

Edwin A. W. W. W.

The Crummet.

"PLEDGED TO TEMPERANCE, LIBERTY AND LAW."

VOL. 1.

SYDNEY, C. B., MAY 16, 1870.

Literature.

A VERY NARROW ESCAPE.

[Conclusion.]

"Why should I trouble myself about his affairs? And who is this Bessie Raynor?"

"Never mind who she is, Mrs. Hartfield. She was a good girl before he met her. She will never be a happy woman again. Ask him about her if you doubt what I tell you, and you will see by his countenance whether he is innocent or guilty. Knowing what I do, I am bound to warn you of his real character."

"I do not require any such warning," replied Alice coldly; "Mr. Comberford is no more to me than any other client of my husband's. And I beg that you will not trouble yourself to dictate my conduct to him."

"I see that I have offended you."

"I do not like spies."

I am no spy, Mrs. Hartfield. I am an old man, and have had bitter cause to know the wickedness of the world. Your sweet face has been a kind of light to me ever since your husband brought you home to this house. God forbid the light should ever be clouded!"

He bowed and left her—left her standing in a reverie, looking absently out upon the shadowy fields beyond the little garden and winding creek. She was angry, unhappy, bewildered.

"I wish George had taken me to Paris," she thought. "He ought not to leave me alone in a dreary old house like this, to be insulted by a clerk."

After this evening she passed Mr. Morgan without speaking to him, much to the old man's concern. The days went by, and not one passed without a visit from Edgar Comberford, although in that first evening Alice had expressly forbidden him to call again during her husband's absence. He was not easily to be put aside. He knew the weakness of the girl's unschooled nature, and knew how to trade upon it. His tender talk of the life that might have been had Alice been free—his glowing descriptions of distant lands which those two might have seen side by side, of countries where the commonest life was a kind of poetry—charmed her in spite of herself. She knew the guilt involved in this dangerous pleasure, and hated herself for her weakness, and yet look forward with a dull sense of dread to her husband's return. Nothing could tempt her to sin against him, she told Edgar, however unsuited they might be to each other. She was his wife and would do her duty to the end of her life. But the tempter was not convinced.

One day she ventured to ask him about Bessie Raynor. He gave a little start at the sound of the name, but declared that it was strange to him; and Alice was weak enough to believe his assertion. It had been a mere ruse of the old clerk's to frighten her, she thought. The poor dismal old creature had tried to make her miserable about the only acquaintance that gave her any pleasure. Mr. Hartfield had been away ten days, when Mr. Comberford came in upon Alice suddenly one morning with a very grave countenance. The neat little parlor maid was only just clearing away the breakfast things when he came in, and lingered inquisitively to hear the meaning of this early visit.

"I am sorry to say I have rather bad news of your husband, Mrs. Hartfield," he said in answer to Alice's expression of surprise. "He has been taken ill with some kind of low fever, which is a good deal about now. Don't be alarmed; it is nothing very serious; but he wants you to go across to him. His doctor, a Frenchman, has written to me, but there is an enclosure for you from the patient."

He handed her a slip of foreign paper, on which there were a few lines in her husband's hand:

DEAR ALICE: Please come over to see me at once, if you are not afraid of the journey. Comberford can escort you, as he is wanted over here. Yours, &c., G. H.

"You'll not be afraid of the journey?" asked Mr. Comberford.

"Not at all, I should not mind going alone."

"But, you see, I am due there, so you cannot deny me the pleasure of being your escort."

"It is not a very pleasurable occasion," said Alice, with some embarrassment, as she twisted the slip of

writing round and round her fingers. She was wondering whether the strict moralists of Norbury would altogether approve of this journey.

Mr. Comberford gave her little time to think. He went into the clerk's office to tell Mr. Bestow of his employer's illness, and to make inquiries about the London trains. William Morgan looked up from his desk and watched him thoughtfully as he lounged against the mantelpiece reading the time-table.

There was no possibility of going to Paris earlier than by the night mail. Mrs. Hartfield would have to go first to London—a three hours' journey. There was a train left Norbury at a quarter to four in the afternoon, which would take the travellers in ample time for the Dover mail.

Mr. Comberford decided upon going by this, and left Alice in order to make his preparations for the journey. He did not, however, go back to the Hall, but fidgeted in and out of the lawyer's house several times in the course of the day on some pretence or other, spending the interval at the Crown, where he drank brandy and soda water to an extent that astonished the waiters. But in spite of all he had drunk, he looked pale and anxious when he came at three o'clock ready to take Mrs. Hartfield to the station.

Alice was just stepping into the fly, when William Morgan came out of the house, with a carpet-bag on one hand and a morocco office-bag in the other.

"Why, where the deuce are you going?" asked Mr. Comberford.

