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TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

PLEDGE.—We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use intoxicating liquors as a beverage, nor traffic in them; that we will not provide them as an article of entertainment, nor for persons in our employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the community.

Vol. XVII.]

MONTREAL, JULY 1, 1851.

No. 18

The Evening Glass of Toddy.

(WRITTEN FOR THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.)

"Mamma," said a little blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl, popping her head from under the table, where she had been for some time busily employed dressing her doll, "May I sit up to-night till papa comes home?"

"No, my dear," said her mother; "it is not good for children to sit up late at night; it is now near your bed-time, and your eyes begin to look heavy."

"Oh, but mamma, I should like so much to sit up till papa comes; I am sure he will not be long; you let me sit up last night, when aunt Mary was here."

"That was because your aunt desired it, as she will not be here again for a long time."

"If you will let me sit, mamma," persisted the little girl, "I will be very good."

"Why is my little daughter so anxious to sit up to-night?" said her mother.

"Oh! I so love this little drop of toddy papa leaves in the bottom of his glass for me."

"Is that it?" said the mother with a laugh; "well my little daughter need not sit up for that." She laid past her work; went to the side board, and took from thence a bottle of wine,—poured one teaspoonful into a glass, added some sugar and water, and gave it to the child, saying, "Is not that better than the drop in the bottom of papa's glass?"

"It is very nice, thank you, mamma," said the child, sipping it so delightfully.

Do not shudder, dear reader, at the act of that mother; she would no more have given her child that teaspoonful of wine, could she have seen its dreadful consequences than you would have done. It was before the evils of Intemperance had been as fully brought before the public mind, as it is at the present day; and I am afraid there are parents even now, who not only indulge in their own evening glass, but hand the dregs to their innocent offspring; thus, by their own act, destroying the vital spring of every virtuous principle, and sowing the seeds of degradation, crime and death.

Little Mary Grant (which was the name of the child above mentioned,) continued to receive her evening teaspoonful, until that became too small a quantity, and it was by and by augmented into a glass.

Mary's parents were not wealthy, but they were in comfortable circumstances,—their glass of wine at dinner, and their glass of toddy in the evening, could be well afforded, so far as means were concerned; and as Mary was an only child, she was early indulged in both. But could either of her parents have seen her, on her return from school, before she had reached her teens,—

how softly she would slip into the dining room—stealing softly up to the sideboard—pour herself out a glass of wine—drink it in haste, and hurriedly leave the room—methinks, they would have viewed with horror the gulf towards which she was hastening: and would have stretched out their parental arms in love and pity, to save the beloved one before it was too late: but alas! they neither saw nor suspected it.

As Mary approached womanhood, she became very beautiful and engaging in her manners; she captivated all hearts by her gentle qualities,—she gained the esteem of old and young,—she was her mother's darling, and her father's idol,—she was the belle of the circle in which she moved, and even by society above her own sphere, her beauty and accomplishments caused her to be sought after and welcomed. But all this time, her appetite for stimulants had been slowly but surely increasing, but in the same degree had her cunning increased; and from every eye but that of an all-seeing God, had she concealed her frequent tipping. She had frequently left the evening glass untouched,—true, her mother had remarked that their spirit merchant's bill had increased, but then, their acquaintance had extended since Mary had grown up, and of course that accounted for it.

At length Mary gained the affections of Mr. Rutherford, son of her father's employer, (an extensive wholesale merchant,) she gave her heart in return. Her affection was sincere, and caused her to look a little more closely into her own conduct. Her self-examination had the effect, for a time, of deterring her from using any kind of stimulant. Her mother urged her to take a little wine, for the sake of her health, but Mary was firm. Oh! that she had always continued so.

When Mr. Rutherford first made known to his father his affection for Mary, he demurred a little on the score of her being only the daughter of their own confidential Clerk, but on becoming acquainted with her, he cheerfully gave his consent to his son's union with her, and she was welcomed into the bosom of the family as an acquisition, the old gentleman retiring in favor of his son, on a competency he had already acquired.

The first year of their married life passed happily over, not a sorrow clouding the sunshine of their happiness. The young husband had succeeded in coaxing his darling Mary, to take a cozy glass of toddy with him, on his return from business in the evening. There was something so comfortable, in sitting down by one's own fire-side after a day of toil, with one's feet encased in slippers,—an excellent glass of toddy, mixed to perfection by the hands of one's own young and lovely wife—she at the same time, partaking of a glass somewhat smaller and weaker, and conversing together so agreeably. There is something very enticing in those evening glasses of toddy. But mark their end.—It is strife.

By the end of the second year, Mary was the mother of a lovely boy, who big fair to be as much the idol of his parents as she herself had been. But as time progresses, changes take place, and one had taken place between the young couple, not perceptible indeed to strangers, but to Mr. Rutherford it was painfully so—he could not even to his own mind account for it; he blamed himself as being too exacting. Mary could not be expected to devote so much of her time to his comfort, she was engaged by the cares of a mother; her baby was very restless, often keeping her awake all night. Was it to be wondered at, if she was often dull and heavy?—Was it to be wondered at that some things were neglected, which had been formerly attended to by her? No! and he looks upon himself as little less than a monster, to expect that things could be otherwise than they were. He stepped into a shop, and bought her a handsome present, in some degree atone to her for the injury he fancied he had done her in his thoughts. When he presented his offering, she received it coolly and silently. He felt chilled and disappointed, still he never dreamed of the worm which was gnawing at the very root of his happiness. He could not complain, for he knew not what to complain of, but he could perceive that his honey-moon had terminated much sooner than he anticipated; and when another immortal soul was added to his family in the person of a little daughter, he felt more regret than thankfulness; considering it only as an additional bar to his social enjoyment. The reader, if he or she is of a lively imagination, may picture to their own mind, the horror, the agony, the young husband experienced, when on his return one evening from his place of business, he found his young, his idolized Mary—drunk,—yes, drunk! Not a suspicion of the truth had ever crossed his brain, and now to find her thus. Many circumstances crowded themselves on his memory, and he was astonished at his own blindness,—he felt ashamed and humiliated,—he could not look his own servants in the face.

When his poor degraded wife came to herself, she expressed sorrow and repentance, and promised amendment; but alas! the resolution was taken in her own strength, and she again fell. But why follow her through all the scenes of crime and dissipation through which she passed. In her sober moments she was often heard to curse the first teaspoonful, the dregs of the evening glass, ay, even the parents who first held the tempting ingredient to her lips. But did it lead to true repentance? Oh, no; her broken-hearted husband removed her some miles from the city, and took her children from under her control, as he considered it a sacred duty, his afflictions having had a salutary effect on his own soul, and he felt the need of divine assistance in all he did. He tried every means to lead her from the love of the intoxicating cup; he never ceased to pray to God for her salvation. And such was the power of Divine grace on his own soul, that he could leave the event with perfect resignation in the hands of his heavenly Father.

Their eldest child was about ten years of age, and had never seen his mother from the time he was four. His sister did not remember her,—both Mary's own parents were dead. During all this time her devoted husband had watched her with the most tender care.—He was rewarded when he least expected it. On his return one evening, expecting to find her in what was her usual state, that was—(I was trying to find a more gentle name, but I cannot)—drunk, what was his astonishment to find her, in the words of scripture, "clothed and in her right mind." There was a look of earnest supplication, mingled with remorse and shame about her countenance, which had long been strangers

there. It caused the husband's heart to bound with joy and gratitude; he conversed with her that evening in a way he had not done for years. He believed it to be the dawning of better days. Night after night he found for the same, his hope became confirmed into certainty, but still he hunted not at the years of misery they had passed. At length one evening, when nearly two months had glided by of even more happiness than they had known in the early days of their married life, Mary rose suddenly flinging her arms about her husband's neck, sobbing out "William, can you forgive me, and our children?" she could say no more. He clasped her closely to his bosom, "forgive you Mary," said he, "yes, freely and fully. It would not become a sinful mortal, who has been so much indebted to the pardoning mercy of a sin-forgiving God, to say I would not forgive you, who is but a fellow sinner. And our children, Mary, are both well, and you shall see them soon."

I have seen them William," she answered, "when you knew not of it: it was the sight of them which led me to see my utter degradation, and to loathe myself for my wickedness in preferring my own sensual gratification to the honor of leading and guiding their minds in the paths of virtue and religion. But, William, I cannot see them again. Degraded as I have been by accursed liquor, I could not bear the idea of being scorned by my own children. No, no, she continued, I am not deserving to be called mother by such innocent little beings."

"Mary," said her husband in a melancholy tone of voice, "do you think I have watched and guarded you for so many years from the too prying curiosity of the world, to make the nature of your disease, (for such I consider it,) a topic of conversation before your children. No, Mary, my dear wife, they know you have been laboring under a disease of the mind, but that is all they do know, and they know now that you are getting better, and that they are to see you soon; but I have a proposal to make, and I hope it will meet your approbation; but first, dearest, tell me where you saw the children; they have never been here. No, William, but I saw announced in a newspaper, a Temperance Meeting, and that you were to speak. Curiosity seized me; I wanted to know whether you would make your own sorrows an argument in favor of Temperance. I learned from the servants you would not return till late. I made my escape, and was almost the first at the meeting. For long I dared not look up, and when I did, your form was almost the first which met my eye, sitting back on the platform almost screened from view. I saw a child by your side, but took little notice of him then. Oh! can I tell you? although I was the crying one, I hated you. I believed you was there for the purpose of exposing my faults, and I sat with the feelings of a demon,—my hands clenched, and my teeth firmly compressed; and yet, can you forgive it? At the moment I was sober, yes, sober, as far as regarded drinking that day. At length you rose. There was a breathless silence. Every one appeared as eager to catch what you said as I was myself; but not one could feel as I did. You portrayed the misery of the drunkard's home—the blasted hopes of the drunkard's wife—the humiliating condition of the drunkard's children—the horrid crimes of a drunkard's life—the darkness of a drunkard's hereafter. But not one word of the home desolation caused by a drunken wife, the wretchedness of the children of a drunken mother,—nothing of the crimes committed by a drunken woman. No, no! she was the angel pointed out, as the beacon star to guide erring man from the paths of destruction. You sat down amid thunders of applause; but one voice was silent; it was mine; but it was not hatred now; my feelings had been entirely

revolutionized—I longed to throw myself at your feet, and beg your forgiveness. But one other rose to speak,—It was my boy; I was sure of it. He urged all the little boys to take the pledge, and they would be no drunken men. Oh! is there a mother on earth ever felt, as I felt, when my son sprang from the platform amid the deafened shouts of the assembly; paper in hand to receive the names of those who wished to join the society. He approached first a little girl, and laughingly said, "Come, sister, I want your name to be first on my list." "Let me put it down myself then Henry."—And she did so. When he came to me, I gave my name in a tremulous voice; he repeated it, as if doubtful whether he had caught the sound aright. I could only nod; and he put it down, trying at the same time to get a peep at my face, but I batted him, and he passed on.

