

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

DEVOTED TO

Total Abstinence, Legal Prohibition, and Social Progress.

[Vol. XX.]

MONTREAL, JANUARY 2, 1854.

[No. 1.]

Words from over the Water,

Words to work people—The progress of the moderate drinker
—The end—The lesson—Our humble advice and hearty good wishes.

Come, honest friends, although between you and me rolls the ocean "unfathomably deep," as the poets sing, and better still, as our common sense tells us—come, I say, notwithstanding this seeming barrier, let you and I imagine ourselves to be holding a snug *tete-a-tete* over the cup so often quoted, "that cheers, but not inebriates," overlooking all differences of country, clime, or creed, as we swallow the delightful Pekoe, or jeopardize our existence by making our inner man acquainted with that revolutionary sounding article, "Fine Gunpowder."

"Very well," say you, "but what are you going to talk to us about?"

Now, in reply we beg leave to say, we are not going to charm you by our eloquence, fascinate you by our "brilliant metaphors" or direful declamation: for these we have neither the ability nor the inclination. What we wish to urge upon your attention is relative to one of the greatest questions of the day. Are you temperance men and temperance women? Aye, temperance women, what is worse than a drunken woman? workman, what is worse than a drunken wife? Is it not a curse? Is it not a "damper" on all your exertions, hopes and toils! The inspired "volume declares that "the hope of reward sweetens toil," but what such hope has the man who is spending his strength to make full the pockets and glad the heart (if he has one, which we sometimes doubt) of that sleek, red-nosed, apoplectic rum-seller who lives over the way? Many a woman is driven to drink by her drinking husband; and thus, not only involves himself in ruin, but her also whom he has promised to love and cherish till death separates them. Let us attempt to picture to ourselves such a case. An artisan lives in New York, for instance—is a good workman: seems to be steady: is getting good wages; and so far well. But he takes a glass at his dinner, at supper, and perhaps he may join a fellow workman in a dram at the store, if the morning air be chilly—that is bad, for moderation in drink is bad. Presently he rises to be foreman in his master's store, and he is sometimes seen to wend his steps to the rum shop. Some neighbors observe that he tarries longer than he was wont to formerly; that when he does appear he seems to look stupid and heavy, and one old soul goes so far as to say she really did see him hold up his walking-stick in a pelting shower, whilst he gracefully swung his 'dollar gingham' in triumphant defiance of wind and weather. Now let us go on,—let us mark his career, and from it let working men and working women learn a lesson!

He marries.—The girl that's got him doesn't know any thing about his drinking, She loves him; she thinks what a comfortable home she will have, and so on—(what won't women think?) But let us go still farther. Does the influence of a wife keep him at home evenings? Do the attractions she may possess equal those of the tap room? They do for the first six or eight months of wedded life: and then—ah, then Mary waits and wonders Silas is so late. Good, simple soul, she thinks they are busy at the store. At last in he comes. What terror seizes her! She has had her suspicions she fancied, or, at least, tried *only* to fancy, but well she knew that he had often returned home the worse for liquor! She knows what it is. The staring eye, the ghastly stare, the faltering accents proclaim in fearful manner that her Silas is drunk. Even so. Next day Silas can't go to the store. Day after day, and no Silas at the store.—The master is galled that he should have placed confidence in such a drinking rascal, and swears he shall never more darken his door. And now what is our friend to do? *Aye*, that's the question. Character gone, money gone, for he has but a dollar in the world. He has drank his wages all away by little, and now what can he and his poor starving wife do?

Need the sequel be told.

"On slippery rocks we see them stand
While foaming billows roll below."

She is now in despair. He must satisfy his burning thirst for drink. Weeks roll by—every vestige of once possessed comforts gone! They are cast on the streets. They together enter a greggery; and midnight sees them ejected from this temporary shelter; the husband, in his drunken rage, spurns from him the wife of his bosom, who, miserable and wretched, flees to the bottle for comfort?

Is this overdrawn? No. Thousands of such cases are constantly occurring. Is there no remedy?—Workmen and workwomen! if you have any self-respect, any esteem for your happiness, for your well-being and prosperity, don't hesitate, but sign the pledge. We don't say, mind you, that *that*, of itself, will keep you from the cup. There must be a manly determination, a noble resolve accompanying the act—which act itself only lets your fellowman know what you are doing.

God forbid that we under-value the pledge:—what we say is merely this—when the name of an individual is subscribed to the pledge-paper, and no virtuous resolve to carry out all that is required there, is made, there is *no pledge signed*: the hand traces the name on paper, but, as the song says, "the heart's in the Highlands" of recklessness and folly. "The heart is not there." Oh! that the working classes would but

consider the folly and misery of the drunkard's course, and learn, by the frequent examples they have presented to them, that "wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging." Statesmen prematurely end their brilliant careers, divines fall, warriors sink into oblivion, patriots grow inanimate, poets lose the light of reason, workmen beggar themselves, and for what? For drink. They love it; they are maddened to it, and, alas! scarcely one man in a hundred has the moral courage to burst the bands wherewith they are bound, asunder, or cast away the cords of habit and self-indulgence from them. Workmen, yield not to temptation. Listen to the following—

"Come in, Joe, and let's take a drink."

"Thank you, Thomas, can't afford it."

"Well, but I'll pay for it."

"Oh, I'm not thinking of the money."

"What then?"

"Loss of health and energy, for I tell you what it is, Thomas, I find it up-hill business to work steady on, under liquor. It does well enough for half an hour, and then I get lazy and moody, and want more, and become reckless, and all that. Why, I can't afford it, so here's home to dinner."

Would there were more such workmen as Joe.—Would that workmen would consider the enormous loss of health and energy which they sustain when they are not only devotees to, but moderate partakers of, intoxicating liquors. And then the pocket, aye that's the question. Workmen, your pocket will be light indeed if you are a drinker: you *know* this.—You know how much of your hardly earned wages the publican gets! Don't help to fatten him any longer; have respect for your family! Will you be robbed of your money? Will you have your wife an outcast and your children vagabonds? We believe better things of some of you.

Workmen, God has given each of us somewhat to do. Let us then be up and doing! Let us work while it is called to-day, and trust to the over-ruling Providence and the unerring judgment of an Almighty God, "to work all things together for good." But we must be active. "God helps those who help themselves." Remember, we must be one thing or the other. No go-betweens—we dislike them. We know a man now, who daily impresses upon his relatives and dependents the cause of all the world's misery and woe and, *his* work, (for he is a magistrate) as being drunk; and yet, daily sets them the "bright example" of total abstinence, by taking his glass of port after dinner, and his negus after supper!—Friends, what would you think of that man, who, whilst he entreats you not to drink the contents of a certain bottle marked "Poison," sips off the contents himself, and falls the suicide at your feet. You would call him a fool, doubtless. A madman! How many madmen there are loose! You know what we mean.

Workmen, arise! Strike off your self-wrought chains. Look higher than earth: care not for the sneers of men. Keep your eye on heaven. Condemn the rum bottle to perdition! Let your Bible take its place. Away with the cordial: out with the volume from the circulating library! Let the household god, "strong drink," be cast down from his shrine! Place there in its stead your Bible and your pledge-paper—and then, if you like, bow down and worship. Worship by your thankfulness, by your gratitude, by your altered lives.—A word and we have done.

A man went forth early in the morning—it was a misty, foggy morning, when

"The sun

Scarce spread o'er other the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines
Through the thick air."

Though the gloom the man was terrified at beholding what he thought to be a monster, but on nearer inspection, to his surprise, he found it to be a man. Soon, when the mists had cleared away and he was brought near to the object, what was his amazement when he found the man was his own brother!

Prejudice is worse than a London fog.⁵³ Through it men see beautiful objects distorted, the lovely, common-place—the ethereal, earthly: and until that mist "clears off," and until they are brought nearer to fancied horrors, they discover that it is a much tried friend they had almost shuddered at. Now, total abstinence seems to many a dreadful monster: but when the mists of prejudice are dispelled by argument, reason and calm philosophy, then will the monster appear less hideous—and who will dare assert that it will not be the angel-brother stooping to rescue and redeem.

Workmen, we have done. Workmen, ponder!—Workmen! pray you will not do this in vain. God bless you and your country, and make you and it blessings to yourselves and the world at large.—*Mass. Life Boat.*

W. C. D.

B—1, Eng., Oct. 1853.

Things to Think of, Just Now.

"We saw a young girl, some sixteen years old, carried by our office last evening towards the centre watch house, so intoxicated as to be entirely unable to support her own weight. She had been found in Milk Street. When arrived at the watch house, she awakened to a half consciousness, and one idea possessed her mind—the idea of exposure—a father's knowledge of her offence: and she called upon her mother in piteous tones for help—repeating her call of "Mother, mother," till the watchmen, used as they are to scenes of a like character, were moved by her cries. The watchman who found her had been informed by those who knew her that she had never been known to be guilty of a like offence before, and that she was of respectable parentage—and her dress indicated a good condition of life. This was a lesson for a father to see and think of.—*Post.*

It strikes us that such an event was a "lesson" for a citizen to think of, a "lesson" for Mayor Seaver and his confederates in the mis-government of our city to think of: a "lesson" for the editor of the *Post* and his co-editors, whose vials of scorn and hatred are continually poured out upon the Liquor Law and the efforts of temperance men to enforce it and prevent the possibility of such sad and disgraceful scenes, to think of. Melancholy as was the sight alluded to, it was but one of a great and constantly increasing number. It is but a few days since the daily papers contained an account of the arrest and incarceration in the watch house, of two elegantly dressed young ladies, who were in a state of furious intoxication, and whose delicate frames were so unnaturally excited by the poison they had taken, as to make it necessary to put them in a dungeon of extra capabilities for safe-keeping. It is hardly a week since we our-

selves were seated in an omnibus on Washington Street, by the side of a female in highly respectable apparel, who lurched against us with every sudden movement of the vehicle, in a manner to excite our fear lest she should measure her length along its central passage way; and who alighted at the end of her journey, in a manner to excite the pity of every looker on.

