said, “that if we were to go together to the meeting, I would sign the pledge, if you would sign, James.” They went: she signed, he followed her example.—“What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?” There was the influence of a wife, who had no need of a pledge for her own sake. She might have been pleading her own exemption from such a duty even to this day, but she would not thus have gained her husband from the way of sin and vice and all the attendant evils of drunkenness. The example of that noble-minded wife was the first answer, that evening, to my question.—“Why ask me to abstain?”

Another speaker followed, and another; one attributing the human instrumentality of his reformation to the influence of a friend, and another to the influence of a clergyman—in both cases, the friend and the clergyman *challenging* the drunkard by their own adoption of the principle first; not saying—“Go, fool, and do what you ought to do!” but “Come, friend, and do what we have already done!”

The thought came forcibly upon my mind—Here am I placed by God's providence in a sphere of vast labour, and with a measure of influence. Can it be that I could take up this movement, and no good follow, no home be made happy, no soul rescued from the burning drink?

And the thought came bounding and rebounding still, making itself felt as a strong conviction of the soul.

Now see how “deep calleth unto deep.” While those secret thoughts were passing through my mind, and could not possibly have formed any portion of a prepared programme, it was proposed that a hymn should be sung, after which it would be my turn to speak. A hymn was given out from one of the Temperance Hymn Books (a portion of Temperance literature with which I am not yet very conversant). It was not one of the extravagant utterances of Temperance song, but a series of stanzas descriptive of the power of the precepts of the Bible. One of the verses ran thus—

“There we learn that he who knoweth
To do good, and doth it not,
From Divine displeasure draweth
Condemnation as his lot.”

The singing of that verse suggested, as a matter of course, the practical precept of the Apostle St. James—“To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin,” James iv. 17.

It was now my turn to speak—“as an outsider” indeed; and I verily did wish myself outside or anywhere, other than where I then stood. My intended criticisms and reflections on the movement had all clean departed out of mind. I felt I had come there to teach, not yet having learned the lesson myself; and that now I must stoop, and learn, and be convinced, and act, and play the man for my brethren and companions' sakes. I stood up, and stated what had already been the effect of the meeting on my mind. I said I would make no promise, and take no pledge that night; but that I would return home, and think and pray over the matter. I asked the meeting to do likewise; and invited all who cared to meet again on the subject to meet me in the same place on the following Friday evening (this was Monday evening), and we would then take further counsel as to what we meant to do. From that night I have been an *Abstainer*.

On the following Friday a large meeting assembled. I announced that I had come to the determination with God's help to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and I trusted that the Divine blessing would deign to honour the act by fruits that might abound to God's glory. There was no solicitation used just then in urging others to follow my example, and yet as many as thirty persons signed the pledge with me. From that evening I have been a *pledged Abstainer*.

At that meeting, however, I publicly stated that I would not take any public steps in the Temperance Cause until I had tested the working of the principle for a full year; and this determination I rigidly carried out. I felt that, as my former experiments had failed, it was just possible this attempt might fail also; and as this time I had publicly espoused the cause, more harm than good would be done if having begun to build I should not be able

to finish. Besides, there were so many who prophesied that I would not stand it for a single month, I felt I ought to act cautiously, and that my testimony would be worth much more when it could be uttered as the testimony of experience. It was at the conclusion of a twelve-month's successful trial of the practice that I delivered my address in Exeter Hall, and shortly afterwards established my Parochial Association.

Since the date of my public adoption of the cause (now four years ago), and especially since, through the establishment of my Parochial Association, I have had the privilege of holding some weak brethren by the hand, I have been sustained by the very associations of the cause, and by a consciousness of the responsibilities involved. I have also enjoyed uninterrupted good health; and, when oftentimes weary both in mind and body and spirit, I have found other and more effectual, because more nourishing, ways to sustain strength than the stimulant of the wine-cup; I have enjoyed more steady uniformity of health, and more equable working power; and have suffered less real exhaustion after work than before I became an *Abstainer*. I do believe one's conscience has much to do with one's bodily endurance; and that, having been led to this noble cause by a practical exposition of a precept of God's Word (though I do not enforce upon others my interpretation of that precept in this context), and having already seen some of the fruits of this following of the precept, and associated with me many brethren, both the strong and the weak, I am sustained by the blessed consciousness that God has called me to add on this labour to the other works He has given me to do.