"I am to be your fellow traveller, sir; at least, I am going second class by the same train."

"To London."

"No, sir, to Paris. Mr. Bestow sends me across with papers."

"Why, what consummate folly of Bestow's! Your master is not fit for business. He won't be able to attend to anything for days to come."

"I hope he may be better than you think, sir. In any case, I am bound to obey Mr. Bestow's orders."

He spoke in a mechanical kind of tone, nor did his countenance express the faintest interest in his work.

Mr. Comberford laughed grimly to himself as they drove away with the old man on the box.

"That old fool's company can make very little difference," he muttered, and then grew moodier than he was wont to be in Alice Hartfield's company.

He brightened considerably by-and-by, when they were alone in a first-class compartment, flying Londonwards at express rate; and he succeeded in making Alice believe that her husband's illness was only a trifling matter, and that she had no occasion to be anxious about him.

"Men think so much of the slightest touch of illness," he said, "and are always in a hurry to summon their wives. We are such selfish creatures, you see, and so miserable without the comfort of a woman's presence."

And then he went on to speak of his own solitary position.

"What is to become of me in the hour of sickness, Alice," he asked, "with no one but a gloomy old house-keeper to care for me?"

"You will marry by and by, I daresay, and have a wife to care for you."

"Never, Alice. There is only one woman on earth I care for; and if she cannot be my wife, I will go down to my grave a bachelor."

"You must not talk to me like that; it is taking a mean advantage of our companionship. You know that I am with you at my husband's wish."

"Yes, you have his orders for the journey.—Poor dear George, what a fine bold hand he writes, doesn't he?"

Mrs. Hartfield did not see the sardonic grin which accompanied this trivial remark, nor did Mr. Comberford again offend her by any allusion to his hopeless passion. It was pitch dark when they reached Dover, not a star in the sky, and a high wind blowing. There was considerable confusion in getting on board, and Mrs. Hartfield scarcely knew where she was till she found herself standing on the deck of a steamer arm-in-arm with Edgar Comberford, while the lamps of Dover receded rapidly from her vision. Her companion persuaded her to remain on deck.

"There is an atmosphere of sickness below that would inevitably make you ill," he said.

"Let me find you a comfortable corner, where you can sit still all night secure from wind and weather."

He found a sheltered nook by the boxes and Here Mrs. Hartfield sat

ped in shawls and railway rugs, and that it is fellow-traveller's conversation. He lectures, highest possible spirits, and did his utmost to cheer her; but well as he succeeded in doing so, she was not make her quite unconscious of the passenger.

"I thought the steamer crossed in an hour and half," she said; "but we have surely been two hours on board."

"Oh, dear no, I think not. There's a good wind to-night, however; so I dare say they'll be a little longer than usual."

Mrs. Hartfield questioned him about the time more than once after this, but he was unable to give her a definite answer.

It was all night, he said vaguely, and his spirits mounted as the boat plunged gaily through the waters.

With the first gleam of morning they neared the shore. Their luggage was ready for landing among the first, only a couple of carpetbags and a portmanteau, which were pounced upon speedily by officials, and borne off to a building in the distance.

Mr. Comberford led Alice up the steps, and put her at once into a fly that loomed duskiy out upon them in the chilly atmosphere. He came back to her presently with the luggage, and seated himself by her side; but before he could rejoin her she had asked the driver the name of the place, and he had told her that she was in Ostend.

She looked at Edgar Comberford with a face full of terror. "What a wretched mistake!" she said; "we have come by the wrong steamer. Why did you not tell me the truth on board? But of course we can go on from here to Paris. It is only the loss of time that annoys me."

"My darling Alice, you are as innocent as a baby," exclaimed Mr. Comberford, with a triumphant smile. "We are no more going to Paris than we are going to the moon. All stratagems are fair in love and war. George Hartfield is as well as ever he was in his life, and the little note you so implicitly believed in was only a specimen of imitative penmanship by your humble servant. I wanted to get you away from that dreary old town without esclandre, my love. We are bound for the sunny Rhineland, there to forget that there is such a place as Norbury or such a person as George Hartfield."

"And you think that I will go with you?"

"My dearest, I do not think you so foolish as to resist your fate. The Rubicon is passed, and return utterly impossible. We gave your husband's old clerk the slip at Dover. He will be in Paris at seven o'clock, with the story of your journey, which will be at once set down as an elopement."

"I am not so weak or so wicked as you think," cried Alice, snatching her hand indignantly from his grasp. "Foolish and guilty as I have been in listening to you, I am not so base as to bring dishonour to my husband's name. You must take me to Paris, Mr. Comberford, or I must go alone."

"Impossible!"

"Where are you going now?"

