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Confessions of a Maniac.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

(Concluded from Page 148.)

Emile was standing at the door of my new house, smiling the kindest welcome as I approached. It was a cold day, and he had ready for me a cheerful fire, which he stirred with great energy, after he had drawn for me my favourite chair beside it.

"Here is not exactly the same aspect of things," said he, "as we find at the parsonage: but here is all that is necessary to make a Christian contented; and you, Flora, I am sure, will not wish for more."

I answered with a heavy sigh; for I felt that the contentment of a Christjan was not mine to feel.

It was a peculiar feature in the character of Emile, that he spoke rarely, and with apparent difficulty, of his own feelings. He seemed to live for others, not for himself; and thus, though his loss had been so much heavier than mine, he never alluded to his own personal affliction; but assumed a constant cheerfulness of manner, in the hope of imparting it to me.

"I must now tell you," he said, "in plain terms, that I am promising myself the pleasure of spending a long evening with you, if you will allow me to be your guest. I set off on my journey for Cambridge to-night. A chaise will come for me at ten, and I hope to meet the mail at eleven."

I had started too evidently at this intelligence, and I endeavoured to conceal my emotion, by asking, in a tone of assumed indifference, if he expected to stay long at Cambridge.

"I am unable to say," he replied, "how long. It will depend upon how and when my future lot is fixed. As soon as I learned that Mr. B—— intended taking the whole duty of this parish himself, I made application in two quarters, and at present I have nothing to do but to wait patiently until the line of duty is pointed out to me."

"Then you leave this place entirely?" said I, the words absoulutely choking me as I uttered them.

"Entirely," he replied, "except that I hope sometimes to visit the friends I leave behind. And, Flora, you will write to me often, will you not? And tell me all about the schools, and the work-house, and the poor old people?"

What else he said, I cannot tell. I felt a coldness, like death, stealing over me. In another moment I should have lost the power to escape, and my secret might have been betrayed. Fortunately, I started up, and, rushing into my own chamber, gave way to such a violent burst of grief, that my servant came to my assistance. She had lately become expert in administering my favourite remedies, and now entreated that I would take something to support my strength, for that I had had nothing that day.

She brought me my accustomed medicine. It seemed to produce no effect. I took a double quantity, and soon began to feel as if I could bear to look the fact in the face, that Emile was really going to leave me.

My servant carried down a report that I was ill. Emile was alarmed. He sent up many messages of inquiry, and offers of assistance. I should have gone down earlier, but that on turning towards the glass, I saw my face all flushed and heated, and looking any thing but ill. I could not, however, for this reason, afford to lose the last evening I might possibly ever spend in the society of Emile.

He met me on the stairs, with a look of the most anxious solicitude.

"It is all over," said I, "if was a mere nothing—only a sort of faintness I am subject to."

I would gladly have changed the subject; but he stood beside

my chair, hung over me, and looked into my face, with an expression of the deepest concern.

"And what do you take for this faintness, Flora?" said he. "Why, to-day," I answered—"I have taken—my servant brought me a small quantity of brandy. I was almost insensible at the time, and should probably have taken anything else that she might have offered to me."

"Brandy," said he very gravely, "is a dangerous medicine." "I take so very little," said I, endeavouring to smile off the subject, and at the same time blushing deeply,— "I take so very little, and really I don't know what else would do me good. Can you tell me?"

"I am not much skilled in medicine; yet thus far I dare go; and I repeat, that brandy is a dangerous medicine for you. I will not deny that there are cases where it may do good to the body, if it does not endanger the mind. But do not trust yourself to it, Flora; it is worse than poison to you."

"What can you mean Emile? Do you think I am addicted to intemperance?"

"Far, far from you and me be such a thought!"

"Then what can you mean?"

"I mean, Flora, that your character as well as your circumstances are peculiar. I mean, that you are one whose talents must be employed, whose conscience must be satisfied, and whose affections must have an object; and that you never can know happiness without one or all of these. Yet it has pleased God, as if, for your especial trial, so to place you for the present, that you will have no regular occupations to demand your attention, no relative duties to call you out of yourself, and no object to love.

"Spare me, Emile! in mercy spare me! I knew the horrors of my fate before. Why will you place them before me in this new and hideous form?"

"Think not, dear Flora, that I would willingly exaggerate, what you call the horrors of your situation. Far happier to me would be the task of making the duties which still await you, more attractive than they are. Permit me, however, as a Christian friend, to be faithful to you. Permit me to feel as if you were in reality my sister."

"Then when you speak of duties, Emile, you must tell me, as a friend, what you think mine are; for I have looked around, but it appears to me that I have no place in society—no business on the earth—and"—I would have added, but feared to shock his feelings by an exposure of the real state of mine—"no claim to an inheritance in heaven."

"You grieve me to the heart," said he, "when you talk in this melancholy strain, so unworthy of your principles, and of yourself. I entreat you, Flora, to shake off these morbid miseries, and to be again your better self."

"Never! I shall never be again what I was!"

"You will never, it is true, be again the cherished daughter of a proud and happy parent; but there is still between your heavenly Father and yourself, the same relation as before, the same account of responsibilities to render, the same to fulfil. It is not with you as with many others, who have simply been born within the pale of Christian fellowship. You have publicly acknowledged, and in some respects acted upon, a more especial call to honour your Saviour's name. Your talents, your genius, all increase your influence, and your influence increases your responsibility."

"You forget, Emile, that there is no one now left for me to influence, either for good or evil."

"No, Flora, it would not be easy for me to forget, that you have now no one to cherish with your love, no one to look up to you with partial admiration, no one to be cheered by your coming in, or saddened by your going out, no one to receive from you the kind offices of strictly affect on. I must forget my own existence,

before I can forget this. In speaking of your responsibilities, I meant only, that you were still capable of contributing to the happiness of others."

"And how should that be possible, when no one loves me well enough to care what I say or do?"

"Not, as I said before, to contribute to their happiness through the channel of your affections, or of theirs, but by making them familiar with the truths of the gospel, and increasing their acquaintance with the only true wisdom.

"Look at your situation, Flora, and at the situation of those around you; and you will surely cease to ask, where are your responsibilities? You have time, which few of them enjoy; talents which none of them possess; and attainments, far beyond their reach. Every one who is inferior to yourself, has some claim upon you; for why have you been so highly gifted, but to render your gifts conducive to the general good?"

"Ah! Emile, it is easy for you, who have always been so devoted, to practise what you preach."

"Is it easy for me, Flora? Is it easy for me to go through the same routine of duty, as I did, before the decree went forth against me? 'Behold, I will take away the desire of thine eyes.' Yet I will not complain: for I have lived through what I should once have thought myself incapable of enduring, and never could have sustained by my own unassisted power."

Emile then changed the conversation, for this was a subject on which he never allowed himself to dwell in words, whatever he might do in thought.

"I am anxious to know," he said, "whether the clergyman who now takes charge of this parish, will pay any attention to the schools. Whether he does or not, however, they are in excellent order; and with your superintendence, I have no fear that they will fall away. I have made out a list of the poor people whom I should like to commend especially to your care. I am sure you will visit them often, both for their sakes and mine."

He then described to me the circumstances of each—young and old—feeble and strong; and I appeared to listen; but I was in reality counting the strokes of the village clock, which seemed that night to strike the hours almost as rapidly as minutes.

"You surely do not hear the chaise," said he, taking out his watch, and seeing it was only nine, "we have one hour yet," he added, "let us spend it in commending each other to our heavenly Father. Let us part, as those ought to part, who have lately shared such solemn scenes as we have witnessed together."

We knelt together as we had often done before, beneath my father's roof, and with him it seemed as if his whole heart was poured into his prayer—as if he cast himself, wholly and without reserve, upon the mercy he implored; and consequently feared nothing, and felt nothing, but submission, and trust, and holy grace.

The burden of his spirit, however, that night was for me; and if the prayer of another could have saved me, I should have been snatched from the precipice on which I stood.

For myself, I joined not with that prayer, even in the secret of my heart. It seemed to me as if the heavens were as brass. And this solemn act of worship was ended, and I was spiritually unmoved. A sudden thought then came over me, that I would tell him all—all my sinfulness, and my estrangement from God; and perhaps he could help me. My heart began to beat violently and the words were already on my lips, when the approaching sound of a carriage warned me that the season of visitation had again passed over, and that I was to be left to myself.

Emile took leave of me with a degree of brotherly affection which surpassed my expectations. I received it, I believe, without any suitable return, for I neither saw, nor heard, nor felt distinctly, until the door closed, and the carriage had rolled away—and then came the tide of feeling like a flood.

The light of morning gleaming through my lattice found me in the same position I had assumed, when, after straining every nerve to listen if I could hear no longer any sound like carriage-wheels, I had sunk into my solitary chair before the fire. The light of morning found me with my feet upon the fender, and the white ashes lying cold upon the hearth.

CHAPTER V.

That portion of human existence, which appears the most lengthened in endurance, usually occupies in description the shortest space.

It would be impossible for me to say, how days, weeks, and months passed over me, after I was, in every sense of the words,

left to myself. I remember nothing distinctly but the evenings—and they were all alike. I might say, in the words of the poet,

"Endless, and all alike."

for when a day of intolerable length was drawing to its close, and my servant and her happy neighbours thought it all too short, I know that I had to summon fresh resolution for the lapse of time which still remained, before I could forget myself in sleep.

You will wonder what had become of my benevolence, and my active usefulness, when I tell you that I had no pursuits. Originating as they had done in an entire misunderstanding of my own motives and principles, it was impossible, after attaining a true knowledge of these, to carry them on as I had done before; and having once withdrawn myself from the sphere of action in which I took so conspicuous a part, I felt ashamed to enter upon it again in a manner less creditable or influential.

Thus I had no occupation; with books I had lost my companionship, for they awakened thought. I was too anxious to forget; and as for music, it was a perfect torture to me; for there was no tone, even of my own voice, nor melody, nor chord, that did not bring back to me the sweet and pleasant past, the old parsonage, my father, and my sister Lillah, and Emile, but, more than all, my own innocence and peace. Then followed the picture of what I had become—my loneliness—my separation from all things pure and holy—my wretchedness on earth, and my unfitness for heaven.

These were the thoughts that used to flow into my heart like a flood, evening after evening, as I sat alone, after the last sounds of the village had ceased, when the lights had vanished from the cottage windows, and the watch-dog had bayed himself to rest. It was then that I used to long for a distant storm to come booming over the billows, and roaring through the old trees which skirted the church-yard—that I longed for any thing, in short, to break the leaden stillness that closed around me like a tomb. And yet hour after hour passed away, and there was neither wave, nor throb, in that great world of space, of which I seemed to be the only occupant—the centre and the soul.

Need I say, that the habit I had contracted of drowning myself in forgetfulness, grew upon me daily, and was confirmed by the lengthened weariness of every night? In vain did I resolve, when morning came, that I would break through the bondage it was imposing upon me. Midnight again found me sleepless, unnerved, and miserable; while, secure that no eye beheld me, I poured out again the fatal draught, and again sank into a feverish and unrefreshing sleep.

During this melancholy season of my life, the only occupation which afforded me any interest, was corresponding with Emile. His letters were brotherly and kind; and, although they related chiefly to the poor people of the village, over whom he thought I still exercised a charitable care, they certainly stirred me up to a little improvement in my way of life, by affording me a motive for visiting my suffering neighbours, in order that I might give some account of them in return.

The time of the year was now approaching when I had lost my sister Lillah; and as the season came again, all things awakened in my mind a deeper sense of the sad changes I had experienced since then. Emile had found a living in a distant county, and though he sometimes spoke of visiting our village again, it was evident he thought with as much pleasure of seeing any of the paupers of the parish, as of seeing me. However, it was something to look forward to; and even had the event been trifling in itself, it was all my future had in store for me to hope, or dream of.

At last he fixed a time, though not a day. He was to come during one particular week, but he did not say exactly when; and the week passed over, and he came not, and my nerves were then in such a state, that I could ill bear suspense. I had waited until tidings came that the mail had arrived at a neighbouring town without passengers, when a fit of desperation seized me, and I swallowed more than my accustomed draught.

What followed I can but indistinctly recollect—a well-known step along my garden—a knock that could not be mistaken, at my door—a fluttering thrill of joy and fear, with an utter inability to maintain the balance between both. It was Emile, who had come to visit me in my loneliness—to speak to me again in the kind sweet tones of former days—to sit beside my evening fire, and to make me feel, had I been capable of such a feeling, that I was not quite an outcast.

I have said that I could not recollect what followed; but I can recollect too well, strange fits of laughter seizing me, while Emile was as strangely grave; mistakes which I had the sense to per-

ceive, though not the sense to prevent; and all the while a burning crimson in my face, for which I many times attempted to apologize, without once being provided with an excuse. Above all, I recollect, that early in the evening, Emile, after looking at me steadily for some time, rose hastily, and bade me good night, without telling me when he should return, or even whether he should return at all.