Such is the simple narrative of a very humble incident of my life, from which, however, as from a tiny seed, God has been pleased already to develop some fruits. This is my testimony, which, as less than the least of all, I desire to append to the testimonies of my reverend brethren.—*Rev. R. Maguire, M.A., in Church of England Temperance Magazine.*

NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA.—From Australia comes news of the decease of the Hon. Richard Heales, Minister of Public Lands in the colony of Victoria. Mr. Heales was a journeyman coach-builder in London, but emigrated when a young man and after he had become a teetotaler. For some time after his arrival out he had great difficulty in obtaining employment; but vigilance and sobriety triumphed by the favour of Heaven, and not many years passed before he became a public man, and was at one period the Chief Secretary or Premier of a Victorian administration. The cause of temperance was not forgotten by Mr. Heales. He practised and advocated its principles with much effect. The fatigues of the office he held in another government acted at last prejudicially on his health, and to the great debility thus induced he succumbed at the age of 42. The press of Victoria have eulogized his many virtues and held him up as an example to the young and aspiring colonists of the present day.—*Temperance Spectator.*

THE GENEROUS PRINCE.

BY GEORGE ROY.

Once upon a time there was a very noble prince, who ruled over vast dominions. This prince had absolute power. To him belonged not only all the lands of the great country, but he likewise was sole owner of all its treasures of silver and gold, diamonds and pearls. Everything of value this great prince possessed. It was his to appoint all the great ministers of state—in short, the prince held in his own gift all the good things of this life. He was, however, very generous, and scattered his bounties amongst his people with a very liberal hand. Great fortunes, large estates, high offices, were his daily gifts to his favourites. To one man he would give a hundred thousand pounds, to another a whole district of country, to a third the government of some distant province, thus making all his favourites rich. The name of this mighty prince was "Good Fortune." Many thought Good Fortune a very whimsical fellow. They believed he attended his bounties at random, giving, as they thought, his prizes to the unworthy, while he often entirely overlooked the deserving. When rumours of this sort reached the ear of the prince, he was wont to smile most complacently, and say, "I give every one of my subjects a fair chance." One day the prince was in a very merry humour, so he told his ministers to bring before him all the people he had forgotten to be kind to, and he would treat them all handsomely.

The ministers gazed in astonishment, and said, "Why the people who think you have forgotten them are such a multitude, that no room in the palace would hold them all."

"Well," said Good Fortune, "bring before me a few of them. I don't care whom you bring first—Tom, Dick, or Harry."

The prince was instantly obeyed, and a very easy-going-looking young man, called Tom Lazy, was ushered into the presence of the prince. Tom made his bow, and the prince said, "And so, Tom, I have forgotten you. Well, I am at your service now; what can I do for you?"

Tom bluntly replied, "I want just a great lot of money."

The prince graciously answered, "You shall have it on one simple condition." He pointed to a heap of gold which lay on a table before him, and added, "That gold shall be yours when you find the net amount, and tell me how much it will yield at four and a half per cent., per annum."

Tom scratched his head and said, "When I was at the school I never could be bothered counting, so I got another fellow to do my sums for me. I shall be very thankful to you for the money, but I could not count how much interest it would yield."

Good Fortune frowned and poor Tom, in a moment, found himself outside the palace gates. Dick Thatchless was next introduced. Dick wanted to be made governor of a distant province. The prince at once granted his request, and told Dick to sit down and write, to his dictation, the order for his appointment. Dick looked puzzled, but took the pen, and sitting down stuck out his elbows, laid down his head, and put out his tongue.

The prince said, "I am afraid, Dick, you are no great penman; you don't sit well."

Dick answered, "I can write not so bad; but I am very bad at the spelling."

Good Fortune again frowned, and Dick found himself in an instant standing beside Tom Lazy, at the outside of the palace

gates. Harry Careless was next introduced to the prince. He too was received very graciously. He told the prince he would like to have a first-rate estate in the county in which he was born.

"You shall have it," said the prince. "I have known you since your childhood; I watched your progress at school, and I know your father gave you the advantage of a college education, so you shall have a large estate. Here," he added, "are the title-deeds; they are written in good Latin. Read them aloud to me, and the estate is yours."