"To a hotel. I must get you some breakfast. There is no train for Paris till seven; there is one for Cologne at the same hour, and it is by that we are to travel."

Alice looked at him in despair. "Whatever love so had I felt for him died a sudden death in this moment of your. How gladly would she have welcomed a husband's honest face! How bitterly she reproached herself for her neglect of the old clerk's warning!"

"He was my truest friend," she thought, "and I used to listen to him."

They were at the door of a hotel by this time and while the driver was ringing, a second fly drove up and an old man alighted. It was Mr. Morgan, the clerk.

Alice gave a cry of delight, and called him to the door of the vehicle.

"There has been a mistake," she said; "Mr. Comberford brought me by the wrong boat. But, thank Heaven, you came the same way. You can take me on to Paris."

"Or back to Norbury, whichever you prefer," answered the old clerk respectfully. "Mr. Comberford has a unfortunate habit of making mistakes. It is not the first time he has signed another man's name by mistake. There was an awkward business about a forged accommodation bill, some four years ago, which induced Mr. Comberford to cross the Atlantic."

"What do you mean, sir?" cried the young man indignantly.

"I mean that there is no one in the port who knows you better than Bessie Daynor's uncle," answered William Morgan. "I never set eyes on your face till you came into my master's office, but I have had your picture on the lips of a woman who loved you, and I would

then they were startled with only three legs. Ask the method you proposed. I suggest a plan to the way to escape

[Continued on Fourth Page]

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THE TRUMPET.

SYDNEY, C. B., MAY 16, 1870.

COW BAY TEMPLARISM, "HELENA" LODGE.

A report having reached the County Secretary and Grand Counsellor, Br. R. Martin, of Lavinia Lodge, that "Helena" Lodge, of British Templars, at Cow Bay, had gone down, or was tottering, a few staunch members, who were determined to uphold the order, met at their Lodge room, under the directions of the Worthy Chief, Br. W. W. Brown, who it appears recommended that as such supine appeared among the members, it was useless to continue their meetings in future, and on motion that the Lodge should be discontinued and their Charter resigned, it was put to ballot, when there appeared equal votes; the Worthy Chief gave his casting vote for a dissolution of the Lodge. In this dilemma, as above stated, Br. R. Martin, on information, accompanied by the Worthy County Lecturer, proceeded to Cow Bay, a distance of 25 miles, and having communicated with Brs. Joseph Dillon and McKay, steps were taken to recover the Charter, stock, and furniture, which appeared to have been in the possession of the Provincial Deputy; who instead of acting according to constitutional instructions, in returning the papers to the proper officer, retained them as private property. After a demand made by Br. R. Martin, for delivery, possession was obtained; and on the evening of Saturday, a public meeting—agreeable to notice—was held, which was respectfully attended; Mr. Cammeron, Principle of the Academy, in the chair. The Co. Lecturer briefly addressed the meeting on the dignity and beauty of the Order of Templarism, regretted that "Helena" Lodge did not shew more determination in the great cause, &c. The Worthy Lecturer was followed by Br. R. Martin, who forcibly impressed on the audience the good intentions of the British Templars, and stated that from information he had received, the unfortunate dispersion of the Lodge, was owing to a jealous misunderstanding of the part of that branch of the Sons of Temperance residing at Cow Bay, of which the Worthy Chief, the night of dissolution, is a leading member. The conduct of the Worthy Chief, that night, was not baring a worthy Templar. As head of that Lodge should have advised energy and perseverance instead of throwing cold water on the order, by giving his casting vote as he did. He certainly did not act the faithful shepherd, and consequently the scattered flock was about devoured. Fortunately, Br. Joseph Dillon took the proper step, and success attended his cautious proceedings.

After the public meeting, Br. R. Martin notified the intention of the Co. Lecturer and himself to re-organize "Helena" Lodge; which notification was received with approbation and cheerfulness.

All the usual ceremonies, twenty-one members being among them were members of the right stamp. The ceremony of initiating, installing and electing an officer was completed at 11.30 on that memorable

night, which restored "Helena" Lodge to the bosom of her rejoicing brethren, and has, we presume, convinced Br. W. W. Brown that he need no longer consider himself a worthy British Templar.

A full description of the proceeding in next issue—also names of officers.

MODERATE DRINKERS.

