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CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

DEVOTED TO

Total Abstinence, Legal Prohibition, and Social Progress.

Vol. XXI

MONTREAL, MARCH 15, 1854.

[No. 6.]

[From the Old Brewery and New Mission House.]

Sketches from the Missionary's Note-Book.

THE DEAD CHILD.

On Monday, July the 29th, a woman of fine appearance, with one of those deep expressive faces that throw out a flood of feelings with every word the lips utter, came into the office and said she was not in the habit of begging, but that she had been driven to it by her necessities. I asked her what she wanted. Her eyes, already swollen with weeping, overflowed again with tears, while she told me that her child had died on Sunday, and up to that time she had not obtained money enough to bury it.

She handed me a paper, which, on examination, I found to be a permit from the sexton of St. Patrick's Cathedral, to bury the child in the Calvary Cemetery. I asked her if she was a Catholic. She said she was. I then told her to go to the priest, and tell him her story, and ask his assistance. She went, but came back ere long in deeper distress than ever, having only received 25 cents. On her way she had called at a neighboring Institution, where she had received three shillings, sixpence of which she had paid at the counter of the establishment for bread, leaving her two and sixpence. As she counted out her money, her face was the picture of despair. O, how my heart yearned over her. I sent a man to the poor woman's house to see that all was right. He saw the dead child, — a lovely boy of about a year and a-half old, with auburn curls clustering around his pretty face. I thought of my own little boy, and how I would feel if he should die, and I had no money to bury him.

I lent her money enough to bury the child, and she went away with a lighter heart.

I thought this was the last of the woman, but yesterday morning I was called into the office, where I found her with her husband. They both clasped my hands in theirs, and wept their gratitude. I invited them to our chapel, and exhorted them to seek God. And though they did not promise to do either, I felt that perhaps seed was sown that would produce fruit in time to come. They seemed at a loss to find words to express their thanks, and I needed no words to make known to my Heavenly Father the desires of my heart, that he would follow them by his Spirit, and save them with their angel boy above.

THE DEAD CHILD IN LEONARD STREET.

I was called on by two colored women, to come and pray with a family that had lost a child, three years of age. It was quite difficult for me to leave the Mission, which was thronged with visitors, but I went, and

found a house full of negroes and Irish citizens. I inquired for the family, but could not ascertain its whereabouts. On going up-stairs, I was asked into a room where lay a dead child that had been born the evening before, and had died during the night. Its mother, a poor black woman, lay on a wretched pallet in a corner of the room. A woman who seemed to be a nurse, said, "Are you a doctor?"

"No!"

"Well, you are a soul-doctor, ain't you?"

"Yes; I am the Missionary at the Five Points."

"Well, then, you had better pray with that woman, and see what you can do for her."

I talked with the poor woman, and prayed with her, leaving them some aid, and hoping that God would bless them.

It was a long time before I found the child I sought. At last I came to the place. It was truly touching to see and hear their affecting lamentations. I gave them a word of exhortation, and prayed with them. They melted into tears of penitence, and when I referred to the happiness of the departed child taken from these scenes of vice and misery, and, "safely housed" in one of the many mansions prepared by our Father, they wept aloud. May God in his mercy help and bless them.

WOMAN IN COW-BAY.

My assistant and myself went out to visit the sick, and among others, we called to find a woman in Cow-bay, who had sent for us. We entered one house and searched in every room, without success. We then tried the adjoining one, and after climbing rickety stairs, and stooping along low narrow passages, we reached the attic, at one end of which we saw a door, where we knocked for some time, and at last opened it ourselves. Our hearts grew sad within us, as away in one corner, between a huge chest on one side, and the brick wall on the other, we found the object of our search lying on the dirty floor. Her only covering, her birth-day suit, and a ragged cotton quilt, (which formed no contrast in color with the floor.) She presented a fearful picture of humanity wrecked.