"But," said Harry, with a blank stare, "I can hardly read a word of Latin. I did all my Latin exercises with the assistance of a key, or got them done for me."

Good Fortune frowned once more, and Harry in an instant found himself without the palace gates, in the company of Tom and Dick. Such was the fate of Tom Lazy, Dick Thatchless, and Harry Careless.

How differently fared Will Diligent, when he was introduced to the generous prince!—When asked what he wanted, he answered, "I have resolved, on all occasions, to the best of my ability, to do my duty, and will gratefully accept what it is the pleasure of my prince to give me." The prince requested Will to calculate the amount of interest the treasure would yield. He did so in a few minutes, and the treasure was his. He could write like copperplate; and so he wrote, at the dictation of the prince, the order for his own appointment to an important office. He read, without a moment's hesitation, the title-deeds in Latin, and the great estate was his. Will Diligent had been a very poor boy, but had improved all his opportunities in learning, and so became rich and great.

Now boys and girls, I just ask you one question, Was not Good Fortune a very knowing prince? Did he not treat Tom, Dick, and Harry as they deserved to be treated? and was he not noble in his behaviour to Will Diligent? I think we could not do better than give three cheers for Good Fortune.—*Adieu.*

ONE GLASS MORE.

Stay, mortal, stay; nor heedless thus
Thy sure destruction seal;
Within that cup there lurks a curse
Which all who drink must feel.

Disease and Death, for ever nigh,
Stand ready at the door,
And eager wait to hear the cry
Of "Give me one glass more."

Go, view the prisoners' gloomy cells,
Their pallid tenants scan;
Gaze, gaze upon these earthly hells,
And ask how they began.

Had these a tongue, O man! thy cheek
The tale would crimson o'er;
Had these a tongue, to thee they'd speak,
And answer, "One glass more."

Behold that wretched female form,
An outcast from her home,
Bleach'd in affliction's blighted storm,
And doom'd in want to roam.

Behold her! Ask that prattler dear
Why mother is so poor;
She'll whisper in thy startled ear,
"Twas father's one glass more."

Stay, mortal, stay; repent, return;
Reflect upon thy fate;
The poisonous draught indignant spurn:
Spurn, spurn it ere too late.

O, fly the alehouse' herring den,
Nor linger near the door,
Lest thou, perchance, should sip again
The treacherous "One glass more."

A WINTER JOURNEY.

The annual reports just issued from the Army Medical Department comprise one from Dr. Muir, Inspector-General of Hospitals, on the overland transport of British troops to Canada in the winter of 1861-2, on the occurrence of the Trent affair. The garrison of Canada, consisting then of about 3,000 men, was suddenly to be raised to between 10,000 and 11,000. Halifax, with its magnificent harbour and easy access, was fixed on as the rendezvous, and comfortable quarters were provided there for the men; thence they were conveyed in small steamers across the Bay of Fundy to St. John's, New Brunswick, from which point the journey to Riviere du Loup, the terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway, was made in sledges. This land journey of 310 miles occupied from 10 to 13 days; and for weeks the gloomy track was aroused from its wintry stillness by an almost continuous stream of life across its frozen surface. Medical officers arrived at Halifax from England at Christmas, and were immediately dispatched to stations along the line of march, a small hospital establishment being formed at each of the nightly halting places; each detachment was also accompanied by a medical officer. Except at some midday halting-places, it was found that the men could be comfortably billeted en route, without erecting long huts. They arrived at Halifax well equipped by the home authorities, and bringing with them all possible provision for preserving them in health and efficiency. Each man had a scalekin cap with ear flaps, a woolen comforter, two wool Jessies, two pair of wool drawers, chamoise leather vest, long woolen stockings, scalekin mitts, and Jack boots; and at Halifax a pair of blankets and a pair of moccasins were added, and the sleds were provided with two or more buffalo robes each. They moved in detachments of 150, and the first party left St. John's on New Year's Day. The sleds were drawn by two horses, and contained eight men each, placed *vis-a-vis*, the bottoms being filled with hay or straw. The men were not allowed to loiter or lounge about before getting into them, but passed from their warm rooms to their seats charged with as large an amount of caloric as they were capable of imbibing. During the journey they were encouraged to get out and run alongside in turns, in order to maintain their animal heat. They started between seven and nine o'clock a.m., and generally reached their halting place for the night in about nine hours. They had a hot meal before starting, another with coffee or tea at the midday resting place, and a hot substantial supper awaited their arrival at their billets for the night. The command of telegraphic communication was of unspeakable advantage. *Half a gill of rum was included in the rations, not from any belief in its necessity or even suitability, but because, being considered by the soldier as his summum bonum, the prospect of it was thought likely to stimulate and encourage him, while its small quantity could exercise no prejudicial effect on his health.* The rum was served out either at the midday or supper meal. Some delay was occasionally caused by snow storms, and the road through New Brunswick was very bad; but in Lower Canada the Government had kept it open by snow ploughs and rollers. The weather was on the whole unusually mild. Several medical officers note the thermometer as having touched the low figure of 25 degrees; but, as there was little wind at these times, the effects of so intense a cold were comparatively little felt. The health of the men was excellent. Of a force of nearly 7,000, not more than 70 claimed admittance into the hospitals en route, and nearly all eventually returned to duty. *Excluding two fatal cases directly attributable to excess in drinking, only two men died—one from pneumonia through hard drinking, and one from enteritis.*—Eleven cases of frost bite occurred, but only one man was seriously injured—both his hands required amputation. Of the seven cases of pneumonia all got well with the exception of the fatal case just mentioned. The other affections were trifling attacks of diarrhoea, occasioned by drinking, to which not a few gave themselves up when they had the opportunity. Such a journey in mid-winter was an operation of some peril, and called for forethought and similar precaution; but the arrangements were eminently