I determined, by the grace of God, to keep that pledge,—the pledge given to my little son, and immediately after my own daughter. I left the place, how I got home I cannot tell,—I think I ran all the way. Just as I reached the house, I heard your gig behind me, but I managed to remove every trace of my absence, and to be in bed (apparently as usual) by the time you visited me. You came in—looked over me, and turned away with a sigh. For a length of time I dared not meet you, but went to bed before your return. Never, until I believed I had received the pardon of an offended God, did I venture to shew myself to an injured husband. And, William, I can never forgive myself for what I have done to you. Oh! I think no other man would have acted as you have done." Here poor Mary sobbed and cried bitterly.

"Hush, hush," said her husband consolingly, "it is over now, and you must listen calmly to my proposal. I am rich, Mary, in this world's goods, let us sell all and emigrate to America, where none will know that you have ever fallen. Forgive me for speaking plain this time; I will never allude to the subject again. You need not meet the children until you do so in a strange city, before we sail, where there will be none to breathe the slightest whisper of your degradation. It was done as Mr. Rutherford had requested. Mary met her children in Liverpool. We cannot paint the meeting, so we will pass it over. But on the banks of the beautiful St. Lawrence, where their elegant dwelling is situated, none ever suspected that the refined, the kind hearted, the benevolent Mrs. Rutherford had ever been the victim of intemperance, or that she who is now so eloquent in favor of Temperance habits, and deprecates so earnestly the social glass, had herself fallen before the temptation of an EVENING GLASS OF TODDY. B. L.

Carlton Place, June 16, 1851.

The Inebriate's Home.

We called a few days since to see Mr. Pease, of the Five Points Inebriate's Home, and his important charge. While there we were introduced to a man, probably forty-five years old, who six months ago was a spectacle of wo-begone misery and degradation, and to most men his appearance and history would have indicated a case beyond the limits of hope. He addressed Mr. Pease in the language of conscious guilt and of deep conviction that he must stop then and there or abandon hope forever. His soul and body were alike wrecked, blasted with rum-fire, and yet all the horrors of his situation seemed clearly manifested to him, and he was ready to shiver and shriek at the fearful depths amid which he was plunged.

"Where did you spend the last night?" asked the missionary.

"I slept in the park," was the reply.
 "Where were you the night before?"
 "In the park."
 "And where the night before?"
 "In the Station House."
 "And what do you wish to do, that you have called here?"

"I have come to ask you to let me sign the pledge, and I am determined, by the help of Heaven, not only to sign but to keep it."

"I will take your name," said the missionary, and the pledge book being opened for him, the wretched man signed his name. This, we remarked, was six months ago. From that day to this the pledge has been faithfully kept. The kind-hearted missionary gave him a home under the same roof with himself, found employment for him, and soon discovered that he possessed remarkable business qualifications. Now, instead of being bloated and scarred, this man looks well and hearty and temperate; he was neatly and respectably clad, and has laid up over one hundred dollars in the Savings Bank, besides having an abundance of every needed supply.

The principal object of our visit was to see a young man who entered the home the evening before, after a long and reckless debauch which had brought on the symptoms of delirium tremens. This youth belongs to one of the most respectable families in the land. His grandfather was a distinguished clergyman, and President of a Theological Seminary; his father, stood high as a banker, and all his connections are of the first class in social life. An ample property would come into this young man's hands, if he would only conquer his appetite for liquor. Yet, with all these advantages, he was glad to seek a retreat from the horrors of his situation in the Home at the Points.

Some time ago he came to a pause in his mad course and took the pledge. For a time he kept it. But falling into company with some young acquaintances, he was persuaded by them to take a glass of wine; the taste fired his blood, and he continued drunk for weeks. The present is probably his last chance for life and hope. God help the poor inebriate, and bless the hopes of the Home to save him and others like him. Thanks to a good Providence for putting into the hearts of friends to open a retreat for such poor creatures, where they can for a time try to cast off their chains, and be protected meanwhile from rumsellers and the temptations of false friends.—N. Y. Organ.

Jenny Lind and P. T. Barnum.

A notice of the professional movements of these distinguished personages may be seen in our business columns.

As one of the multitude of proofs that the fair Swedish songstress, and the great Yankee showman, aside from the musical powers of the one, and the exhibitionary genius of the other,—are eminently worthy of the respect and patronage of the temperance portion of the community, we present the following extract from the Executive Committee's report of the annual meeting of the American Temperance Union, held at the Tabernacle in New York, May 8th, 1851, just received by us in a handsome octavo document of 64 pages, from some of the officers of the association, viz:—

"The Secretary, Rev. John Marsh, then stated that a collection would be taken up to aid in defraying the expense of publishing the Annual Report read this evening. In connection with this announcement, he would beg leave to offer a resolution, which might possibly call up P. T. Barnum, Esq., whom he was happy to see on the platform, and who deserved the thanks of the temperance community for advocating every where so nobly on his late triumphant tour, the cause of temperance:—

"Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be given to do-

nors for the aid which has been furnished them in the year past, and they would especially acknowledge a gift from the Queen of Song. She has won the admiration of millions; but, not for still, she has taught the accumulators of wealth the true use of riches, and that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'

Mr. Barnum stepped forward, and was received by the audience with loud cheering. He said he could say nothing of M^{rs}. Lind's benefactions; they spoke for themselves. He knew she gave to nothing with more pleasure than to the cause of temperance. Mr. B. occupied a few moments in exposing the folly of using intoxicating drinks, and said he should wish for no better speculation, (and the audience knew he was a speculating man,) than to agree if he could have one-fifth of all the money spent in this city for intoxicating drinks, to pay all the taxes for the year. He would sustain the courts, the prisons, the fire department, hospitals, and all other taxes, and after all would make more money than any body ever dreamed could be made by as many Jenny Linds as could be imagined. And as a great showman, he would give more, for exhibition, for a drunkard who had been prosperous in business, than for any other curiosity."

Nine Cheers for the Legislature of Maine!!

Yes, nine cheers for the Legislature of Maine for recently enacting, and nine groans for the Senate of Massachusetts for recently killing, a "Liquor Bill," the prospective enforcement of whose stringent, reasonable, and necessary provisions makes the lawless rum-sellers tremble in their shoes! The Legislature of Maine has been in session some two or three weeks only, and yet it has thus early passed a law, prohibiting the sale of alcoholic liquors as a beverage, and affording facilities of detecting and convicting its violators, by provisions very similar to those of the Bill, that so triumphantly passed the House, and was so democratically and scandalously murdered some few weeks ago in the Senate of the "Old Bay State." Maine, the teetotal and progressive daughter, has now won the palm, that by priority of enactment might have adorned the brow of her once free and glorious, but now Senate-chained, and rum-hunkerish mother! In relation to this matter, the following letter is from Hon. Neal Dow, the present teetotal Mayor of Portland, to whose wise counsel, efficient labors, and extensive influence, that State is doubtless very deeply indebted for the rich boon of such a coldwater, triumphant, and anti-drunkard making enactment, viz:—

Portland, June 2, 1851.

Mr. Goodrich,—I have the great satisfaction of informing you that our "Liquor Bill," has passed by great majorities,—in the House 86 to 40!—in the Senate 18 to 10! I have not yet learned that it is signed by the Governor, but have no reason to believe he will not sign it. It will clean our State of grog shops entirely within the year. You will see it in the next Fountain, and I hope you will print it,—and enact it.—

Respectfully yours,

NEAL DOW.

"What are we going to do about it?"

If intelligence should be received in our city that an enemy was about to land on our wharves, whose determination was to slay our citizens and destroy our property, the question would not be asked "what are we going to do about it?" but a force sufficient to drive such an enemy from our shore would be raised forthwith, and the man who would not aid in such an important movement would be considered wanting in patriotism, bravery and humanity.

We present for the consideration of our readers the following startling facts which we find going the rounds of the pa-

pers and ask each individual what he or she is going to do about it:—

From calculation made by such men as Gov. Everett, Judge Craunch, Hon. Benj. F. Cutler, and others, it is estimated that the use of intoxicating drinks has cost this country in the last 10 years, twelve hundred millions of dollars!

That it has killed 300,000 of our citizens!

That it has sent 150,000 victims to our poor houses!

That it has made 1000 maniacs!

That it has made 200,000 widows!

That it has made 400,000 orphans!

That it has caused 1,000,000 murders!

That it has caused 2,000 suicides!

A select committee of the Legislature of N. York, in a report made on the 6th of March 1850, state that the number of persons made paupers in that State by intemperance, at the present time is 69,260.

They say that the cost of pauperism in that State in the year 1849, was \$817,441. Of this they estimate \$670,143 for intemperance!

They say the money voluntarily squandered in the cities of that State for intoxicating liquors, in 7,000 liquor shops, cannot be less annually than \$25,550,000; and as a natural consequence, they say there are at the present time 100,000 drunkards in that State.

They say there were committed to prison in 39 counties in that State in 1849, 36,014 persons of intemperate habits, who were under the influence of intoxicating liquors when they committed their offences; and these constituted by far the largest portion of persons committed for crime.

A committee of the last Legislature of the State of Connecticut report that full three-fourths of all the paupers in the State had been made by intemperance.

They say there has been 1,200 committed in the Hartford county prison in 10 years, 1,020 of which had their origin in intemperance.

They say that on the 15th day of May, 1849, there were 130 male convicts in the State Prison; 105 of whom confessed to intemperate habits before commitment, and 85 of them were intoxicated when committing the crime for which they were imprisoned. On the 23d of April 1850, there were in the same prison 170 male convicts, 128 of whom drank to excess before imprisonment, and 92 of them were intoxicated when committing the crime for which they were punished.

They say that nearly all the murders which have been committed during the last 20 years, have had their origin in a grog shop, or their authors have been prompted to their deeds of violence under the influence of intoxicating liquors.

A committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts appointed in 1848 to investigate the cause of insanity, report that of 1,300 idiots in that state, between eleven and twelve hundred were the children of drunken parents.

A committee in the Ohio legislature, appointed for a similar purpose, report 2,000 idiots in that state, a very large majority of which have either been intemperate themselves, or are the descendants of intemperate parents.

J. B. Gough.

We are happy to find from the Massachusetts *Cataract*, that Mr. Gough, and his exemplary lady, who, like a "guardian angel," usually accompanies her husband on his lecturing tours, have just returned home after three or four months' labour at the South West, where he will for some time seek repose and restoration of health in the retirement of his rural home, as will appear from his letter. We hope Mr. Gough has not forgotten his Canadian engagement, and that he intends, at the close of the short cessation from active labour, above referred to, to start for Montreal, with the view of fulfilling the same.—Ed. Ad.

Letter from Mr. Gough in the State of Indiana.

FRIEND GOODRICH:—If I could write as fast as I can think, or as well as Dr. Jewett, or some other of your correspondents, I would write a long letter to you. Such were my thoughts during a solitary ramble in the woods that surround this rural city of Indianapolis.

My trip to the West has been fruitful in incident, and I think I have added to my store of experience and observation, and would really like to give some of my impressions of the West, and the present aspect of our cause. I will postpone to some future occasion, an account of my journeyings and labor from the time I left New York, to my departure from Cincinnati to this State, and begin with the 9th of May, when we left Cincinnati in the Telegraph steamboat for Aurora, in Indiana. We were comfortably cared for by Mr. Walker while there.

This State, as well as Ohio, is cursed with distilleries, rising up in unshapely, black and hideous masses, all over the State, their tall chimnies pouring forth the dense smoke, perfect blots upon the beautiful country. In Aurora are two, one of them, the largest, it is said, in the United States. I went into it. For the first time in my life, I beheld the abominable wickedness of distillation in process. I was disgusted, it seemed so fiendish to pour the glorious yellow corn first into the sheller, 1600 bushels in one day, then to the mash tub, &c., till all the good is stewed out of it, and a stream of whisky, almost as thick as my wrist, comes pouring out, to blast, blight, scathe and destroy. They make about 100 barrels per day—They keep here about 8000 hogs, 6000 in the large distillery, and 2000 in the smaller one. This is the most decent part of the business, and the decency of that may be judged from the fact, that a gentleman told me that he bought a large quantity of this distillery fed pork, and took it on a flat boat down the river. He lost money, for he said that when he pumped out his flat boat, he pumped out his meat with the water, for it was so and oily, that it ran soft away. Friend Goodrich, look out for pork fed in whisky making countries. While I was speaking there, the church being near the accursed place, the stench from the hogs, and the other, and worse nuisance, was almost intolerable. I asked, "how do you live?" and was told, "they got used to it!"

The land is so productive, and they raise so much corn, that the farmers sell their corn to the distillers, because they find a ready market for it and generally get a cent or two a bushel more for it than they could for any useful purpose; hough, thank God, there are those who have not yet bowed the knee to Baal. One colored man had a large quantity of peaches, a man applied for them, "What do you want them for?" "To make brandy of them." "You can't have them, they shall lie here and rot first." The same colored man had some very fine stave timber, a man wanted it, "What are you going to do with it?"—"Make whisky barrels." "You can't have it." "You're a pretty independent nigger." "Well, my color I can't help, but I can help selling you stave timber to make whisky barrels of, and so help me God, I will." At Aurora there are some noble temperance men who have no sympathy with the traffic or manufacture. At the meeting here, 292 names were given to the pledge.

On the 12th of May, we left on the Ben Franklin, a magnificent boat, for Madison. Held two meetings there, and obtained 474 names to the pledge book. I was so unwell that I did not go out at all here except to the meetings. On the 14th, we left Madison for Indianapolis. In the cars, we were introduced to Gov. Wright and lady, who were on their way home from Louisville. Gov. W. reminds me in some particulars of our dear good Gov. Briggs, he is a good temperance man, and a Christian, he gave us a pressing invitation to stay with him while here, but other arrangements had been made for us to sojourn with Mr. Morris, and his delightful family. Our ride was very pleasant through a delightfully fertile country; such fields I never saw; such

grand old woods—so full of foliage—were magnificent, but the weather was oppressively hot.

The city of Indianapolis was formerly the residence of Rev. H. W. Beecher, and his influence is yet felt here very sensibly. What a wonderful family that Beecher family is! The meetings here were fully attended, 1249 names to the pledge, were taken. The best citizens were out. On the platform were Gov. Wright, Senator Whitcomb, former Governor, and most of the clergy, and they made quite an imposing appearance, reminding me of some of the meetings in Canada. Here is the best system of Sabbath schools in the country, only about 70 children who do not regularly attend in the city. I spoke to them one afternoon, and they showed their training. This is a city of 10,000 inhabitants, right in the woods, beautifully situated, a very moral place indeed, in spite of the evil influence of the assembled wisdom of the State.—What a pity, that the influence of a Legislature is so often an evil one!

I think that some of the dissipation and drinking of these Western States is caused by, or arises from, the ease with which they get their living. The farmers do not work half so hard as with us, and leisure without education, or refined tastes, often leads to vice. I remember hearing a remark made by an old man of Berkshire County to Henry Clay, when he spoke of the rocks and hills. "Oh," said the old man, "we own these hills, and rocks, Mr. Clay, we get our living off them, and out of them; we work hard, and when night comes we are too tired to sin."

We shall leave Indianapolis for Cincinnati on the 19th. If you wish it, I will give you an account of our labors in Ohio. I have said nothing about it here, for I intend to give you some account when I have leisure at home. We shall probably reach home on the 13th of June, and shall rest three months. I shall spend the 4th of July at home, the first since I have been laboring in the cause. I am much broken down with labor, and would re-write this although I should not better it, if I had time. Put it in the fire when you have read it if you choose. Most truly yours,

JOHN B. GOUGH.

Indianapolis, May 17, 1851.

Alcohol as a Medicine.

When I commenced the study of medicine, it was my privilege to know many of the more eminent physicians, not only of my native country, but of the State; and I well remember their course and plan of treatment in some of the more formidable diseases. As these were regarded in many instances as depending on debility, to use their own favorite term, stimulants, of course, were frequently used, even in cases of dysentery, and other bowel complaints; and I think their patients sometimes fell victims to these means. Physicians, like other professional and reflective men, should think and try; and try and think, and never become too much bound down by old doctrines and practices. New revelations of truth have been made in our day, and are still taking place in all the departments of nature, more frequently, I suspect, than our savans or sages are aware of. And certainly no thinking man in search of truth would shut his eyes to the light, and say nothing more could be seen or known in his trade or profession, or that he knew it all.

The doctrine I am inculcating is especially true of medicine, for I may say that many of the important improvements and discoveries in the healing art have been made within the present century. The insane notions put forth by the celebrated Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, that prince of stimulation, had begun to spread their pestiferous influences over some parts of Europe and this country. Just before its commencement, and at the time I speak of, several eminent members of the profession were among his warmest votaries. Some of his worshippers, might be seen, now and then, sitting

evidence of their full conversion to the faith by their practice upon themselves.

But I must be brief, for I fear I shall weary your patience, and trespass upon your kind indulgence.

Now, gentlemen, I am constrained to say, from my observations and experience during the first twenty or forty years practice in my profession, that I have rarely found any permanently good effects from the internal administration of any such means, but often decidedly bad results, and that, too, in the very cases in which the advocates of such practice strongly insist on their liberal employment, especially in the instances of low fevers and diseases of exhaustion and prostration of the vital powers.

For the last fifteen years or more, I have scarcely recommended or used any such stimulants, for the reason that I found other things safer and better. These evil spirits as I think they should be called, I regard as I do a few other means which are esteemed highly useful by some of the heroes of the trade, but which I consider as really dangerous, having, in my judgment, done more harm than good in many instances. And the physician who carefully abstains from such practice will, in my opinion, best fulfil his duty to his patients and the public.—*Dr. McCall before the Council of Ulster.*

Curiosities of Water.

The hailstone, says the *Quarterly Review*, is no less soluble in earth than in air. Placed under a bell-glass with twice its weight of lime, it gradually melts and disappears; and there remain four parts instead of three, of perfectly dry earth under the glass. Of a plaster of Paris statue weighing five pounds, more than one fifth is solidified water. Even the precious opal is but a mass of flint and water, nine parts of flint to one of water. Of twelve hundred tons of clay land, at least four hundred are water. Water, indeed, exists around us, to an extent and under conditions which escape the notice of hasty observers. When the dyer buys of the dy-salter 100 lbs. each of alum, potash, and soap, he obtains in exchange for his money, no less than forty five pounds of water in the first lot, sixty-four in the second, and a variable quantity in the third, sometimes amounting to 73½ pounds. Even the transparent air we breathe contains in ordinary weather five grains of water diffused through each cubic foot of its bulk; and this rarified water no more wets the air than the solidified water wets the lime or opal in which it is absorbed.

Riches for Children.

The present Post Master General of the United States was once a very poor boy, so poor that he could ill afford a pair of shoes, without which "the master would not allow him to come to school." Our boyhood was passed in the village in which were spent his earlier professional years.—We remember once being in his company after he had been elevated to the supreme bench in his native State, and hearing him make, in substance, the following statements:

I remember, said he, the first time I visited Burlington as a Judge of the Supreme Court—I had left it many years before a poor boy. At the time I left, there were two families of special note for their standing and wealth. Each of them had a son about my own age. I was very poor, and those two boys were very rich. During the long years of hard toil that passed before my return, I had almost forgotten them. They had long ago forgotten me.

Approaching the Court House for the first time, in company with several gentlemen of the Bench and Bar, I noticed in the Court House yard, a large pile of old furniture about to be sold at vendue. The scenes of early boyhood, with which I was now surrounded, prompted me to ask whose it was. I was told it belonged to Mr. A., (we use fictitious

initials.), "Mr. A.? I remember a family of that name—very wealthy—there was a son top—can it be he?" I was told it was even so. He was the son of one of the families already alluded to. He had inherited more than I had ever earned, and spent it all, and now his own family was reduced to real want, and his very furniture was that day to be sold for debt. I went into the court room saddened, yet almost glad that I was born poor. I was soon absorbed in the business before me. One of the first cases called, was that of B. vs. C.—a case that had come up on appeal, but which, if we remember rightly, originated in a low drunken quarrel. Mr. B? thought I, that is a familiar name. Can it be? In snort, I found that this was indeed the son in the other wealthy family referred to! I was overwhelmed, alike with astonishment and thanksgiving—astonishment at the change in our relative standings, and thanksgiving that I was not born to inherit wealth without toil.