The next morning I found a letter on my breakfast table, and taking it up, beheld his hand-writing. Was he then gone? I tore it open, and read as follows:

"It can scarcely be possible I should have to remind you, Flora, that yesterday was the anniversary of that on which we followed the remains of your sister to the grave. The season of the year—your own natural feelings of affection—all things must have brought it to your remembrance. Friday, you will remember also, was the day of her death. It was spent by me in solemn fasting and prayer. I had proposed to occupy the day of her funeral in the same manner, but it occurred to me that something was due to the feelings of a sister, and that it might possibly be more profitable to us both, to pray together—to retrace together the events of the past year, to measure our present standing together, by comparing what we are now, with what we were then, and to resolve together, if necessary, that we would begin a new life, letting the pledge of our sincerity be the vows we should make on the evening of that memorable day.

"Such were my feelings, and such my intentions, when I sought your habitation, and found you—I will not, I dare not, say how. Perhaps you had been weeping. Perhaps I broke upon your solitude too suddenly. I confess my fault; and am ready to hear and believe any excuse you may offer me, even the most improbable, only let it be the truth. I was not formed for suspicion. I must know the truth. Either put me out of the torture of suspecting you or tell me the worst."

I had awoke that morning from a dull heavy sleep, with a dim consciousness that something was wrong—that some calamity was hanging over me; and that I needed more than common resolution to meet the events of the coming day.

These feelings, however, had become so familiar to my waking moments, that I endeavoured to drive them away, by persuading myself again and again, that my situation on the past evening, could be known to none but myself; that Emile had only left me on some call of duty, and would come again when I should be better able to converse with him, and to enter into his feelings. What then was my alarm and horror, when I found myself called upon in this solemn manner, to reveal the actual truth.

Emile was a man whom no one could deceive, when his suspicions were once awakened; though his confidence, before it had been shaken would carry him to almost any extent of credulity. What then remained for me to do? My resolution was quickly taken. I confessed the whole.

"I am indeed fallen low," I said, in the conclusion of my letter, "when I implore you to come to me, though I know it must be with loathing—when I beseech you not to forsake me, but to bear with me, and to help me; for I believe I have lost the power to help myself."

In the course of half an hour Emile was at my door. He did not take my hand, nor look in my face, nor address me in the common language of salutation. I could see that he was trembling all over, and I trembled too. He spoke directly to the point, for we were both occupied with one thought, and it would have been useless to touch on any other. Although the subject was one of the most gross and repulsive it was possible to contemplate, he addressed me in language as delicate, as it was beautiful and impressive; inspiring me for the moment with something like hope, that perhaps I might yet be restored to the fellowship of the virtuous, and the favour of God. Nor would he leave me until he had laid down plans for my protection for the future.

"Send away," said he, "every drop of this poison, not only from your closet, but from your premises. Let the cravings of midnight solitude find you unprovided with supply. Let the conviction that no eye sees you, come upon you without the means of gratification. We must take care to set a guard upon the body, as well as upon the mind. You will write to me at stated intervals, under the solemn vow you have already made, to reveal to me the truth. And remember this—that your rule must be broken by no plea of illness, of advice of doctors, or of persuasion and example of friends; for what is medicine to others, is poison to you; and it is better, infinitely better, to lose the body than the soul. Above all, keep this in mind, that victory over your be-

ating sin can only be obtained by watchfulness and prayer. Not by watchfulness at onetime, and prayer at another; for when you watch you must pray, and when you pray you must not cease to watch.

"And now," said he, in conclusion, while the tears stood in his eyes, "my poor Flora! you and I must part again; for there can be neither peace nor comfort in our intercourse, until some change is wrought."

He took my hand, and solemnly bade me farewell; but did not, as on former occasions, leave me with a brother's kiss. I stood motionless, and speechless, until the door closed after him; and I was left again to feel that I was utterly alone. For the past I had now nothing but repentance; for the future, Emile had told me there was hope. As I had been perfectly sincere in the confessions I had made to him, I was also sincere in the vows by which I had bound myself to fulfil to the utmost of my power, the injunctions he had laid upon me; and I commenced, without delay, putting in execution the plan he had proposed for securing me against temptation.

There are, however, two ways of following out a resolution; and of one of these, it is important to observe, that it seldom fails to prove fatal in its results. There is a resolution, under which we act promptly, and without reserve, as if in the sight of God, as well as man; and this resolution God seldom fails to bless. Mine, I need hardly say, was of a character essentially different. It was my desire, as well as my determination, to give up the dreadful practice to which I had become habituated; and, secure in the rectitude of my intentions, as well as the strength of my will, I indulged that very evening to the extent of my wishes, secure that it would be the last time; for the morrow was the day I had fixed for depriving myself entirely and for ever of the means.

The morrow, however, brought its difficulties. I had promised Emile to send away every dangerous kind of stimulant which I had in my possession; but how and where to send it, was a question not easily answered. Besides which, I found on examination there was so little left—so much less than I had expected—that it seemed scarcely worth while taking any pains to get rid of it. If it was dangerous to me, it could scarcely be right to give it to another, less it should prove a means of temptation. It was allowed to be a useful medicine in illness; so I decided at last, to keep it under lock and key, for the purpose of distribution amongst the poor, in their necessities. This was my resolution.

For many weeks after this, I certainly did abstain scrupulously if not cheerfully, from all improper stimulus. I did this, however, with a murmuring spirit, feeling all the while, as if I ought to have been rewarded with more peace and more satisfaction, for the self-denial I was practising. Emile wrote to me at stated intervals, and my only moment of enjoyment, was that in which I proudly and clearly answered to his inquiries, "Not guilty."

My hour of trial, however, was not yet fully come. I was seized with a painful indisposition, which kept me awake all the night, and weary all the day. My servant, and the gossips of the place, all agreed in recommending brandy. I thought my case a hard one, for I knew that every one around me—rich and poor, good and evil—would take stimulants for such a malady; and it seemed to me, that I alone was condemned, by eternal necessity, to suffer without hope of relief.

I was in this state of mind one day, when my servant brought me a glass of strong brandy and water. I could have resisted the sight, but the smell overcame me, and I swallowed it without a moment's hesitation.

The rubicon being now passed, I scrupled not to take more and more, calling it a medicine, and justifying myself by the idea, that neither Emile, nor any one else, would in common kindness, wish me to abstain from a useful medicine, that was free to all mankind; especially as I determined afresh, each time the draught was renewed, that it should cease the moment I was restored to health. In this I felt so secure, that I began by degrees to regard my present deviations from the line of conduct laid down by Emile, as a series of distinct and separate acts, having nothing whatever to do with the promise I had made him, which promise I still determined, as soon as relief from pain should be obtained, to keep inviolate as ever.

I could not, however, subdue all feeling of uneasiness, as the time approached when I was to render my periodical account to my last and only friend. It was true, I had long been the slave of one particular vice. To the upbraidings of conscience, on one particular subject, I had long been accustomed; but with deliber-

to falsehood my lips had hitherto been unstained, and I was some time before I could bring myself to write the guilty word.

After a thousand excuses, however, and a thousand imaginary pullulations, the deed was done; and though I felt as if by that single movement of my pen, I was sealing my sentence for eternity, shutting myself out from hope here and hereafter, and placing an immovable barrier between myself and all things pure, and peaceful, and holy; the thought that no eye beheld me, still operated as my transient and fatal security. It was in appearance but a trifling net, and soon done; yet being premeditated, and unrepented of, where was my guarantee that it should not be repeated?

It is my firm conviction, that one sin deliberately committed, and wilfully persisted in, has the power to harden the conscience, and blacken the soul, as effectually as if the calendar of guilt was filled up with every crime under heaven. Such at least was the consequence to me.

A falsehood once told, is easily repeated. It seemed to me but little exaggeration of my culpability, to tell Emile, from time to time, that I was not guilty; and I had all the while so many ailments both of body and mind, that the grounds on which I had resumed my fatal habit, grew stronger than ever.

Still I lived constantly in a state of irksome restraint, taking much less than formerly, and thus enjoying neither the reward of self-denial, nor the grosser satisfaction of entire indulgence. Emile was all the while writing more and more kindly to me, touching less and less upon the one hateful theme; until at last he ceased to mention it altogether, believing, no doubt, there was no longer any necessity for wounding my feelings on such a point.

Two years had passed away in this manner, when I was surprised one day by a letter from my only friend, in which he proposed paying me another visit; and on examination of the date, I found he would be with me on the following day. For the first time in my life, I felt no pleasure at the prospect of seeing him; for what could his presence bring to me but conviction and shame.

On his arrival, I could see at once that he was more cheerful than usual, and his first words of kindness smote me to the soul. He watched me attentively, and looked earnestly in my face; and I thought I could discover something like disappointment, that I was not able to meet his searching glance with a steady look in return.

Never before in my life had I felt so utterly degraded. More than once I had nearly yielded to a sudden impulse to cast myself at his feet, to make confession of my guilt, and to ask his forgiveness once more. Had I been really desirous of forsaking the evil of my ways, I should unquestionably have done this; but, alas! there remained at the bottom of my heart, notwithstanding all the seasons of suffering and humiliation through which I had passed, an unshaken determination still to defy my God—still to shut myself out from his mercy then, and for ever.

It would have answered no good purpose, therefore, had I made confession to Emile. And regarding it as an unnecessary exposure, too painful both for him and for me, I acted my part with tolerable composure, though not without being afresh convinced, of

"What a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive."

For the questions he put to me, and the false footing on which I had dared to place myself in his esteem, all tended to plunge me deeper and deeper in falsehood; until, when I retired to rest that night, I felt as if the earth held not on her bosom a guiltier wretch than I.

In vain I tried to sleep. Spectres of every horrible shape surrounded my pillow, and if I sank for a moment into forgetfulness of the present, it was only to be carried back to more vivid recollections of the past—of my father's house—of the day when I was the joy of his proud heart—of my sister, and our innocent and happy childhood—of all that I might have been to Emile, and he to me; and then to awake to a fresh conviction of what I really was.

In the morning Emile came again. He took a kind and lively interest in all that he regarded as connected with my happiness. He examined my books, arranged them afresh, and appeared surprised and grieved that I could not speak with pleasure of any thing I had been reading, or doing.

"Flora," said he, "you are not candid—you are not confiding as you used to be, and as I hoped you still would be to me. I fear there is some estrangement on your part—that I have assumed too much the privilege of early friendship, or that you no lon-

ger wish your happiness or misery to be in any way connected with me. I am the more sorry for this apparent estrangement, because it is the time I had fixed in my own mind for proposing to you that we should both hold in remembrance the last request of your sainted sister. I pretend to no second love; but for the sake of your father, and of Lillah—for the sake of the memory of the past, as well as for your own virtues—I would rather share my home with you, than with any other woman. It is true it may not be yet; but I am distressed to think of your loneliness, and I want you to feel that there is a home awaiting you, not destitute of comfort; and a friend whose proudest wish on earth would be to make you happy."

And I heard all this, like one who sits in darkness, while the lightning flashes before his eyes. Heaven seemed to be opening before me—far, far away; while hell yawned beneath. I answered not. How could I answer? And he went on so kindly, urging upon me, what I knew too well, that loneliness was not good either for man or woman; that if I lived with him, I should have many pleasant duties, to lead me out of myself, and that if the spirits of the blessed could know the events which transpired on earth, the friends we had loved and lost, would smile upon our union.

This conversation was interrupted by a loud knock at my door. At first I felt a relief, and hoping some necessary occupation would call me out of the room, I awaited the entrance of my servant, who was a country girl, and had not lived with me many days.

Her message came sufficiently soon. She threw open the door of the sitting-room, and said, in a voice particularly audible and distinct, "Here is a boy from the wine merchant's, who says he has brought the brandy that was ordered."

I looked at Emile, for I was in a state of frenzy. His face was flushed with indignation; but he spoke not until the whole affair was arranged, and the door was again closed. He then rose, and fixing his eyes upon me, "Flora," he said, "you are a guilty, a despicable woman. The vice of which I warned you was one to claim my deepest pity, because I believed circumstances rather than inclination, had brought it upon you. I was prepared to learn that you had fallen a victim to it again and again, for I know its insidious nature. I was prepared to bear with you, to struggle with you, to pray with you—and, provided you overcame it, as I believed you had done, I was prepared to live with you and love you: so deep was my sympathy with you, so dear my remembrance of the past, with which you alone were connected. I was prepared for all this, Flora, but I was not prepared for being deceived. I was prepared for all this; but it had never entered into my calculations that it was possible for you to stain your high character with falsehood."

He paused, but again resumed in a tone more sad and less severe.

"Every link is now broken, Flora, between you and me, except that of common kindness, and a trust, of Christian charity. I will serve you still if you desire it, in any way that remains in my power; but you and I must dwell apart. God alone can be your help and comfort now. To his care I leave you. To his care I will not cease to commend you in my prayers. Farewell, farewell; my poor lost Flora. I must not stay to pity you."

There is a long season of my life after this time, which I find it impossible distinctly to remember. When I look into it, it appears like a gulf of darkness, in which spectral forms are flitting. I believe I must have sunk deeper and deeper into humiliation and despair; for I have an impression on my mind, that the boys of the village used to call after me, and that my servant joined in their laughter. At last, after a long, long while some one brought me to this place. I suppose it was Emile, for no one else had any right over me, or would have cared to exercise it if they had.

I will tell you but one thing more, for I see you are weary. Every one wearies of me. Emile is married. His wife is an excellent and pious woman, and they live together in a pleasant village far away in the north; where they have schools and charities, and are followed by the blessings of the poor. And I am here; and the people around me are howling. "Hark!"