successful. Dear-bought experience bore its fruit; our military organization was proved equal to the sudden strain, and the men were placed in Canada with rapidity, in excellent condition and fit for taking the field.—*Times*.

Thirty Years Ago—1834 and 1864.

The formation of societies on a principle excluding all use of intoxicating liquors as beverages, began thirty years ago; and a generation has been called to witness the power of that principle on public morals and social life. That the Temperance movement has proved itself a power none will dispute. Opposed though it was to the customs of ages, to popular fallacies, to habits of self-indulgence, to a perverted exegesis of Sacred Writ, and to an iniquitous traffic, it soon gained a footing, and numbered its converts by tens of thousands. Had a chronicle of its effects been kept, the world would be amazed by learning what it has gained by the diffusion of a principle with nothing fictitiously attractive about it. It offered great blessings, but many mocked, many doubted, and many had not the courage to pay the price. Thirty years' experience have put certain points beyond all reasonable dispute; among which are—that the most abandoned drunkard is not past rescue; that it is physically safe for the most besotted to abstain; and that total abstinence is for all purposes of health and labour superior to 'moderation.' A spur has also been given to scientific inquiry into the uses of alcohol, and the latest verdict of science coincides with common experience in pronouncing alcohol unfitted to make blood or purify blood, or to give vigour to muscle or nerve; that, in truth, it is an intruder and assailer of that most sacred of all temples—the human body.

The gain to the wealth of the country from the perfect sobriety of so many thousands during the space of thirty years must have been of surprising magnitude. The industry exercised and savings acquired cannot have been without a sensible influence on trade and commerce. The abstainer, *ceteris paribus*, is both a greater producer and consumer of wealth than others, and thus by bringing more work into the market, and by purchasing other people's, he helps to make his country richer than it would have been.

On the moral state of the community the impression has been still more apparent. Intemperance is not only immorality *in esse*, but contains an infinity of immorality and misery *in posse*. To cure intemperance and to prevent it is, therefore, to elevate all moral feeling, and depress the springs of vice and crime. It is impossible that abstinence should produce moral evils, and it averts them in countless instances by removing the conditions which render their growth in the social evil so easy and prolific. In regard to the one vice of intoxication, temperance societies have done more to antagonise it in thirty years than all christian churches had done, without the temperance principle, in thirteen centuries; not because the churches were incompetent to the task, but because they did not employ the means necessary to its accomplishment. When we consider that every abstainer cannot even approximately be a drunkard; that his example is most powerfully opposed to all that can encourage intemperance; and that his own children, and those of many non-abstainers, have been trained by his influence in abstinence habits; and when we consider that these effects have attended the conduct and example of myriads of men and women, the aggregate of all these

efforts must be allowed to transcend all that could have been expected thirty years ago.