Indeed all my experience has taught me that those fathers provide best for their children who leave them with the highest education, the purest morals, and the least money.—*Gambler Observer.*

Explanation—Apology—Reproof

When on our way to the Steamer *Magnet*, to join our Brethren, with whom we were about to proceed to the Annual Conference of the C. W. Methodist New Connection Church, we obtained a document purporting to be an account of a Sons of Temperance Celebration, in connection with the Rising Sun Division, No. 125. We had not time to read the communication, as the Boat was just about to leave; but finding the writer's name attached, felt no hesitation in sending it back, by a friend, with directions to have it inserted in the *Watchman*. It was inserted; and what does the reader suppose was our surprise on finding that in the said document, was an account also of a Ball, on the evening of the same day. Yes, a Ball connected with the Sons of Temperance!!! That such an event should have taken place, and especially that it should be recorded through the columns of the *Watchman* without note or comment, we very deeply regret. That any individual should suppose the *Watchman* or its proprietor could even tacitly sanction the iniquitous practice of dancing, &c. is to us a matter of surprise. And that any community of Sons of Temperance could so far forget their obligations to maintain the character of the Order, *unsullied*, as to patronise a Ball in connection with one of its subordinate Divisions, is deeply to be regretted.

All the documents which had previously come to us from S. of T. for publication in the *Watchman* were morally unexceptionable; but in this instance we have been imposed upon. Our readers need not fear the insertion of a similar document in the future.

A similar act of impropriety on the part of a subordinate Division called forth on a former occasion a very strong expression of disapprobation from the Grand Division of Canada.—And we hope a decided protest will ere long be presented by the S. of T. against the introduction of such an impious practice under the auspices of the Order.—*Watchman.*

A GRAND JURY'S PRESENTMENT.—The last "Star of Temperance," published at Keokuk, Iowa, contains a memorial to the Legislature from the Grand Jury of Lee county, on the subject of prohibiting the liquor traffic. They say "we have at present found two bills of indictment for the highest offence known to the law. Neither of these murders would have been committed, as the testimony shows, but for the grog-shop." Again they say, "the annual exhibit of County expenditures show that perhaps one half or more flow directly or indirectly from the retail in poisonous liquors." We wish that every Grand Jury, in the land would send up to the law-making power their testimony on the subject.

Results of the Liquor Traffic.

In pronouncing sentence of death on James Wall, for the murder of Michael Carey on the 17th of March last, Judge Edmonds made the following statements in relation to the cause of that, as well as four-fifths of all the crimes committed in this country.

"It is still our duty to pronounce upon you the sentence of death, and to warn you to prepare for the great change which may soon overtake you. In doing so, we cannot be unmindful of the cause of the ruin which has overwhelmed you. Your habits of intemperance have done it all. For some ten years you have continually indulged in this miserable habit. It has driven from you your wife, who, there is reason to believe, was taught by your example also to become intemperate. [Wall here said, 'No, Sir.' The Judge replied it would appear so from the trial.] It caused the bloody death of your child in its infancy—it has made you a vagabond on the face of the earth, without a home and without a friend—it has made you a frequent inmate of the penitentiary, and it has imbrued your hands in the blood of a fellow creature, and now places you before us to receive from us the ignominious sentence of death on the gallows.

All this you owe to the habit of intemperance, in which you voluntarily and perseveringly indulged."

In pronouncing sentence on Aaron B. Stookey, for the murder of Edward Moore, immediately after disposing of the case of Wall, the Judge uses the following language:

"Like the case of the wretched man who has just been sentenced in your presence, you owe your crime to your habits of intemperance. It seems that you were once a respectable man, but by such habits you have fallen from that condition, until you are arraigned at the bar of justice to receive sentence of the highest penalty known to our laws."—*The Reckless*.

Unions of Daughters in Canada.

It is with pleasure we insert the following address sent from Brockville, delivered on the interesting occasion of the organization of the Grand Union of the Daughters of Temperance, on the 23rd May last.

As much as we desire the success of the Order of the Sons, we must say our sympathies are equally with the Order of the Daughters.

There is at present a general desire in many parts of Canada, on the part of the Ladies, to extend this Order. There are really no good objections against the formation of Unions of Daughters. The two most prevalent objections raised by their enemies, are first, that—"Woman steps out of her sphere," in meddling with the things of the outer world. Those persons would have women, like the Turkish ladies of Constantinople, all veiled—looking through iron-bound or latticed windows. Another objection is that women of fashion or genteel manners, would have to mix with the vulgar. Well, this they do in churches—in the market—in the stage coach—on the steamboats, and railways; and lastly, in the grave yard and land of spirits. Are there two heavens?—Women in Unions need not associate otherwise than in a business way in friendship, for a few hours once a week, and even if they do, coming in contact with a poor woman; if otherwise well behaved, cannot possibly hurt any lady. Miss Leggo, of Brockville, we are informed, formed two Unions in Toronto last week.—*Canadian Son of Temperance*.

THE WRETCHED FATHER.—Not long since a wealthy merchant of Boston poured into the ear of a valued friend his bitter complaints of the conduct of his two and only sons. "My life is rendered perfectly miserable by their reckless dissipation, and shameless profligacy," said he. The friend inquired of the merchant if he could bear plain dealing. "Yes," was the reply.—"After what I have been made to suffer by those of my own household, I feel that I can bear any thing from others. The friend laid his hand kindly upon the merchant's shoulder, and inquired, "Where did your children learn to drink intoxicating stimulants?" In the most impassioned manner conceivable, the wretched man exclaimed, "At my own table! and O, sir," said he, "that reflection is the most bitter drop in the draught. I am compelled to drain."—Where on earth, with all his wealth, can that wretch-

ed father now find happiness? He has thoughtlessly made his sons pass through the fire of our American Moloch, and the scorched and blasted victims, will, in all probability, torment his vision, and wring his heart with anguish while he lives, or go before him to dishonored graves, dragging him with his load of borrowed after them.—*Dr. Select*.

RECHABITES.—A general Convention of the Independent Order of Rechabites has just been held at Greenbush, N. Y. Seven States were represented, viz: Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina. It was deemed expedient, upon examination, to re-construct the whole fabric of the Order, and, to effect this, the old laws were re-modelled, and a new ritual prepared. Such as were present were unanimous in deciding it to be in accordance with the wishes of the Order general.

Poetry.

LINES,

BY WM. SMITH, AUTHOR OF "ALAZON," ETC.

She urged till he lifted the glass to his lip;
She called it sweet nectar, and taught him to sip;
There was bloom on his cheek—there was light in his eye;
And she, the true-hearted, stood fearlessly by.

She smiled as he lifted the glass to his lip,
For his words were like music, when pausing to sip;
His voice was far richer, more earnest his sigh,
And she, the true-hearted, stood trustingly by.

She feared as he lifted the glass to his lip,
For his words they grew wilder, as deeper his sip;
His eye fiercer and sunken, his lip stern and dry—
And she, the true-hearted, stood tremblingly by.

She wept as he lifted the glass to his lip,
For his soul was degraded in Reason's eclipse;
There was a now but to pray, and to suffer, and die;
So the poor broken-hearted sank friendlessly by:
St. George, C. W.

MY FATHER.

My father raised his trembling hand,
And laid it on my head,
"God-bless thee, O my son, my son,"
Most tenderly he said.

He died, and left no gems of gold,
But still I was his heir—
For that rich blessing which he gave
Became a fortune rare.

Still in my weary hours of toil
To earn my daily bread,
It gladdens me in thought to feel
His hand upon my head.

Though infant tongues to me have said,
"Dear Father!" oft since then,
Yet when I bring that scene to mind,
I'm but a child again.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice! how oft doth creep,
Its cadence on my lonely hours,
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew on the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer
While pleasure's pulses madly fly;
But in the still unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by—
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, JULY 1, 1851.

Col. Gogy's New Law.

It has long been a problem with moderate drinkers, to find out a way by which they may freely enjoy their glass, and, at the same time, have a security that they shall escape the penalty, inebriation, and subsequent sickness. It seems now to have become a problem with legislators, how they may keep up and protect the sale of intoxicating liquor in the community, and yet bind it down under such severe restrictions that it will never do the public any harm.—The latter problem seems to us just as incapable of solution as the other; nor do we suppose that the difficulty can possibly be obviated, in either case, upon any other principle than that of the *testotal* pledge.

In the last session of our Parliament, a bill for the suppression of intemperance was passed, which is now the law of the land. With some unimportant exceptions, it is a good bill; and much benefit would result from it, if it were put in force. Another bill has been introduced into the present Session of Parliament, by Col. Gogy, which we have no hesitation in characterizing also as, upon the whole, a good bill; and of which we can as fearlessly venture to predict that it will be productive of much good, if it be enforced. Upon this latter point, however, we have very serious misgivings, the ground of which we shall explain by and-by.

The chief points of difference between the now Bill and the old, and in which it seems entitled to the preference, are the following: 1. In the preamble it explains distinctly the object of the bill, and points out the evil which it is designed to remedy; this will be of great assistance to those who may be called upon to interpret and enforce it. 2. While it keeps up the price of a Tavern License at £10, it gives a license to keep a Temperance House without any charge whatever, and thereby holds out a strong inducement to tavern keepers to convert their houses into Temperance Houses; at the same time, to prevent the abuse which might be made of this liberty, it prohibits every one from opening a Temperance House without a license. 3. Those who are empowered to grant certificates of license are authorized to exercise their own discretion in granting or refusing applications. 4. Persons who buy liquor at an unlicensed groggery are liable to be prosecuted as well as those that sell, and may be mulcted in one-half of the penalty. This is an entirely new clause; it reads well, but how it may operate is a question which time alone can determine. 5. The Act prohibits all mere drinking houses, by requiring that licensed Taverns shall partake so far of the character of eating houses, as to furnish accommodation and food to all who require it. 6. It gives to Inspectors of the Revenue, to Justices of the Peace, and members of the police force, ample powers to visit Taverns and Temperance Houses, and even houses in which they may suspect that intoxicating liquors are sold without license. 7. It provides that, in prosecutions for a breach of the Revenue Law, the suit shall not be thwarted by "an objection of mere form," as has been so frequently the case hitherto.