You may ask, "Who are the moderate drinkers?" Our answer is, every man when first he begins to partake of the intoxicating cup. It is then they should beware, for then they begin to tread the downward course to destruction. It is the moderate drinker who is most in need of the benefitting influence of the Temperance cause, for he is in a position where a word may perhaps decide his career for life. Then, how necessary that we search such out, and in a kind and friendly manner try to persuade them to stop the use of the accursed stuff. He may tell you to mind your own affairs, he is able to leave off its use whenever he pleases. But will he leave it off? that is the question. Poor deluded man that he is, he sees not the hidden serpent coiled in the tempting glass, ready to spring and twine itself around him at any moment. Stay man, why will you sacrifice home, family, friends and all that are dear to you, for the intoxicating, yea, poisonous stuff. You are day by day poisoning soul and body, and treading a slippery and narrow way. Look! and behold destruction is staring at you from every side. You may see your fallen brother only a little way in advance of you. He once thought as you, has said the same as you; he was deceived, you may be.

As we look around us we can see the wrecks of many. Gone to pieces on the rocks of appetite for strong drink; their walls tossed to and fro on the buoyant sea of life. Oh, friends! turn away from the poisonous draught ere it is too late; before you are drawn into the whirlpool where swift destruction awaits you. Enroll your name with the British Templar army and join your efforts with theirs, to drive man's worst enemy away, and may the day soon dawn when temperance shall triumph, as triumph it must and will. Then may you rejoice with those that rejoice. When banner of total abstinence shall fly from every tower and steeple, and its triumph be echoed from shore to shore, and from mountain to mountain.

It is with great pleasure we learn the progress now making towards the completion of the International line of Rail Road, from Bridgport to Sydney Harbor. The weather hitherto has been unfavorable for horse labor, owing to the moist and mirey portions of some part of the line; but manual labor has been carried on daily, except when heavy rains occur. The workmen and their employer seem to understand each other perfectly. Inebriety is punished by instant dismissal, and as the laborers wages have been increased, cheerfulness and satisfaction follow. For some weeks past almost every other day was wet, but the weather now appears more settled, and the work will soon appear to advantage.

The banishment of the rum-traffic along the line has a good effect. We hear of no disorderly conduct among those employed; indeed, we could not expect any disturbance, as the hands employed are chiefly quiet, sober young men, sons of respectable farmers in and around our County. We wish prosperity to the enterprise, and look forward to good times and a brisk trade around this beautiful and safe harbor.

TEMPERANCE LEAGUE:

About a month since a Circular addressed to all the Lodges of British Templars, and Divisions of Sons of Temperance was received from "Morich" Division, located at Cow Bay, requesting that Delegates be appointed to meet in Temperance Hall, Sydney, on the 19th inst., for the purpose of taking steps towards organizing a County Temperance League. As we are not posted up thoroughly on the subject in question, we must refrain from making any remarks until after the meeting, when we hope our delegates will give a good account of themselves.

Amateur Theatricals, Sydney, under the patronage of the Masonic Body of St. Andrew's Lodge.

The Amateurs shewed great talent in the various characters brought forward, and exhibited great refinement of taste in their selections. All present were highly gratified with the performance, and look forward to many pleasing evenings of innocent recreation from the Amateurs of that highly respectable body composing the above Lodge.

The season for farming is now at hand. Farmers should take advantage of every fine day, and when the land is dry, get in their crops. Although the weather has been moist and considerable rain has fallen, the season is mild, vegetation is going on, and early planting of potatoes will greatly help to bring that valuable root to perfection before the early frosts set in, or what is called the *blast* attacks the stalks.

If farmers expect a good crop of wheat, the grain should be ploughed in, 6 inches deep, and lightly harrowed. A heavy head requires a deep root.

Gleanings.

SENATOR REVELS, the first colored Senator of the United States Senate, lately delivered an elaborate and able lecture in Boston, before an audience numbering over a thousand people. Wendell Phillips being called upon at the close of the Senator's address, said:—