It is the humour of some writers and speakers to deny to the temperance reform any share in that improvement in after-dinner manners, which characterises the upper classes compared with their ancestors. If this improvement has not been caused by Temperance societies it has found in them a valuable auxiliary, and might earn from them a secret which would place it above the fluctuations of fancy and fashion. That improvement, indeed, is very far from being so radical or extensive as some pretend, and is hopeful to the extent only to which it recognises the inherent danger and folly of tampering with strong drink, and of seeking pleasure in the wine when it gives its colour in the cup.

What thirty years would have effected had all classes of British society taken up the Temperance principle, it dazzles the imagination to conceive. Thirty years of freedom from all the consequences of drinking, in all its degrees! No social revelation the world has seen would have equalled that which would now have been realized. The example of Ireland for a few years—though even there the gentry, aristocracy, and clergy mostly held aloof—afforded a glimpse of the golden days in reserve for a people that will make the blest exchange. Had even one single rank—the country gentry, the Christian ministry, the literary class, the mercantile order, or any other—given its undivided influence on the side of Temperance, the happy results would have astonished society. In any case the failure of the Temperance principle to do more is not attributable to any want of adaptability in it, but to a want of fidelity and enlightened self-interest in those who would not adopt it, or who abandoned it. It would be curious to know how many persons have signed the pledge in thirty years, how many have broken it, and what proportion each division has borne to the general population. Thirty years have, at all events, taught those who can be taught one important lesson—that the circumstances surrounding the bulk of the people must be altered before they can be brought or kept within the Temperance fold. The liquor-traffic must be more than ever the object of attack. It is thirty years since Mr. Buckingham made the first great assault in this direction; and when a parliamentary mine is run under the licensed system and the fusee is put into the hands of the people, we shall see greater things than many dare to dream of even now. Perseverance and energy are our great requirements, with the singleness of eye that scorns all jealousy, and the loving heart that makes the worker strong.—*Temperance Spectator*.

THE SLANDER OF TATTLING.

BY B. W. GOODHUE.

There is no class of persons so annoying to all intelligent and well-ordered people as that of the tattler, or tale-bearer—those who, for the sake of talk, depreciate and slander the character and merits of others against whom they may have some petty jealousy or spite. They are like festering sores in every community.—Wherever they go, they scatter the seeds of mischief and strife; and it would seem that even persons of good common sense were sometimes drawn into the current of this malicious fraternity of slanderers. The most peculiar trait of character which this class of venomous reptiles seem to possess, is a love or strange infatuation to feed upon the errors or misfortunes of their neighbors and friends. If but a word is dropped incautiously, or some

thoughtless act committed in a moment of innocent mirthfulness, these harpies are ever ready, like the vulture, to pounce upon them; and to rend them, if possible, into ten thousand pieces. If they can find no ailment of this kind, they will insidiously aver or hint that perhaps Mr. A. or Mrs. B. are not exactly what they should be; thus giving an impression to their auditors that something is wrong with the person spoken of, which immediately awakes a slumbering suspicion in the minds of the persons addressed, and causes them to appear cold and formal to the parties which have been thus effectually, if not formally, slandered.

It is a notorious fact, that many a worthy object has been defeated, and many a kind-hearted man and woman ruined, by the slander of tattling. An old Indian Chief is said to have wisely remarked, while speaking on this subject, that "To ruin an enemy, it is only needed that you talk about him."

There is nothing which causes so much mischief and contention in associations or families, as the contemptible practice of talking thus about our neighbors. If we can do no good of a person, we had better remain silent; for a little fire often kindles a great flame, and no one can count the cost of the conflagration when once ignited.

The tale-bearer and slanderer are to be regarded as moral and social incendiaries, who apply the torch of strife to the faggots of union and peace, thereby creating contention, disunion and war.—The writer once knew a very prosperous association to be broken up by the talking of a silly woman; and it behooves all who are in least degree liable to indulge in this kind of detraction of their friends and neighbors to put a guard at their mouths, lest they do wrong even when it is contrary to their thoughts or desires. The Good Book says: "Let your conversation be yea, yea, and nay, nay;" which implies that in our conversation we should always avoid whatever may cause trouble or mischief even in the least degree. If we regard well this precept, we will never know aught but union, peace and prosperity unparalleled.—*Temple's Offering*.