On inquiry, we found she was suffering the results of crime, the most awful. She had been for many months pursuing a course of most fearful intemperance, and was then living with a black man. The present sickness was occasioned in the first place by excess, and had afflicted her about a year, but had been greatly increased by shocking scenes in the room. A white woman, who had been horribly beaten by the black man with whom she was living, died on the Sunday previous to our visit; and had not been buried until the succeeding Wednesday, the putrid body spreading

* This thrilling work can be had of E. Pickup, Montreal.

contagion in every direction through the house, and especially in this low narrow room. Too weak to go out, this poor creature lay in the room with this corpse three days and three nights—a situation horrible beyond description. Her decline was hastened by this; and the wretched creature lay before us, writhing in excruciating agony. My assistant went for the doctor, and I talked with the poor woman about her soul. She had been piously brought up, and her parents still lived in one of the most aristocratic portions of the city, not knowing any thing about her. She had often felt in her wildest revelry that she was a sinner, but intemperance and its kindred crimes had hurried her onward until she had been brought to her present position, at the early age of twenty-three. I prayed with her, and found her to all appearance, deeply penitent. Such fearful self-condemnations I never heard; such wailings of despair, as my mind had fancied, belonged only to the pit itself. I directed her to Christ, who could save even from these abysses of sin, and felt great satisfaction in telling the poor lost one the blessed story of the cross.

Several men and a woman now came into the room, and stood silently looking on. Alone, as I was, among so many who, from their looks, were adepts in crime, my position was not at all pleasant, especially, when, as I arose to take my seat on the great chest, some pennies in my pocket jingled, and I noticed a quick look from one to the other. A thousand thoughts flew like lightning through my mind as I saw at a glance that I was so completely in their power, that they might accomplish any purpose they saw fit, and I could only by a miracle escape. My suspense was soon ended by the appearance of my assistant and the Doctor, who prescribed for the sick woman. Among other things, ice was ordered. He sent the woman who had come in for it, and I never shall forget the look of mingled satisfaction and pain that spread over her face as she saw me with my knife break the ice into small lumps and put them into the poor woman's mouth. She said, as I arose from the pleasant task, "Well, sah, you is kind."

This opened the way for some conversation between us; and following it up, we exhorted the whole company to forsake the ways of sin. The exhortations were honest ones, and the audience a wretched one. We knelt to pray; the whole company knelt, and as my assistant poured out his prayer to God, groans and cries filled the room. The wretched creature in the corner cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and the same prayer rolled forth from other lips, whose only prayers had been imprecations, and whose penitence, despair. If angels ever weep they must have wept then. After a few days we had the sick woman brought to our building, and she began to improve, but the burning thirst for liquor seemed to haunt her like an avenging spirit.

One day we missed her, and we have not been able to find her since. From some information we have gleaned, we think she went out to satisfy her craving thirst for the fiery stimulant, now becoming so fatally necessary to her, and met her companion in crime who has her locked up in Cow Bay.

MAY GOD SAVE HER.

Appalling Scene.

"O, thou invisible spirit of rum! thou hadst no name by which to know thee, we would call thee Devil!"—SHAKESPEARE.

For several months past there has lived in our neighborhood an Irish widow with two children, one about five and the other about eight years of age. The woman was more than ordinarily intelligent, and capable of sustaining herself and children comfortably. But instead of this, she betook herself to drinking, and in the vilest manner procured her means for so doing.

At length she became completely prostrated and lay upon the bed for several days, with the poor children on either side, without food, without fire, or sufficient bedding to shield them from the cold. After several persons had made fruitless attempts to gain admittance, she keeping the door of her tenement locked on the inside, we were permitted to succeed by means of one of the children, to whom we spoke through a window, promising to furnish some food and make a fire. On entering, we beheld one of the most appalling scenes our eyes ever witnessed.

There lay the woman almost dead from the effects of liquor, and the children in a perishing state, caused by cold and hunger. They had subsisted several days on raw, frozen cabbage leaves. There was not a particle of cooked food in their wretched abode, or uncooked, except a few turnips and about a pint of dried beans. They had not even a cup of water to quench their raging thirst. Beside the bed, we found a tin measure nearly full of liquor, and in the corner of the room were two casks and several jugs, containing probably ten or twelve gallons more of the same deadly fluid. In addition to this, ice, filth and confusion made up the sickening sight.

After several hours had been spent in trying to resuscitate the wretched sufferers, they were taken by the keeper of the alms house to his premises. That night the woman and her children were put in bed together. The next morning the mother was found a corpse—perhaps died in a fit, but none can tell how ebb'd the dregs of her miserable existence. But the children, our heart sickens in view of their condition in bed with a corpse, and such a corpse, and in such a manner. On this point we forbear further comment.