Some objections have been made against the Bill as too stringent and likely to prove oppressive to all except members of Temperance Societies. If this objection were well founded, we would deem it fatal to the whole measure; for the cause of Temperance is not to be promoted by force. But the objection is, in our candid opinion, unreasonable. The bill does not seek to sup-

press tavern keeping, or to deprive "moderate" men of the opportunity of having a "social glass," but only places the traffic under such wholesome regulations as the public weal requires. Tavern-keepers themselves may complain of the strict surveillance under which the Act proposes to place them; but the complaints of interested parties seldom possess much weight. If they will persist in a traffic which all experience proves to be so pregnant with mischief, it is the dictate both of justice and reason that they be held responsible for the consequences. We are glad to see that the Act proposes to subject them to heavy penalties in certain cases; we only hope they will be rigorously inflicted, for they are likely to prove salutary. We would have no objection to see something taken from the price of the license, and added to the penalties for keeping a disorderly house, or sending a man forth in a state of intoxication, &c.

But the bill appears to us to be liable to the following objections:—In Sec. 3 it introduces the same ecclesiastical distinctions as in the act of last year, in a manner that can scarcely fail to prove offensive to the parties disfranchised, that is, to the great majority of Protestants in Lower Canada. The power of granting certificates of license should be placed, as in Upper Canada, in the hands of Tavern Inspectors, to be chosen by the people.

Sec. 5 gives the power of granting certificates, in cities, to the chief or senior officer of Police. To this we have no decided objection, but we maintain that a "requisition," signed by a definite number of electors, is as necessary in this case as the former. We object to giving the chief of police unlimited powers in the premises, or leaving him at liberty to open as many taverns in the city as he pleases; the citizens ought to have a voice in it, by giving or refusing the requisition.

The 17th Sec. authorizes magistrates to commit and *fine* drunkards. This is a very proper enactment; but, then, the magistrate is not at liberty to enforce it, except "it be within his personal knowledge, or complaint be made before him, by some one on oath, that some one has been seen in a state of intoxication!" Who, that has a spark of honour in him, would make such an oath? Why should it not be left to the police to apprehend the drunkard, as at present? If this is not done, the clause may be printed, but it will never go further.

It is right that "adulterated liquors" should be forfeited, according to Sec. 15th, and that a "competent chemist" should be employed to test them. But what does the law understand by "adulterated liquors?" and what is a "competent chemist?"—We are humbly of opinion that the Act should define both of these phrases.

The foregoing remarks can scarcely be said to affect the principle of the measure; we think it is a good one, and if it becomes law, will be a material improvement on preceding legislation.—We beg to observe, however, in conclusion, that what we want upon this subject is not the enactment of new and stringent statutes, so much as their enforcement; and we trust the learned author of this bill will not let it pass out of his hands, without designating some officer or party on whom the duty of enforcing its various provisions shall devolve, and who shall be held responsible to the Government or Parliament for so doing. We have had much good legislation on this subject already, yet the evil has not been checked, because the provisions of law have been suffered to fall to the ground as a dead letter, or have been cunningly evaded. Legislators may regulate the *licensed* traffic as they please, but until they suppress the *unlicensed* traffic, they never reach the real evil. And we have no hope of seeing this done, so long as the present form of conducting prosecutions against offen-

ders shall remain in force, and these prosecutions must be conducted before the present Courts. However easy it may be to prove the guilt of an accused party, it is the most difficult thing in the world to obtain a conviction against him, for the Court is, generally, determined to acquit.

THE INFLUENCE OF MINISTERS.

No class of persons are under a greater obligation to adopt Temperance principles, or able to diffuse them, than the Ministers of Religion. We cheerfully acknowledge that our cause, like every other good cause that can be named, is under special obligations to them—they have advocated it in the pulpit and on the platform, and aided it by their example; indeed, we cannot see how it ever could have gained the commanding position which it now occupies, without their active co-operation. If there is any reason for the complaint which we sometimes hear, of indifference on the part of ministers of religion, it is not because that indifference has appeared in a great number of instances, for it has been confined to a few individuals comparatively, but because it comes from a quarter where we do not expect to find it; nay, where we have every reason in the world to anticipate a cordial welcome to our principles. The people do not expect that a minister of religion will become the patron of the brandy bottle, when thousands in the community are rising up against it, and banishing it from their company; they can scarcely bring themselves to imagine that a member of the most sacred profession on earth will become the apologist of those drinking customs, that have proved so hurtful to all that is holy, and produced a greater amount of sin and sorrow than the imagination can conceive. The moderate drinking ministers really mistake their own interest, to say nothing of their duty, for people do not like to see a minister drink. Even those that drink themselves, and that are led to take an antagonistic position in relation to total abstinence, either from interest or liking, can scarcely divert themselves of the evil conviction that their minister should not drink. It rises in their minds like an instinctive sentiment, and when they do find their minister patronising their drinking customs, and joining them over a glass, they cannot help thinking that he is out of his place. Such ministers undermine themselves, even with those over whom they wish to retain it.

On account of the great assistance we attract to the action of ministers, it gives us great pleasure to notice a movement which took place amongst the ministers attending the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church, last month, in Hamilton. A large number of the ministers of that body are teetotalers, and some of them, conceiving that it might be advantageous to form a Ministerial Association, subscribed the following circular, which led to the formation of a Society. It is intended to have a public Temperance Breakfast, or some similar demonstration, simultaneously with the meetings of Synod. This is a continuation of what has been done in Scotland, and is intended to spread our principles amongst the Ministers and Elders of the Denominations. We highly approve of their conduct, and anticipate the happiest results from it.

CIRCULAR.

It brings the conviction of several brethren of the U. P. Synod, that much good would be accomplished if all who are friendly to the Temperance Reformation were to associate in some way, in order to the advancement of their purposes—all who are favourable to such an object are therefore requested to send, by a few minutes, at the close of the present Session, in order to arrange for a meeting, by mutual consideration and advice upon

this important matter. The undersigned are highly favorable to the above:

Signed.—Wm. Taylor, D.D., Mod.; R. H. Thornton; James Skinner; James Dick; David Caw; William Fraser; Alexander A. Drummond; Andrew Ferner, D.D.; William Ormiston; James Pringle; George Lawrence; Robert Rodgers; John Hogg; Alexander Kennedy; John Duff; David Coutts; Alexander Henderson.

SMALL STREAMS FROM TEMPERANCE SPRINGS.

Nothing is more strikingly characteristic of the times in which we live, than the vast amount of periodical literature published under the auspices of the Temperance Reformation. The list of Temperance papers is rapidly increasing throughout the continent. Almost every state has its paper, and every organization its "organ." We shall take it for granted that all these periodicals are self supporting, and hence the argument that there must be a much larger number of Temperance readers in the country than at any former period. The Press is powerful, and while infidelity and irreligion make large use of that power for the spread of evil, let us be found using every exertion to promote the circulation and usefulness of Temperance papers, our own *Advocate* in particular.

We have just spoken of the great number of papers published with a view to the spread of Temperance knowledge. We have sometimes regretted that we could not avail ourselves to a sufficient extent of the valuable and useful matter we frequently find in our exchanges. Editorial articles of great compass of thought, and well expressed, often meet our eye; and we wish room could be found for this and that. We have come to the conclusion, though it may increase our own labors somewhat, to select from the best editorials that come under our notice, some of the choicest pieces, and give them the general heading of "Small Streams from Temperance Springs." By so doing, we think it possible that a great deal of information may be condensed, and many valuable topics be suggested to those who may regularly or occasionally lecture on Temperance. Many small streams uniting, will form a river. "All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again." "They return again," not to be stagnant and useless, but to fulfil the destiny assigned to them, by the great Creator of all things. So let it be in the world of mind, and in respect to temperance streams. Sometimes we shall do a little abstract in order to connect the "small streams," and make the articles under this head as interesting and useful as possible.

Often have we heard the idea expressed that Temperance is but "one virtue," and that by those who objected thus ministerially to the Temperance enterprise. One of our contemporaries thus briefly replies:—

"Temperance, after all, is only two virtues," said a friend to us the other day. We admit this; but it seems to us that there is almost the key-stone of the arch. Though but one virtue, if it could universally prevail, it would save forty thousand people every year from entering the grave,

Like a quarry slave at night,
Covered in his dungeon.

If it could universally prevail in the world, then it would cause thousands of men to adorn the fire hearth, and die respected. If this one virtue had been possessed by that father, his daughter would not be walking the streets, nor his son be in State prison. His lack of one virtue caused his children to be reared in ignorance, and from error. It is the want of this one virtue which turns a family reared in comfort upon the charity of a cold and unfeeling world. It is this one virtue which saves, begets, and brings the greatest number of converts to the

gambling hall, the house of ill-fame, the prison, and the grave.—Go, then, seek everywhere to implant this "one virtue" in men, and you will not have lived in vain.

To scorn the drunkard, and with unfeeling harshness to crush him down, is too frequently the course pursued by many who ought to pity, and persuade, and by kindness try to win the miserably fallen. The Editor of the *Old Oaken Bucket* has a good article, headed "Scorn not the Unfortunate." He warmly urges his plea for the drunkard, and says:—

"We were led principally to these remarks by a sight which we saw a few evenings since on the corner of Main and Wisconsin streets. As we were passing we overtook a poor, wretched drunkard, with bloated countenance, bleared eyes and tattered garments, reeling and tottering under the effects of liquor. We passed on, and in a little time returned, when our attention was attracted to a crowd of persons looking down into a large cellar which is dug on the corner of the above streets. We too looked, and beheld this miserable being lying in the mud and mire in the cellar, his head and face covered with mud and blood, having evidently fallen from the sidewalk to where he now lay. Yes, there in that bloated, disfigured, polluted mass is a human soul—a human mind—a being made in the image of God! And his brother men stand around, with scorn depicted on their countenances—jeers, taunts and laughter issuing from their lips—and they pass on! No ray of pity is seen to light a solitary face in that assembled crowd—no friendly hand is stretched forth to raise that lowly being—no kind word is whispered in those ears, which are acquainted only with epithets of contempt! He once had father, mother, brothers, sisters and friends. Where are they now? He once had high hopes and bright anticipations, and looked forward to a life of usefulness and happiness. Alas, these too, the airy castles of his happier years, have fled. All, all gone! Soon the drunkard's grave will open before him, and in its cold embrace, he will forget his misery!