Not ten rods from the table whereon we are writing these lines, may be found, in an extremely humble and ill-furnished, yet neat and tidy apartment, a family of foreign parentage (not Irish) of husband, wife, and one beautiful little daughter. The husband sits disconsolate, nursing the meagre and yet unhealed stump of a right arm which, a short time ago, was as strong and as well-skilled for labor as any man's. He is not and never was a common drunkard, but has been accustomed to support his family comfortably and even handsomely from the wages of his work. His fault has been that he could not—when temptation was placed in his path—resist the desire for an occasional "speer." Through a singular Providence, five times when thus intoxicated he has happened before the eyes of our police—vigilant men to run after and put into safe-keeping the noxious seeds that blow here and there through the streets, while they affectionately nurse the old parent thistle of the dram shop—and five times has he seen the inside of the House of Correction in consequence. During his last imprisonment he was put about some labor which called him into attendance upon a machine which in some unguarded moment of his, tore off his good right arm almost at its roots, and forevermore balanced his books as a laboring man, with a loving and beloved family dependent upon that same right arm for bread.

He has learned a lesson of wisdom, he will tell you as he sits helpless in his little chamber dependent now (with his child) upon the pittance which his uncomplaining and affectionate wife can earn by the ceaseless tension of her laboring muscles at the washtub, he has learned a lesson of wisdom! But who that looks on him, and pities him, can turn away without new abhorrence of that municipal mis-government which permitted his weakness to be enticed and overcome by the open doors and salient odors of a thousand saloons, and refresheries, and pavilions, and pot-houses?

Citizens of Boston, what say you? Shall these infamies increase upon us? Shall our children be compelled to grow up in an atmosphere reeking with moral contagion? Our contemporary of the *Post* says the scene described above "was a lesson for a father to see and to think of." FATHER! see it, think of it! And if you feel tolerably safe about your little ones so long as you are here to guide them and guard them, remember that any morning may dawn upon the widowhood of your wife and the orphanage of your children. And then who shall assure you that the *Boston Post* of a few months or years after shall not contain a paragraph, similar to the above, recording the fall and degradation of your daughter, yet of that same beautiful girl who is now the light of your eye and the joy of your life? That is a good command of God, "take up the stumbling-block out of the way."—*Congregationalist*.

Scottish Grievances.

Of late there has been a great outcry respecting certain alleged grievances under which we have been unconsciously groaning. The fact is, we have been labouring so hard to remove grievances too palpable to

be overlooked, and too burdensome to be patiently borne, that it was not till the cry of liberty broke from the Music Hall upon our ears, that we were conscious of the base, faced injustice that was being done us. Nor are we, even yet, inclined to abandon our own way of abolishing Scottish grievances. It may be true that heraldic dishonour is done us, it may be that Holyrood, is in a sadly dilapidated condition, and that those trading on our eastern coast would be greatly the better of a harbour of refuge, but we have grievances of a far more pressing nature to complain of.

Is it not a grievance that the best bread should be 10d a loaf, while as much good grain as would feed the entire people of Scotland is being wasted in the mash tub and the still? We propose a better remedy than the Duke of Norfolk's famous pinches of curry powder, to warm the poor man's stomach. We have neither stripes for the farmers, nor prisons for speculators, nor halters for bakers; we propose the much more rational plan of abolishing the conversion of the people's bread into that which poisons their bodies and maddens their brains. Let those who uphold the drinking system pause, before they perpetuate a system so suicidal.

Is it not a grievance that the country should be burdened with jails, schools, workhouses, and hospitals for the accommodation of the victims of intemperance? Edinburgh alone, according to the testimony of the Honourable Duncan M'Laren, Lord Provost for the city, has some £80,000 yearly to pay as her share. And is it not a peculiar grievance that the abstainers, who in no way contribute to the dissipation of the country, should be, nevertheless, burdened with its support?

Is it not a grievance under which the wives of thousands of drunkards are groaning, and to which our police courts bear daily witness? What day passes without the newspapers furnishing some such paragraph as the following, which we copy, as a specimen, from the *North British Daily Mail* of the 8th ultimo?

HUSBANDS ASSAULTING THEIR WIVES.—Yesterday no less than four cases of this nature were brought up before the Western Police Court. One was that of a man named William Thomson, a forge worker, who violently assaulted his wife in a lodging-house in M'Alpine Street, for which he was fined in two guineas.—James M'Quigan, a fitter, abused his wife on Saturday night, in Main Street, Anderston. Although he did so, the poor creature appeared in court, and pleaded hard to get him off with a reprimand, an appeal to which Bailie Gilmour gave the most kind and considerate attention by allowing him to go with a promise to be kind to his wife for the future.—A labourer named Andrew Timeny was also brought up for assaulting his wife on Saturday night, in Clyde Street. When the case was called, the injured woman and her daughter, who were the witnesses, kept out of the way, expecting that he would get off, but the case was continued against him.—James M'Call, a boiler-maker, assaulted his wife on Sunday, in Piccadilly Street, Anderston, and he was convicted and fined in a guinea, or go twenty days to prison. As yet he has preferred the latter alternative. It is a sad reflection that in most if not all the cases in which a husband is punished for ill-using his wife, by the sentence the poor woman is the greater sufferer of the two. Hence the unwillingness to criminate brutal husbands, and hence it is that many suffer in silence rather than put themselves to double punishment.

We are aware that various remedies are proposed to meet this flagrant evil. Imprisonment with hard labour having failed, one journal suggests public whipping, as likely to bring these brutes to their senses; while another suggests.—“That on being discharged from prison, such ruffians should be marked in some distinctive manner, and ‘the nose dyed black.’ A fellow with such a nose is aware that every man who sees him knows by his nose he is a convicted ruffian; and let it be a penalty on any publican who either harboured in his house or supplied drink of any kind to a ‘black nose;’ and, further, that any police constable seeing a ‘black nose,’ be it ever so slightly in liquor, shall be empowered to take him into custody, with fine or imprisonment.”

We think we are in possession of a better way than either, and it is simply for the benevolent and humane, whose feelings are so grossly outraged by the occurrence of these brutalities, to abstain from the passion-exciting, wife-bearing liquor, and use their influence to induce others to follow their example. Drunkards’ hides are already sufficiently scarred, their noses are already sufficiently coloured, and their shame sufficiently proclaimed for all practical purposes.

The last grievance of which we would complain is one that concerns ourselves.—For twenty-five years we have been labouring to reform drunkards, and we have succeeded in inducing thousands to listen to our arguments, and resolve upon abstaining; but they have found the combined temptations of the dram-shop and the customs, which even the religio us sanction, too much for an appetite strengthened by long indulgence. We have laboured, too, that the young might be preserved, but their parents and friends have too successfully opposed our endeavours. What we protest against then is, that the sober and respectable, by countenancing drinking customs, continue to thwart us in our endeavours for the welfare of the community; on the one hand tempting the young to drink, and on the other tempting the reclaimed back to practices which may be the undoing of them for ever.—*Abstainer’s Journal*.

Magnanimity in Confession.

The common notion is, that the confession of an error or a fault implies weakness, especially when it is made by a superior to an inferior. The enlightened mind reasons differently, and the sacred writings inculcate a morality widely opposed, of which many pleasing illustrations might be afforded. Many have sought to damage the temperance movement, who, after repentance, have not made the open and honourable acknowledgment of J. P. Wilson, Esq., one of the managers of ‘Price’s Patent Candle Company.’ Having committed an injury by mistake, in addressing his workmen he gave the following explanation an apology:—

‘I must say a word to undo the harm which the teetotalers told me I had done to their cause by one of my cards to the boys. In that card I advised the boys to keep from spirits entirely, and to keep from beer at all times, except at meals. The teetotalers say that this was advising them to drink beer, but I never meant this in the least. I meant to leave the taking, or not taking beer at meals entirely to themselves. But as their spending money in beer between meals, and their drinking spirits at any time, seemed to me clearly wrong; I thought I had a right to interfere against these, at least so far as to give my strong advice against them. And I

did so quite in the innocence of my heart, and fully believing that I was helping you teetotalers, instead of, as you have since told me, hurting you. It would indeed be very ungrateful in me if I were to do anything to interfere with your work, for I am sure no one can look at this factory without seeing the reason there is to bless God for the good which He has done in it through teetotalism; and I will say to you teetotalers, in the words of the Bible, “The Lord send you prosperity: I wish you good luck in the name of the Lord;” and if there is one among you not yet a true Christian, may God hear the thanks of the wives and children to whom you and your cause have been the means, in His hand, of giving cheerful, happy homes, and reward you by drawing you now to Himself.”—*Ibid*.

“Keep it out of Politics.”

The rum party make many wry faces about Temperance being mixed with politics.—“Keep it out of politics,” say they; “moral suasion is the remedy for intemperance.”

Politics and rum have been “mixed” for more than a century. The caucuses which nominate candidates for office, and the elections, have, all along, been held at the grogshops; and those whom rum could influence have frequently been controlled and swindled out of their suffrages through its corrupting agency. Our elections often present such revolting spectacles as would deeply disgrace the rudest condition of savage life. On such occasions, when, of all others, men should be in the exercise of all their faculties, there is a general outburst of drunkenness. From morning till night the jingling of glasses is blended with daring profanity, reckless cursing, and filthy, disgusting obscenity. Men who come together to exercise the highest prerogative of freemen, are reduced to a condition below that of the beasts that perish! At the recent election, many of the rum-holes in which the ballot box was placed, were little better than perfect hells of drunkenness;—howling, staggering, swearing stencheries of rum cursed wretches, that would appeal the heart of the patriot, and fill the christian’s with consternation, if familiarity had not begotten insensibility to the infernal spectacle! Men are licensed, under the lying pretext of the “public good” thus to bestialize their fellow men for gain, and prostitute the right of suffrage—that dearest boon ever confided to freemen. Through such disgraceful scenes men ride into office upon the votes of mercenary drunkards. The entire influence of nearly every rumseller in the land is brought to bear upon the election of such men as will sustain their unrighteous business. Candidates for office avail themselves of their influence, and frequently go around from one drunkenery to another and “treat all the lounging loafers that may happen to be hanging about the premises. This serves the double purpose of removing any doubts of the grocery-keeper as to their entertaining a “fellow feeling” for him, and of securing the votes of some venal victims of his business. Thus is the sacred right of suffrage trampled under foot by the servile tools of the liquor-seller.

Years ago, when no one thought of prohibiting the liquor business by law, Temperance men were proscribed by rumsellers and their party. Men of the most unexceptionable character, worth, and capacity were turned out of paltry township offices for no other reason than that they were “cold water men.” They

had perpetrated the unpardonable offence of refusing to drink rum; or perchance had used moral suasion to restrain men from ruining themselves, and thus came in conflict with the drunkard-maker's business. For this "so worthy cause" they were coolly proscribed, and a rum-selling rival promoted to office in their place. These are the men who complain of Temperance being mixed with politics!—*Reformer, New Jersey.*

Three Well Dressed Drunken Females!—The Fruit of the Rum Traffic in Boston!