"STOP THAT BOY."

As we sat in our office one day, a few weeks ago, we heard some one calling out at the top of his voice, "Stop that boy!" and on going to a window saw the marshal of our town running past, and some distance down the street another man, after a small boy, apparently about nine years of age. A crowd was soon collected, amongst which we were one, to learn what was the matter.

It appeared that the marshal and several other men were sitting in a grocery store near by, and that while the owner was absent for a few minutes, this little fellow slipped behind the counter and opened the money-drawer. The young thief might have succeeded in getting as much change as he desired, as those in the store hardly noticed that he was present, had it not been that within the drawer was an alarm-bell, so constructed, that only those who set it are able to open the drawer without setting the machinery in motion. Of this the little fellow was not aware, and as he pulled open the drawer the alarm began to sound, which not only scared him, but attracted the attention of those in the store. The boy immediately took to his heels with the marshal after him, but was soon overtaken and caught.

The little fellow seemed to be very sorry for what he had done; and as he sat on the police-officer's knees, bitterly weeping, we

pified him from our heart, although he are not able to say whether he was the more sorry because he had made an attempt to steal, or because he was caught in the attempt.

He protested that this was his first offence and also confessed that an older boy put him up to it. How this is we cannot tell but the first words we heard, "Stop that boy!" are still ringing in our ears.

There is a boy associating with "low-down fellows of the baser sort;" and just as sure as "Evil communications corrupt good manners," so surely will that boy soon be as bad as the worst of his comrades. *Stop that boy!*

Another finds pleasure in the company of those who lie, swear, and profane God's holy Sabbath. This boy will soon take an active part in all the vices of his companion, and swiftly rush down to ruin if not reuced. *Stop that boy!*

Another, again, delights to lounge about the drinking saloons, and likes to taste a drop whenever an opportunity offers. He already delights in gambling and drinking. Unless that boy is saved, he will be a pest in respectable society, and in the end fill a drunkard's grave. *Stop that boy!*

Here is another of whom a thieving spirit seems to have taken possession. He may at first only steal a marble from his comrade, or a few apples from a neighbour's tree, but unless that boy is stopped, he will soon break into houses, rifle drawers, and end his career as a convict in the state prison. *Stop that boy!*

We only hope the little fellow we spoke of above will keep the promise he made to the Marshal, and never make another attempt to steal; for we fear he would not get off so easily if caught a second time.—*Children's Friend (American).*

BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

We were crowded in the cabin;
Not a soul would dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter,
'To be shattered in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,—
For the stoutest held his breath;
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with death.

As thus we sat in darkness:
Each one busy in his prayers,—
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"I'm 't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land!"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer;
And we anchored safe in harbour,
When the morn was shining clear.

THIRSTING TO DEATH.

It ought not to be forgotten by any one liable to shipwreck, that thirst is quenched by soaking the clothing in salt water twice a day, or even oftener, and allowing them to dry upon the person. A noble and humane

old sea captain Kennedy, published this statement more than a hundred years ago; yet it is very doubtful if two persons out of any company taken promiscuously, are aware of so important a practical fact, to which the generous captain attributed the preservation of his own life and of six other persons. If sea water is drank, the salty portions of it are absorbed into the blood and fires it with a new and more raging thirst and a fierce delirium soon sets in. It would seem that the system imbibes the water, but excludes all the other constituents. It is known that wading in common water quenches thirst with great rapidity. Persons while working in water seldom become thirsty. And it is further interesting to know, that however soaking wet the garment may become from rain or otherwise, it is impossible for the person to take cold if the precaution is taken to keep in motion with sufficient activity to keep off the feeling of chilliness, until the clothing is perfectly dried or facilities are afforded for a change; but in changing the garments after a wetting it is always safest and best, as an additional safeguard against taking cold, to drink a cup or two of some hot beverage before beginning to undress.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE DOG OF SANDAY.