And she echoed the sound which had struck upon her ear, by a piercing cry, the prelude of one of those dreadful proxyms of the disorder to which she was subject, and of which the people of the house had warned me as almost invariably following the recital of her story. For this reason I had hesitated as to whether it was justifiable in me to listen. But they said it made no difference,

that she would relate it! when the fit was upon her, even to the walls of her cell; her fancy conjuring up some imaginary listener, so that they had frequently opened the door, believing she must have found some strange auditor.

They said that she was at times perfectly sane; so much so, that they had regarded her as not a fit subject for their establishment; and that under this impression, she had many times been sent away; but on returning to her former habits, her head had again become disordered, and the same good clergyman who watched over her with such anxious care, had brought her back to the institution, with fresh injunctions to treat her with the utmost kindness and respect; to pay every attention to her health, and faithfully to transmit to him every change which might take place in her situation, her habits, or her character.

Within a few minutes after the conclusion of her melancholy story, the poor maniac became incapable of any thing like connected thought. Her ravings were then so wild and incoherent, that I could only commit her to the care of her accustomed attendants.

In this situation I left her; more than ever convinced, that every mental malady to which we are constitutionally liable, must necessarily be increased by habits of intemperance; and that the most melancholy pain this world presents, is that wreck of humanity which is tossed "upon the ocean of excess."

Testimonies.

(Opinion of Dr. K. O'Sullivan, of the Laboratory of Giessen.)

It is a mistaken notion that beer, wine, and spirits, communicate strength; and it is disgraceful to see medical men endeavoring to propagate the error. Meat affords tissue, and consequently strength; starch and sugar are only useful for the production of animal-heat; but spirits, and all alcoholic liquors, although they possess the latter qualities in an eminent degree, possess another property which is unfortunately better known of the two—namely, their narcotic action on the brain. This narcotic action is caused by the spirit preventing the blood which goes to the brain from becoming perfectly arterialized, by its vapor diffusing itself through the lungs, and thus preventing access of air, by which means the functions of the brain are imperfectly carried on.—*Medical Times.*

POPULAR POISON.—When pure ardent spirits are taken into the stomach, they cause irritation, which is evinced by warmth and pain experienced in that organ; and next, inflammation of the delicate coats of this part, and sometimes gangrenes. They act in the same manner as poisons. Besides the local injury they produce, they act on the nerves of the stomach which run to the brain, and, if taken in large quantities, cause insensibility, stupor, irregular convulsive action, difficulty of breathing, profound sleep, and often sudden death. The habitual use of ardent spirits causes a slow inflammation of the stomach and liver, which proceeds steadily, but is often undiscovered till too late for relief.—*London Medical and Surgical Journal.*

Boroughbridge, October 8, 1844.

SIR,—Some ministers of the gospel assert that they find the assistance of a glass of intoxicating wine essential to the proper and energetic discharge of their pulpit duties. In opposition to their assertion, I beg to adduce my experience. I have been an abstainer for seven, and a minister of the gospel for five years. During that period I have frequently preached eight sermons, and walked forty and fifty miles per week; and my ordinary labour now is, three sermons on the Sabbath, and the same number during the week. I am no Sampson in stature—no Hercules in strength—nor have I an "iron" constitution. Quite the reverse. Yet I never found a glass of wine essential to the proper discharge of my pastoral duties. Milk, or a glass of water, supplies the place of sparkling wine and the costly decanter; and I firmly believe that total abstinence tends to make me a wiser, a better, and a more useful minister.

Yours truly,

GEORGE WILSON M'CREE,
Baptist Minister.

R. J. Cleveland, of Cambridge, U.S., a voyager during 24 years, says:—"I am not, nor have I ever been, a member of a temperance society; but I was a practical temperance man long before such societies were dreamt of. At the period when I began my nautical career, it was a universally received maxim, that

drinking grog and chewing tobacco were two essential and indispensable requisites for making a good seaman. So omnipotent is custom, and so powerful is habit, that although the absurdity of such a maxim must be apparent to every one, I have nevertheless seen many young men repeatedly made sick before overcoming their disgust, and some of them afterwards become miserable drunkards. As alcohol and tobacco were in no degree less offensive to me than I had evidence of their being to my associates, it appeared to me, that to submit to the ridicule rather than to the sickness was selecting the least of the evils, and I acted accordingly. Those who may honor me with a perusal of my narrative, will perceive that I have navigated to all parts of the world, from the 60th degree of south latitude to the 60th degree north; and sometimes in vessels whose diminutive size and small number of men caused exposure to wet and cold, greatly surpassing what are usually experienced in ships of ordinary capacity; that I have been exposed to the influence of the most unhealthy places—at Batavia, where I have seen whole crews prostrate with the fever, and death making havoc among them—at San Blas, where the native can stay only a part of the year—at the Havana, within whose walls I have resided five years consecutively; that I have suffered captivity, robbery, imprisonment, ruin, and the racking anxiety consequent thereon. And yet, through the whole, and to the present 68th year of my age, I have never taken a drop of spirituous liquors of any kind; never a glass of wine, of porter, ale, or beer, or any beverage stronger than tea and coffee; and, moreover, I have never used tobacco in any way whatever; and this, not only without injury, but, on the contrary, to the preservation of my health. Headache is known to me by name only; and, excepting those fevers which were produced by great anxiety and excitement, my life has been free from sickness.—Extracted from "*Voyages, Maritime Adventures, and Commercial Enterprises, in all Parts of the World.*"

Charles Waterton, Esq., of Walton Hall, near Wakefield, England, author of "*Wanderings in South America,*" &c., says:—"The severe attacks of dysentery, and the former indispositions caused by remaining in unwholesome climates, and by exposure to the weather, seem to have made no inroad into my constitution; for although life's index points at 62, I am a stranger to all sexagenarian disabilities, and can mount to the top of the tree with my wonted steadiness and pleasure. As I am confident that I owe this vigorous state of frame to a total abstinence from all strong drink, I would fain say a parting word or two to my young reader on this important subject. If he is determined to walk through life's chequered path with ease to himself, and with satisfaction to those who take an interest in his welfare, he will have every chance in his favour, provided he makes a firm resolution never to run the risk of losing his reason through an act of intemperance; for the preservation of his reason will always ensure to him the fulfilment of his resolution, and his resolution will seldom fail to crown his efforts with success. The position of an irrational ass, cropping thistles on the village common, is infinitely more enviable than that of a rational man under the influence of excessive drinking. Instinct teaches the first to avoid the place of danger, whilst intemperance drives the last headlong into the midst of it. To me there is no sight in civilized society more horribly disgusting than that of a human being in a state of intoxication. The good Jesuit who, six-and-forty years ago, advised me never to allow strong liquors to approach my lips, conferred a greater benefit on me than if he had put the mines of Potosi at my immediate disposal. I might fill a large volume with the account of miseries and deaths which I could distinctly trace to the pernicious practice of inebriety. I have seen manly strength, and female beauty, and old age itself, in ruins under the fatal pressure of this degrading vice. The knave thrives on the follies of the drunkard, and whole families may trace the commencement of their decay to the dire allurements of the public-house."—*Autobiography.*

Ought not Ministers of Religion to Support Total Abstinence?

BY THE REV. JAMES COX, WESLEYAN MISSIONARY.

O what a stumbling-block would be removed from the way of the ungodly, and the godly too, by the total renunciation of alcoholic drinks! How greatly has it promoted the work of God in the West India Islands, in which I have laboured! What a source of thanksgiving is it to thousands there, who have been di-

rectly or indirectly benefited by it! For the diffusion of this truth, I have had, and still have, the thanks of my brethren in the ministry—the prayers and thanks of leaders and people, rich and poor, fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, whose bleeding hearts have been comforted by the reformation and piety of their former ungodly relations, who, after embracing total abstinence have been led to drink of that river, “the streams wherof make glad the city of God,” and who would without it, have been their curse and pest to this day. I have had, and so have my brethren, the joy of hearing persons in our love-feast, arise and bless God with overflowing hearts and eyes for abstinence, as the means of leading them to Christ. I have the joy of seeing those in our churches, whose walk was inconsistent and unsteady while they were moderately using those drinks, now adorning their profession, and rejoicing in the improved tone of their piety, since they abandoned what our Magazine (Wesleyan) justly terms “the pestiferous liquid.” I have seen grog shops (those nurseries of hell!) abandoned in some localities, on account of the diffusion of total abstinence. I have the joy of hearing my brethren, from year to year, rejoicing in their deliverance from the delusion formerly entertained concerning such liquors. I hear an altered tone on the subject even among persons generally, who have not the courage to adopt it; and to dissipate the fears of those my honoured brethren anywhere, who may strangely apprehend danger to the interests of religion on account of it. I have only to record one fact among many—namely, that in the circuit (St. Kitts) in which I have laboured for the last four years, we have had an increase in our churches of ONE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT, and a corresponding increase of Funds; and peace and harmony have prevailed in all our borders! In the Antigua district, in the last seven years, our total increase is three thousand five hundred and four.—*Bristol Temperance Herald.*

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

GANANOQUE, April, 1845.—The people, I find, are fast coming over to the principles of total abstinence, and if they would but spend one tithe in the cause of temperance that they spent in drinking, our principles would soon triumph, temperance houses would be erected and supported, and tipping houses would give place to them, until we should not see in our country any longer “Licensed to sell me and spirituous liquors.” I should like to see that day, and in order that I may see it, I shall still continue to advocate the principle. I cannot conceive it to be the duty of any Christian minister to wish that intemperance may cease, and yet do nothing towards carrying out his wishes; it appears to me to be too much like faith without works. If ministers would take hold of this work, I think that they would supersede all necessity of engaging or hearing those men without character, who hurl at Christianity darts poisoned with infidelity. I think that the Bible is altogether a better text book for temperance lecturers, than Combe’s Constitution of Man. Since I last wrote I have held a temperance meeting at Mallorytown, where the cause has prospered formerly, but for some reason has not done so well lately. They think of forming a local society, auxiliary to the township society. I held a meeting also at Hutchinsontown, where we had a good society formerly, but lately have not done so well. Some thought when the meetings went down, that the principle had gone too; however, we re-organised, obtained 17 names, and appointed four young ladies to solicit names to our pledge, and they have done well in three weeks—they have obtained 187 names; on Howe Island obtained 14 names, and appointed six young ladies to solicit names, remembering that Dr. A. Clarke says, “that one woman is worth seven and a half men.” At Duley Main held another meeting; the ladies have completely ransacked this neighbourhood, so that we obtained but five names at the meeting. They now number about 120, and are a month old. There are some professors of religion who stand aloof from us, as

if we would hurt them; I would just say to them, “we but wish to carry out your own principles.” We have in Mallorytown a preacher belonging to the Methodist New Connexion, who is by no means afraid to lift up his voice against intemperance. Not far from this place there is a man who preaches occasionally, and sells beer—oh, that Christians would be consistent.—J. F. W.

INTERESTING NEWS FROM SHERBROOKE.

SHERBROOKE, May 12, 1845.—Our slumbers have at last been broken—the long death-like sleep in which temperance for months has been wrapped, has been brought to a close—we have been taken by surprise. One week has wrought such a change here, as this town has never known in the same brief period. Astonishment has seized the whole community, and but few are left as witnesses of this great work, who are not its active promoters. A few weeks since a small band of temperance men, alarmed at the spread of intemperance, sent to the United States for a Washingtonian temperance lecturer—one who had known and felt the drunkard’s woes and sorrows, and who could portray, in burning characters, the horrors of intemperance, and the only remedy. Our call was responded to, and Mr. Cole, from Boston, made his appearance in our midst, at a time when it was feared that but little could be done, owing to the fact, that since writing to Boston, the strong arm of the law had been brought to bear upon individuals dealing in spirits without license, thus producing an excitement unfriendly to temperance. He commenced his work on Monday evening of last week, and for four successive evenings addressed crowded houses, where hitherto it had been difficult to call together a dozen people to listen to the subject of temperance. Popular feeling has been enlisted in its favour. Those holding rank and station in society have, in many instances, become the advocates of temperance; and many who, one week since, were fast verging to ruin, who for years had gone down the hill of intemperance, have signed the pledge, and are now actively engaged in using every argument which kindness and love can dictate, to persuade the few who are still left to come to the rescue. Mr. Cole has thrown around the temperance cause such a halo of enchantment—so vividly portrayed the withering, scorching influence of intemperance, and brought the recital of his own former misery and degradation, and that of others, so effectually to bear upon the minds of those who have listened to his soul-stirring addresses, that he has commended himself and the cause of temperance to the regard and affection of almost the whole community. His efforts have been crowned with unlooked-for success—he has proved himself powerful in enlisting the sympathies of man in favour of his fellow-man. He has told us that there are tender cords in the drunkard’s bosom, which may be touched by sympathy—that, in order to reclaim the wanderer, he must not be spurned as an outcast from society, and the cold shoulder turned upon him, but he must be told that he need not always be a cypher—that he has been, and still may be, loved and respected, and that his days of usefulness need not be numbered, until the clods of the valley shall cover him. Show him by love and kindness that he is still a man—fallen, it is true, but possibly not lost. Teach him that there is yet hope in his case—that thousands sunk lower than he have been reclaimed; and instead of saying to a fellow-being, “You are an outcast, a vagabond—you deserve no sympathy, your case is hopeless,” say to him, “Brother you have erred, it is true, but you need not always err; there are slumbering in your bosom the best feelings of our nature, which need only be called into exercise, and we have before us a man capable of exciting a powerful influence in every department of life. We have had demonstrated to us, and

common observation confirms the fact, that the kind-hearted and benevolent man is most liable to intemperance. That the best mechanics are easier led astray than others from the fact of their earning more, and their having more to spend. Mr. Cole addressed some truths to the dealers in intoxicating drinks. He used no hard language, no denunciation; he showed forcibly and conclusively that while the drunkard now buys but little, and for that little does not always pay, let him become a sober man—let him bring into action the energies of soul and body so long dormant, and the increase of trade generally, and, above all, increase of pay, will much more than compensate for the loss of trade in intoxicating drinks. Besides, the satisfaction of having laid no temptation in a neighbour's way, the increased happiness, health, and prosperity which would be everywhere visible around us, the testimony of a conscience void of offence, are considerations which must have their weight upon those who sell. Thus has this great reformation commenced amongst us, under such auspices as must ensure it ultimate and complete success. A society has just been formed, and more than 300 names enrolled on the total abstinence pledge. And when we see him who but yesterday, as it were, was far gone in intemperance, a reproach to his species, an outcast from society, to-day urging his fellow-men, like him, to abjure at once and for ever the maddening bowl, shall we despair of success? The drunkard has sympathy for his fellow-man. We have seen it when his last penny has been spent for rum to treat a friend, and we see it now exhibited in a stronger light, when, with pledge in hand, he seeks the name of his brother, and will not be satisfied until the last drunkard shall have signed the pledge, and the bowl that can intoxicate shall pass no more.—W. BROOKS, Sec. Sherbrooke T. A. Society.