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen.—You recollect when we were children and read the Arabian Nights, that after some gorgeous description of crescents of light and cimeters of gold and crowns of gems, the Caliph clapped his hands and the dream all burst. We were rolling on the cold ground. I felt as I sat behind Senator Revels like clapping my hands to see whether the scene would change, whether it was all a fairy mistake, whether he would vanish and only as the scene did at the Caliph's. I could not realize that a thousand men had come into Tremont Temple to see a Senator of the United States from that race that had been so long victimized. It seems to me I should like to feel the Senator, and see if he is real flesh and blood. (Laughter and applause.) It is hard to realize. The Attorney-General of Massachusetts said that the idea of taking off the chains of this black race, these negroes, was like setting loose hyenas. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of Boston (said Mr. Phillips, half facing and pointing to the Senator, who sat in the rear of him), I introduce to you a hyena. (Laughter and applause, in which the Senator joined.) To-day I present to you a true bit of Southern recognition, I show you the Fifteenth Amendment in flesh and blood, [laughter and applause.] the incarnation of this last proud step in the nation's progress. The only question is for this generation and the next to apply it. With infinite toil, at vast expense, with such a sacrifice of blood sealing the charter of freedom with five hundred thousand graves, we have made it true of the negro. With what cost, with toil, with how much blood, with what self-sacrifice and devotion you shall make it true of the Indian and the Chinese, it remains for the next twenty years to tell. (Applause.) We summon you to that conflict. We welcome you to that great crusade, that stamping out of another line of prejudice.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE. A correspondent of the 'Citizen' writing from Harbarville, says: On the 3rd inst., Farmers were engaged in burning off the refuse stuff from their lands. In the morning a heavy westerly wind commenced blowing, and the fire began to run. So great was the fire raging, that by noon the sun was nearly obscured. The fire was carried through fields and forests destroying much grain which had been sowed, and much valuable timber; and worst of all, within a few miles of this place, we already hear of fourteen houses and barns being destroyed, besides outhouses, etc. In some cases the families have lost all their moveables, having barely time to escape with their lives. Some have lost heavily—a Mr. Bezantson (having a very nice house, well finished and furnished, a barn also in like order, and wagon-house, with waggon, harness, &c.) lost all with the exception of a few pieces of furniture, besides about eighty bushels of wheat, and other grain. There is no doubt, when all is known, it will be found that there is a great amount of property destroyed."

A Cincinnati railroad man has been discharged because he left work without leave, to get a surgeon to dress his hand, smashed in coupling cars.

Such a volley of beer-glasses came through the window of a Cincinnati beer-garden during a Sunday row, that outsiders thought "an explosion had taken place in a glass foundry."

A Chicago man was so insane when he saw his wife wearing a pair of sleeve-buttons which a gambler had given her, that he shot her and recovered his reason.

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THE PROTECTION OF SILENCE.

In the last number of the *Temperance Advocate* are found these prophetic words, from the pen of Dr. Cuyler, "We never can stop the liquor traffic while the church of Christ so largely gives it the protection of its silence." If that language is true, and who can doubt it? what a fearful responsibility rests upon the churches! The only successful way to arrest the evils of intemperance is to stop the traffic. As long as intoxicating liquors can be procured for money, they will be drunk, and thus the flood-gates of intoxication will be kept open. There is indirectly a great compliment paid to the churches in this language of Dr. Cuyler's. It is implied that these churches possess a great power, and a much needed power, without the exertion and cooperation of which this great reform can never be consummated. How much less than the whole responsibility for the continuance of the liquor traffic does this lay upon those churches? In what a fearful attitude does this place them before the world and before the bar of God? Here is an enormous evil rolling streams of a fiery desolation over the land, destroying more souls in perdition than all other influences combined; and yet the churches give the chief cause of the evil the protection of their silence. They denounce sin in the abstract from their pulpits, but have no earnest words of condemnation for the greatest and most alarming of all concrete sins.

What are these churches about? Building splendid houses of worship for the gratification of a fine aesthetic taste during the Sabbath hours, while they go up to worship, in which to be entertained intellectually by splendid music and charming pulpit eloquence? What do they worship when they get into those costly and elegant sanctuaries? Not Him, certainly, who came to seek and to save the lost, to open the prison-doors, to give deliverance to the captives, and to let the oppressed go free. For those who truly worship Him catch from him the same spirit, and go out into the lanes and highways to gather in the outcast. All such lift up their voice like a trumpet, and show the people their sin. They do not give the protection of their silence to any form of iniquity which so fearfully desolates and lays waste.

The inevitable inference from this logic is, that the churches which give the liquor traffic the protection of their silence, are not in spirit, if they be in form, the true church of Christ. They have a name to live, but they are spiritually dead. God's true people are so sympathetic and tender-hearted in reference to his cause, on the one hand, and the interests of humanity on the other, that they may be said to sigh and cry for all the abominations in the land. If the writer with the ink-horn should be directed now, as formerly, to go through all the churches, and mark only those who sigh and cry for all the abominations brought about by the traffic in strong drink; and then if God should send others to smite and slay all that were not thus masked, what a great falling off there would be in the membership and even ministers of the churches! Whole churches would thus become extinct, and some of the finest clerical robes in the land would become the habiliments of the dead.

This is truly a serious matter. Why do not the churches come up to the help of the lord in this matter? Would you have the true answer! In nine cases out of ten, if not always, the fault is in the minister. Every faithful minister will soon have around him a faithful church. It is now "like priest, like people." Where the preacher does his duty, the people will generally do theirs. When the pulpit ceases to give the protection of its silence to the liquor traffic, the pews will give on the subject no uncertain sound. Who shall awaken these sleeping divines to a consciousness of their obligation, to a sense of their fellow-citizens that are wide awake on the subject.