These poor orphans have been great sufferers. The kicks and blows from their drunken mother, were many. We have remonstrated, but in vain, against this cruelty. Then the cold, nakedness, and hunger to which they were subjected, was truly painful. Add to this the awful example and influence by which they were continually surrounded, and we have a bird's eye view of the evils growing out of the use of intoxicating liquors. Indeed from this source, we know of no suffering, no crime, no unmitigated compound of degradation, which exceed it in its terrible results. Under its influence every law of man's being is outraged, and the laws of high Heaven are defied and trampled upon. We may well say of rum's doings, what the immortal Wesley said of slavery: "It is the sum of all villainies, and the vilest that ever saw the sun." And yet, in perpetuating this work of Satan, sober men are engaged. Startle not at our assertion, dear reader, we are prepared to prove, if need be, the position we take.

In the case cited above, the express-man for a few shillings conveyed the liquor from the seller to the

miserable woman who consumed it. Probably this man does not use liquor himself; we never heard that he did. But in the way of his business, for a paltry sum, he became accessory to crime, pauperism, suffering and death.

Just so we may say of the farmer and merchant who sell the bread stuff and other material to the distiller to be converted into the deadly fluid. The sober men—some of them at least—vote for men who repudiate the Maine Law, and who connive with the rummies in allowing the accursed beverage to be used. Thus Society by common consent are linked together. O, we fear the retributions of a righteous God will be executed on our guilty nation, if we do not speedily repent. The blood of martyred Abel, it seems to us, does not cry more effectually to God against his murderous brother, than does the suffering, degradation, and death of thousands of the innocent and the young in our midst. But we forbear further remarks, lest we exceed the limits of brevity, so desirable in newspaper communications.—*Boston Herald and Journal.*

The Honey Bee's Choice.

BY JOHN WESLEY WHITEFIELD.

Dedicated to—

The fair and the foolish,
The humble and true;
To all those who need it,
And therefore to you!

A crazy Daisy,
Very lazy,
Lay beside the way,
Nothing doing,
Nought pursuing,
Worthless, though so gay;

A sprig of Clover,
Not a lover,
Any more than she,
There was growing,
Yet kept throwing
Honey to the bee.

The Daisy proudly
Spake, and loudly,
Being full of pride,
And did grumble
At the humble
Clover by her side.—

"You shabby clover,
Red all over,
Lacking ev'ry grace;
Just look at me
And then you'll see
There's beauty in my face."

"I'm tall and slim,
I'm neat and trim
A truly charming sight;
With gold I'm crown'd;
And all around
I fling my arms of white."

The clover blush'd
For warm blood rush'd
In torrents to her cheek;
The Daisy's scorn,
Her heart had torn
So that she could not speak.

She bow'd her head,
Still nothing said,
But dropp'd a crystal tear;
—*Utica Testator.*

And as she sigh'd,
She then espied
Her love drawing near.

A little Bee,
Right glad to see,
The clover's well known hue,
Roll'd up his wing,
And sheath'd his sting
Then close beside her drew.

He calmed her fears,
And drank the tears
That trembled on her face
And soon her heart
Forgot its smart—
Made glad in his embrace.

The daisy strove
To win his love
By glitter and by show,
But still he chose
Each reader knows,
To be the clover's bee.

He found her neat
With temper sweet,
Heart humble, kind and true:
And so he wed
The clover red,
As wise ones ever do.

The daisy's face
And form of grace
Were pleasing to his eye,
But 'twas her mind—
Her heart unkind
That made him pass her by.

This we should know
'Tis not by show,
By glitter or parade;
Nor by our birth,
But by our worth
That we must all be weigh'd!

Speech of the Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New-York.