"Spurn not the unfortunate! A few kind words might have raised this poor drunkard, and placed him again among the ranks of men. Kind words cost nothing—then why not bestow them liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers for all of us, let us not grasp them with a miser's grasp, and lock them in our hearts. Rather let us take them and scatter them around us. We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned, without much effort, and at an exceedingly cheap rate. Pleasant words will light up many a weary heart, will smile and gladness, and spreading to the lonely hearth rekindle the dying embers of domestic peace, where bitter taunts would cause that heart to bleed tears of blood.

"O, scorn not thy brother,
Though poor he may be;
He's bound to another,
And bright world, with thee.
Should sorrow assail him,
Give heed to his sighs;
Should strength ever fail him,
O, help him to rise.

"The pathway we're roaming,
Mid flowers may lie,
But soon will life's gleaming
Come dark'ning our sky.
Then seek not to smother
Kind feelings in thee,
And scorn not thy brother,
Though poor he may be.

"Go, cheer those who languish
Their dead hopes among;
In whose hearts stern anguish
The harp has unstrung.
They'll soon in another
Bright land roam with thee;
So scorn not thy brother,
Though poor he may be.

"Then spurn not the unfortunate! The kind word, the pleasant smile, and the warm hand of friendship, will bring many a blessing on your head, make life less weary, and smooth your pathway to the tomb."

It is to be feared that church members do most woefully sustain the accursed traffic in strong drink, while they perhaps contemptuously treat the irrecoverable inebriate. *The Star of Temperance* sheds some light on the hypocrisy of false professors, as well as making manifest the shallow sophistries of those engaged in the business of selling liquor.

"I only sell to church members," was the repeated assertion of one of our city grocery keepers who was brought up before Justice Moore for selling liquor on the Sabbath. We could not but notice the triumphant manner in which this plea was repeatedly made, with how much truth, however, we do not know. We could not but reflect upon the compliment, and admonition thus administered to professors—a compliment in thus virtually admitting that the Christian religion, where its principles are carried out in practice, is the great reforming power—and an admonition to professors, lest they should put their light under the bushel, showing too, how liquor-sellers look upon church members who use that which they sell. We have no doubt, too, that they look with the same contempt upon professors who sign licenses, or vote for those who will sign them."

Success is the order of the day, as we learn from almost every quarter. Some professors of religion may still drink, and many difficulties may be thrown in our way, but truth must triumph. *The Star of Temperance* says:

"The astonishing advance of the Temperance cause, especially in the Western States, exhibiting the intellectual and moral progress of the age, is a fitting theme for gratitude and congratulation. It will not be denied that the great and principal element in moulding into society this mighty change, has been the intelligent, combined, and persevering action of the various Temperance Orders. Like a well consolidated phalanx, they have met and triumphed over difficulties, before which the banner of moral suasion borne by individuals would have recoiled. There is still of the proudest of human victories, for it is a conquest of philanthropy, over the fearful opposition of long infixed social principles and habits."

Reasons for Loving Total Abstinence.

1st, *It raises man in the scale of moral and intellectual being.* Man as he came from the hand of his Creator is a bright link in that chain which binds together all God's rational and sensitive creation. He stands, as it were, within the vestibule of heaven; in him is matter's last gradation lost; and we advance only one step farther, and we are admitted to the pure society of angels. Man also possesses noble powers and capabilities of mind. He can trace the movements of distant worlds, as they roll in their high aerial pathway around the throne of God. But, alas! how does intemperance lower man in the scale of being,—it lays its ruthless hands upon man, the noblest work of God, and tears the crown of glory from his head. It stupefies his mind, and renders him incapable of participating in those high enjoyments which he otherwise would. It clogs up the avenues of intellectual pleasure, and chains the lofty aspirations of the human mind; and, in a word, it sinks the man below the brute; but total abstinence raises man to his high and proper position in the scale of being, and prepares him to act his part in the drama of life.

2nd, *Total abstinence from all that can intoxicate perpetuates life.* That intemperance shortens life is a fact so widely known, that it needs no argument to prove it. It violates the laws of our nature—destroys the healthy action of the delicate machinery of which the human system is composed—and brings man to a premature grave. Had every hollow grave, where lays the bloated remains of the victim of intemperance, a tongue, what volumes would it speak upon this subject! Intemperance, like a rampire,

lives upon the heart's blood of his victim. But total abstinence showers the rich blessing of health upon the head of its votaries.

It cooleth the head, and cooleth the brain,
And maketh the weak one strong again:

3rd, *Total abstinence banishes from the domestic and fireside circle the direful effects of intemperance.* Homo was designed by God to be an emblem of heaven; but alcohol transforms it to an emblem of the shades below. How the withering, blighting, scathing effects of alcohol have dried up those streams of love, joy and conjugal felicity which would otherwise flow through the domestic circle. It has rent asunder those hearts which could, like two crystal dew-drops, fondly meet and mingle into one. Could we but remove the veil which hides the domestic circle from our view, how dark and gloomy would be the picture. To see that lovely female which, but a few short years ago, was led by the hand of her doting lover to the *hymenal altar*—the bridal wreath set light upon her brow, and PLEASURE seemed to open wide the golden gates of her temple—now dejected, care worn, and left to mourn, is heart-rending in the extreme. Hope's bright lamp once illumed the future: but now, a gloomy darkness gathers thick around. But total abstinence, with its "scourge of cords," drives the monster from the domestic and fireside circle. How many a homo once desolate, has been cheered by its presence? Like an angel of light, it has banished the gloom and shed a divine radiance on all around.

4th, *Total abstinence is near akin to religion.* They are sister angels born on the rosy fields of Heaven—robed in Love, Purity and Fidelity, and sent on a mission of mercy to earth. They stoop and take drunkards from the ditch. I do not mean to say that total abstinence supersedes religion, but she leads her votaries to religious temples, and its gates are open wide, through which they may pass and mingle in the rapturous song which runs electrical among the fair-haired cherubs and shining ones; and makes the molten sea grow tremulous beneath the applauding shout, "the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth—hallelujah."

F. B. R.

Temperance among the Military.

We perceive by advertisement, that Government is renewing the lease of the Canteen attached to the barrack at St. Johns, and we are glad to perceive it is made an express condition, that no spirituous liquors are to be sold on the premises. We have no doubt this will have a beneficial effect on the health and orderliness of the troops. Will any of our military readers furnish us with statistics on this point? Has the exclusion of liquors from the Canteen decreased the punishments for insubordination recorded in the books?

ALCOHOL'S DOINGS IN LANCASTER.

We are sorry, though not surprised, to have to record the melancholy end of an inhabitant of Lancaster. He left for Williams-town on the 10th ult., on some business; but before leaving the latter place, he got into the company of some old cronies, and indulged rather freely in the "beverage not prepared by God to nourish and invigorate his creatures," and left for his home about twelve o'clock at night: but, alas! he was unable to reach his home. The family became alarmed at the appearance of the horse without its master, and search was immediately made for him; he was found on the following morning on a dunghill, in a farm-yard about a mile from Lancaster, quite insensible—but still alive; every effort was made that medical skill could suggest, but it was too late—he died the same evening.

We are happy to learn from Mr. F. B. Rolf, of Elora, that the Division which was formed there in February, 1849, now numbers about one hundred and ten members in good standing. Like all other good causes it had to meet with opposition; however strange it may seem, it has had to encounter quite a torrent of female eloquence, or rather tea-table chit-chat. But it still lives, and, like the mountain oak, defies the storm. The tavern-keepers seem somewhat *panic-struck*; and the distillery is turned into a bark mill. The good fruits of the society are seen in every part of the village; and many of its members are living epistles known and read of all men.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for June, 1851. B. Dawson, Montreal.

This gigantic monthly has been before the public for more than a year, and its circulation is constantly increasing. We notice it in our periodical, not because it is specially devoted to temperance subjects, although some good temperance tales have appeared in it, but because we are anxious that more time should be devoted to useful reading. By some it may be objected that in Harper's there is too much light literature, as it is called. We admit there is too much novel reading matter issued from the press, but when a careful selection of such literature, agreeably interspersed with substantial and scientific information is presented in a cheap and neat form, we venture to predict that the effect will be to restrain the habit of devouring the indiscriminate issues of a secularizing and romancing press. Harper's Magazine we can recommend as a general repository of useful literature. We give the following choice piece of poetic prose, as a specimen of the work, and as adapted to our design of inducing the young to choose the right path in early life.

THE TWO ROADS.

"It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at the window. He raised his mournful eyes to the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating, like white lilies, on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then, he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless than himself now moved toward their certain goal—the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but horror and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment, when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

"He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony, 'O, youth, return! O, my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!'

"But the days of his youth, and his father had both passed away. He saw wandering lights floating far away over dark marshes, and then disappeared—these were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from Heaven, and vanish in darkness. This was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night. The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him, the prayers they had offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and, with one despairing effort, he cried aloud, 'Come back, my early days! come back!'

And his youth *did* return; for all this was but a dream, which had visited his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still

young, his faults alone were real. He thanked God, fervently, that time was still his own, that he had not yet entered the deep dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land, where sunny harvests wave.

"Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that, when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountains, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain: 'O, Youth, return! O, give me back my early days!'"

CORRESPONDENCE.

East Hawkesbury, 6th June, 1851.

Sir,—The cause of Temperance in this place now presents a more favorable aspect than it has done for a number of years. On the 17th March last, a Temperance meeting was appointed by the Rev. Mr. Hammond, W.M. preacher on the Ottawa Circuit. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. Mr. Anderson, Baptist Preacher, Breadalbane; and Rev. Mr. Hammond, when the pledge was presented, and 50 names were obtained, thus reorganizing a society nearly extinct. At a subsequent meeting, after an eloquent address by the Rev. Mr. Clappison, Circuit Preacher, W.M., 10 more names were obtained.

It is pleasing to see the youth coming forward and promising to abstain from the use of that which is able to destroy both soul and body.

A. M.

Canada, June 10, 1851.