From the New England Washingtonian.

{ SHERBROOKE, EAST CANADA.
} May 7, 1845.

BROTHER BURKE:—After a hard journey of three days continuance, I arrived at this place, which is the capital of the Eastern Townships. Here is a Jail, a Court house, three churches, and another will soon be built. There is also a woollen factory here, and a factory is about going into operation for the manufacturing of pails and wooden ware. One of the most splendid water privileges in the world is located here; the stream runs from a lake about thirty miles long, and its course is directed through the very centre of the town. To give you an idea of the power of the stream, I would state that the water falls 140 feet in less than half a mile; this, I believe, is not a whit behind the flow of the Merrimack at Lowell. A good sized cotton factory has just been built, and has been in operation about a month, under the superintendence of Mr. H. Atherton, one of our Washingtonian brethren from Walpole, Mass; he is a regular Norfolk County Washingtonian, his house is my home and to his zeal and influence, I feel much indebted for the warm reception I have met with since my arrival here.

I am agreeably disappointed in the opinion which I had formed of Canada and the Canadians; I supposed that the climate was cold and cheerless; that the soil was rough and barren, and that the people were of an uncouth and motley character; but the reverse of all this is the case, the climate is salubrious and very healthy; the soil is very prolific, and easily tilled, so much so, that many farmers, a few years back, were in the habit of throwing away their barn manure, as of no use to them. The people are social and hospitable, and seem to be thriving; in fact many of the leading men here are from the N. E. States, and if I had fallen into a Rip Van Winkle sleep in Boston, and awoke in Sherbrooke, I should have thought that I was in a bustling, thriving Massachusetts village; so much for the bright side of this town's history now for a darker view. Altho' the population is only 1500, yet there are three taverns and six stores where liquors known to be sold and no doubt much is sold in secret. Just before my arrival, the bailiff of the place had prosecuted eleven persons

for selling without a license, but public opinion would not sustain him, the witnesses were hired to leave the town before trial, and only one was found guilty, and he has appealed.

I lectured on Monday eve for the first time at the Hall in the Magog House, the principal Tavern in the place, this was boarding the lion in his den, it was supposed that no more than fifty would attend, but sooth to say the Hall was literally crammed, and the audience listened to me very patiently for an hour and a half. The meeting was appointed for the next eve at the Congregational meeting-house, and at an early hour the seats were all filled. I spoke, and sung from Potter's book, and then for the first time offered the pledge. EIGHTY-NINE names were subscribed; and among them several hard cases.—Yours, with respect,—JOHN F. COLES.

[The writer of the above has been instrumental in doing much good in the Eastern Townships. We trust his sphere of usefulness in Canada may be extended.—Ed.]

TEC-TOTALISM.

DEAR SIR.—The temperance reformation has become so important a portion of our history in the present day that no material occurrences marking its progress should remain unrecorded. Tec-totalism is now one of those "great facts" which mark the advance of our social improvement so decidedly that it may not be kept out of view, if we would afford the future historian of Ireland materials for the correct performance of his work. Tec-totalism continues to spread its peaceful influences over Ireland, and I desire to record its triumphs in this quarter for the encouragement of its friends in other places. It is now pretty generally known that our good friend Father Spratt is keeping the principal alive in the hearts of the people of Dublin and its vicinity. His open air meetings, held during the entire of last year, have been productive of the best results, and he is continuing them this year with unabated zeal. He held one at Crumlin, a scene not soon to be blotted out of the memory of the people of that locality. The people for miles around Crumlin will, I trust, long remember with pleasurable feelings the 20th of April, 1845. Great numbers assembled. I cannot estimate how many; but there were thousands; and the thousands who were actually on the ground were but a portion of those who derived pleasure from our meeting. On returning from it in the evening the whole country seemed alive and happy. At Dolphin's barn, along Cork street, and the Coombe, the spectacle was most interesting, for the houses were crowded with spectators. It was quite a day of rejoicing in that neighbourhood. The day was lovely, and all the people were so happy that the sun seemed to shine with unwonted splendor, and the fields seemed tinged with a brighter green. The meeting was held in a large field belonging to Mr. John McDonogh, who not only lent it for that purpose but who erected a large and substantial platform for accommodation of the speakers, for which kindness we testified our grateful feelings in a hearty vote of thanks. The speakers on this occasion were, the Rev. Dr. Spratt, Mr. Brennan, Mr. Tompkins, Mr. Battersby, and myself. Our appeals to the people were met by enthusiastic responses on their part; from five to six hundred persons took the pledge, and we had the gratification to learn that the few poor drunkards who infested Crumlin were of the number. May these be firm in the maintenance of their pledge; and may all who joined our society on that day feel a deep interest in the promotion of tec-totalism during the remainder of their lives.

It would not be possible to calculate the amount of happiness diffused over our community by Father Spratt. It must be very cheering to his heart to receive the love and affection of the people in so marked a manner as he does, wherever he moves. When I think of all the good he is doing it makes me very anxious that clergymen in all other places should be animated with a zeal such as he displays in favour of tec-totalism. The people only want leaders to make them in earnest everywhere in their efforts to overthrow the drinking customs of society. It is sad to think on all the temptations to continue in these bad practices, which surround them on every hand. The wealthy capitalist, pouring out his flood of poison by wholesales like a flood of destroying scythe, overwhelming all classes in one common ruin; the less guilty retailer of intoxicating drinks, insidiously dealing out misery and woe; and the moderation man, assisting both parties in their unhallowed calling! When I think of these things I do, indeed, wonder that clergymen who preach the Gospel, and laymen who

expend large sums for benevolent purposes, are so neglectful of tee-totalism, which would prove a better auxiliary to them, in the promotion of their labours, than any other agency they could employ.

Will you, my dear Sir, again, with your wonted kindness, give circulation to these my thoughts, on a most important subject? To you, and some other editors of the press, the cause of morality and order in Ireland is much indebted. Without your assistance the spread of our glorious principles would drag heavily along—with it the tee-totalers of Ireland have become the wonder and admiration of the world. I wish my brother tee-totalers everywhere to be increasingly anxious for the promotion of their principles—increasingly anxious for the maintenance of that honourable name which the labours of the good Father Mathew have gained for us all over the world.—Your's, my dear Sir, faithfully,

JAMES HAUGHTON.

35, Eccles-street, Dublin, 21st April, 1845.

WEST INDIES.

To the cheering reports from this part of the world, furnished in several late numbers of the *Herald*, we have the gratification to lay before our readers the following interesting communication just received from a most devoted friend to our cause, whose recent visit to this country will long be remembered by those who were privileged with his acquaintance.

DOMINICA.—As you will be happy to hear of the progress of our good cause in these parts, I hasten to drop you a few lines.

For several months, we have been circulating tracts and books in this Island, and the truth is taking hold of the understanding and consciences of the people. In addition to the lecture which I delivered previous to my voyage to England, I have given several addresses on the subject since my return. Nor have we laboured in vain. We have three societies formed on the pledge of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, and the number of members increasing weekly. Among our own stocks, from our facility of intercourse, and their willingness to hear arguments from our lips, on any subject designed to promote their welfare, and from the advocacy of the cause among them in years past by my predecessors—the principle has generally spread: and from time to time we hear of their abandonment of moderate drinking; so that I hope we shall ere long rejoice in its entire removal from our borders; and our members are over 1000

Among our converts to tee-totalism, are several young men of respectability, natives of the Island, and of England and Scotland; a respectable classical teacher and his lady, who have a large school under their charge, and a stipendiary magistrate, all of whom are endeavouring to awaken the attention of others. *The Chief Judge has also embraced the system, and has avowed his intention to make no more rum on his estate.* He zealously advocates the cause. The drinking customs of this Island were most excessive: but they are certainly diminishing, even among those who are not yet abstainers.

I sent a number of your valuable tracts, and some of those received from our mutual friend, R. D. Alexander, Esq., of Ipswich, to the Romish priests, and expressed my hope that they would originate a movement among their people. They have five-sixths of the Island under their charge. The whole population is about 18,000. You will rejoice to hear that a pledge-book was opened in their church a few days ago, and one of the priests has signed the pledge. The Chief Judge is a member of their communion, and as the work has commenced, we hope it will continue.

My colleagues are united with me in this good work; our leaders co-operate heartily and pray earnestly for the blessing of God, and some are already praising God for the physical and spiritual blessings of tee-totalism. One of the most devoted adherents and advocates of this benevolent cause, is a local preacher in our connexion, who is also in the Commission of the Peace, and clerk to the Honorable House of Assembly.

The Honorable Hay Macdonald Grant, of the neighbouring island of St. Vincent, has organized a society among the people on that island; his name is at the head of the list.—In Barbadoes, Demerara, and Jamaica, the principle is taking root.

In Montego Bay, Jamaica, the Rev. Edward Fraser of our connexion, in conjunction with the Presbyterian and Baptist ministers has organized a society.

JAMES COX.

DEMARARA.—Yesterday, being the ever memorable first of August, we had, as is usual on the anniversary of that day, a *holy-day*. But how different from the holy-days of former times among the people here! How different from the manner in which, even yesterday was spent by many who still continue the use of intoxicating liquors. On the previous days of the week many resorted to town—not to provide a supply of "meats and drinks," but to purchase some new articles of dress for "do just August." We have two Chapels here, about three miles apart; and towards noon the people were to be seen flocking to "the old Chapel," some on foot, and some in small boats. After a short service there we proceeded to the new Chapel; there to hold a temperance meeting. The speakers, on the occasion were, with the exception of the minister, persons who had once been slaves to man, and to at least the moderate use of strong drink. They spoke as men who had felt in their own persons, the great difference between freedom and bondage to these masters. To attempt any thing like a report of their speeches is out of my power; but they were such as might shame into silence many who have been more highly favoured in regard to early advantages, and who still continue to follow in the "old way" in which the "old serpent" so often proves successful. These rational "festivities" concluded about sun-set; and to witness so many happy people proceeding home, many of them in their own crafts, reminded one of what, in your number for July, is described as a "*Temperance Gala*." I could not but reflect that, next to the Gospel of Christ, the cause of total abstinence is fitted to promote "peace on earth, and good will towards men."

C. RATTRAY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANALOGY.—The three letters G. I. N., with which in England we spell *gin*, form in Arabic a word which signifies *devil*. It is singular, also, that another word of the same meaning as *jin* or *gin*, namely, *ghoul*, gives its name to a whole class of intoxicating liquors. *Al-kohol* is a corruption of *al-ghol*, the evil spirit.—(See Dr. Lees' *Illustrated History of Alcohol*.)

"BECAUSE I LIKE IT."—A correspondent suggests that it is uncharitable to infer that moderation-men drink alcoholic wine only *because they like it*. We agree that this cannot be affirmed universally; but, while we admit that many drink in ignorance, or delusion, fancying the thing to be good, we still think that generally the best reason they have is, *because they like it*. At the great Manchester meeting in honour of Father Mathew, this was frankly confessed by one of the speakers, who evidently disliked even self-delusion: "He would not say that drink was good for him, but he intended to take it, *because he liked it*."

DO NOT TOUCH IT!—Mr. Van Wagner, the reformed blacksmith, from Poughkeepsic, illustrates the deceptive influence of alcohol by the following fable:—A rattlesnake had got into the fire, so that it was in a fair way of being burnt up. "Please take me out," said the snake to a man who chanced to pass by. "Ah no," was the reply; "if I take you out, you'll bite me." "No, I won't," said the snake. The man, after some difficulty, got hold of it and placed it out of danger. "Now, look out!" continued the snake, putting itself in a position to spring; "I'm going to bite you." "Yes," said the man in surprise, "but you promised you wouldn't." "But don't you know it's my nature to bite!" quoth his snakeship. And so with alcohol. He will make fair promises, but it is his nature to bite, and ten to one but all who touch him find it out to their sorrow.—*Herald of Freedom*.