They do not intend to be remiss in duty, or unfaithful to their responsibilities; but there is, unconsciously to themselves, the spell of some bad logic in their brain or on their hearts. Their heads are perhaps stuffed so full of the abstract doctrines of a formal theology that there is no vacant room for the practical philosophy of the present age. Their hearts may be so burdened under a sense of obligation to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the Saints by Martin Luther, John Calvin, Wesley, or some other divine, that they have no time or inclination to attend to the crying and suffering humanities of the present hour. They forget that each of these eminent divines fought the devil as presented in their day with such weapons as they could lay hold of and use, and that to contend for the true faith in their spirit is to fight valiantly the devil as he is presented to-day, in the places where their lot is cast. The ministry is always liable to be entangled in the

web of metaphysical abstractions, and by some diabolical legerdemain to be kept from laying out its full strength upon the living questions and practical issues of the present.

The above may not seem as complimentary to the clerical profession as it is really true. How few ministers are really alive to a full comprehension of their duties, privileges, and responsibilities? Their efforts should be directed to the wants, necessities, and sufferings of living, throbbing, perishing humanity. Means to rescue the perishing and to save the sinning in what they need more than doctrines and abstract systems of faith. Doctrines that throw no light on these questions are of but little use in this age.

The pulpit should give the protection of its silence to no form of evil that is invading humanity, damaging its powers, and blasting its hopes; much less should it give its protection to the great mogul evil which marches at the head, and controls or intensifies all other evils. Its voice should be loud and lusty in proportion to the magnitude of the evil against which it is raised.

The inertia in the churches both among the clergy and laity, must be overcome by earnest, personal effort on the part of the friends of the cause. When we are engaged in war, one important duty is to enlist soldiers. Send then, recruiting officers round to enlist the churches.—*Temperance Advocate*.

WHAT HARM IS THERE?—We frequently meet with the question, "What harm is there in a glass of wine *per se*?"

A little trout once asked his mother the same question respecting a fly that was dancing on the top of the water. "Don't go near it," said the mother. "What harm is there in a fly *per se*?" said young trout. "It is dangerous," said the mother. "I will, at all events, examine it for myself," said young trout. He shot up to the surface, eyed it for a moment, then tried it with his teeth. Whizz! splash! whirr!—the next minute he was gasping out his life in the fisherman's basket. There is no harm in a glass of wine *per se*. But it is the devil's bait, and hides a sharp and cruel hook. It is dangerous nibbling when Satan is the fisherman.

It is also dangerous sipping at a glass of wine; for "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

A COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.—Compliments to the "good cause" of temperance are more in fashion than they were twenty-five years ago. Its professed friends are far more numerous than at that period, and yet it is doubtful whether there is as much personal and individual effort made to convert men to the faith by personal discussion, in the public conveyance and the social circle, as formerly. Friends of the cause, let us have more of individual effort. It is well that the organization of which you may be a member should appoint, from time to time, committees to secure results which could not be obtained by individual effort; but never ask for the appointment of a committee to do what you could individually accomplish. Consider yourself a committee of the whole on the state of the cause, and set to work to convert to the faith and practice of abstinence all over whom you may be able to exert influence.

LICENSES vs PROHIBITION.—The principle of licensing the sale of rum is wrong in morals and ruinous to Government and people. So far from benefiting the cause of temperance, it has always hindered its progress, and resulted in entire failure. If it is right to sell, no restriction should be made or license required; and if wrong to sell, then no sanction should be given to the traffic or license granted. If the traffic in liquors is right and legitimate, then it should be as free for all to engage in as the traffic in flour, groceries, or dry-goods. If the traffic is wrong, works evil, brings poverty, crime, disease, and death, then the State which licenses becomes a party to the guilt and responsible for the results. There can be no middle ground. The license system is all wrong. The entire traffic is a fraud. The sanction of Government should be withdrawn, the traffic outlawed, and those engaged in it placed as criminals before the law. Prohibition, absolute and entire, is the only safe and righteous position.

The rats once assembled in a large cellar, to devise some method of safely getting the bait from the steel trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relatives snatched from them by its merciless jaws. After many long speeches, and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a happy wit, standing erect, said: "It is my opinion, that, if with one paw we can keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other." All the rats

present loudly squealed assent. Then they were startled by a faint voice, and a poor rat, with only three legs, limped into the ring, stood up to speak:

"My friends, I have tried the method you proposed, and you see the result. Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap. *Do not touch it.*"

MORAL.—Total abstinence is the only way to escape the rum-seller's trap.