Shortly after the commencement of the performance at the Museum, the other evening, the attention of the special policeman was attracted to three well dressed young females in one of the slips, who, by their rude behavior and improper language, alike disturbed all their neighbors, and offended the proprieties of the occasion. Remonstrance with the girls availing nothing, officer Jones, with assistance, ejected the offenders, and conveyed them to the Center watch-house, in Williams court. It then became apparent, what was before suspected, that the females were intoxicated, being in that hilarious mood which is so frequently the accompaniment of wine dissipation.

In personal appearance and seeming accomplishments, there was about these girls an attractiveness not usually found in those of their class. Possessed of unusual beauty, with features finely chiseled, the fairest of skin, the whitest and most regular of teeth—dressed in the richest style of fashion, with elegant black silk dresses, finely wrought laces and veils, golden crosses dangling from their necks, with broaches, pins, and rings in accompaniment—a mien and carriage of person which denoted the advantages, if not once high social position—they seemed in outward person more like twin graces, calculated to arrest the attention and refine the mind of every beholder, than the giddy, reckless wantons that they were.

Arriving at the watch-house in custody of the officers, they broke forth into volleys of profanity and obscenity that brought mingled pity and disgust from all present, although alternated with ringing laughs and snatches of popular songs. They were put into one of the customary apartments; but soon, their cursing and shouting becoming so uproarious, and their *abandon* so utterly reckless, that they had to be taken by main force and conveyed below stairs into a spacious lock-up, where, with a barred iron door and a brick floor, they found their accommodations even less luxuriant than in the story above.

Even here, their recklessness was not tamed. At one moment one of the trio would indulge in a pathetic burlesque narrative relative to the murderers confined in that cell; at the next, another would break out in a gush of most melodious song, which rang through the damp cellar like strains of angelic music, the gifted—aye! truly *gifted* in this respect—vocalist, keeping time to her swelling cadences by patting with her feet upon the hard pavement, or beating with her lily-white hand upon the iron door; then, the three, in union, in blasphemous and obscene utterances, mingled with laughter, shouts and rollicksome mirth, would produce such a din in those subterranean regions, that even the old and experienced officers in attendance confessed they never before knew the like.

It was a sad sight, and one calculated to awaken the most unpleasant reflections. To see young girls, of not

more than eighteen or twenty, with such outward manifestation of talent and accomplishments, so degraded; to know that they *might* have adorned the most refined of circles, yet so cast away; to think of their early associations and connect them with their present condition;—all this was indeed sad. But we have no taste to dwell on this subject. We learned the names of the girls, but, for their sakes, suppress them. They were released from confinement later in the evening, their hilarity becoming subdued as the effect of their dissipation passed away.—*Mass. Life Boat.*

The Way to Make a Consistent Temperance Man.

Never put up at a rum tavern for entertainment when there is a Temperance house kept in the same place.

Never spend much time, unnecessarily, at rum taverns, especially just before an election in your own town or county.

Never pretend to be favorable to the cause in which you are engaged to some, and then to others (the same day) unfavourable.

Never put off the Publisher, Editor or Agent of a paper devoted to the cause of Temperance, by saying to him that "I cannot pay," after he has waited perhaps 6 or 12 months, and then blame him and threaten to stop the paper. In this way you weaken the back-bone, by muzzling the mouth-piece of the press, and discourage the owner thereof—injure the cause of Temperance in your family and neighborhood.

Never refuse to lend your name to a petition to the legislature, to enact laws to prevent or lessen the sale of intoxicating drinks, for fear that some one or more persons might think less of you, or withhold his influence in your favor at a given time hence.

Never countenance in any way, in speech or action, what would go to embarrass or lower the banner which you have thrown to the breeze, and which you have pledged yourself to defend or support.

Never believe it the most consistent way to encourage or promote the cause of Temperance in your place, by abstaining yourself from Temperance meetings, which are calculated to benefit the whole community; if you feel safe yourself, then try by your zeal and presence to make your neighbors feel just as safe.

Never believe the rumsellers if they boast of victory, because they will exaggerate; if they tell you that a majority of the people are in favor of perpetuating and increasing the sale of intoxicating drinks, don't believe it.

Never believe that a majority of the people are in favor of licensing a host of persons to retail rum and whiskey, to manufacture drunkards, widows and orphans, and thereby increase taxation, crime and wretchedness in every town in the State.

A Beautiful Passage.

The following beautiful passage closes Horace Greeley's oration, delivered at the Indiana State Fair:—

"As for me, long tossed on the stormiest waves of doubtful conflict and arduous encephalovours, I have begun to feel, since the shades of forty years fell upon me, the weary tempest driven voyager's longing for land, the wanderer's yearning for the hamlet where in childhood he nestled by his mother's knees, and was soothed to sleep on her breast. The sober down hill of life dispels many illusions, while it develops or strengthens within us the attachment, perhaps long smothered or overlaid

for "that dear hut, our home." And so I, in the sober afternoon of life, when its sun, if not high, is still warm, have bought me a few acres of land in the broad, still country, and bearing thither my household treasures, have resolved to steal from the city's labors and anxieties at least one day in the week, wherein to revive as a farmer the memories of my childhood's humble home. And already I realize that the experiment cannot cost as much as it is worth. Already I find in that day's quiet an antidote and a solace for the fevering, festering cares of the weeks which environ it. Already my brook murmurs a soothing evening song to my burning, throbbing brain, and my trees, gently stirred by the fresh breezes, whisper to my spirit something of their own quiet strength and patient trust in God. And thus do I faintly realize but for a brief and fitting day, the serene joy which shall irradiate the Farmer's vocation, when a fuller and truer education shall have refined and chastened his animal cravings, and when Science shall have endowed him with her treasures, redeeming labor and drudgery, while quadrupling its efficiency and crowning with beauty and plenty our bounteous beneficent Earth."

Stability of Character.

What is more essential to the welfare, the prosperity and fame of any man, than stability of character? What is that virtue which, if implanted deep in his heart, will render harmless the thousand pointed arrows aimed at him by the arch enemy of mankind? What is that which saves him from the countless temptations which beset him in the career of life?—What is that which holds its footing on the precipices of destruction, and rescues him from falling into the yawning chasm which burns beneath, and where the unquenched waves roll ceaselessly on, in which millions of imperishable souls are confined to eternity's eternity? It is stability of character. That virtue which is more to be prized than pearls raked from the ocean's bed, gold dug from the bowels of the earth, or diamonds from the opulent rocks of Golconda. Stability of character is, to those who possess it, a broad and drastic ægis to shield them from the many snares and vices of a fallen world; a charm to him, who, being tempted to drain the venomous drink would dash its accursed contents to the earth. It is more efficacious than the magic wand of the conjured to him, who, being allured by the siren song of the abandoned, would fly the infernal spot, which blooms and blossoms as the viscid rose, but beneath whose fragrant leaves slumbers the asp, ready to inflict the death wound on him who places it to his lips.—*Mer. Ledger.*

TO MAKE A PLUM CAKE.—Take a pound and a half of flour, a little yeast, half a pint of milk, eight ounces of sugar, the same quantity of butter, and a little mixed spice; make it into a dough before you add the currants, of which put in as many as you please.

Greeting to J. B. Gough.

[Written for the Demonstration of the London United Temperance Societies, September 12th, 1853.]

BY T. BROWN.

Hail! Friend and Brother dear! To thee we bring
The well-earned laurel wreath—an offering just;
Who, David like, with moral stone and sling,
Battlest to lay Intemperance in the dust!

Courage is thine which conscious right imparts,
And philanthropic sentiment inspires—
Pathos, that wins spontaneously all hearts,
And zeal, whose arduous every bosom fires!

Mid adverse fortunes tending to the best,
Thou hast indeed a thorny pathway trod;
Now anxious, since thyself so greatly blest,
To carry on a work approv'd of God!
No diction "fashion'd to the varying hour,"
But words unstudied gush from thy heart's fount,
Full of refreshing fertilizing power,
As streams that issue from some lofty mount!

To-day we recognize thy social worth,
And hail thy presence in thy Native Land;
While from her heart the Country of thy Birth
Prays—as she gives her warm and faithful hand:—
That when at length remov'd from scenes like this,
With brow encircled chaplet of renown,
Thy bright abode may be in realms of bliss!—
And thy reward an amaranthine crown!

Cold Water Song.

BY J. E. MARSH.

In the ocean, on the mountain,
'Neath the ground, and in the air,—
Running, leaping, singing, shouting,
Water, water, everywhere:
To and fro,
See it flow,
Thund'ring loud, or purling low.

Ocean billow, darkly heaving,
Breaking grandly on the shore;
'Gainst the gray rocks chafing, fret
Sending far their sullen roar:
Reckless Sea,
Wild and free,
Image of Eternity.

On the mountain brightly gleaming,
Like a beacon-light afar;
Dripping o'er the rocks, or streaming
Down to crystal lakelet,—where
Mountain fay,
Wood-nymphs gay,
Bathe their tresses in its spray.

In the dell, now hear it tinkle,
Like a little sil'ry bell;
In the moonlight—as it twinkles,
"Many a tale in music tells,"
Of the time,
When in prime
Of youth I first heard its chime.

In the fantastic summer cloud,
That wreaths its fleecy folds so high;
Where lurks the vengeful thunder loud;
Where the subtle lightning's play:
Now it pours
Grateful showers,
On the smiling fields and flowers.

View the noble river coursing,
Onward to its natural deep;
Wayward down the rapids foaming,—
Plunging now the fearful steep:
Midst its spray
Naiad's play,
Through the live-long summer day.

Joyfully the fountain dances;
Softly falls the virgin snow;
Icy brilliants send bright glances,
Painted on the cloud the bow:
Rain and light,
Token bright,
Earth no more shall watersblight.

—*Maine Law Advocate.*

TEMPERANCE SONG.

(From the New York Musical World and Times.)

1. Let tem - p'rance breathe in song, Let each tho theme pro - - long,
2. Our sons shall now be free, And sing of li - ber - - ty,
Air.
3. When pled - ges once were vain, We try the "Law of Maine,"
4. Our cause may wis - dom aid, Its trust in heav'n is laid,

In sweet em - - ploy; Let ev' - ry soul a - - - wake;
In loud . . est strains; Our states - men in com - - mand,
Which all shall sign, Then shall our cho - rus be,
Oh! Lord our King! Loud let us vic - t'ry sing,

The tempt-ing curse for - sake, Ye drunkards cease to make un - hal - low'd joy.
Have giv - en heart and hand, Nor will they o're dis - band, Till temp'rance reigns.
The land from dark-ness free, The star of hope we see, It brightly shines.
To God our mighty King, Till heav'n's broad arches ring, A - - men, A - - men.