AN APPEAL TO DRUNKARDS.—By THE LATE REV. DR. ADAM CLARKE.—If there is here a drinking husband, spendthrift father, can you love the wife of your bosom? You have sworn before the altar of God to cherish her through all the trials of life. She is the mother of your children; on her falls all the burden of your household toils; the wearying care of helpless infancy. And yet this wife, this mother, you can leave lonely, poor, or feeble, while you spend your children's and their mother's means of life, in rioting and drinking with the drunken—*shame on you! shame on you!* go home to your houses, and make those houses homes where love, and peace, and sobriety, and godliness, flourish; and where there may always be found, husbands, mothers, and children, who have kept the faith as becomes the disciples of Christ Jesus.—*Ibid.*

FRUITS OF TEE-TOTALISM.—The following interesting statement is given in the *Congregational Magazine*, under the title of *Home*

Missionary Operations, but without naming the town, which we presume is in some agricultural district.

"I am sorry to say that much of the distress witnessed in this town and its neighbourhood is the result of intemperance; but it gives me pleasure unfeigned to state, that by means of the *Total Abstinence Society*, a number of wretched victims to that soul-destroying vice have been reclaimed. Many of them attend my ministry, and some of them already assume a very altered and respectable appearance. To this pleasing fact our school is in part indebted for its increase of scholars. The children of such, want but very little assistance; indeed, except in cases of extremely large families, none at all. It is the wife and offspring of the drunkard that are in the most wretched plight. But is it not worth a vigorous effort and some sacrifice, to mitigate their deplorable condition, and to instil into their minds feelings of abhorrence for the scenes they are called to witness, and the conduct which is the chief cause of all their sufferings?"—*Ibid.*

AND AT NORWICH.—This city abounds with facilities for the perpetration of robberies. There are not less than 600 taverns and ale-houses, besides beer-shops, in Norwich and its suburbs. It is well known that half of these houses are of the lowest kind, open brothels, resorts of thieves and prostitutes, where robberies are planned, property secreted, and every means afforded for evading justice. Surely, it is high time that our magistrates began to abate this evil, to remove this disgrace from our ancient city, by refusing to continue licenses to notoriously bad houses.—*Norfolk Chronicle.*

TEE-TOTALISM NEEDED AT OXFORD.—This city has four hundred beer-shops, spirit-houses, and public-houses! The population is 23,834; this gives one beer-shop, spirit-house, or public-house, for every 59 inhabitants, men, women, and children! Let the council and the magistrates think of this. Let them meditate on the fact, that there are 400 of these houses, and not one public reading room, not one institution for the benefit of the rising youth of the city. There is something wrong here. Who is responsible? Let every public man ask himself the question.

POETRY.

The Dying Distiller's Confession.

I have sold all my whisky, I've made a great gain,
Hundreds and thousands and millions I've slain;
Done more for my master than robber or thief,
Filled hell with sad victims and earth with sad grief.

I have sold all my whisky, made drunkard's by scores,
Brought famine and misery and death to your doors;
Caught millions of souls in my well contrived snare,
And now I am going their ruin to share.

I have sold all my whisky, broke many a heart,
Caused weeping and woe and unspeakable smart;
Filled houses with mourning, robbed children of bread,
And the way to perdition their father have led.

I have sold all my whisky, sunk ships in the waves,
Drove steamboats to atoms and men to their graves;
Wrecked cars upon railroads, set cities on fire,
Brought sword, plague and cholera, with terrors most dire.

I have sold all my whisky, and life fleeting fast,
My crimes and misdoings have found me at last;
I am going to meet with the millions I've slain,
I am going to share their unspeakable pain.

I have sold all my whisky, ye inn-keepers come,
Take warning by me and escape my sad doom;
Now cease to entangle mankind in your snare;
Before you sink down in eternal despair.

I have sold all my whisky, ye drunkards attend,
Come hither I charge you your doings amend;
For I tremble to meet you on that dreary shore,
When the offer of mercy will greet us no more.

CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor do any thing by which thy brother is made to stumble, or to fall, or is weakened."—Rom. xiv. 21—*Macnigh's Translation.*

PLEDGE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

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 SOITABLE WAYS WE WILL DISCOURTEGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY.

MONTREAL, JUNE 2, 1845.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.—BY THE REV. GEORGE BELL.

We have to touch upon the history of those principles which distinguish the total abstinence society, as one of the many parts of that general system of means by which the Church of Christ is to be brought from its present inactive and slumbering condition, to a state of full efficiency. It is a remarkable fact that in the full development, and rapid spread of this principle, namely, the duty of abstaining from intoxicating drinks, in the present age, those who are unwilling to perform this duty, are accustomed to denounce it as a novelty, and a result of the enthusiasm of a superficial age. But would we take time to examine, we should find the same objection urged against the development of every moral principle, by the agency of which, our world is gradually being elevated from the depth of degradation to its proper place in the universe of God. This is the case whether such principles animate an instrumental agency immediately, or more remotely connected with the regeneration of lost man, but with this difference, that while by some all such agencies are opposed, by others, who, although not under the influence of divine grace, live in the midst of gospel light, and partake of its outward benefits; only a part of them are opposed, such as bible, tract, and temperance societies, while a part are acknowledged, such as the public ordinances of religion. A very brief examination of history will show us that the total abstinence principle, although more fully carried out now than at some other periods of the world, is no novelty, but, on the contrary, one of the fundamental principles of the moral government of God.

We have no record bearing upon the question previous to the time of the flood, but the history of Noah furnishes circumstantial evidence, from which there is every reason to infer, that the surpassing wickedness of the antediluvian race was not filled up without the use of poisoned wines: while the curse denounced on Ham, the wicked son of Noah, shows a very strong probability that, in the degradation brought upon his father, he had brought the knowledge of drugging wine from the old to the new world. The case of Noah is by many now treated, not as a warning, but as an example to be followed.

We cannot go into a minute examination of the character or kinds of wine mentioned in Scripture, and the various language used respecting them, further than merely to say, that an impartial examination of these will show, as has often been clearly shown, that the wines which were intoxicating are uniformly condemned in the Word of God, while those only which were un-intoxicating are commended.

Many illustrations of the beneficial results of total abstinence, and the evils of the contrary practice, might be drawn from the history of ancient heathen nations, but these, not belonging to the history of the progress of the moral principle itself, we pass over to follow the sacred volume.

From Leviticus x. 9, we learn that the Priests under the Mosaic law were forbidden to use intoxicating drinks when they entered into the tabernacle of the Lord, and it is declared that their drinking of these would so pollute them as to expose them to instant death in approaching the presence of God. The 6th chapter of Numbers gives us an account of the law of the Nazarites, in which we find the use of wine forbidden; and in the prophecies of Amos, li. 12, the guilt of those who gave wine to the Nazarites is pointed out with its punishment. Oh! that those who use so many means of persuasion and compulsion to drink, would attend to such denunciations as this!

The history of Israel in the wilderness affords much instruction to those who study it attentively. The way was long and tiresome, the travellers were exposed to the sultry air of the desert by day, and the chilling frosts by night, yet on they went for forty years, their raiment waxed not old, neither did their feet swell; and in that dreary wilderness a race grew up, who should expel the giants, the sons of Anak, from cities great, and walled up to heaven. Now what was the food and drink provided for all that host, supposed to have been about two millions in number? Were the provision to be made by the wise children of this generation who oppose temperance societies, they would no doubt lay in as of primary importance, an abundant supply of brandy, or other "good stuff," for the purpose of counteracting the effects of the climate. Not so, however, did the wisdom of God see fit, who has never furnished alcohol to any of his creatures, either in miraculous supply, or in the ordinary bounties of his providence. Israel, in their wanderings in the desert, were supplied with the simple fare of manna from heaven, and water from the rock, which followed them all the way. This history completely demonstrates the truth, that nothing but water is necessary as a drink for man.

The 35th chapter of the prophecies of Jeremiah, gives us an account of a total abstinence society, which had been formed by Jonadab, the son of Rechab, nearly three centuries before. A special blessing was promised to the members of this society on account of their faithfully keeping the pledge, given them by their father and founder. That blessing has been bestowed down to the present time, when that society is existing in full efficiency, its members drinking no wine, and now numbering sixty thousand. Here, then, is a flourishing society of two thousand five hundred years' standing, at once to test the truth of the accusation, that total abstinence is a modern invention, and to illustrate the truth of what we have stated, that this principle is a moral principle in the administration of God's providence; and it further proves, that attending to this principle will meet with a reward in the blessing which follows it, and of consequence, that the neglect or contemning of this principle will result in evil and punishment.

The next case which we notice is that of Daniel and his companions, who, in the palace of Babylon, determined to maintain this principle, and purposed not to defile themselves by the use of the king's meat and wine. Melzar was afraid that on the simple diet of pulse and water they would not thrive, nor present a healthy appearance; but the result proved that total abstinence was the same then as now. Daniel and his companions, like the teetotalers of the present day, were fairer and healthier looking than others, while their minds being freed from the deleterious effects of the use of unnatural stimulants, were prepared for those studies which were to fit them for the important stations they were afterwards to fill.

We next notice John the Baptist, who appeared as the fore-

runner of the Messiah, and who, from filling this important office, was free from being polluted with wine, and then pass on to Jesus himself. Much has been said and written respecting the example of Christ at the marriage of Cana, but to very little purpose. Until it can be positively shewn whether the wine was intoxicating or not, no positive argument can be founded on it, either on one side or the other. We must go to other examples, and here we find that in the only instance in which it is certain that intoxicating wine was offered to our Saviour, in that instance he refused it. From this, (the case of his crucifixion,) may be inferred, but which, of course, cannot be mathematically demonstrated—that the modern attempts to make Christ appear as a glutton and wine bibber, are about as much founded on truth as the ancient.

Having proceeded thus far, we may readily suppose that the Church of Christ, which was to constitute a spiritual kingdom of Priests and Nazarites to God, should be free from the defilement of the vice against which our efforts are directed, and that all its members should exhibit at least as high a standard of character as the few of former ages, who, like Daniel, purposed not to defile themselves with prevailing immoral practices and conformities to the world, contrary to the character of a holy nation and a peculiar people. By examination, then, we find that the apostles, and especially Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles, embodied the total abstinence principle in the fullest manner in their epistles; and we find the apostle directing the evangelist Timothy to relax the rigidity with which he kept that principle, by making a medicinal use of wine. The writers of the age immediately succeeding that of the apostles, tell us that the feasts of the Christians of that day were not made with wine. In the long period of degeneracy and darkness which succeeded, this principle, like every other, became inactive, or was lost; but now, in the latter days, when the Church of Christ is teeming with great events, which give promise of still greater—when events are rapidly hastening on to the crisis of the world—when the air begins to vibrate with the wings of the angel flying through the midst of heaven with the everlasting gospel—when the pure and holy principles of the Word of God, long concealed by the conformity of Christians to the world, are being brought forth in all their pristine beauty—can we suppose that this principle would remain any longer despised in the Church of Christ? No; it is plain that the neglect of this principle has raised an insuperable barrier to the progress of the Church, in carrying out her great Commission to evangelize the world, and it must be removed. The present century opened in midst of Missionary organization and enterprise, which had been advancing in an accelerating ratio during the century preceding. The present is an age of great undertakings. We live in midst of grand efforts in science and religion. We have scarcely time to wonder at some great discovery, when another crowds upon our view. The steam engine is producing effects both physical and moral, unprecedented in the world. The telescope and the microscope are equally laying open the wonders of nature. A Herschell is laying down the laws which govern the revolutions of worlds, and a Brown unravelling the mysteries of the human mind.