A MISTAKE.—We often hear the remark, that it is of little use to have temperance meetings and lectures, because the men who most need instruction will not attend them; the reference in such cases being to the intemperate or those who drink freely. Now, the temperate and Christian people of most communities need instruction on the subject as well as those who drink, that they may be qualified to become teachers of their own children—of the young people of both sexes who are as yet abstinent, as well as to be able to exert the best possible influence over their intemperate neighbors. The sober need instruction to keep them sober; the intemperate and moderate drinkers, to induce them to adopt the pledge and the habit of abstinence.

The friends of temperance have commenced the prosecution of liquor-dealers in Stonington, Ct., under the law against the sale of adulterated wines. Professor Silliman, of Yale College, the State chemist, was called in to analyze the "stuff." We give the following as the result of his investigation: The liquor was turbid, heavily laden with sugar or molasses and some coloring matter; contained 21 per cent of alcohol; over 10 per cent sugar or molasses; about 100 grains of sulphuric acid to the gallon, part of it free, as oil of vitriol, and part combined in alum; oxide of lead, or litharge, in poisonous quantities, or about 45 grains to the gallon. The alcohol had an acid taste, and the coloring matter an offensive odor. The liquor was stronger of lead than most waters that are poisoned by it. Such are the liquors and adulterations drunk by Connecticut tipplers. Death by slow poison. "Good creature of God." Is such wine suitable either for man's table or the "Lord's Table?"

An hour-glass with wings indicates the speed of time. The particles of sand, flowing like our moments, soon run out, and we cannot reverse life and bring them back as the turning of the glass returns the sand to its cup. There sits the figure of a woman watching the glittering atoms, which represent the flight of moments and months and years. An old author said that God placed each man's value upon life he gives us but one moment of it at a time?

Do we waste it in the bar-room or at the billiard table? Do we dissolve it in wine, as Cleopatra did her jewels? Or do we improve the precious moments in making the world better for our being in it? Have we wiped away tears from a sad face? Have we healed a broken heart, and made it palpitate with hope and happiness? Have we taken a poor prodigal by the hand and helped him to reach his Father's house? Now is the time to improve the "fast running sands." "Tide and time will stop for no man."

During the past year, woman has entered more heartily into the temperance work than ever before. Four thousand women in Manchester, N. H., signed a petition to rum-sellers. At Clyde, Ohio, the ladies in large numbers took their knitting and visited the saloons, where they seated themselves and busily pursued their work, shaming the customers, and at last inducing the dealers to abandon their trade. At Richmond, Ind., they attend the session of the town council in large numbers, encouraging and securing by their presence and influence the changing of the rates of licenses from \$50 to \$500.

The sum of twenty millions of dollars is invested in the vineyards and wine-making in California. The value of vines yearly exported is forty millions of dollars, while the yearly exports of wheat amount to \$8,218,338, and the yearly exports of flour to \$2,418,139.

A Quaker being once asked how to cure drinkers, answered, "Keep thine hand open." But how do you mean? "When thee has gotten a glass in thine hand, and before thee dost raise it to drink therefrom, open thine hand. Thou mayest break the glass, but thou hast not broken the laws of society."

Professor Henry Munroe says: "Alcohol is nowhere to be found in any product of nature—was never itself created by God—but is essentially an artificial thing; prepared by man through the destructive process of fermentation."

A young gentleman having called in his physician, said: "Now, sir, I wish no more trifling; my desire is, that you at once strike at the root of my disease?" "It shall be done," replied the doctor; and lifting his cane, smashed this wine-decayer which stood on the table.

"What brought you to this prison, my colored friend?" "Two constables, sah." "Yes; but I mean had intemperance anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah, dey was bofe of 'm drunk."

He who violates a pledge to which he has written his name, strikes down his honor with his own hand.

I have made the best of it. You have not changed for the better since your days of poverty, and you have not taken the trouble to ascertain what became of the girl who shared your hardships and disgrace. She is living with me, sir, three miles from Norbury, where you are now so grand a gentleman. I told this lady to beware of you, but she was too confiding to doubt you. I think, however, you have thrown off the mask too soon."

"Don't lecture me, sir. The lady must decide between us. Whatever wrong I have done has been done for her sake. I had reason to think she loved me."

This was said with a tone of bitter reproach, and then the young man stood awaiting his fate with a moody countenance.

"I think I had better take you on to Paris, Mrs. Hartfield," said the clerk. "It would set Norbury talking if we went straight home. You can tell your husband the whole truth, and he can settle the score with this gentleman."

"I am going straight to Germany," said Mr. Comberford. "If Hartfield wants me, he must follow me there."

He walked into the hotel, the door of which had just been opened by a sleepy-looking waiter, leaving Alice under the care of the old clerk. She went on to Paris with him and there made the best story she could to her husband, humbly confessing her own short comings.

"I suppose I must have flirted with him a little, George," she said shyly, "or he would never have done such a wild wicked thing."