A YACHT was wrecked off the Island of Sanday (Orkney) in the early part of May, 1861. "A Newfoundland dog seeing a poor fellow struggling among the breakers, leaped into the sea, and having seized in his mouth the upper part of the man's jacket, bore his head up and swam ashore with him."—*Orkney News-piper.*

All day the furious tempest raged
Along the Pentland shore,
And the surges broke like green wood smoke
On the cliffs of Skerryvore.

The sun was sinking in the west,
Lurid and red sank he,
While a little band stood on the land
And gazed along the sea.

The farewell gleam of dying day
Shone on a sailor's form,
As he clung to the deck of a surf-swept wreck
That drove before the storm.

"Alas! alas!" the gazers cried,
As darker grew the sky,
"Must he find a grave 'neath the rushing wave?
"What a dreadful death to die!"

A giant billow sweeps the deck;
He has loosed his hold at last!
And his drowning cry came shrilling by
Upon the stormy blast!

See! there speeds a dog with leap and bound
Adown the rugged steep!
Ere the eye can wink from the rocky brink
He plunges in the deep!

High on the waves and low between
He breasts the angry sea,
Away from the shore, through the stormy roar,
Right onward swimmeth he.

Speed, Oscar! speed thou noble dog!
Upon thy fearful path,
Speed, Oscar! speed! nor hear nor heed
The raving tempest's wrath!

He hath seized the sailor, ere he sinks,
By the jacket collar tight,
And back to the shore, through the stormy roar,
He strains with all his might.

No word is spoke nor breath is drawn
Among the little band,
As through surf and spray he breasts his way
And gains the rocky land.

They bore the sailor to their home,
Where long in swoon he lay,
And tears were shed and prayers were said
By joyful hearts that day.

Long, long in Sanday's lonely isle
This story shall be told,
And coming days shall hear the praise
Of Oscar true and bold.

—*Band of Hope Review.*

TRICKS OF THE WINE TRADE.

The United States are represented to be the largest consumers of champagne in the world, and the consumption per annum is estimated to be one million baskets.—The whole champagne district is about twenty thousand acres, and the amount of wine manufactured for exportation is ten million bottles, or about eight hundred thousand baskets. Of this, Russia consumes 160,000, Great Britain and her possessions 265,000, France 162,000, Germany 146,000, and the United States 220,000. The custom-house in Philadelphia, through which passes a large amount of the champagne imported into this country, reports only 175,028 baskets per annum. Seven hundred and eighty thousand baskets, therefore, of the wine drank in this country for imported champagne, is counterfeit—an amount equal to the whole supply of the champagne district for the world.

WHO OUGHT TO?

Few will attempt to deny that the temperance movement has been the means not only of producing a great moral reformation, but under the divine blessing, of preparing the way for the reception of those influences of the Holy Spirit which have led thousands of the reclaimed to sincere and heartfelt repentance; and if "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," how ought the Christian to rejoice over the numbers who have been thus brought to this happy experience, and how earnest should be his endeavours to extend that blessing to others!

We have each a duty to perform in endeavouring to promote, to the best of our ability, the present and eternal welfare of our fellow-men. And when we clearly see, that a means, however simple it may appear, has been so successful in reclaiming from vice and leading to virtue, thousands of poor drunkards, whilst thousands more are still staxling on the brink of a promatour and hopeless grave, shall we not be accountable if we refuse to make an effort to reclaim them which only requires the sacrifice of one needless luxury?

ALCOHOL AND THE BRAIN.—Dr. Kirk, on distilling the brains of some men who had died from drinking, obtained a quantity of alcohol retaining the smell of whisky, and burning with the usual blue flame of spirit. Dr. Ogston obtained similar results, by subjecting to distillation the brains of persons who died from alcoholic intoxication. Dr. Percy's experiments show that alcohol is conveyed with rapidity to the brain, as if this organ were its special destination.

AN APPEAL.—For the sake of health—for the sake of morals—for the sake of intellect—and for the sake of every high and sacred consideration, we urge the disuse of all alcoholic liquors! They fire the imagination, inflame the passions, make callous the heart, and sear the conscience; they rob man of health and clearness of intellect—they degrade him from his position in creation, as the representative on earth of earth's Creator, and make him an object, not of love, but of loathing—not of admiration, but of contempt; not of approval, but of condemnation, and sink him, in the end, to the companionship of the lost spirits of the nether world.—*Dr. Beaumont.*