I should be very glad, my friends, if I had a fair sea before me to take up the whole subject in its length and breadth. My friends seem always to estimate the value of my influence very much upon the system of distillation; and although they are not friends to the Still, if they can finally get the Still so perfect that they can leave but a few drops to come forth, they think that will answer the purpose of Doctor Tyng. I never have had any chance since I lived in New-York, to take hold of this matter of intemperance literally by the throat, and I have been striving to get it for many years. I have stood upon this platform as late as eleven o'clock at night, to see if it were possible to get an opportunity to say something, and yet I have waited until that time in vain. Now I am delighted that we have not only got a wind from the East, but a little breeze blowing up from the North. The West End of London is the great end, and the North End of New-York, and yet somehow or other, to-night, our North end, which is the very aristocracy of the place, comes out and spits in its own face. My impression is, in spite of this North air, that comes down upon us not very blandly to-night, if we can fairly convince the intelligent, the intellectual and educated aristocracy, if you please to call it so—but I hardly know what aristocracy is in a land like this—if you can convince the citizens of New-York of the real propriety and importance and the real practical expediency and desirableness of a prohibitory law, gentlemen of standing, and influence, and wealth in this city will never be the last to take hold of it. I do not believe that the virtue of this city is to come up from the lowest regions of mere earthly power and earthly influence. I do not believe that you are to speak always in this contrasted language of democracy and aristocracy. I have lived nine years with the citizens of New-York, only every year to respect them more highly, and every year to confide more thoroughly and completely in their principles and spirit. A nobler set of men, a more liberal set of men, a bolder set of men, when you persuade them of the propriety of an act, and the course of action in maintaining it, I have never seen; and our Chairman to-night, and the other gentlemen with whom I have acted, are but samples of those who can be brought forward by hundreds in this city. I desire then to bring down a little breeze from the northern part of the Island, that every north wind shall not blow upon us discouragement and doubt in reference to the character of our population. I know that whenever we take hold on this subject we must be as David, "Fenced with iron and the staff of a spear." We live in times when it is impossible to take up any cause with success for which we are not content to have some bloodshedding. Bad times! Bad times when six thousand murdering rum-holes in this city provoke the notice of a conciliatory police in vain—perfect patterns of French politeness. Times, when brothels rival palaces in splendor of their furniture, and keepers of prostitutes lol in their bouches, clad in ermine, and waited upon by liveried servants, as if they were the princes of the land. Times, when hundreds of gambling-saloons are illuminating Broadway, and our Chesterfield Police bow with a grace that Ministers might well learn, and if lawyers could imitate it, would doubtless greatly promote their prosperity. We live in the midst of times, notwithstanding all the sin, and corruption, and wrong, when the simple preaching of the Gospel in the streets.

is made a statute offence, and the man who dares to open his mouth in the highway for the King of kings, is collared and dragged like a felon to answer it, to the Stationhouse. I thank my friends for that noble standing up for the principle and the right of freedom of speech in this country. Let it be understood then that the time has passed when the chiefs of civil government must ask the aid of Archbishops in their public proclamations to keep the peace of the land. Let it be understood that 5,000 foreign rumsellers in the midst of our lanes and alleys here are not to be the real aristocracy of this community. We live in times when more than eastern magnificence decorates buildings, within which, like palaces of the Inquisition, there are dark wells and lime-pits, in which thousands of our young men are secretly to be murdered; and yet the man who dares to open his mouth and speak against the wrong, must do it at the risk of his own safety—perhaps his life—when if the promoters of public order are literally derided, scoffed at, persecuted, ridiculed in the streets for the faithful fulfilment of duty, they are made to assume the whole responsibility of the tumult, as if they themselves were the agitators of the community in reference to its evils and crimes. I remember when Gen. Jackson moved the deposits out of the United States Bank, I went down the river Delaware with a Committee of Philadelphia merchants that were going to see if it were not possible to stop the old man from doing what they believed would be utter destruction to their community. An old Quaker friend of mine, a merchant in Philadelphia, and not one of the Committee, was with us, and he laughed at their efforts. Said he, "There came a Dutchman to my store the other day, and I said to him, what do your people think of General Jackson now?" "Oh, they like him more as ever," says the Dutchman. Said I, "What will he do to make them not like him?" "I will tell you," replied he; "If I should go home and tell my people that General Jackson landed at Chestnut-street wharf, and before he got up to Fourth-street he killed ten men, they would say: 'Well they knew he was coming—why did they not get out of the way?'"

It is just so here; for if any man will undertake to put himself in the gap, and maintain the cause of right and righteousness, they will say, "Well, he knew the evil was coming—why did he not get out of the way?" But, notwithstanding all this, there are some of us who are aristocratic enough to stand by good laws, good words, the rights of humanity, and the progressive blessedness of the human race; and there are some of us, notwithstanding all probable results in contest, who believe that God clothes men when they are faithful to him with an armor more invulnerable than the Grecian hero—the heel, even, protected from every evil. There is yet a sword of truth which flashes lightning in this warfare. There is an Ithuriel's spear which will bring the hidden evil to light, and show the full contrast between the devil and his angel.