And this confession had a very good effect upon George Hartfield, who felt that he had been wanting in due care and consideration for his pretty young wife. He withdrew himself from the club at the Crown, left off billiards, and took to rowing Alice on the river in the summer evenings, and reading to her, or playing chess with her in the winter. He did not follow Mr. Comberford to Germany, but contented himself by writing a formal letter, relinquishing the conduct of that gentleman's affairs.

Mr. Comberford came back to the Hall three years afterwards, with an aristocratic but by no means agreeable wife. Before returning he took steps to settle a modest annuity upon Mr. Morgan's niece, Bessie Raynor; an annuity which was accepted by the young woman, but the quarterly payments of which were carefully banked against that rainy day when William Morgan should be no more. The old man scorned to touch a penny of Edgar Comberford's money.

Temperance Department.

THE BASIS OF TEMPERANCE.

REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER.

"Total abstinence must have a Christian basis," is the plea of many just at this time; and all the temperance workers whom we know say, "Amen," to the plea. But the plea is often set up in a manner which indicates that hitherto temperance has not had a Christian basis. As if its friends and advocates had been ignoring the teachings of the Bible on the subject; as if they had not recognized the great support which Christianity brings to the cause. There is no truth in such insinuations and hints; since, from the start, the leading advocates have made their earnest appeals to the Bible, and a hotter contest has been waged over the Bible view since the early discussions of Delavan and others, than over any other branch of the subject. The doctors have had some hard battles over the medical uses of alcohol, but not half so earnest and telling as the discussions upon the Christian basis of temperance found in the Bible. The advocates of temperance have claimed that the Bible is a total abstinence book; that it does not and can not indorse the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, even in the most moderate degree; that both its precepts and doctrines are opposed to wine-drinking, and in favor of abstinence from all intoxicating beverages. They have interpreted the "miracle of Cana," the "fruit of the vine" at the Lord's Supper, Paul's advice to Timothy, and kindred facts and counsels, so as to harmonize with their claim that the Bible is a total abstinence volume. Furthermore, they have contended that persons who attempt to prove that the Bible favors wine-drinking wrest the Scriptures from their original meaning, and thus give the Christian basis to moderate drinking instead of abstinence. Is it just and honorable, not to say Christian, for ministers or laymen to intimate, in the face of these facts, that the advocates of temperance have ignored the Christian basis of temperance in the past? Has the intimation the least foundation in truth? Why, then, should ministers or editors persist in even hinting what is plainly false?

But there is a singular and amusing turn to this matter. Those ministers and laymen who call the loudest for a Christian basis for temperance, and say that temperance advocates are ignoring it, are the very ones who are guilty of the act alleged. For they attack the ground maintained by leading advocates, that the Bible condemns, and always did condemn, intoxicating wine. When the temperance workers endeavor to show that Christ did not make intoxicating wine at the marriage of Cana, these modern pleaders for a Christian basis ridicule their position, and contend that Christ's example on that occasion sanctioned the use of wine. And when they are told in reply, "Then wine-drinking rests on the highest Christian basis—the example of Christ—and abstinence is left out in the cold without any Christian basis at all," they declare that they do not see it in that light. When it is claimed that the Saviour used the pure, unfermented juice of the grape, which he called "fruit of the vine," at the Lord's Supper, many of this class treat the argument as an outrage upon the Bible; and grow eloquent in defending the use of intoxicating wine at the sacrament. And when the wine-bibber claims that a beverage which is good enough for the Lord's table is not too bad for his own table, they deny the inference, and stick to their position. In like manner, also, when it is claimed that the Bible speaks of two kinds of wine, intoxicating and unfermented, condemning the first and approving the last, the men in question laugh at the claim, and affirm that the Bible knows only one kind of wine, and that is intoxicating. Thus, while they are calling upon the public to give temperance a Christian basis, they are trying to prove that the Bible, which is all the Christian basis any enterprise can have, sanctions the use of intoxicating wine. In other words, they actually put wine-drinking on the Christian basis, while they demand that abstinence shall have it. This is the illogical and contradictory position which some professed temperance writers hold at this time.

It must be clear to every reader that those who maintain that the Bible sanctions only unfermented wine concede a true Christian basis to the temperance reform.—*Temperance Advocate.*

Now, why should we in the treatment of typhoid and other fevers insist so strongly on free ventilation or the supply of the patient with pure air, and then prescribe alcohol, which produces results similar to the breathing of an atmosphere loaded with carbonic acid?

The village of Falls Church, Virginia, with seven churches, has no liquor-shop within its precincts, nor place where liquor is sold.

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234	Marion	Mira	Tuesday
284	Arcle	North Sydney	Tuesday
288	Louisburg	Louisburg	Tuesday
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