Sir,—As a Temperance man, I ignore all politics; and I am jealous of the Temperance associations now so extensively diffusing themselves over the country, lest, through indiscretion, they any where become hotbeds of politics; and that this foreign and exciting element tend to sever those whom the highest interests of man require to unite. Yet now that a general election is at hand, and that I hear all over the country the wail of patriotism, that the Tavern-keepers and rum-sellers have every where on such an occasion a towering influence, which contending candidates have to purchase, I wish to enquire whether as Temperance men, without disturbing our associations or compromising our politics, we might not act by concert on a general Temperance platform, so that whether French or English, Conservatives or Radicals, we might decidedly prefer the representatives of our several political parties, who will adopt our pledge, or, at all events, abstain directly or indirectly from employing treating or tavern-influence to promote their election. A gentleman hearing a tavern-keeper express his sentiments on public questions, ventured to hint his surprise that his vote and influence at the preceding election should be so different. Oh, sir, says he, that is easily explained; the fact is, they steam more than your side do, and, you know, a man has to look to his business. I have been told that even in Toronto, the Taverners can make or unmake a councillor or member just as they please. Now, is it not odious to have a free country under such an influence? Is it not hopeless to look to Parliament for legislation, or to Municipal Corporations for administration on Temperance principles while it continues? And may it not consist with our internal peace, and be a truly noble and patriotic work that we unitedly endeavor to neutralize this prevalent and injurious influence, and save our country from so odious and degrading an incubus.—I am, &c.,

J.

Vankleek Hill, June 12, 1851.

Sir,—Your devoted attachment to, and unwearied labors in the cause of Temperance, will, I hope, be a sufficient apology for my communication. Knowing that you, in common with all good men, rejoice to hear of the progress of the principles of Temperance, I am happy to inform you that the inhabitants of Vankleek Hill are up and doing. On Friday the 23rd ultimo, a meeting was held in this village, for the purpose of instituting a division of the "Sons of Temperance." The division on that evening numbered 15, since which time we have had the pleasure of initiating 11 others, making the strength of this division at present 26; we have also received 7 applications for membership within the last week.

The Ladies of Vankleek Hill, with that spirit of love, benevolence and of earnestness in a good cause, (so characteristic of women,) have presented the Division with the requisite regalia; thus, not only giving us their smiling countenance, but throwing their influence, (which is, indeed, mighty,) into the cause. With such prospects it is not to be wondered at, that the Sons in this place are buoyant with hope, and sanguine in their anticipations of a sure and certain success.

With Love, Purity, and Fidelity for our motto, we enter the field to combat with intemperance. Breathing peace on earth and good will to man, we labor to bind up broken hearts, to cause the darkness of war to vanish, and to shed happiness around—it is indeed a labor of love. Let us be thankful that the Supreme Ruler of the Universe has put this much in our power.

Intemperance must be driven from the land!—this great barrier to human happiness must be removed!—much can be accomplished by perseverance,—let us all then, persevere! persevere! persevere!

THOMAS H. HIGGINSON.

Cornwall, June 21, 1851.

Sir,—I observe that a bill has been introduced into Parliament by Mr. Guy, "for the more effectually suppressing intemperance in Lower Canada." Why the operations of this bill should be confined to Lower Canada, I am at a loss to conceive; or why, instead of legislating for one section of the Province, a bill has not been brought before Parliament of a general character. I think that instead of having—as we have at present—several Laws in regard to the suppression of Intemperance, and the granting of Tavern Licenses and these being so conflicting in their character, they should all be repealed, and in their stead a Law should be passed which would embrace the whole Province. As the Law at present stands, it is difficult to define our position. The bill of last session of Parliament introduced by Mr. Cameron, "for the suppression of intemperance," is so complicated, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to decide what portions of it are applicable to Upper and Lower Canada respectively; and another difficulty is, that it clashes with the Bill introduced the same session by Mr. Hincks, intitled "An Act to amend the laws relative to Tavern Licenses in Upper Canada." In the 14th section of Mr. Cameron's act, it is enacted "That it shall not be lawful for any distiller, merchant, or trader, who shall not have a tavern license, to sell intoxicating liquors in less quantities than one gallon, except wine, which may be sold by the bottle;" while in the second section of Mr. Hincks' act, it is provided that "shop licenses are not to be affected by this act." The act regulating the issuing of shop licenses was passed 40, George III., cap. 4. It is enacted by the 3rd section of the said act "That from and after the fifth day of April, now next ensuing, it shall not be law-

ful to or for any shopkeeper licensed to sell wine, brandy, rum, and other spirituous liquors by retail, to sell or vend the same in any less quantity, or by smaller measure, than one quart." Thus it will be seen, while Mr Cameron's act provides that no less a quantity than one gallon shall be sold by retail, Mr Hincks' bill provides that so small a quantity as one quart may be retailed. But whatever act is passed, it matters not now how stringent it may be, it will be of little service, at least in Upper Canada, unless the act passed for the "more easy convicting of persons selling spirituous liquors without license" is amended, and a *batch* of more efficient magistrates is appointed. As the law now stands in Upper Canada, it is necessary that there should be the evidence of one *credible witness* on oath, in addition to the informer, before a conviction can take place. I am of opinion that a law should be passed by which a party selling spirituous liquors without a license might be summoned and tried by merely lodging the vender's name with the Inspector, as also the name of the purchaser, because I understand great difficulty exists in getting persons to swear. I repeat that no matter how beneficial a law may be passed, unless the authorities bestir themselves,—a more efficient staff of magistrates be appointed—it will prove a nullity. We have a law at present in Upper Canada, commonly known as "Prince's Act," to prevent the desecration of the Sabbath, and among other things—the sale of intoxicating drinks on that day (except to travellers) is prohibited, but I am not aware of but one conviction for the violation of any of its clauses, notwithstanding that it is violated every Sabbath day. The last mentioned act was passed on 29th March 1845, yet from the very inefficiency of the authorities throughout Upper Canada, the law is comparatively a *dead letter*.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Education.

Moral Training of Pupils.

"Is it well with thy child?"

Our nature is several fold. We have bodies as well as spirits. The outward frame must be cared for as well as the invisible tenant that inhabits and animates it. The good teacher will look to this; he will at least feel anxious that the bodily nature is cared for and governed in accordance with the laws of life and health.

A still higher duty he owes to the intellect of his pupil. That must be trained; what is found in weakness must be raised in power; every day it should be subjected to a vigorous exercise, the pupil must be taught to think, to analyse, to reason; we are not to be satisfied with simply *inculcating* truth, as it were, by outward pressure and talking to pupils, and with raking them repeat, or reply to questions; this is little better than a child's play, and it is more unworthy of the teacher than of the taught, for he is older and should know better than they. Our claim to consideration as teachers lies in our ability to create an *internal activity* and warmth while the truth is presented. Let us remember that we are to invigorate our pupils intellectually, and make them more vigorous thinkers.

But, teacher, we have another duty to perform; our pupils have souls as well as intellects. We are to lead them down from the hills of pleasure to the plains of mental conflict; but if I mistake not, we are also to take them by the hand and seek to lead them down by

"Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracles of God."

In a word, we are always to remember that over the pupils of our adoption we have, almost by the necessity of the case, acquired great influence, and are bound to employ that influence so as to promote their best interest. But as their best interest is involved mainly, not in a healthy frame, or a well-disciplined mind, but in a heart right before God, we are certainly to employ every attraction to win them early to His service.

This is one of the great pleasures of teaching; it affords such rare opportunities for approaching the heart, and winning it, while yet tender, to the fold of Him whose kindest invitations are to the lambs of his flock. If we are conscious that we ourselves are yet wanderers from the fold of the Good Shepherd, alas for us! and alas for our influence over the members of our school; and hard will it be for us to justify our neglect on that great day for which all other days were made. But if otherwise with us, do we realize as we ought, how rich are our opportunities for doing good? Do we make it a part of every day's care to speak to the little company of disciples before us of heavenly things, and of the necessity of a preparation here for happiness hereafter? Or do we esteem it a duty to mark every day, with one kind, earnest, *personal* appeal to the thoughtlessness of childhood, to remember now the Creator in the days of youth? Whatever be our own private views, if we acknowledge the truth of the Scriptures, and the necessity of preparation for the world to come, our obligation to do this for our pupils is obvious; but this appeal may, perhaps, with most propriety, be made to those who look upon themselves as already disciples of the Great Teacher. Shall we not, then, in all our teaching, have more reference to the world to come, and not do all for earth, but something for heaven?

If the question were proposed as in the sentiment of the Hebrew prophet, Is it well with the child? several considerations must be weighed before we could unhesitatingly reply. Be it of future senators, or kings even, it would be rash for the kind teacher to reply in the affirmative, if they had not yet begun to rest upon Him, who is our Advocate and Support. It is a wise suggestion of the ancients, that it is not safe to call any man happy till the day of his death. There are many counter currents and cross winds on the sea of life; and we cannot tell whether the barks which we are now launching upon the deep, will drift safely to a quiet haven at last, or not.

We certainly know that if our pupils rise to eminence, and even sit on thrones here, but fail of seats in Paradise hereafter, it cannot in any sense be "well" with them.

Under the pressure of this consideration we ask you, Fellow Teachers, to labor. It may oppress you at times; but the thought that under God you may be the means of implanting principles of right, and conferring on your pupils more than worldly sceptres and crowns, will also animate you. Let these thoughts cheer you as you go to your daily task; let them animate you in your hours of despondency, and above all, let them prompt you to faithfulness in Christian duty, and make you "speak to that young man" of those higher interests which he has in his care and keeping. And when you commend the cares and responsibilities and successes of your business to the Source of Perfect Wisdom, oh! never forget that there is no favor you can ask for your pupils so valuable, none that the Author of Mercy is so willing to bestow, as "redemption through his Son."

Your opportunities of usefulness are better than those of most men. The minister of the Gospel enjoys no better; he sheds his influence on a larger field, but it is not so direct; he cannot approach so near to those he would benefit.

The parent occupies, perhaps, in some respects, a more favored position; but his field of peculiar influence is only in the circle lighted and warmed by his own fire. But every day there come thronging up to your desk groups of young inquirers, with minds ready for the seal; they seem to ask that your influence may fall upon their expanding characters, with a blessing and a prayer. They are ready to be directed; they are precious jewels put into your hands to be cut and polished in shapes of wondrous beauty. They wait your directing hand, your "modifying clauses," as they go forth into the storm and battle of life and make a solemn and decisive throw in the game of destiny. They are before you to be fashioned for time and for eternity.

Then too as the sun finds successive meridians and districts of frosty and dark earth passing beneath him to be lighted and warmed by his smile, so you in most stations of labor find successive groups of learners passing under your influence, on whom you can shed your light, and impress your character, and carve images of beauty, that neither the stormy waters of life, or the waves of the River of Death can efface. Is not your opportunity for doing good a rich one?