Magna est veritas et prevalebit; which, in my poor knowledge of Latin, I translate: *Magna*, the Maine Law; *est*, is; *veritas*, true; *et* and; *prevalebit*, it will prevail. And however the difficulties may accumulate—however serious the doubts that may arise—it seems to me as certain as the necessary progression of humanity—as certain as the enlargement of knowledge in the whole scheme of political economy—as certain as the progress of investigation in science—and as certain as the

establishment of American liberty from here down to Patagonia. Has any man faith enough to look down there and believe it! I fully believe that as certain as is the establishment of Protestant American liberty over this whole continent, so certain is the enactment of that which is called the Maine Law by a free people, for the protection of the rights, privileges, and the existence of their community. If I had time to enter into this subject, I would love to consider the needs of this case. I would love to summon up, if it were possible, some of the numerous witnesses, I might call, in the language of the prophet, "upon the heavens and the earth," and ask if there ever was one single man who could tell one benefit arising out of the liquor trade and the system of liquor indulgence. It is a trade that carries, like the figurative locusts of the Revelation, "the teeth of the lion in the mouth, and the sting of the scorpion in the tail." It gnaws upon the heart of the man who receives the poison, and it stings the soul of the man who imparts it—it brings desolation and ruin upon the drunkard, and sorrow and ruin upon the family of the rumseller.

From one end of our land to the other, in every age and in every history, this has been the fact. We summon our witnesses. Chemistry comes forward and says: "I have analyzed the elements of alcohol, and they are all poison—nothing but poison." Physiology comes forward and says: "I have tested its influence upon the animal frame, and its whole operation is destruction and death. Nothing else." Political economy comes forward and says: "I have tried to grapple with the devastation that it has produced, and entirely in vain. It has filled the Alms house, the Lunatic Asylum, and the Prison with inmates; it has filled the world with beggary, and every nation of this earth is looking upon the sad havoc, and crying out in alarm, what is to be done?" Human governments come forward and say, "We have been attempting to bale out the deep abyss of human misery—but it has baffled all the efforts and the skill of man." I dare hardly touch on social relations. If there has been a man among us who does not feel the evil in his own family, and can look around within the walls of his own house and connections, and say that he has not felt the evil, I call that man a happy man. I cannot send my beloved son in his early morning effort down to the store in which he labors, where far from me he must get his noonday meal at some public eating-house, but he is to be beset at every point, and in every stage of his little youthful journey. What right have these licensed harpies to destroy the happiness and prosperity of any family? Who ever gave this government the right to pay a man for poisoning my son? Who ever gave a human government the right to hire a man to bring disease, disgrace, and damnation into my family? I cannot look at the whole subject of social relations, but I remember a poem by a young lady, who was accused of being a lunatic on the subject of alcoholic drinks. The Rev. gentleman recited the poem, the commencement of which is as follows:

"Go feel what I have felt;
Go bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn.
Go, struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.
"Go weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall.

Hopes faded, flowers strewed all the way
That led me up to woman's day," &c.

The Poem concluded with the line :

" This dark beverage of hell."

Did Heaven ever mix such a cup for man? Amid all the dews that descend from Hermon's snows upon Zion's happy top, does one single drop of alcohol come down? Amid all the floods that pour down from Alpine heights, that fertilize and beautify Europe's vales, does one single drop of alcohol come down? Amid all the rippling fountains that causes the bloom of many a glen and sylvan bank in all our Western hills and woods, does one single drop of alcohol ever flow? Did Heaven ever mix a cup like this for man? Could earth do it? No; I verily believe this child of sorrow has touched the actual fact of its own origin, "the dark beverage of hell,"—and the great being, the great agent of evil—men may question his existence while they are pulling in the traces of his labor—the great being, the instrument of evil alone, can tell us either of the full purpose of its origin, or the full product of its effects. Now that we see this whole evil set out before us, it may be well to consider the question which immediately arises, "What is to be done with it?" Am I to be told, in the language of my friend from the North, "Mind your own business?" Why, is it not my business? God has given me as lovely a family as ever blessed a father's eyes—six dear sons to bear my name, if he spares their lives, throughout the earth;—Two of them unflinching advocates of this righteous cause.