The same progress appears in the social condition of man. There is a rapid development of character and principles, all showing a rapid onward progress of human nature. The division of labor comes in to aid in producing great results, both in the physical and moral world. The onward progress of the Church, and the mighty agencies required, have caused the formation of societies for performing specific parts of the work, such as Bible Societies, for circulating the Word of God; Tract Societies, to distribute cheaply religious knowledge; Temperance Societies,

remove the great barrier; Missionary Societies, for sending the living messenger of glad tidings; Missionary Colleges, for training a native ministry, and many others as they come to be required. Whence, then, we ask, came these agencies—these mighty moral engines? Whence came they? *The mighty river is but the union of many drops which the showers of heaven supplied to the far distant hills, and which springing again in crystal fountains, and joining their many rills, at last form a river of such power. How beautifully does this illustrate the subject before us! How feeble these drops of rain, or little rills, to turn a water wheel, but how powerful when united! See, then, whence these mighty moral engines came—from the agency of the Spirit of God descending on the hearts of single Christians, who singly could do little indeed in reducing to allegiance a rebel world, but when united are so powerful. And as the drops of water appear again in the shining spray, where the bow of mercy is painted, so does the individual Christian appear in that union, shining in the light of the Sun of Righteousness, and pointing upward to that home, the attainment of which is his highest aim—the object of his brightest hopes.*

The mighty evil of intemperance so widely spread, not only throughout the world, but even in the Church, soon came to be felt as an intolerable incubus upon the rising spirit of the reviving Church, and the attention of many was directed to it. It was evident that although many efforts had been made to suppress the evil, they had been totally unsuccessful, and it began to be enquired with earnestness, What can be done? The Methodist Church in England took up the subject, and made abstinence a rule binding on its members, as a means of staying the crying evil. Time went on, and discussions became more general. About thirty-five years ago some Synods and Unions in the United States took up the subject, and followed the Methodist Church in recommending as the path of duty, that the Church of Christ should free itself from the evil. Discussions and investigations still went on until the year 1826, when the American Temperance Society was formed. It should be carefully noted that imperfect as the pledge of this society was, it was nevertheless founded on Christian principle, intended, not as its enemies have pretended, as a rival to the Church, but as an instrumentality looking to the grace of God for strength, in promoting the spirituality and progress of the kingdom of Christ. From this period the progress of the principle exceeded the most sanguine expectations, although its advocates met with the most violent opposition from those who should have been its best friends. The American Temperance Society was for many years the main spring of the temperance reformation, until the American Temperance Union commenced its operation. This Union was formed by the National Convention at Philadelphia in 1833. It is composed of the office-bearers of the American and those of the several State Societies. It publishes the Journal and other periodicals at Clinton Hall, New York. During the year 1841 this institution alone issued 433,000 publications, consisting of journals, juvenile advocates, reports, almanacs, &c. As a specimen of the issues of the State Societies, that of New York during the nine years of its existence previous to 1841, issued nearly 15 millions 12mo pages of temperance matter, and that of Illinois in four years issued 503,500 documents.

The progress of the cause, although there most rapid, was not confined to America. In Britain it was making rapid and steady advances. The celebrated parliamentary report was presented in 1834, and exertions had been for some years put forth in the formation of societies. But the interest at first excited in both countries began evidently to abate, and every new effort seemed to

effect less than the preceding. It soon became manifest that the whole system carried within itself a source of weakness which could not be counteracted by any measure of zeal. It left the whole machinery of drunkenness and drunkard-making almost unimpaired by protecting some kinds of intoxicating drinks, while it banished others. It became evident, then, that a forward step must be taken—a more powerful engine brought to play. In America many were acting on the total abstinence principle, but its societies were not as yet remodelled. A new advance was then made, and as America had given to Britain the first impulse, she now received back that new impulse which was to set the whole machinery of the Reformation in more vigorous operation. In 1834, the old plan was generally abandoned for the new, and then the progress became not only more rapid, but greatly more satisfactory. Since that time it has proceeded with rapid strides, bearing down such opposition as, had it not been founded on the rock of ages, would at once have crushed it, and restoring peace and happiness to many wretched families, as well as preserving thousands from the fatal snare. The numbers supporting this mighty moral instrument may now be reckoned by millions both in Britain and America.

The Washington Society, formed in Baltimore, April 5, 1840, and having in view primarily the reformation of drunkards, has caused many to view with admiration a moral revolution, unparalleled in the history of the world. Progress is still being made in the employment of a variety of other instrumentalities, as the cold water army, &c.; and Christians and Churches who still shut their eyes against the light, have cause to be ashamed when they see these marvellous things going on without their instrumentality in preparing the way of the Lord.—“This is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.”

REHABILITISM.

There are three Tents of the Independent Order of Rechabites in the City of Montreal, at the present time, numbering as follows:—

SPRING OF CANADA TENT No. 1, organized 27th May, 1844; has now 108 full members and 5 propositions—meets every Friday Evening.

UNION TENT No. 2, organized 29th March, 1845, has now 30 full members and 1 proposition—meets every Saturday Evening.

PERSEVERANCE TENT No. 3, organized 15th May, 1845, has now 17 full members and 1 proposition—meets every Tuesday Evening.

Total 155 full members and 7 propositions.

The General Laws of the Order, are furnished gratuitously by the Officers of the Tents, to those seeking information.

R. D. WADSWORTH.

MONTREAL, 23th May, 1845.

The communication from Ellora Nichol, alluded to by J. M. has been mislaid. We would gladly receive the statistics of this Society and of all others in Canada for publication.

The account of the Sherbrooke Temperance Jubilee in our next.

We hear no word of any arrangements being made for a convention in Canada West this summer, and suppose it is now too late to make them.

The Johnstown District Union have, we understand, engaged Mr. Bungay for a campaign in that delightful District. We trust that Unions generally will bestir themselves.

EDUCATION.

ROLLO PHILOSOPHY.

AIR AT REST.

A few days after the adventure described in the preceding chapter, Rollo heard his father proposing to his mother that they should take a walk the next morning before breakfast. Rollo wanted to go too. His father said that they should be very glad to have his company; and he promised to wake him in season.

Rollo felt rather sleepy, when his father called him the next morning; but he jumped up and dressed himself, and was ready first of all. It was a cool, but a very pleasant morning. The sun was just coming up. The ground in the path before the door was frozen a little, and the air seemed very still.

When Rollo's mother came out to the door, she said,—

"Well, husband, which way shall we go?"

"Up on the rocks," said Rollo; let's go up on the rocks mother. It will be beautiful there this morning."

"Well," replied his mother; "we'll go up on the rocks."

The place which Rollo called the rocks, was the summit of a rocky hill, which had a grassy slope upon one side, by which they could ascend, and a precipice of ragged rocks upon the other. There was a very pleasant prospect from the top of the rocks.

As they walked along, Rollo said that it was very different weather that still morning, from what it was the day that he and Jonas were out upon the pond.

"Yes," said his father, "you had an opportunity to see the effects of air in motion then."

"And now *air at rest*," replied Rollo.

"Pretty nearly," said his father.

"Yes, sir, *entirely*," said Rollo; "there is no wind at all this morning: hold up your hand, and you can feel."

So Rollo stopped a moment upon the grass, and held up his hand to see whether there was any wind.

"I know there is not any wind that you can perceive in that way," said his father.

"How can we perceive it, then?" said Rollo

"I'll tell you," replied his father, "when we get to the top of the hill."

They reached the top of the hill soon after this, and sat down upon a smooth stone. There was a very wide prospect spread out before them,—fields, forests, hamlets, streams,—and here and there, scattered over the landscape, a little patch of snow. The sun was just up, and the whole scene was very bright and beautiful.

"Now, father," said Rollo, "tell me how you know that there is any wind at all."

"I did not say that there was any *wind*. I said *motion of the air*."

"Why, father," replied Rollo, "I thought that wind was motion of the air."

"So it is," said his father; "but all motion of the air is not wind. Wind is a *current* of air, that is, a *progressive* motion;—and in fact, there is, this morning, a slight current from the westward."

"How can you tell, father?" asked Rollo.

"By the smoke from the chimneys; don't you see that they all lean a little from the west towards the east?"

"Not but a little, father;—and there's one, from that red house, which goes up exactly straight."

"Yes," said his father, "there is one; but, in general, the columns of smoke lean; which is proof that there is a gentle current of air to the eastward."

"Westward, you said father," rejoined Rollo

"Yes, from the westward, but to the eastward."

"That is what is called a *progressive motion*," continued Rollo's father; "that is, the whole body of air makes progress; it advances from west to east. But there is another kind of motion, called a *vibratory motion*."

"What kind of a motion is that, father?" asked Rollo.

"It is a very hard kind to describe, at any rate," said his father. "It is a kind of quivering, which begins in one place and spreads in every direction. Don't you hear a kind of a thumping sound?"

"Yes," said Rollo, "a great way off; what is it?"

"Look over across the pond there," said his father; "don't you see that man cutting wood?"

"Yes," said Rollo; "that's what makes the noise.—No, father," he continued, after a moment's pause, "that's not it. Look, father, and you'll see that the thumping sound comes when his axe is lifted up."

They all looked, and found that it was as Rollo had said. The strokes of the axe kept time, pretty well, with the sound of blows, which they heard, only the sounds did not correspond with the descent of the axe. When the axe appeared to strike the wood, they did not hear any sound, but they did hear one every time the axe was lifted up.

"So, you see," said Rollo, "it is not that man that we hear. There must be some other man cutting wood."

"We will wait a minute," said his father, "until he gets the log cut off, and then he will stop cutting; and we will see whether we cease to hear the sound."

So they sat still, and watched the man for a minute. Presently he stopped cutting,—and, to Rollo's great surprise, the sound stopped too.

"That's strange," said Rollo.

In a moment more, the man had rolled the log over, and commenced cutting upon the other side; and in an instant after he began to cut, Rollo began to hear the sound of strokes again.

"Yes," said Rollo, "it must be his cutting that we hear; but it is very strange that he makes a noise when he lifts up his axe, and no noise when it goes down."

"I'll tell you how it is," said his father. "He makes the noise when his axe goes down; but, then, it takes some little time for the sound to get here; and by the time the sound gets here, his axe is up."

"O," said Rollo, "is that it?"

"Yes," replied his father, "that is it."

Rollo watched the motion of the axe several minutes longer in silence, and then his attention was attracted by the singing of a bird upon a tree in his father's garden, at a short distance below him.

Pretty soon, however, his mother said that it was time for her to return; and they all, accordingly, arose from their seats, and rambled along together a short distance upon the brow of the hill, but towards home.

"Then the sound moves along through the air," said Rollo, "from the man to us."

"Yes," said his father; "that is, there is a vibratory motion of the air,—a kind of quivering,—which begins where the man is, and spreads all around in every direction, until it reaches us. But there is no *progressive* motion; that is, none of the air itself, where the man is at work, leaves him, and comes to us."

"But, husband," said Rollo's mother, "I don't see how anything can come from where the man is, to us, unless it is the air itself."

"It is rather hard to understand," said his father. "But I can make an experiment with a string, when we get home, that will show you something about it."

They rambled about among the rocks for a short time longer, and then they descended by a steep and crooked path, in a different place from where they had ascended. When they had got nearly home, Rollo said that he would run forward and get his father's ball of twine and bring it out; and so have it all ready for the experiment.

Accordingly, when Rollo's father and mother arrived at the front door, they found Rollo ready there with a small ball of twine in his hand, about as large as an apple.

"Now, Rollo," said his father, "you may take hold of the end of the twine, and walk along out into the street, while I hold the ball, and let the string unwind."

Rollo did so. He drew out a long piece of twine, as long as the whole front of the house, and then he stopped to ask his father if that was enough.

"No," said his father; "walk along."

So Rollo walked on for some distance further, until, at last, the ball was entirely unwound. Rollo had one end of it, and was standing at some distance down the road, while his father, with the other end, stood at the gate of the front yard. The middle of the string hung down pretty near to the ground.

"Draw tight, Rollo," said his father.

So Rollo pulled a little harder, and by that means drew the line straighter.

"Now," said his father, "walk along slowly."

So Rollo walked along, drawing the end of the line with him.

His father followed with the other end. Thus they advanced several steps along the side of the road.

"There," said his father. "Stop. That you see, was a *progressive motion*."

"Yes, sir," replied Rollo.

"The whole string advanced along the road," added his father. "It made progress, and so it was a *progressive motion*. Now, fasten your end of the string, Rollo, to that tree directly behind you."

Rollo looked behind him, and saw that he was standing near a small maple-tree, which had been planted, a few years before, by the side of the road.

"Tie it right around the stem of the tree," said his father, "about as high as your shoulder."

Rollo fastened the string as his father had directed. Then his father fastened his end, in the same way, to another tree, which was growing near where he was standing.

"Now," said he, "there can be no more progressive motion, but there can be a vibratory one. Take hold of the string near where it is fastened to the tree."

Rollo took hold of it, as his father had directed, and then his father told him to shut his eyes. When his eyes were shut, so that he could not see, his father said that he was going to strike the string, at his end of it, with his pencil-case, and he asked Rollo to observe whether he could feel any motion.

Rollo held very still, while his father struck the string; and immediately afterwards he called out, "Yes, sir." Then his father struck the string again, several times, and every time Rollo could feel a distinct vibratory or quivering motion, which was transmitted very rapidly through the string, from one end to the other; although, as the string was fastened by both ends to the trees, it was evident that there could be no progressive motion.

Rollo's mother had been standing all this time at the step of the door, watching the progress of the experiment; and, when she saw the expression of satisfaction upon Rollo's countenance, while he was standing with his eyes shut, holding the end of the string, she wanted to come and take hold of it herself, so as to see what sort of a sensation the vibratory motion of the string produced.

So she came out through the gate, and asked Mr. Holiday to wait a moment while she went to where Rollo was standing and took hold of the string. But he said that it would not be necessary for her to go there, as she could take hold of his end of the line just as well, and let Rollo strike the other end.

They accordingly performed the experiment in that way, and Rollo's mother could feel the vibrations very distinctly.

"One thing you must observe," said Mr. Holiday; "and that is, that the vibrations pass along from one end of the line to the other very quick indeed. We feel them at one end almost at the same instant that the other end is struck."

"Exactly at the same instant, sir," said Rollo.

"No," replied his father, "not exactly at the same instant, though it is very nearly the same."

"I did not see any difference," said Rollo.

"No," replied his father, "you cannot perceive any difference in so short a string; but if we had a string, or a wire, a mile long, I presume that we should find that it would require a sensible period of time to transmit the vibrations from one end to the other."