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 2, 1854.

The Past, the Present, and the Future.

The departed year has borne its testimony before the Eternal throne, in respect of the doings of every one of us during the three hundred and sixty-five days of its rapid progression. The character of that testimony is of vast importance to us all, and it becomes us earnestly to glance through the past and consider our ways. It is to be feared that many of the readers of the *Advocate* are not religious persons in a strict and scriptural sense, but we would seek to call the attention of all such to the solemn truth, that the time for acquiring the favor of God is short, and no part of it ought to be squandered away carelessly, or in forgetfulness of the great end of our being. Perhaps such persons have been actively engaged in promoting the Temperance cause, and in so far have done well. Let them strive to do better, and take the high ground of advocating a good cause, out of love to the Saviour of sinners, and the souls of those for whom he died. If, however, exertion has been made for the advancement of temperance from any good and sound motive we rejoice in it, and have for ourselves endeavoured to co-operate with all for the attainment of a noble object, the suppression of the vice of intemperance.

We are convinced that the past year has been one of success. Events never to be obliterated have occurred. Parliament has by a very large and respectable minority affirmed the principle of the Maine Law; that fact stands recorded, and we write with gratitude and bright hope of farther and complete progress in the not distant future. The League for the attainment of prohibitory legislation has been instituted, and in many places suitable measures have been prosecuted with vigour. The country has waked up to a sense of its duty, and we trust the opiates of a selfish policy and dread of agitation will not be so administered, as to produce the slumbers of false and dangerous security. In our quiet and unpretending way, we have striven to keep open the eyes of all men, ay, and women too; and we are persuaded that our efforts have not been in vain. For the good that has been done we give God the glory.

The present year demands unremitting exertion and persevering zeal. We have no promises to make other than what the reader may find in the prospectus. But we do mean to fulfil to the best of our ability the whole of what we have engaged to do. Every successive number of this periodical shall in some way tell upon the mind of the country. We intend to instruct and gratify our readers. We mean to give the best and soundest literature adapted to accomplish the object aimed at by our existence. The difficulties on every hand are great and formidable, but they will be overcome; for the Bible and the author of the Bible are with us. We can draw our most pointed and powerful arrows from the Divine armoury, and we shall do so.

The future is before us—the day dawns—the aspects may appear threatening occasionally, but a day of glorious brightness is before us, when the land shall be freed from

the curse of the liquor traffic. The past demands our gratitude—the present our energetic zeal—the future shall resound with songs of triumph and joy. Join with us inhabitants of Canada, in the toil and coming struggle of the temperance reform, and we shall yet be sharers together, in the blessings of enlightened and social freedom.

Prospectus of the Advocate.

It is with great satisfaction that we announce to our warm-hearted supporters, and to the opponents of our work, ay, to everybody who will read this, that our subscribers are coming forward nobly. We are far in advance of our list as compared with last year at this time. We are anxious to keep every old subscriber, and beg all such who have not done so to send on their names and cash right early. Try to persuade others to join you. Look at the Prospectus again, and see on what easy terms you can have the *Advocate* and that useful book "Mapleton." Again we urge our agents to use all diligence, and forward the lists as soon as possible. Let all do their utmost to give us the TEN THOUSAND subscribers we ask for. Our friends in the other British Provinces are invited to assist in circulating the *Advocate*. It is just the paper you want to aid you all in securing your wishes in reference to the suppression of intemperance and the traffic, which is the *tap-root* of the vice.

We shall send this number to all who now stand on our books, and perhaps the next, unless ordered to the contrary. But we do this with the firm hope that all will resolve to keep company with us for another year, if by the good providence of God we are spared. But we wish to have the names of all who mean to take this paper as soon as possible. Send on, then, without delay.

A Comparison of Arguments.

Two very respectable newspapers in England have entered the arena of contest on the principles and projects of Maine Law legislation—the *Nonconformist* and the *Watchman*. The former represents a large class of dissenters in England known as Independents—the latter is not quite the official organ of Wesleyan Methodism. The *Nonconformist* comes out against prohibitory legislation. The *Watchman* must be considered as fairly committed for the fight, under the Maine Law Banner. The *Nonconformist* professes to reply to the statement that the Maine Law does not interfere with personal liberty to drink, and says:—"If I am taken by main force, and left upon a rock incapable of sustaining vegetation, I may be told, truly enough, as far as words go, that I am perfectly free to supply all my wants—but how stands the reality? The object of the Alliance—to follow up the illustration—is not to bind the limbs, but to place them where they can be of no use—not to command "Thou shalt not drink"—but, in the majority of the cases, to make drinking impracticable. Their avowed hope of suppressing drunkenness is based upon an arrangement which will render the indulgence of the vice utterly impossible to nine-tenths of the community—and this they represent as no trespass whatever upon individual right. Suppose upon Heligoland there is but one store for bread, to which, of necessity, every bread-eater who cannot himself import, must go for the staff of life. If you tell the inhabitants they shall not eat bread, it would be, according to the argument of our

correspondents, a restriction of individual liberty; but if you forcibly shut up the store, destroy all the breadstuff found therein, and make the future sale of bread penal, you leave all the inhabitants in the full enjoyment of their personal rights. The teetotalers have tried moral suasion, and, according to their own account, succeed but too slowly. They now resort to law to do their work more quickly. What does this mean? That what they could not effectually do by addressing men's wills, they wish to do by invalidating men's wills—and yet we are to understand that they deprecate all personal coercion."

This parallel between bread and grog is very plausibly drawn, but it will strike every thoughtful person as very unfair and unsound. Bread is a necessity of life; beer and gin are not, but are an unmitigated evil. To place things so essentially different in themselves and in their effects in the same catalogue, is an intolerable begging of the question. The *Nonconformist* says the teetotalers have "tried moral suasion" and "succeed but too slowly." Granted; but we now quote the *Watchman*, who touches both that and the bread question. He says:—"When public opinion has addressed itself for a certain length of time to private cupidity in vain, when charity has pleaded long and received a final repulse, then, in some mysterious way, there comes a revelation or Providential enlightenment, which shows to the conviction of society at large that some particular nuisance, moral or physical, must be put down. For a time private interest may oppose, and form a successful league; but its arguments, character, and working become more and more odious as the contest proceeds: all good men were against it from the beginning, and all who are not lost to a sense of shame desert it in the end. Then the system falls prostrate and ruined for ever.

Such a contest is commencing now in this country. The same battle has been fought and won by the people themselves, in many of the United States, and in one of our own American Colonies. The nuisance to be abated is the sale of intoxicating drinks—the temptation presented by every twentieth house, in some of our streets, to the labouring man to spend his money for *that which is not bread*. These are the places which create a famine in a million families after the most plenteous season, and swallow up the reward of labour; which are not less relentless in their exactions during times when food is dear and employment hard to be obtained; which point the fang of hunger with poison, and set vice opposite the misery beside the extinguished hearth. These places are the council-chambers and normal-schools of crime, where old and young, the hardened and the weak, the tempter and the victim, unite in the fellowship of sin. They are the feeders of our gaols, workhouses, and lunatic asylums; they people whole streets with felons and prostitutes, and whole colonies with convicts. By them the mother-country has been brought to the brink of separation from her dependencies. They have raised one of the most difficult questions of the present time—What are we to do with our convicts? How strange that the answer has so seldom occurred,—Lessen their number, by cutting off the ordinary incentive to crime. Another pressing question is not less involved,—that of education; for what great topos can be entertained, so long as for every school there are a score of taverns?"

The *Watchman* therefore touches the real difficulty in regard to suppression. It, in effect, affirms that the remedy of the evil is next to an impossibility, while taverns remain so numerous. The *Nonconformist* dreads the idea of teetotalism by compulsion, and says:—"But no use of words can wholly conceal this palpable fact, that the aim of the Alliance is to make total abstainers by compulsion. Then, again, they tell us that society has a right to protect itself. No doubt it has—but can the process they are anxious to employ be regarded as a fair application of that right? The case stands thus—a deplorably large class, by the indulgence of a depraved habit, entail not only an enormous expense, but also a pestilential moral danger, upon the rest of the community. What does the Alliance propose? To abridge the liberties of that class? No, but to reach drunkards by a prohibition which will equally affect the liberties of every other class. A few brawlers are in the village, and they would enact a Curfew law. Unhappy women infest the streets, and they would make it penal for any woman to appear out of doors after dark. Where crowds assemble for pleasure depraved natures take advantage of the occasion, and they would forbid all such crowds. At least, these are but fair practical expressions of their principle. Now, this is but a lazy and despotic mode of warning against this world's evils. It is not society protecting itself—but a portion of society cutting short all annoyance by the indiscriminate punishment of the innocent with the guilty. "I shall whip you all round," says the schoolmaster, "and then I shall be sure of punishing the rogues." We shall make you all abstainers, say our friends, and then we shall be sure to extirpate tippling. It is beside the mark to urge that a Maine Liquor Law cannot be enacted in this country but by a majority—and that a majority have a right to put an end to the evil of drunkenness in any way that may seem good to them. We deny the assumed fact, and we deny the doctrine attached to it. Laws in this country have been, and may yet be, passed by minorities—and, where there are majorities, they have no right to impose on minorities laws which are not called for by justice or necessity. Moreover, as it appears to us, the remedy suggested is not the one called for by the evil to be eradicated. The evil is tippling—and tippling is induced and ministered to by the sale of intoxicating drinks at certain licensed places only, and in small quantities. If law be resorted to at all, with a view to stop the mischief, it would seem most feasible, and least arbitrary, to urge a change which would include in its scope no more than the mischief. If the Alliance had proposed to render the sale of alcoholic beverages in certain retail quantities illegal, and to prohibit, in every case, the drinking of them on the premises of the vendor, they would have had a stronger case, and would probably have enlisted a larger amount of public sympathy than now. Even this would have been a very galling interference with private rights. But the remedy proposed by the Alliance is a blow really aimed at the practice of taking intoxicating drinks, not at the habit of drunkenness, and would strike indifferently the sot who frequents the public houses, and the sober man who has been accustomed to drink, and be thankful for his glass of beer at supper.