And never say, O Teacher! that the untoward influences of society are so many, and the unfaithfulness of parents so great, and your pupils are so short a time under your care, that you can do

nothing. You can do much; if you were a thousand times less potent than you are, you could do wonders. A little unpen, rill creeping along through the grass will make a green strip of velvet wherever it goes. The far off stars, whose light has to travel long thousands of years and across a multitude of adverse currents, to reach us, every evening help to light the labourer from his field of toil to his couch of repose. These emblems teach us how much we can do for learning, for virtue, for religion, if we exert a correct and steady influence; and seek to shine like lights in the world. We desire not better praise than that of the Hebrew woman of old: "She hath done what she could." Are you doing what you can in behalf of a correct moral training of the thousands of pupils in our schools?

And do not say either that the laws prohibit doctrinal instruction, and any collusion of the sects on this ground, and therefore excuse yourself from doing anything. The laws never prohibit your making good Christians of all your pupils. If you lived under a race of tyrants, they would never object to your making good sisters and brothers and parents and citizens of every scholar in the commonwealth. And if they did, we would not heed it; we would still seek to fit all our flock for seats in the kingdom of heaven, and then adjourn the little meeting to the general assembly of apostles and prophets and martyrs on high, though it be through threats and faggots and blood! But so far from prohibiting influence of this kind, there is no district but would esteem more highly the teacher who should be meekly faithful in this matter. Go tell your pupils, then, of their ruin by the fall, of their need of a Saviour, and of the necessity of making preparation now for the scenes of the future, and we have no fear of a war of the sects, or a collision with the laws in consequence, for these are common articles of faith; the most liberal interpreter of the Sacred Word admits them, all but the infidel hold to them.

We dictate not to what creed, or sect, or church you may belong; but we dare say that he that cares not for the soul as well as the intellect of his pupil, is not fit in the highest sense for this work. Could you coin the very diamonds of the earth for your currency, and barter in thrones and sceptres and crowns, and write down the everlasting stars in the inventory of your estate, you would not converse with such solemn and imposing relations as now encompass you every day's toils and trials and success. Eternal intellects are stronger for bliss or woe at the close of every hour of faithful toil.

Linked then with such relations, encompassed with such solemn responsibilities, shall we forget the high tenor of our commission, and do all for earth and nothing for heaven? all for time and nothing for eternity? all for discipline and nothing for virtue? Oh no! Traitors we must be to our calling, or we shall often remember that our pupils have not only intellects that need to be disciplined, but hearts that must be washed in atoning blood, and sanctified by grace divine, or they can never walk in Paradise, and bathe in its

"Seas of heavenly rest."

—Massachusetts Teacher.

Agriculture.

Improvement in Farming.

When shall we see improvement in farming? We do not entirely despair, when we look over our country and see a great improvement in some individuals' farming. In our region of country, these kind of farmers are pretty scarce, but where they are, we find that they realize two fold in quantity and quality of grain, and have a great deal more pleasure and satisfaction while they are at it. But ask the farmer "what are the improvements desired?" We, in answer, will name a few. First see what kind of soil you have and what kind of manure is best adapted to it. You will have to exercise a sound judgment, connected with experience, to determine this, as some kinds of manure will not do for some kinds of soil. If grain be your dependence, see what kind of grain best suits your land. See if draining is necessary; here let me say, that draining is oftentimes more necessary than farmers suppose. If needed, do it with as little delay as possible. Do not put it off until you have more time; for it is getting worse every year, and you are incurring more and more labor on it. As the land gets worse, it is harder to till, and you receive less

profit; if you were to spend only a few days, perhaps, in draining, your labor would grow less and without doubt your crop would be increased from one quarter to one half. Select your manure judiciously and apply it to the crops that need the variety. Would not this add much to your crops? Who does not know that to apply fresh manure directly to wheat will often ruin it, when, if it had been preceded by a crop of corn, or roots, it would have been of great value, and have been enough for the wheat.

Keep your land thoroughly subdivided, and let not the weeds grow. It costs no more to raise corn than weeds, and which is of the most value? This mastering weeds is a great improvement in farming, and one that will well pay the farmer for his trouble. Try it. Try manuring.—Try draining. Try weeding. Combining the three, and a dozen other improvements that you think of, and you will get pay. But says one, "if we do all this we cannot attend our thirty acres of corn to hand." Well, can't you see that fifteen hundred bushels of corn off of twenty acres, is as good as the same off of thirty acres? We hope the day may come, when farmers may attend more to the improvement of their lands, in the place of trying how many acres of grain they can manage to the hand. When we see the above rules adhered to, with many others, then we shall find an answer to the questions that commenced our article.—*Dollar Newspaper.*

Small Furrows.

Depend upon it, the right view has at length been taken and the pulverization of the soil by means of comparatively small ploughs and small furrows, is to become the order of the day.— This has long been known and observed in the Middle States, where flat-furrowing or slap jacking for any purpose has been condemned by "book and candle." But I wish to enquire, why make a distinction between the turning of old and new ground? and say, as many do, "although it is necessary that new ground should be turned with a furrow so narrow as ten inches, yet the furrows on old fields may be thrown over wide and flat without injury, and to the expediting of business." Now this expediting of business sounds oddly to one who has been accustomed to witness the culture of hundreds of acres, sometimes in a single field, but where no such excuse is made for wide furrows, which are well known to be utter deracination to the crop in a wet season, and a dead loss in all. No; if there be any of our labors that requires care in the performance, it is ploughing, and I am satisfied by abundant experiments that the work is not only better, but easier and quicker done than it ever can be by wide and flat furrowing.

In my opinion, we have one more step to take in business, and go for narrow furrows at all times and under all circumstances, debiting the crop for any extra care and labour that might have been expended on the process, and without question that it will be ready to respond to the call. It has been said there is no article in the woollen manufacture that would not be stronger and more useful if made of fine rather than coarse wool; and the same argument will, I believe, hold good in the business of ploughing—say therefore, there is no description of ploughing that will be found better adapted to the culture of the earth and eventually the growth of the crop, by being turned by a small furrow. I know some argue that small furrows are not necessary in autumn fallowing, when the land may be turned with large and flat furrows with impunity; but I know the reverse of this to be the fact, and have often witnessed the evil results arising from such practice in the hands of others—men whom I have been sometimes led to account penny-wise and pound-foolish—when the land has lain wet and sodden during the winter, and in no way has the spring tillage been expedited by such preparatory labors. But the days of flat ploughing have been numbered, as will also be the days of broad furrows.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Planting Roses.

The beauty and interest which a garden affords depends greatly on the disposition of its individual posts; even the arranging and planting of a single bed requires experienced taste in order to produce effective display. Take, for example, a rose bed; imagine the kinds to be indiscriminately mixed, and no attention to have been paid to the respective heights, and the effect produced by such a medley assemblage will be immediately felt by any person

possessing taste and accustomed to observation. Let us further suppose such a bed to be circular, and the effort will be as bad as they will could be, unless the object aimed at was to represent wild nature. The taller plants should have been planted in the centre and the others arranged so as to gradually fall to the outer rim. This arrangement would advance us a step, but let us proceed further, and dispose of the trees in zones or circles. In this way we give the bed the expression of design. For, be it clearly understood that we are discussing gardening in an artificial sense. Now let us go a little further still, and consider whether there be not yet room for improvement, suppose we plant one color in the centre circle, and so change each circle until we reach the outer one. By such a classification we add color as well as design; but imagine the colors to be so arranged that another important feature is produced, viz., contrast, and the picture becomes still further improved though not yet finished. Would not an edging render the whole more complete? The beauty and brilliancy of the rose would be signally improved and relieved by an evergreen margin. This would in some measure help as it were to lift the eye from the earth and place it nearer the eye. This edging may be ivy or cotonaster microphylla or Permetys mucronata, or any low dwarf evergreen shrub kept shorn into a formal rim.

In the above, I have shown how much beauty may be exhibited in a circular bed, by the exercise of a little taste and forethought; but these simple principles are by no means confined to a rose bed; they can be carried out in every matter relating to the arrangement of a garden, so that unity and comprehensiveness of design may characterize the whole. When a contrary state of things prevails, delight vanishes, confusion takes the place of order, disgust that of pleasure, and instead of the most charming of all pursuits, contributing to relieve the man of business from the oppressions and anxieties of mind usually resulting from close application, he abandons the whole in utter dismay and hopelessness.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

BIRTHS.

Montreal—2nd ult, the wife of Captain Eveleigh, of a daughter. 6th ult, Mrs George Platt, of a daughter. 12th ult, the wife of Lieut-Col Ermalinger, of a son. 16th ult, Mrs William M'Master, of a son. 16th ult, Mrs C F Smithers, of a daughter. 20th ult, Mrs James R Orr, of a daughter. 22nd ult, Mrs John Gardner, Beaver Hall, of a son. Buffalo—14th May, Mrs W H Wilkes, of twin daughters. Kingston—4th ult, the wife of Mr John Kerr, Manager, Gas Works, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Montreal—13th ult, by Rev William Rintoul, A M, Mr George Berlington, to Isabella, eldest daughter of Mr Finlay Dow. Kingston—14th ult, by the Ven Archdeacon Stuart, Mr T L Haight, to Mary, youngest daughter of B Phillips, Esq.

DEATHS.

Montreal—10th ult, Mr Jno Johnson, of the High School, late of Belfast, Ireland. 13th ult, very suddenly, Mr R J Marchitt, Merchant, of Chambly. 17th ult, Matilda, youngest daughter of Mr F Duff, aged 17 years. Brockville—9th ult, in the 80th year of his age, Alexander, eldest brother of the Hon William Morris, late President of Her Majesty's Executive Council, and of the Hon James Morris, the present Postmaster General of Canada. Gananoque—18th ult, Joel Stone, third son of W B M'Donald, Esq, aged 3 years. Leacaster—11th ult, Walter Dunn, aged 38 years. Walsingham—2d ult, of effusion of the brain, caused by inflammatory cramp, James Barwell, only son of the Rev G Kennedy, Wesleyan Minister, aged 5 years. Webster, Mass—16th ult, of painter's cholera, Mr John Barnet, aged 35 years, a native of Leven, Fifeshire, Scotland. Deceased was for the last four years an active and zealous member of the "Hand-in-Hand" Division of the Sons of Temperance in that village, and his loss is severely felt by the members of the Division.

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