"What do you mean by a sensible period of time, father?" asked Rollo.

"Why, a length of time that you could perceive," said his father; "just as it was with the man cutting wood. We could see that some time elapsed between the striking of the blow, and our hearing the sound."

"Yes," said Rollo, "just as long as it took him to lift up his axe."

"That is not certain," replied his father, "because the sound that we heard might have belonged to a blow made before. That is, it might be that, when he had struck one blow, he had time to raise his axe and strike another, and then raise his axe again, before the sound of the first blow came to us."

"Yes, sir," said Rollo, "I understand."

Mr. Holiday then told Rollo that he might unfasten the string from the trees, and wind it up again into a ball, and bring it in. Then he and Rollo's mother went into the house, to see if breakfast was not almost ready.

That morning, after they were all seated at the breakfast table, Rollo said to his father that he did not exactly understand what sort of a motion the vibratory motion of the air was after all.

"No," said his father, "I suppose you do not. And, in fact, I do not understand it very perfectly myself. I only know that the philosophers say, that, when a man strikes a blow with an axe upon a log of wood, it produces a little quivering motion of the air, which spreads all around, darting off in every direction very swiftly. If a boy strikes a tin pail with a drum-stick, it makes another kind of quivering or vibration, which is different from that which is made by the axe; but I don't know precisely how it differs. So, when the air is full of sounds, on a still morning, it is full of these little vibrations, like a string which trembles from end to end, though its ends are fastened so that it cannot move away."

"Then the air is never at rest," said Rollo's mother.

"No; certainly not, when any sound is to be heard: and it is never perfectly silent."

"There is one thing very extraordinary," said Mrs. Holiday.

"What is it?" asked Rollo's father.

"Why, that, when a great many sounds are made at the same time," she replied,—"as, for example, when we are upon the top of a hill, on a still morning, and hear a great many separate sounds, as a man cutting wood, birds singing, a bell ringing, and perhaps a man shouting to his oxen,—all those tremblings or vibrations, being in the air together, do not interfere with one another."

"Yes," said Mr. Holiday, "it is very extraordinary indeed. They do not seem to interfere at all. When there are too many sounds, or if there is a wind with them, they do interfere; but, in a calm morning, like this, when the air is at rest, you can hear a great many distant sounds very distinctly."

"Yes," said Rollo, "and I mean to go up to the top of the rocks again after breakfast, and listen."

Filial Insubordination.

If I were called upon to say what I consider the distinguishing and "crying sin" of the present day, I should answer without the least hesitation or doubt, Filial Insubordination, the want of reverence for parents and parental authority. I know there is a proneness in some minds to institute comparisons between the former times and our own, unfavorable to the latter, which is justly rebuked by the wise man, but in the present case I think there can be no mistake. Never within my recollection, or the scope of my observation, has there been anything like the present absence of all control over children. Everywhere the evil stares us in the face. The modesty, the docility, the quiet submission of childhood to rule is gone: childhood is vanished. We have no children. They are transformed into smaller men and women, with all the confidence and assurance of those accustomed to command and lead, to ordain and direct.

It may not be easy to assign all the causes which have operated to produce this deterioration in juvenile morals, but one cause I have no doubt is modern, popular but false and pernicious doctrine that children should be governed by reason, not by authority. If a parent wish a child to do a thing, instead of telling him to do it, he must inquire in a very meek and quiet manner whether the child does not think he had better do it. "My dear, do you not see how reasonable it is, how much it will promote your present interest, how much happiness you will feel, and how much it will contribute to your future welfare and respectability, if you should do as I request?" An old-fashioned father would have said, "John do it,"—and it would be done. The modern mode proceeds upon the supposition that the great want of the child is an uninformed judgment, which is not true. The old mode went upon the principle that the child needed a spirit of reverence and submission to lawful authority, and the old mode was right. We do not want the child's judgment in the case at all. It is the parents' business to judge whether John had better do a given thing or not. God has appointed the parent to that duty, and it is as wrong as it is foolish and impracticable to devolve it back upon the child. And yet this is the modern and grand improvement in juvenile education. No wonder the world is getting turned upside down, and children are usurping the prerogatives of the parent.

Allow me to suggest as another reason for the prevailing irreverence of children, their frequent appearance and performances in public exhibition of Sunday schools, concerts, &c. It has always appeared to me indiscreet to permit their participation in exercises which minister so promptly to their self-importance and self-complacency. Any one who has taken discriminating notice of children on such occasions, especially at concerts, must have

felt satisfied that the vanity of the young candidates for public admiration must be greatly stimulated, and a sense of their vast importance deeply infused. It is indeed apparently a very innocent and interesting way of occupying public attention occasionally, but we fear that what is amusement to the public is death to some of the best sentiments of childhood.—*N. Y. Mother's Magazine.*

Moral Poisons: The Antidote.

Under the general caption of "Moral Poisons," I have, in this Magazine, repeatedly called the attention of parents to the corrupting influence upon the morals of children and youth of a great portion of the light literature of the day. I propose in the present number to make a suggestion or two in relation to the antidote—the only efficient and practical antidote—for these poisons. I do not hesitate to direct these suggestions to parents; for on them mainly rests the responsibility either of fostering and furnishing means for gratifying a depraved literary taste in the young, or of forming a better taste and applying a remedy where the mind is already vitiated. It becomes then, to them, a most interesting and solemn question what is the duty of Christians and philanthropists who sustain the relation of fathers and mothers, in view of the danger to be apprehended from impure light reading?

1. Parents must teach sound principles to their children on this subject.

They must show them the evils attending the reading of the fashionable novels of the day, and other vicious works of the lighter order. This can be done. Nothing is more practicable. One single number of that excellent monthly sheet published by the American Tract Society—the "*American Messenger*,"—one of the principal aims of which is to show the evils of impure literature, will furnish ready for your use ample evidence from their nature, that these words are coals of fire, and that the mind cannot come in contact with them without fearful danger of being burned. It will do more. It will point to authentic facts, and show what is more to the purpose than all the theories we may have on this subject, that many a youth has had his imagination influenced by these vicious novels, and that, through their influence, he has been ruined, temporarily and eternally.

Children have a conscience in relation to this matter, and that conscience can be reached, if the proper means are employed.—They have hopes and fears respecting the formation of character; and to these hopes and fears every intelligent and judicious parent can successfully appeal. I saw this position verified a few days since. A young lady of my acquaintance had read one of the most objectionable of Eugene Sue's novels, and although she acknowledged there were some features in the work from which the eye of virtue turned away in pain, yet, on the whole, she thought it might be safely read by those whose principles were firmly established, and in that class she ranked herself. She declared unhesitatingly that she felt no evil resulting from their perusal, and that she must be indulged in this amusement. I remonstrated with her seriously, yet kindly, and appealed to her conscience and to her fears. I thank God that these remonstrances were heeded. She promised me voluntarily, that she would never read another novel of that class.

I know another recent case in point. A pious mother learned with pain that a son had clandestinely obtained several of Bulwer's novels, and had read them. The young man was not a professor of religion, yet this godly mother made him feel that by the perusal of these works of fiction, he was striving against the Spirit, and placing formidable barriers in the way of his salvation. She showed him that the code of morals which is inculcated by Edward Bulwer and those of his school, was drawn up by the arch-deceiver, and that just so far as they exerted their legitimate influence, they were calculated to educate the soul for the pit from which they were imported. "I know it, I feel it," said the young man. "I was sensible of it while I read these novels. They afford a pleasant amusement; but I will not hazard the welfare of my soul for a momentary pleasure. I will read no more."

There cannot be a doubt that many of the evils which now flow from a poisoned literature would be averted, if parents would faithfully and affectionately inculcate right principles on the subject to their children, and substantiate these principles by facts which have come under their own observation, or are well authenticated by others.

2. Parents must act the part of censors over the books and periodicals which are candidates for favor in their families.

I am aware that to some this will seem tyrannical and overbearing, and I admit that moral suasion in this case, as in every other is preferable to coercion, if it is effectual. But if advice does not succeed, I am confident a sound and healthful domestic discipline calls imperiously for something more.

The objections to such a censorship are so plausible and so prevalent, that it may be well to look at the matter somewhat in detail. It is said, that when we prescribe to our children what they shall and what they shall not read, we assume a lordship over their consciences. We think otherwise. We do not tell our children what they shall believe in matters affecting their eternal interests. We do not make it criminal in them to differ from us in opinion, if they see reason for such a difference. We simply state to them the truth. We know that there are certain agents, which, when they act at all upon the soul, work in it moral death. We warn our children against them, and if warning and entreaties are not sufficient, forbid them employing means which will draw them away from God and heaven. Is this lordship it over the conscience? Can a consistent parent, the heaven-constituted guardian of the temporal and eternal interests of his children, do less than this? Nay, will not the frown of God rest upon that parent if he do not so far "command his children and his household after him?" If a son or a daughter persists in taking arsenic, after a parent's affectionate and earnest counsels to the contrary, is it not plainly the duty of that parent to restrain his child, if he can do so, by a positive command? But arsenic is no more poisonous to the physical constitution, than are some of the fashionable novels which find their way into hundreds of families, to the morals of thousands of youth who read them. If a prohibition is proper in the former case, by what logic can it be made to appear that it is not proper in the latter? Are physical evils more to be dreaded than moral evils? Is the body, then, of more consequence than the spirit?

But we are told that this censorship on the part of the parent can only be maintained on the assumption that the judgement of the parent is infallible. This is in effect the same as to affirm that parental restraint must never be exercised, unless there be such infallibility. Why is not the objection raised in other circumstances—for instance, when the parent requires his children to attend family worship, when they are disinclined, or to visit with him the house of God? Does any one contend that this is an unwarrantable dictation, or that there is in it an arrogance of infallibility?

The truth is, God has committed the keeping of the immortal spirit, during the green and tender period of childhood and early youth, in an important sense, to the parent; and it is a duty than which none is more solemn and binding, to train up that child in the way he should go, that when he is old he may not depart from it. Neither the father nor mother is infallible. But they are to look to God for directions, and then act according to their judgement and the dictates of an enlightened conscience. No sensible and judicious man or woman can err in regard to the general principle which ought to govern them in the selection of literary reading for their families, though they may be wrong in relation to some of the unimportant details of that principle. But however they may err respecting these details, God calls upon them to stand up fearlessly and firmly for the defence of this principle in their households. To allow the soul of the child of their fondest love, and the object of their most fervent prayers, to be contaminated by the foul breath that is exhaled from the pages of a licentious romance, is to prove a traitor to one of the highest, noblest, and most responsible trusts which Jehovah ever confided to man.

But I must drop the subject here somewhat abruptly—for I am breaking over the bounds assigned for the length of a single article—and reserve some additional thoughts which I wish to present for another number. I hope my readers are not weary of this discussion. If some of them are, I beg them to bear with me, for I assure them there are fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters, and the number is not few, who feel deeply on this subject; and who, while they point to the victims of this soul-destroyer in the shape of a poisoned literature—victims among their own kindred and at their own firesides—lift up the imploring hand, and with tears beg of the directors of the press to speak out on this subject, to sound the note of alarm, and suggest an effective remedy.—*Ibidi.*

AGRICULTURE.

On the Feeding, Housing, and Treatment of Farm Horses and Live Stock.

Ask a farmer if he prefers for his own use a clean dry bed to a wet and rotten dung heap? Ask him if cleanliness in place and person, with proper ventilation, is not conducive to his health? Ask him if his food, nicely cooked and prepared, is not more agreeable to him than if raw and dirty? Ask him if he likes a cool residence in summer and a warm one in winter? He will say certainly, and laugh at you into the bargain, and yet he will not consider that what is good and profitable for himself, is quite as much so for his cattle. What would farmers say, if, after a hard day's work, they were obliged to walk ten miles for a supper, and the same next morning for breakfast—losing six hours' rest, and adding 40 per cent. to their labour; and yet this is how they treat their horses daily. It seems too ridiculous to be tolerated. I object entirely to turning horses out, or to have pasture at all; in our midland and southern districts the waste of food and manure is enormous.

If a horse is turned out twenty days on an acre, it is equal to twenty horses one day, or forty horses half a day. Then where the droppings fall the food is lost, supposing the droppings and urine to cover and taint four square yards per day, that is 130 per month, or 3 per cent. per month. It is, in fact, thirty-six pounds lost in every hundred per annum. The only excuse for depasturing is the imperfect state of the farm-yard, which allows the best part of the manure to be wasted.

Again, as to manure, there it lies, in hot sunshine and bleaching winds, till it almost becomes its original straw colour, losing its ammonia and other gases; and what, perhaps, is of more consequence than all, deprived of the benefits of fermentation which it would receive in a well-arranged tank. Supposing a horse's liquid and solid manure be one cwt. per day, or eighteen tons per annum, we lose one-third that quantity. In fact, it is not too much to say, that in the amount of labour the horse performs, his keep and manure, we can, by manger-feeding on my principle, save thirty or forty pounds out of every hundred.—This is enormous!!!