Very sympathetic with the man who likes his beer at supper; but what about the millions, who, through drink, are obliged to go supperless. "Is it," says the *Watchman*, "in-

fatuation to preach a crusade against these pest-houses, which proclaim every one of our cities to be a city of the plague; or is it not rather by some infatuation that we have tolerated them so long?" "But," again says our Methodist contemporary, "the proposition is not so stringent as such objections would imply. Private dwellings were not the subject of legislation in the Maine Law. Houses of refreshment would still be found open by the traveller, and by the homeless city clerk. It is only proposed to make their comforts universally accessible on other terms than the expenditure of money in alcohol and beer. Ardent spirits would still be procurable by those who really needed them, (a number much smaller than is commonly thought,) but not from persons who had a direct interest in their adulteration and their immoderate use. It must be admitted that there would be less malling and distillation: which is as much as to say, that a less quantity of food would be turned into poison, that the cultivation of other cereals and crops would partially displace that of barley, and that we should be less dependent on foreign countries for corn, which would be cheapened in some proportion to the saving of what is now expended in distillation. In short, the price to be paid for the object advocated, is not enormous, or itself entirely without any set-off or compensation. Then there remains all the moral and social compensation. Within the same year in which the Maine Law was carried, the prisons of that State were nearly emptied, the burden of poor-rates and police-rates was lightened, the people who had themselves carried the law became at once sober and orderly, no tumult, no single exhibition of drunkenness appeared in the street, and very soon the traffickers in alcohol found other employment both for their capital and their labour."

After stating that the question of prohibition is one not of morality but of revenue, the *Nonconformist* thus concludes:—"Practically speaking, the proposal of the Alliance is to put a stop to the alarming evil of drunkenness by rendering access to intoxicating drinks impossible to the bulk of our population, sober and drunken alike—and to do this by the compulsory agency of law. The evil to be met and overcome is confessedly a prodigious one—whether the contemplated remedy will, in the long run, prove to be the wisest that could have been hit upon, remains to be seen."

For our part we should be glad to find that a better plan can be hit upon. We contend that in principle a wiser and better plan cannot be found. However, as the *Watchman* observes, "The contest is now commencing in earnest," and then thus concludes:—"That it will eventually be triumphant here, as elsewhere, there is more reason for hope than doubt. But that there will be formidable difficulties, that it may be long before Government can be persuaded to deal with so gigantic an evil, which pays, as vice is ever ready to pay, so immense a bribe for impunity, must be admitted. So long as every twentieth house in our streets is a gin-shop or a tavern, so long will government never want an inducement to protect the system on the one side, nor the men who have resolved to destroy it, an argument on the other. We need not say that we trust the latter will carry on their proposed reformation with wisdom as well as with energy. The object is to abate a proved and public nuisance, to put down that which is itself a national crime, and the source of innumerable other crimes, miseries, and calamities. Their prin-

ciple is indisputable—*salus populi summa lex*. The chief difficulties are, that those who are now preying upon the vitals of the social system must be induced to get their living by more honest means; and that Government must cease to give them protection upon the terms of receiving a share in the plunder. In former movements, professedly leading to the same ultimate object, there have been extravagances, and we think even errors of principle, which have kept many good men aloof. But only by some extraordinary mismanagement can the same difficulties be imported into the present question. The principle is perfectly clear, and there need be no infringement of private liberty or dictation to private conscience in its advocacy."

We give this comparison of arguments, found in the columns of two very respectable papers, for the purpose of allowing our readers an opportunity of calmly reflecting on the respective merits of the writers. We fear not the result. The long silence of the *Watchman* is broken, and we rejoice to find that paper substantially sound. The *Nonconformist* will come round before long, and every religious paper on both sides of the Atlantic will soon harmonize, inasmuch as it is impossible, successfully to resist the principle—*salus populi summa lex*—the safety of the people is the supreme law.

Books and Periodicals.

The Temperance reform is now calling into existence a higher order of appropriate literature. "Mapleton" is one of those sound and useful books required by the times. The edition we prepared for Canada is not yet all sold. What a pity it is that 20,000 are not scattered all over the country. We have before us another good book, entitled "The Mysterious Parchment; or, Satanic License," dedicated to Maine Law progress. It is written by the Rev. Joel Wakeman, and contains 323 pages, 12mo. We have read every word of it, and can conscientiously recommend it. It is published by John P. Jewett & Co., of Boston. It is hardly to be considered a book of fiction. In his preface, the author says, "Indeed, some of the most horrible and shocking which are mentioned are true, with little or no variation, such as the death of Howland, by falling from the bridge, Philip Hopkiss, who froze to death, Philip Saxburg, who fell in the fire and burned to death, Davisor's son, who was killed by drinking too much whiskey, Mrs. Sturdevant, who was knocked down, her flesh and limbs hacked with a sharp knife by her husband, which resulted in her death, Jenks taking the half bushel of corn meal from Rigden for rum, and pushing away his wife, telling her he had a license, and many others mentioned in this work are true, and are given without embellishments or color." We can well believe that statement, and are persuaded that the wide circulation of this book will aid the glorious work of reform, assist in getting the Maine Law, "which," as the author says, "is the only sure remedy in the wide range of human instrumentality."

Of Magazines the only one for January, 1854, which has reached us at the present time of writing, is the Magazine devoted to Literature, Art, and Religion. Abel Stevens, Editor. Publishers: Carlton & Phillips, New York. This interesting monthly begins a new volume with uncommon energy, and a pleasing variety of valuable literature, adapted to benefit and gratify all classes. It is to all intents and purposes a family magazine, and may safely be placed on the parlor table, and in the hands of young people. The engravings are rich and chaste, and in this one number there are no less than twenty-six illustrations. The Edi-

torial varieties give a great deal of information in small compass. In that department we find in the number before us a capital defence of the Maine Law, with Mr. Stevens' experience and observations of the working of the Law in Maine and Massachusetts. He gives John Neal his "bit- ters" and Neal Dow the honor that justly belongs to him. The law is successful where it is not lawlessly trampled on by the authorities. But, to return to the "National," it has our hearty commendations; and we are sure this New Year, that parents will do well to make a present of it to their children, for family reading, instruction, and amusement. The Agent for Montreal, or any part of Canada, is Mr. E. Pickup, 32 Great St. James Street. The price is \$2 per annum, and the postage on each number only about three pence.

Temperance Groceries.

It is much to be regretted that there are so few of these in this city of Montreal. Those in the grocery business who, from principle, decline selling liquor, ought to be sustained by the Temperance public. They do undoubtedly make pecuniary sacrifices by abolishing the liquor-barrel from their premises, and it is not consistent in those who desire the annihilation of the traffic, to procure their teas, coffees, sugars, &c., at places where bad liquor is sold for the further vitiation of bad appetites.

The other day we had a small bill put into our hand from the house of Struthers & Cochran, 109 Notre Dame Street. It concludes thus: "P.S.—As they neither sell nor use intoxicating liquors, they especially solicit the patronage of the Temperance public." We say, let them have it, or, at any rate, a fair share of it. All their goods are guaranteed sound and pure articles. It might be thought invidious, if we commended these alone. We hope there are many other grocery stores where no liquors are found, but we only know of a few. There is the wholesome store of S. Mathewson & Son in McGill Street, and there is the variety store of E. C. Longley in St. Lawrence Maine Street. If there be others, which we think there are, let us know the fact, and all shall have an equal share of our editorial commendations. We do not allow much space for advertising, but as our circulation is larger than any other paper in this city, perhaps larger than any other in the country, we are sure all persons would find it to their interest to make known their business through our columns. We say again, let good temperance stores be sustained by the temperance public.

The Approaching Elections.

Mr. Stephen Young asks the suffrages of the Electors of the East Riding of the County of Northumberland, and is to be considered a candidate for Parliamentary honors in the New House. In his Address he says, "As some of the questions now agitating the country may be disposed of during the next Session of Parliament, I have therefore made no reference to any subject requiring legislation, &c." It is possible that the Prohibitory Liquor Law "may be disposed of;" but it may not be, and we hope the Electors of that part of the country addressed, will ask Mr. Young's opinion respecting the Maine Law. That is the great question, and if obtained next Session would require guarding against the enemy every succeeding Parliament.

Mr. Kellogg at Huntingdon.

During the past few years the cause of Temperance has been rather languid in this place. The Sons of Temperance no doubt have been nobly struggling against the common foe, when on the evening of the 13th instant our esteemed and faithful friend Mr. Kellogg (as it were) came to their relief, and delivered a Temperance Lecture in the Academy Hall, which was crowded to the door. The Lecture was delightful. The speaker portrayed the evils of intemperance in their deepest colors; his arguments were powerful; his illustrations beautiful; and the whole was delivered with that pathos which has an effect. The result was that at the close of the meeting above 100 signed the pledge. As the Hall could not accommodate the whole, the Rev. P. D. Muir kindly offered his large and commodious Church for the meeting on the following evening. After another appropriate and splendid Lecture about 100 more signed the pledge. At the close of each Lecture a collection was taken up, which in total amounted to £3 19s 0d, which I have enclosed.

WILLIAM GRAHAM.

Special Notice.

The *Advocate* has been detained in consequence of the impossibility of crossing the St. Lawrence for some days past. We hope there will be no delay hereafter.

We understand many warm friends remonstrate against the enlargement of the *Advocate* as proposed. They seem to wish it should retain a uniformity, for the sake of binding two years together. It will therefore be seen that we have only added to the length of the column just so much as may not interfere with the notions of our ardent friends. We hope our new dress and ample corporation will give satisfaction.

Mr. Gough in the Metropolis.

Mr. Gough made his re-appearance in Exeter-hall on Monday, under the auspices of the London Temperance League. Evidently, says the *Weekly News and Chronicle*, Mr. Gough is as popular as ever. Though sixpence was charged for admission, there were some 2,000 persons present. Dr. Ellis, of Sudbrook-park, presided on the occasion, and introduced Mr. Gough, whose reception was most enthusiastic. He related a number of anecdotes of the success of the movement in the United States, and in detailing the circumstance of the conversion of certain whiskey dealers and liquor merchants, kept the audience in a roar of laughter by the quaint and humorous imitations he gave of Yankee conversation and manners, while anon the pathos with which he described some touching instances of reclaimed men who had fallen by the abuse of strong drinks to the lowest depths of misery and shame (his own case being amongst the number), moved them almost to tears. It is almost superfluous to add that Mr. Gough was warmly applauded, and that the universal approbation of the meeting was accorded to him for his address.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Gough lectured in the same building, before the members of the Young Men's Christian Association. The large room was completely filled, and the platform showed a great array of the London clergymen, and the influential merchants who take an active part in such associations. We subjoin a verbatim report of the lecture, —observing that the subject was—"Habit."

When I received the programme of the exercises of this

Association for the year, I assure you I felt a trembling at the heart unusual for me, at seeing my name associated with some of the greatest and most gifted men of this country, and when I felt that I had given my consent to speak before one of the most important Associations in England, I may say in the world, the Young Men's Christian Association, London, I would indeed have shrunk back from occupying such a position, were it not that I felt the feeblest instrumentality might be made mighty through the blessing of God to do good. I am to speak to-night upon habit, but I have never been in the habit of arranging my thoughts previous to meeting an assembly. I did think upon this occasion it was necessary to do so, and, for the past three or four weeks, I have made the attempt, but from speaking five and six times in the week, travelling, writing letters, meeting committees and other engagements I positively have had no time, and truly, if it had been otherwise, I know not that I should have succeeded. I come, therefore before you simply with the results of my own experience and observation. I shall not attempt to give you a literary entertainment or an intellectual feast such as you are used to enjoy. I only come to tell that which I know, and to testify to that which I have seen in reference to the subject under consideration. Time my friends, is too short, and that great day for which all other days are made, is too near us for me to spend time in speaking of the term habit, which opens in itself a continent of thought. Habit! why we can hardly speak of anything in connection with human life without speaking of habit. We will, if you please, treat of habit under two classifications,—good habits and bad habits. I have found by my own experience and by that of others, this difference between the two; that a good habit is harder to attain and easier to give up, than a bad one—and this, to my mind, is an evidence of the deep depravity of the human heart. A good habit requires manliness, self-denial, and firm principle to acquire; a bad habit is just to yield to the current of pleasure without principle, thought, or care. This Association is formed for the purpose of exciting an influence to save the souls of men,—and a higher position than that on the face of the earth it could not occupy. Therefore, in speaking of evil habits, let me speak of those which, in my opinion, are tending, more than any other, to the destruction of man—soul and body. I hardly know how to begin this subject, unless I bring before you an illustration. Take, then, a young man coming from a pious home, coming from all the tender, kindly associations which cluster around that sacred spot—who has been taught to pray at his mother's knee, her soft, warm hand, resting gently on his head, while he lisped his first prayer: or take him from that nursery of piety, the Sunday-school, with its priceless lessons written on his heart—and bring him into this vast city, where there is so much of good and so much also of evil.—Here he is, between the two—evil influences and good influences. He goes into one of our shops, and becomes shopman or clerk, or otherwise engaged in business. I will suppose him to have no particular religious principle, but that he has been carefully taught religious truths; and here I say to you, young men, that the effect of early religious teaching is an effect that is, in a great measure, a permanent one. I know myself the results of my own Sabbath-school instructions, and I remember the teachings of a praying mother. That mother taught me to pray in early life—gave me the habit of praying; the teachers at the school strengthened it; they stored my mind with passages of scripture; and these things, I tell you, young men, we do not entirely forget. They may be buried, they may be hid away for a time in some obscure corner of the heart, but, by-and-bye, circumstances will show that we know much more than we thought. After that mother's death, I went out into the world, exposed to its manifold temptations: I fell. I acquired bad habits. For seven years of my life I wandered over God's beautiful earth like an unblest spirit, wandering over a barren desert, digging deep wells to quench my thirst, and bringing up the dry hot sand. The livery of my master had been to me a garment of burning poison. Bound with the fetters of evil habit, habit like an iron net encircling me in its folds—fascinated with my bondage and yet with a

desire, oh how fervent! to stand where I had once hoped to stand. Seven years of darkness, seven years of dissipation, seven years of sin! There I stood. "Ah," says one, "what is the effect now of a mother's teaching and of a mother's prayers, of the Sunday-school, and of early good habits." Oh! I stood there, I remember it well, feeling my own weakness, and thinking that the way of the transgressor is hard; knowing that the wages of sin was death; feeling in my heart of hearts all the bitterness that arises from the consciousness of powers wasted and opportunities destroyed; conscious that I had been chasing the bubble pleasure and gained nothing. There I stood. That mother had passed to Heaven, but her work came back to my mind. I remembered that when one night in our garret, the candle was failing and she said, "John, I am growing blind and don't mind it much, but you are young. It is hard for you; but never mind, John, where I am going there is no night. There is no need of any candle there, the Lamb is the light thereof." She has changed that dark gloomy garret to bask in the sunshine of her Saviour's smiles. But her influence was not lost. As I stood feeling my own weakness, knowing that I could not resist temptation, it seemed as if the very light she left as she passed, had spanned the dark gap of seven years of sin and dissipation, and struck the heart and opened it. I felt utterly my own weakness; and the passages of Scripture that were stowed away in my mind came as if whispered again by the loving lips of that mother into my ear. This was the influence of a mother's teaching. To the young man, I have imagined, such an Association as yours offers, in its fraternal embrace, a protection, drawing him into a circle that shields him from the evil influences surrounding him in a city of snares. I sometimes believe that not only is there a fight in heaven, but also on earth, for the souls of men; and imagine that the army of the foul fiend is drawn out in array on this earth to fight against every good influence, and it is by presenting vice in its most attractive forms. A minister once said to me, "If every young man would only write up over his office-door or any place where he would be sure to see it, just this simple line, 'No man was ever yet lost on a straight road; there would be less going astray. There is but one right road, and every other leads out of it.'" Good habits are a straight road, and all others lead to destruction. I will speak now of one bad habit in particular, and that is thinking wrong. Perhaps the young visitor to London, whose case I have imagined, may be invited by some friend to go to the theatre. I know some people say that the theatre is not necessarily a school of vice; but in my experience, young men, I have found, that, in the theatre, piety and religion and virtue are almost always held up to ridicule. You take the praying, consistent Christian; if such an one is represented on the stage, he is represented as the sneak, a mean fellow, as a prying Cantwell or Mawworm; whereas the dashing, reckless, seducing high-liver is presented as a gentleman with every quality under the sun. The young man fresh from home sees these representations; he does not see the grosser vices or hear the bold word of blasphemy—or they would startle him, and he would not go again. But he hears the covert sneer at serious thoughts, and quotations from Scripture in terms of ridicule and contempt. To pray is to cant, to be conscientious is to be a sneak, and to be consistent is to be a fool. He sees all this. Perhaps it startles him at first, but there is music, and flashing lights and splendid elocution, or fine dramatic power, and if of an excitable temperament, or fond of eloquent declamation or oratory—it has its charms, and he goes again and again. What is the effect? Its first effect is to break up the good habit of prayer. I have ever found it so in my own experience, and in the experience of others. I never yet went to a theatre and then knelt down to pray that night. No, not ever in my experience. Again, it brings him into the excitement of the world. He lives in a world of excitement. I often think, as I see it inscribed in our theatres, that they "hold the mirror up to nature;" that mirror is either concave or convex, or a poor piece of plate-glass, for I have seldom seen Nature represented there except very much distorted indeed. The youth

man, I say, lives in a world of excitement, and then the services of the sanctuary and the prayer-meeting become to him tame—are not exciting enough. What is the evident consequence of this? I believe, young men, I believe that most of the scepticism, so-called in this land, is produced, first, by the deviation from the right way, and then from the consciousness that the way is a wrong one, and a desire to get rid of the responsibility. I don't mean that bold brazen infidelity which openly says that God is matter, and that there is nothing else. I don't mean the atheism which prompted the poet Shelley to write in the album at Mont Anvern "*Atheos*," but the rejection of the religious truth sufficient to lose a man his soul. Let the young man break the Sabbath, or go into our drinking saloons, casinos, or other such places of public amusement. He knows he is doing wrong. Now, there is no happiness without perfect security, and we are placed here in this world to be happy. Sources of enjoyment are above us, about us, beneath us. To be happy! Capacities for enjoyment, worthy of God to give and man to receive. Young man! did you ever, in your life, stand up, and, clapping your hand to your breast, say, "I am a man, and not an animal?" There is no loveliness in the flower to the mere animal, but there is to me! There is no beauty in the landscape to the mere animal, but there is to me! There is no glory in the sunset to the mere animal, but there is to me! I see day go out in a flood of glory; I see the clouds tinged with the golden light, and my heart glows with a consciousness of enjoyment; but the mere animal lifts its dull eyes, and gazes around with a brutish meaningless look and sees no beauty. No! there is no grandeur there,—no sublimity, no beauty there. Where, then, is it? *Here!*—(clapping his breast). *Here!*—in my soul,—an urn full of light, shedding rays on all creation, and making it beautiful. Sublimity tabernacles not in the chambers of thunder, nor rides upon the lightning's flash, nor walks upon the wings of the wind, but man's spirit up there yoking itself with the whirlwind, riding upon the northern blast, scattering grandeur and glory around it on its upward, wondrous, circling way. But there are other sources of enjoyment that God has given to us. Take some glorious book, and, as you converse with the spirits of the departed, turn over leaf after leaf, your body here, but your spirit roaming in regions hitherto unexplored by you. Take God's book, that Holy book, and read it year after year, and you will always find something new and delightful and sublime. It never is an old book where one reads it looking and wishing to enjoy it. We are all seeking for enjoyment, and it is a lawful seeking,—but there is no happiness, as I said, without perfect security. The proverb says that the righteous "has hope in his death,"—but some will say, the infidel, the mere worldling has hope: Yes, but their only hope is, that the Bible is not true. The Christian is the only being on the face of the earth that can meet death with a smile, and can have hope in his death, fully believing in the inflexible justice of God. I and my companions had acquired bad habits. We felt ourselves unsafe. We had heard and knew of those who believed that God was too merciful to punish us eternally for the sins and evil deeds extending over so short a space of time as the human life, and we thought it an exceeding comfortable doctrine, if we could only get hold of it so as to be satisfied of its truth. I know that we glared greedily over the Bible to find a peg to hang a hope upon, that we might hold our enjoyments that were sinful. We tortured particular texts, and stretched certain passages, but I for one could never find it. The next point was—for man is progressive; he must be going on,—he cannot stand still—he is either getting better or worse,—we began to destroy or to attempt to destroy the conviction we had that the Bible was true. There it was said, "Rejoice, Oh young man, in the days of thy youth," and so on; but "remember that after all these things there cometh judgment." We did not like that. "The soul that sinneth it shall surely die,"—we did not like that. We could not enjoy ourselves as we wished, believing that. We must undermine it,—and how did we set to work? We put on one side every evidence of Christi-