The idea of a man having forty horses, costing him £1500 per annum, and refusing to save £400 or £500 per annum in their keep, manure, and labour, is absurd; it is paying preposterously for the maintenance of prejudice or obstinacy; and yet, I am afraid there are some who will do so rather than act on my suggestions. There are other inconveniences and dangers attending depasturing horses—frequent kicks and accidents, loss of time in catching them, broken knees in driving home, and injury to constitution by sudden atmospheric changes. Besides, no horse fed entirely on green food can undergo the labour of those manger-fed on mixed food. Green food does not afford sufficient material for muscle and bone. It is too washy.

I object *in toto* to permanent pasture, as a positive individual and national loss. Clovers are useful—but you cannot thoroughly hoe and clean the land when they are sown with a corn crop. Lucerne (and Sainfoin) is my favourite, and you can grow it any where if you keep it clean, supply it amply with lime, and its constituent parts, drain very deep (not less than five or six feet,) and protect it from frost in the winter by a strong coating of manure, with a dust of guano in summer. Tares on heavy land and rye on light land are both profitable; and plenty of potatoes, Swedes, carrots, &c., which can be grown on any land, however heavy, boggy, sandy, or gravelly, if thoroughly drained, properly manured, and deeply cultivated. By these means, you may keep more than twice as much stock as by permanent grass.

Let us imagine ourselves standing or lying day and night for months in the moisture and effluvia of our own accumulated excrements, uncleaned and ill fed; it won't bear thinking of, and yet this is how most farmers treat their cattle: their food is presented to them in large unmanageable masses with abundance of dirt (a corrector of acid it is called) uncooked and unprepared. We need not wonder at having to stab our bullocks to let out the accumulation of windy flatulence, or forcing strange-looking machines down their throats to remove solid lumps of unmasticated roots; we need not wonder at foot-rot, fevered feet, or other complaints. The idea of a man swallowing a quantity of frozen turpans on a frosty day—without a bit of bread, absorbent, or stimulant of any kind! It is too ridiculous to think of.

Let us keep our stock warm in winter and cool in summer—free from tormenting flies. In fact, I shall never consider we are perfect till we can keep up a given warmth in winter—whilst we have in summer cool and shaded paved yards.

My horses, cattle, and sheep are never turned out, nor do they receive any grass-hay or clover-hay—except a small portion during the interval between green crops and root-crops. In summer they are fed in mangers on wheat-straw chaff, cut one-eighth of an inch, and tares, lucerne, or green rye, cut also into chaff the same size, adding ground beans, oats, or meal with linseed. In winter, our carrots, Swedes, and mangold, will be well washed, passed through Gardner's Turnip-cutter, and again passed through a toothed cutting machine, so as to become what I call root-chaff; it will then be mixed with very fine wheat, bean, or oat-straw chaff, and a little ground beans, barley, or oatmeal, soaked linseed, steamed potatoes, and a little salt, varying the food as much as possible to stimulate their feeding.

In fact, to sum up, we shall present their food in the form occupying the smallest possible compass and requiring the least mastication. Every half-hour saved in feeding is so much added to their rest—a most important ingredient in fattening. The dry chaff will prevent laxity and flatulence, producing also a sufficient and healthy excitation of the stomach, whilst it will afford to the gastric juices a ready access to every part of the mass of food.

This mixture appears by its various constituents perfectly adapted to the formation of bone, muscle, fat, flesh, all which are essential to the perfect development of a well-fattened animal.

Our horses have a plump muscularity and vigorous rotundity, proving what I said before, that their food contains every necessary element; they thrive wonderfully and cost but little—they get their breakfast, dinner, and supper, in perfect quiet. This is better than sending them for a ten mile walk morning and evening, thus depriving them of six hours' rest; their skins are soft and their coats glossy—their general appearance exhibiting health, strength, and content. In this all visitors to my farm agree.—Were it not for their daily labour, I have no doubt they would be excessively fat—therefore I am justified in anticipating a similar result for my bullocks and sheep. The least they plough is one acre per day, seven inches deep for each pair, and occasionally one and a half acre, particularly during harvest. One pair also trench or subsoil ploughed one and a half acre per day during harvest, which is great work. I cannot now state exactly what number of horses we shall require permanently. I rent 45 acres adjoining my land, so that the total holding is 173 acres; we shall certainly require six at least on our principle of trench ploughing, and not resting the land. At present, owing to the great arrears of cultivation, and the various operations of subsoiling, stoncarting, &c., we have an additional four, and sharply they are worked too.

For very lean bullocks, the straw-chaff and green feed, or root-chaff, will be better than too rich a diet at first. As they freshen, we shall give them richer food and increase its quality by degree, adding soaked linseed, &c. Our horses and cattle will always have access to rock salt.

I apprehend in bullocks as in horses, a change from very poor to stimulating diet would be hazardous without a previous preparation by physic.

All stables and cattle-rooms should have their walls and ceilings lime-washed at least once a year. The mangers occasionally well scrubbed. A harness room in stables is indispensable.

My farm-yard will not look like one, for not much loose straw will be seen—a little straw-chaff may appear here and there, to absorb the moisture and excrement from the cattle; but the soiled part will be removed daily or frequently to the roofed tank, so as to go on the land as rich as possible, fermented, but not washed by rain, or evaporated by sunshine or wind.

The rest of my straw, both wheat, bean, and oat, will be converted as chaff into food for my stock, and so go to market in the shape of mutton, beef, or pork—or be forming bone and sinew for my horses.—*American Agricultural Gazette.*

NEWS.

The intelligence by the *Britannia* presents no features of great interest. The papers, especially the religious portion of them, are occupied with earnest discussions of the proposed endowment of the Catholic college at Maynooth. The bill for the endowment had passed to a second reading in Parliament, by the unexpected

large vote of 147 majority. But meanwhile, petitions against the measure were pouring in at a prodigious rate, showing that the strong Protestant feeling of the people is thoroughly roused. Upwards of five thousand petitions had already been received.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

SWITZERLAND.—The Grand Diet was still in session, and had carried a measure which promised to procure tranquility. A proposition was made to Lucerne to declare an amnesty, and to liberate the prisoners she has taken, on condition of the disbanding of the free companies. A treaty has accordingly been made between the government of Lucerne and those of the cantons of Berne, Soleure, Basle and Argau, relative to setting the prisoners free.—The indemnity to be paid is 350,000 francs. This may put an end to the convulsions by which unhappy Switzerland is torn—but it is very doubtful. The free Swiss have suffered so much from the Jesuits in years past, that they will hardly be appeased short of their expulsion from Lucerne.

In the Chamber of Deputies, while discussing an extraordinary credit of 143,000 francs for Oceania, the Minister of Marine stated that government had intelligence from Tahiti to the 22d of December, when all was tranquil. Admiral Hamelin had arrived, and had taken steps to re-establish the "protectorate," (in place of the French sovereignty assumed by M. Brulat.) The Chamber of Deputies granted that credit; and also the sum of 41,000 francs, awarded by Prussia as an indemnity to the British claimants aggrieved by the blockade of Portendic.

The *Press* says that Captain Page has been despatched to Oceania with fresh instructions to Admiral Hamelin, and adds: "We are assured that Captain Page's mission refers to the approaching abandonment of our possessions in Oceania. It is so serious a step that we had better await ample information on the subject." We shall be happy to learn if this last conjecture turns out to be true.

MOHAMMEDAN PERSECUTION.—An act of the most wanton and barbarous character was perpetrated on a native Coptic Christian at Damietta. This person was accused of having spoken slightly of the Mohammedan religion, and on the fact having been made known to the populace, they collected around him, gave him 500 lashes, paraded him naked through the streets mounted on a buffalo, with two dead dogs and a pig attached to his legs and shoulders, and afterwards beat him until he expired under the effect of the punishment. The European consuls have taken it up strongly, but the punishment inflicted on the principals has been limited to a five years' incarceration in the Castle of Aboukir.

It was reported on the Paris Bourse, on Saturday last, that England had applied to France to join her in a protest against the annexation of Texas to the American Union.

It appears from an article in the *Debats*, that the French Government has abandoned the projected expedition against the Kabyles for the present year.

The barbarous sentence on Maria Joaquina, who was condemned to death at Maderia, for heresy and apostacy, has been commuted to three months' imprisonment and a fine of six mitreas.

The municipal government of Portland, Me., have determined that three persons may be licensed to sell spirituous liquors, under certain restrictions, for medicinal and medical purposes, in that city, the present year, and that the profits on liquors sold by virtue of the license shall not exceed twenty per cent.

The ship *Yorkshire* took out 2447 sides and 34 bundles of leather, which is now admitted in the ports of Great Britain duty free. Almost every packet since the news of Sir Robert Peel's revision of the tariff, has had small invoices of leather, and one or two of the first lots have now been heard from, and brought such profits as to induce much larger shipments.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE FRENCH COLONIES.—We are glad to state that an act for this good purpose has passed the Chamber of Peers, and will, doubtless, the Deputies, of France. The main features of the bill are, that the masters are to give a day a week to the slaves, on which they will pay the latter for their labor, and the money thus acquired will form a fund for their emancipation. A slow mode of doing it, but admitting the general principle that slavery is wrong, and thus likely to lead to something more rapid. The debates among the Peers have been animated, turning upon the same points upon which the discussion of slavery always turns here: the abstract right to hold slaves—the policy of the system—its moral wrong—the comparative comfort of the slave and free laborer. The last in doing justice to the poor slave, we fear, will be free America!

METHODIST PRO-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—After nearly a fortnight of anxious and deliberate consultation, the Convention of Southern Methodists at Louisville, has arrived at something like a result in the passage of the following resolution, which containing a declaration of opinion, is to be regarded as the separating act. The resolution is said to have passed with only one dissenting voice; but when the division comes to be made, there is reason to believe that there will be far less unanimity among the Southern portions of the church. This in the third great rupture of ecclesiastical bodies occasioned by slavery. The following is the resolution:

Resolved, by the Delegates of the several Annual Conferences in the South and South-western States, in General Convention assembled, That we cannot sanction the action of the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, on the subject of slavery, by remaining under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of this body, without deep and lasting injury to the interests of the church and the country, we, therefore, hereby instruct the Committee on Organization that if, upon a careful examination of the whole subject, they find that there is no reasonable ground to hope that the Northern majority will recede from their position, and give some safe guaranty for the future security of our civil and ecclesiastical rights, that they report in favor of a separation from the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the said General Conference.

EXTENSIVE SALE OF PUBLIC LANDS.—Sales of public lands to the extent of 5,000,000 acres and upwards, lying in the North-west, West and South-west sections of the country, are advertised to take place in the course of the ensuing summer and autumn.—*New York Evangelist.*

FIRE AT QUEBEC.

Three quarters of the parish of St. Roch's is in ashes, and two streets in St. Johns Suburbs, along the Cape, and the whole of the Palace, which was burnt in 1843. The number of houses consumed is estimated at between 1500 and 2000, and thousands of families are deprived of everything they possessed. The fire originated in Mr. Richardson's Tannery, in a steam-engine room, at the entrance of St. Valer's Suburbs, and the wind being strong from the westward at the time, it soon communicated to St. Roch's Suburbs. The Catholic Church of that parish, and two Methodist Chapels are among the buildings consumed.

The number of lives lost is not yet ascertained; about a dozen bodies have been removed from the ruins, but it is generally believed that a great number more have lost their lives.

It is said that the amount insured at the Quebec Office is between £25,000 and £30,000. At the Canada Office about the same amount. At the the Phoenix about £2,500. The Montreal Office, I learn, will not suffer much.

I am informed that the amount subscribed at a meeting for the relief of the sufferers, is about 7,000. The Gentlemen of the Seminary, the Ladies of the Hotel Dieu, and Mr. James Gibb, subscribed £500 each; and a large number of Merchants have subscribed from £250 to £100 each.—*Herald.*

MONTREAL PRICES CURRENT.—JUNE 2.

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|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| ASHES—Pot 23s 6d | LARD 5d a 6d p. lb |
| Pearl 24s 6d | BEEF—P. Mess tierce . . . \$14 |
| FLOUR—Fine 23s a 24s | Do ibls \$8 |
| Do. American . . . 26s a 27s | Prime \$6 |
| WHEAT 4s 9d | TALLOW 5 1/2d |
| PEASE 3s per minot | BUTTER—Salt 5d |
| OAT-MEAL 8s 0d per cwt. | CHEESE 4d a 6d |
| PORK—Mess \$16 | EXCHANGE—London 1 1/2 prem. |
| P. Mess \$14 | N. York 2 do |
| Prime \$12 | Canada W. 1/4 do |

Monies Received on Account of

Advocate.—Rev. G. Bell, Buckingham, 15s; Dr. A. Richmond, Greenock, 2s 6d; H. Shaler, Aylmer, C. E. 2s 6d; H. Kellogg, Bytown, 2s 6d; Sunderics, Montreal, per. A. Gemmel 13s 8d; do per. W. Rispin, 5s; D. Smith, —1s 9d; W. Vaultine, Crovoland, 8s 9d; J. Flintoft, Port Sarina, 5s; Mrs. Mortimer, Thornhill, 10s; M. Magill, Hamilton, 3s 4d; M. Neu, Seymour, 5s; E. G. Salisbury, Liverpool, 1s 8d.
Provincial Effort Fund.—Collected by Miss. Margaret Cumming, Williamstown £1 5. 0.,
Arrear Account.—R. Williams, Parrie, 10s.