anity,—went to work to pick flaws in the characters of professors of religion. "How inconsistent," we said, "is such a man? How short he falls of his profession!" And then we took to Volney, and Voltaire, and Taylor. We strove to cram ourselves with scriptural errors and contradictions, as a boy at school crams himself with a particular branch of study before an examination. In such a way we crammed ourselves with infidel sentiments; we drugged conscience with bad habits, and then walked out into the world, full-fledged infidels, just as I verily believe nine-hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of the so-called sceptical young men of London do at this day. We tried to make ourselves believe that we didn't believe, and couldn't. Therefore we got very angry at every influence that disturbed us, and spat our venom on the Bible, the religion of the Bible and its ministers. Now I maintain that scepticism was engendered in us by the power of evil habits having become a fascination. These evil habits are, in my opinion, the influences and instrumentalities which are doing more than anything else to ruin men's souls. I have spoken of the habit of thinking, and of the habit of visiting scenes of demoralization. I will now speak of another habit, which, I believe, is more than any other, debasing, and degrading, and embruting to a man, both physically, intellectually, and morally. I am not going to give you an address full of my favorite theme, but I must speak of it. I must speak of it before this assembly, for I shall never see you again till we meet on that day when we shall see things as they are. Let me speak of one habit, which, in its power and influence and fascination, seems to rear its head like a Goliath or Saul above all its kindred agencies of demoralization,—I allude to the habit of using intoxicating liquors as a beverage, until that habit becomes a fascination. But allow me to give my opinions upon these points freely. I consider drunkenness not only to be a moral evil, but also a physical evil. A physical evil; and it depends a great deal more upon the temperament, and constitution, and disposition of the young man, whether, if he falls into the drinking usages of society, it becomes a habit or not, more than it does in his strength of mind or firmness of purpose. Here is an illustration which I have used more than once, and when I find a better, I will give it up. Take three young men,—place them in the same position in society—in the same establishment if you please—and I will ask you which of the three is most liable to form the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. Let me describe them—We often meet men amongst us of a cold, phlegmatic temperament; they seldom laugh or cry about anything. They have feelings as other people, but are moderate in all their manifestations. Constitutionally moderate men. They have always been moderate, and always will be. They are very much like a lot of tunes boxed up in a barrel organ. Turn the handle, and you get the tunes without a variation for twenty years, save perhaps a few cracks in the notes—nothing else. That man's temperament stands between him and excess. He always wants a joke explained to him, before he appreciates it. He is moderate in his affections, and it is very hard to offend him. Sharp, indeed, must be the arrow which can penetrate the thick bosses of his impenetrability. This man may use intoxicating liquors without injury. I am not speaking, observe, of converted men. I read in the *Christian Almanac*, the other day, of an old gentleman who said to his friend, "I have drunk a bottle of wine a day for twenty years, and have enjoyed good health." "Ah!" said his friend, "but where are your companions?" "Oh!" was the reply, "I have buried six generations of them." Yes, young men, that's it. Let many here to-night look back upon the fate of the companions of their youth, let the long fingers of the memory draw into that memory's chamber the forms of those dear friends, and how many would they find have gone to death and destruction through a bad habit working with an easy temperament. Take another man. He shall be close-fisted, and mean, and shabby. He shall be of a calculating turn of mind, always looking out for the main chance. Such an one as he who, upon a certain season, got up before a Christian congregation at Albany, New

York, and boasted how cheap it had been to him to be the member of a Christian church. "Brethren," said he, "I am happy to say I have been a member of this church for ten years, and that it has cost me but two shillings."—The minister who heard this, rose, and addressing him, said, "Then the Lord have mercy upon your poor stingy little soul!" Take a third young man, and he shall be full of fire and poetry. He shall be of nervous temperament, and generous heart; fond of society and open and manly in everything he does. Every one loves him. That is the man most liable to become intemperate. He enters into the outer circle of the whirlpool, and throws care to the winds. There he thinks to stay, but he gets nearer and nearer to the fatal gulf until he is suddenly swept into the vortex before he dreamed of danger.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Sabbath Meditations.

Moses—His Moral Greatness.

In respect to his moral character, Moses has not always been justly appreciated. The stern lawgiver was not all sternness. Even his violent passions, for such he undoubtedly had, did not break forth at his own personal wrongs.—He thought for his nation and his trust far more than for himself, and in his treatment of the Egyptian oppressor and the rebels of his own camp there is a disinterested grandeur in his very vehemence. The poems that bear his name are wonderful alike for their tender humility and exalted confidence. He leaned upon a sovereign power as a lowly and faithful servant, and thus performing his work as under Divine guidance, he was brave and bold in his very meekness, strong not to do his own will but the Lord's. There is more truth than in these days has been generally allowed, in the old primer that called Moses the meekest of men. Humility is not the pliant, supple thing that the superficial suppose it to be. Columbus was humble, when refusing to sacrifice to the ridicule of the multitude the belief which he believed providentially given, that a new world awaited his adventurous fleet. Luther was humble, when, lifting up the Bible before the Imperial Diet, he refused to recant, and stood boldly upon the ground of the New Testament against royal threats and papal anathemas. Paul was humble, when, at Athens, and before Agrippa, and at Rome, he boldly professed his allegiance to Christ, and confirmed his allegiance at last under the executioner's sword. What, indeed, is humility, but the surrender of Man's will to the Divine will,—a surrender that may give proof of itself, now in lowly penitence and prayer, and now in bold confession and heroic daring?

Moses was the civil and religious counsellor, and this office shows the nature of his mind, the greatness of his influence. To him belongs the high dignity of devoting his life to a sacred aim, whose results only ages could exhibit. Of those previous to Christ, his name stands first among the leaders, lawgivers and prophets of our race. How noble he appears in his anticipations of the greater prophet than himself, and of the age better than his own! He claimed not to know all of God's will, nor to have exhausted the Divine light. His face, so generally associated with stern command and imperious law, beamed not seldom with yearnings for a better day. The lawgiver should stand before us, not in the self-complacent righteousness, but with an humble longing for a blessed time beyond his own best achievements,—a time to follow dark centuries of idolatry and degradation with ages of peace and virtue above aught that his own eyes had seen. His character was not unlike the rock which he smote in the desert. Within its adamantine strength dwelt a spring of living water. Who will deny him the name of the greatest of the ancient men?—*Osgood's God with men.*

THE BURDEN OF CHRIST LIGHT AND PLEASANT.

Christ's deliverance of the soul is an exchange of burdens. He finds the race heavy laden and he proposes to unbind Pilgrim's pack as he goes on his way, and replace it with what he ought for his welfare to carry.

But in speaking of those that are burdened, Christ refers not to such alone as are crushed by manual toil or goaded by physical necessities. Many are in worse labor than that of the horny fingers or the sweating brow. There are tasks and struggles which men stand to more painfully, and are worn by more dreadfully, than those of spade and scythe, band and wheel, rope and rudder. Beyond the furrow of the ground, the smoke of the furnace and tempests on the sea, his piercing eye saw the stooping of the spirit under sin, the shoulders of transgression bent through ages beneath the measureless piles of brute and human sacrifice, and round with heaps of cruel expiation. He saw it watch and droop, gazing into the dim light of scanty discoveries, such as but made bright-eyed and honey-mouthed Plato long for some navigator from the eternal shore. O, there was sa burden on the soul already! The poor, crazy murderer yonder in our asylum, hearing from the adjoining room a cry for light, and saying she, for her part, was resolved, if there were more light in the other world, her neighbor should reach it, furnishes no unapt emblem of an intellect bewildered under the burden of doubt. Wretched iniquities, too like ghosts of judgment to the wicked king, lying heavy on the soul, with the common burden of mortality that lies on us all, sinking men into the grave, and, by a hold of the heart-strings, dragging survivors after them as the downer draws those next him to perdition, or as down some inclined plane of way-side ruin slides one rank after another before plunged into the abyss,—O! before Christ came, were not the generations of men indeed laden with the huge three-pliéd burden of sin, uncertainty, and sorrow? But untying from it this burden, he would not leave it loose and irresponsible, with the levity of a feather swept about in every wind or the vanity of a vessel empty of its contents, to show that last misery of an existence in vain. Therefore, for the burden, so miserable, of false ideas and superstitious tasks, he substitutes the happy one of a true faith and a righteous labor.—*Christian Examiner.*

THE ORACLES OF GOD—THEIR INTEGRITY.

It is a matter of congratulation that the Bible has passed triumphantly through the ordeal of verbal criticism. English infidels of the last century raised a premature paean over the discovery and publication of so many various readings. They imagined that the popular mind would be rudely and thoroughly shaken, that Christianity would be placed in imminent peril of extinction, and that the church would be dispersed and ashamed at the sight of the tattered shreds of its *Magna Charta*. But the result has blasted all their hopes; and the oracles of God are found to have been preserved in immaculate integrity. The storm which shakes the oak only loosens the earth round its roots, and its violence enables the tree to strike its roots deeper into the soil. So it is that Scripture has gloriously surmounted every trial. There gathers around it a dense "cloud of witnesses," from the ruins of Nineveh and the valley of the Nile; from the slabs and *bas-reliefs* of Sennacherib and the tombs and monuments of Pharaoh; from the rolls of Chaldee paraphrasts and Syrian versionists; from the cells and libraries of monastic scribes and the dry and dusty labors of scholars and antiquarians. Our present Bibles are undiluted by the lapse of ages. These oracles, written amidst such strange diversity of time, place, and condition—among the sands and cliffs of Arabia, the fields and hills of Palestine, in the palace of Babylon and in the dungeons of Rome—have come down to us in such unimpaired fulness and accuracy, that we are placed as advantageously towards them as the generation which gazed upon the book of law, or those crowds which hung on the lips of Jesus as he recited a parable on the shores of the Galilean lake, or those churches which received from Paul and Peter one of their epistles of warning or exposition. Yes! the river of life which issues out from beneath the throne of God and of the Lamb, may, as it flows through so many countries, sometimes bear with it the earthly evidences of its chequered progress; but the great volume of its waters has neither been dimmed in its transparency nor bereft of its healing virtue.—*North British Review.*

The Best Plea for the Maine Law.

BY MRS. H. L. BOSTWICK,

Lato one evening, as I laid me
In the fire shade on the floor,
Such a trick my fancy played me,
As it never played before:
For I thought me at Columbus,
Standing by the House of State,
Where a host in countless numbers
Seemed for audience to wait.

Women—children—and no other!
Not a father nor a son;
Not a husband nor a brother,—
Women—children—every one,—
Gaunt and haggard with starvation,
Thronged the State House's ample floor;
And I deemed such deputation
Never waited there before.

There were babies, in beauty tender—
Maidens blighted in their bloom—
Nursing mothers, wan and slender—
Matrons, bending toward the tomb.
Fast they entered—never speaking;
And I smiled,—how could I know
'Twas the Maine Law they were seeking,
In their poverty and woe?

Then one spoke—"Oh, rulers! hearken!
Nor in anger turn away,
That your pleasant halls we darken
With our wretchedness to-day!
Once for us were hearth-fires burning—
Where, when daily toil was done,
To a plenteous board returning,
Came fond husband, sire and son;

"But the tempter came, and lured them
To the haunts of evil men—
Pressed the wine cup and assured them
"Only once"—and yet again—
Till at last each cheerful dwelling
Grew a bare and roofless shed;
But the poison still was selling!"
And our children cried for bread!"

"Oft we wept, implored, upbraided—
Vainer than the idlest song!
For the tempter still persuaded,
And the appetite was strong.
Now in friendless desolation
Plead we for these fallen men,—
Only bar the foul temptation,
They may be restored again."

Then a child, with sunken features,
And long fingers, slim and pale,
Toward the wand'ring Legislators
Turning, followed up the tale.

"We are vagrants—Oh, our rulers!
All your little ones, we know,
Sit in school rooms and in churches,
But we have no clothes to go!"

"Only give us back our fathers,
From the sinks wherein they lie,
So, from workshop, field and forum,
We may bless you till we die."
Then I felt my heart was bleeding,
And my eyes would overflow
For the little children pleading,
In their poverty and woe.

But I woke—and quick upstarting,
Rubbed my eyelids with my hand—
Saw the hickory laggoned arting,
And each little severed brand.
In an ashen shroud was lying,
And the taper had burned low;
Yet I heard these pleaders crying
For the Maine Law in their woe.

—Ohio Star.

WHAT MAY BE HAD FOR THREE DOLLARS.

AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made by which the *Home Journal* (which is \$2 a year,) and the *N. Y. Musical World and Times* (which is \$3 a year,) will both be furnished for **THREE DOLLARS**, to all who subscribe or renew their subscriptions before the first day of January, 1854. These papers are leading Journals of their kind. The *Home Journal* is so well known that any description of it would be superfluous. It is enough to say, that, in addition to the articles of its editors (Morris & Willis,) it is enriched by the contributions of many of the most brilliant pens now at work on either side of the Atlantic. It is, in brief, a superior **FAMILY NEWSPAPER**. The *Musical World and Times* gives over two hundred pages of choice, new music, annually, which would cost at the Stores thirty dollars; and the editor (Richard Storrs Willis,) furnishes the best possible musical instruction and criticisms on music and musicians. It also gives a vast amount of useful and interesting musical information, furnished by Lowell Mason, Thos. Hastings, Root, Bradbury and others, just what teachers, scholars, clergymen, choristers, organists and singers need; while Fanny Fern contributes one of her best original articles every week. Both papers, containing all this literature, music, amusement and instruction, are furnished for the small sum of **THREE DOLLARS**. Address either Morris & Willis, Publishers of the *Home Journal*; or, Dyer & Willis, Publishers of the *Musical World and Times*, New-York.

DR. CARPENTER,

ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF ALCOHOL,

AND

Edward Paxton Hood's British Temperance Melodies.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs to notify the friends of the Temperance cause, that he has still on hand a few hundred copies of the above unequalled Publications, which he would be happy to dispose of at a very low price by the quantity for cash.

He also takes this opportunity to request those parties who have not yet remitted for copies sold, to do so without delay, as he is anxious to close his first and last transaction in Temperance Publications.

Single copies of Carpenter on Alcohol at 1s 3d each, can be obtained from MESSRS. LESLIE, FLETCHER, and WOODALL, Toronto; PHINNEY & CO., and BARNES & CO., Hamilton; W. WILSON, London; A. MOORE, Smithville; WADE, Brantford; C. H. PECK, Prescott; CREIGHTON, Kingston; J. DOUGALL and B. DAWSON, Montreal, and Mrs. REID, Quebec. Address Post-paid.

H. W. JACKSON,

Toronto.

Toronto, Nov., 1853.

MAPLETON,

OR,

MORE WORK FOR THE MAINE LAW,

BY THE REV. DR. CHURCH,

MONTREAL.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for Sale by the Subscriber, and to be had of the different Booksellers in Town, the above justly popular and highly interesting and instructive Work, of 432 pages 12mo.

The Work can be sent by mail for 2s. 6d. currency, which amount can be remitted in postage stamps; or, if any prefer to remit a dollar, they can have in change the *Advocate* for one year.

Five copies by mail or otherwise, post or freight paid, for three dollars. The order and cash to be remitted here free of postage.

J. C. BECKET.

Montreal, September, 1853.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

(Compiled for the Montreal Witness, 28th Dec.)

Flour.—Nothing doing. A round parcel sold about a week ago at 31s. 3d. GRAIN.—Nothing to quote. ASHES.—In demand at 29s for Pots, and 27s for Pearls. PROVISIONS.—A parcel of about 100 kogs fair quality. Butter at 8d. Lard, 6½d. Quotations of Beef and unaltered.

January 4th.—No alterations to quote, with the exception of breadstuffs, which, according to last mail, has risen considerably in Britain.

**UNION TEMPERANCE HOUSE,
PORT LEWIS.**

THE Subscriber begs to inform the friends of Temperance and the Public in general, that he has opened a TEMPERANCE HOUSE at that Port, beautifully situated on the South Shore of Lake St. Francis, and trusts by strict attention to the comfort of TRAVELLERS, to make it a desirable resting place, and thereby merit a share of Public Patronage.

The Subscriber begs leave to return his sincere thanks to the public for the patronage which he received last season, and to state that his

OMNIBUS

continues to run this season, and will leave the Post Office, Huntingdon, every MONDAY and THURSDAY at half past Nine o'clock, A. M., in time for the Steamer *Fashion* on her downward trip, and to leave Port Lewis immediately after the arrival of the *Fashion* on her upward trip, on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

Parties travelling for pleasure will be conveyed to and from Port Lewis, at any time, on the shortest notice.

N. B.—Good Stabling and a careful Hostler always in attendance.

WILLIAM H. BOWRON, Proprietor.

Port Lewis, 7th June, 1853.

**CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,
1854.**

TWENTIETH VOLUME. POSTAGE FREE.

When the undersigned assumed the responsibility of publishing the *Canada Temperance Advocate*, he was persuaded that the rapidly increasing hosts of total abstinents needed, and ought to have, a medium through which to express their views, and by means of which their principles might be extended. It was his conviction that such a periodical would receive the support of those who had the real welfare of their country at heart. The *Advocate* has not been circulated as widely as it ought to have been, but the countenance given it throughout the country has saved the publisher from any material loss, and encouraged him to proceed in what he feels to be a philanthropic and Christian enterprise.

Two things are now to be kept in mind relating to the Temperance movement. First, every exertion must be made and persevered in, that by means of moral suasion and sound argument, the number of total abstinents may be increased. Secondly, every lawful effort must be put forth to secure a prohibitory law, forbidding the importation, manufacture, and sale of intoxicants, as beverages.

For the attainment of the great objects of the Temperance movement in its progressive development toward the suppression of the traffic, it is absolutely necessary to circulate sound literature; such as the publisher has aimed to disseminate for many years past. In discerning and directing the spirit of the age, the undersigned has a growing conviction that duty demands a generous and united effort for the increased circulation of this old, long tried, and consistent friend of the Temperance cause; and he is persuaded that the new volume will have a wider sphere than any of its predecessors.

All are agreed that prohibition can be attained and carried out only by and through an enlightened public opinion; and the undersigned is confident that he can supply the information which Canada needs both cheaply and correctly. He has made arrangements for the regular transmission from Britain, of the proceedings and documents of the British Alliance, and is in communication with the leading associations of the United States through their recognized organs.

Since the commencement of the *Advocate*, various forms of organization have arisen, and have done good to an extent not easily estimated. The foundations for these valuable institutions were laid solid and deep. Thousands of copies of this paper were gratuitously distributed in every part of Canada; and the original promoters of this form of temperance literature contemplate, with gratitude, the noble superstructure now beheld. While we do not pretend to be the special organ of any particular association, we have always had pleasure in noticing the origin and progress of all, and we have every reason to believe that our usefulness from the beginning of the enterprise, throughout its phases and advances, has been highly appreciated. But, as we said last year, the period has not arrived when either the *Advocate* or its numerous friends would be guiltless if they were to discontinue their exertions. On the contrary, as for ourselves we feel that the enterprise demands a vigor and zeal scarcely known in the past. The crisis is come, and for another year we buckle on our armor, determined to do our duty in conducting the temperance hosts to a victory as perfect as the infirmities of humanity can authorize the most sanguine to anticipate. Compassion for the inebriate will prompt our benevolence, while uncompromising hostility to the traffic will dictate our exposure of its iniquity.

The accomplished Editor of the *Advocate*, who is thoroughly acquainted with Temperance matters, on both sides of the Atlantic, will continue to give his attention to the preparation of every article of importance, and the *Advocate* will surpass itself in vigor, taste, and adaptedness to the times.

The Publisher has resolved to improve the appearance of the *Advocate* by lengthening its columns. He is convinced that it ought not to lapse into the mere newspaper form and character, but to maintain the high position of a

SOUND TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE.

The *Advocate* will therefore appear, on the First of January, 1854, in all its essential features as heretofore. Although augmented in size, the price will not be increased. It will be published on the First and Fifteenth of each month, at Two Shillings and Sixpence, and will be forwarded free of Postage.

Considering the great additional expenses which are necessarily incurred by the Publishers in these days of advance in the cost of every thing, each copy of the *Advocate* must be 2s. 6d. in advance; but he offers to agents and friends who may forward twenty subscribers or upwards, with the cash, a copy of that most deeply thrilling and useful work, "Mapleton, or More Work for the Maine Law," free of all charge, and a copy of the *Advocate*.

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

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

Nobody can get rich on these offers, but all may participate with the undersigned in the satisfaction of doing good.

All orders and remittances are to be sent to

JOHN C. BECKET,
Publisher.

Montreal, 22 Great St. James Street.

THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE is published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at 2s. 6d per annum—Agents receiving one copy gratis—by J. C. BECKET, Office, 22, Great St. James St.; Residence, Brunswick St., Beaver Hall, Montreal.