There is nothing that I ever envied so much upon earth as the privilege granted to my venerable old friend Lyman Beecher, in his sons' perpetuating and carrying out the power and influence of his name to another generation. I should consider a filial relation to Lyman Beecher a real aristocracy. And I do consider these fine young men who he has set around us here with all their energy, their burning eloquence and power, a nobler legacy to the community than even the princely fortune of my beloved friend Anson G. Phelps. When I hear their voices sounding forth for human liberty, for the right of speech, for universal toleration and humanity, for the down-trodden and oppressed of every rank and every character, and every color, and every clime, never will I quarrel with such men about the expediency of the ways of the production. If a man's heart be right, God will lighten his eyes in darkness, and show him in experience the best and most useful way to accomplish his heart's desire. What are we to do? If this liquor trade is an honorable, a fair, and justifiable trade, then there is no question in regard to it. If this trade be right, then let it be practiced abundantly, and instead of five thousand groceries, let us import all Europe to help us. Let us bring in the whole community, and import all the gin of Holland to your cellars and your throats—bring in all the brandy of France, to elevate the virtue of your population, and make the very wines of lovely Italy flow down in streams like your Mississippi, gratifying abundantly this noble and elevated appetite and desire. We might well congratulate the poor Irishman when he came to this land, and found that he could get absolutely drunk for sixpence. "Dear cratur," said he, "I wish that my throat was a mile long, and I could taste it every inch of it."

If it be right and lawful, why not? What have I to say? If a man who keeps an eating-house in Broadway, or a restaurant in Nassau-street, sends home my

beloved son reeling like a toper, it is a lawful trade. What though that poor boy be made a disgrace to this father's house, the man has a right to follow out his legal traffic. What though he came home with words of profanity on his lips, that a father's example has never taught him, and a father's voice never uttered in his ear, the man who taught him has a right to carry out the traffic. What though he send the broken-hearted mother to her couch of sorrow, to weep the live-long night without a moment's possible repose, the man has a right to do it. It is a legal traffic, and the more he does of it the better. He has a right to demand that I shall send my other five sons, and let him elevate them according to the standard of elevation in the opinion of the men who maintain the right of this infernal traffic in the "beverage of hell." But I put it to the common sense of unsophisticated men, who can reconcile the problem of the power of the Government in attempting to restrain and prohibit a traffic which it legalizes and acknowledges to be right. The reason of man proposes one of two alternatives: If it be the evil thus suggested, avert it; if it be right, legal, honorable, and just, carry it out. I have in my hand an extract from the *London Times*. The famous editor of that paper says: "The man who shall invent a really efficient antidote to this system of voluntary and daily poisoning, will deserve a high place among the benefactors of his race." We can propose the antidote. We can name the man who has invented it. "People of the State of Maine! God of heaven bless you!" Noble-minded Dow. God of heaven bless thee! I would rather be that man than any man I know this day upon the face of the globe. I remember Somerfield said in a speech, with that infantile eloquence which charmed us so much: "I would rather be the author of the *Daryman's Daughter* than of Homer's *Iliad*." I would rather go with Neal Dow's reputation to posterity, and to have to meet at last the gathering up of the influence of his life in the noble contemplation of an eternal world, than be any other man who lives or has lived in this country, be the magnificent Father of his Country not excepted.

Who can tell the benefit that is to come from that one man, whom God has raised up to be the originator of the measure. By this law you treat the actual instrument as the criminal. Knock his brains out wherever you catch him, and do it at once. How well does that old motto apply in such a case—"Dead men tell no tales." It was often said of this law that it could never be executed. A large wholesale dealer said the other day to me, "You cannot possibly execute such a law." "Why," I said, "what will you do when the law is passed?" "Oh," replied the old gentleman, "I shall stop selling at once." "And if the man next door persists in selling it, what will you do?" "Why," he answered, "I'll make him stop too." And in the same way would the law-abiding dealers act as a voluntary police force in hunting down all the rest. It has been said that a mob would be organized to resist such a law. But New-York is not the place for people to take the law into their own hands. This is no community of rioters. I well remember when, last year, an injunction was laid upon the Second Avenue Railroad. Perhaps a thousand men were at work. But a single messenger passed along the line, and gave the order from an unseen judge, to stop the whole proceeding. And every man instantly stopped. There lay the sleeper, half hewed upon the trus-

sel; there the rail across the road. What a monument of the power of the law, and the conscience of the people! In Europe it would have required a regiment of police or soldiers to have executed that law, which here, the people executed for themselves. New-York is no place for triumphant rioters. Though he abhorred unnecessary bloodshed, yet there was a regiment of National Guards in our midst that would be certain to defend the laws of the land at any risk; he did not care whether the mob should be about the miserable gambling of a play-actor, or the miserable profits of a rum seller. The eloquent gentleman concluded by quoting a poem of Charles Mackay:

Men of thought, be up and stirring,
 Night and day,
 Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain,
 Clear the way!
 Men of action! aid and cheer them,
 As you may.
 There is a fount about to stream
 There is a light about to beam.
 There is a warmth about to glow.
 There is a flower about to blow,
 There is a midnight darkness
 Changing into day;
 Men of thought, men of action,
 Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,
 Who shall say
 What the unimagined glories
 Of the day?
 What the evil that shall perish
 In its ray?
 Aid the dawning, tongue and pen,
 Aid it, hopes of honest men;
 Aid it paper—aid it type—
 Aid it for the hour is ripe,
 And our earnest must not slacken
 Into play.
 Men of thought, men of action,
 Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
 From the day;
 And a frozen wrong to crumble
 Into clay.
 Lo! the right's about to conquer;
 Clear the way!
 With the right shall many more
 Enter smiling at the door;
 With the giant wrong shall fall
 Many others, great and small,
 That for ages long have held us
 For their prey.
 Men of thought, men of action,
 Clear the way!

Life on Board a Temperance Ship.

Mr. Thorpe, an intelligent working man, who sailed to Australia in the *John Barrow*, the first ship to leave England on total abstinence principles—has sent home a written narrative of his voyage, claiming a great triumph for the experiment of literal temperance. Part of his letter is as follows:—

There were some few on board not friendly to our principles, who would have it go forth to the world that we are not better off than we should have been in drinking ships, but when I hear, as I have heard since I have been here, by others who have come out, what they have suffered—when I hear of broken heads and broken ribs—when I hear of some 6 or 8 drunken fellows taking possession of the fore-castle, and defying the captain and the whole ship's company, and the captain

unable to command through drunkenness—when I hear of captains, when drunk, giving orders to steer in a contrary way, and the sailors to hoist sails when they are properly set—when I hear of a regular police court being established on board to try the drunken and disorderly—when I hear of the mate falling overboard, and the captain going after him to try to save him, both drunk, and the captain so drunk as to be forced to be strapped down—I say when I hear all this I give the lie to such an assertion, and I contend that our principles are vastly superior to the drinking ones.

Again, when I think of our moral and religious privileges, here also our principles shine forth. Never I should say in the world's history did a vessel of our size leave the port of Southampton, or I may say England, under such auspices as we did. As regards our religious privileges, we were highly favoured—we had always, with but one or two exceptions, our regular services on Sunday three times, and during the former part of our voyage we had the prayer meetings on board, nights and mornings (during the latter part of our voyage we were forced to dispense with our morning service), and enough praying men on board to engage during the week. I think few country dissenting churches could boast of more praying men in connection with them than we had. There were Dissenters, Wesleyans, and Wesleyan Reformers, and all acting in peace and harmony. We had our monthly Missionary Prayer Meetings. Then we had our Bible Class, Mutual Improvement Society, Day School, Singing Class, a Class for general topics, and a good library. Who would have the courage to say (if I may call it courage) that all this had no effect on the moral character of those on board? Although there were some who did not care to join us in our efforts to raise our fellow-men, yet we trust our exertions were not all in vain; and when I hear of vessels going out without all this, and scarcely any kind of worship on board at all, I am constrained to say again that our principles have triumphed.

Then again, as regards the conduct of our officers and crew; here our principles have displayed themselves—first, in our Captain, and of him I cannot speak too highly. He is a worthy fellow—a rough, honest, open-hearted Cornishman. He carries away with him the good wishes of all the ship's company. I am only sorry they did not do him the justice they ought to have done. I do not know how it was, but it was driven off too long, as it was intended to have presented him with a testimonial (and he richly deserves it), and a handsome one, too. I trust if he again visits your port (and I hope he will) that you will give him a cordial reception, and that the Temperance Society in London will do so too. We owe a debt of gratitude to Captain Cary, and he has my best wishes. I hope I shall again have the pleasure of seeing him here. Then may Providence bless and preserve him! Whenever anything like a squall or danger threatened, there was Captain Cary always at his post, night or day. I have been on deck at night, when it has been rough and stormy, and he was there. After a storm he would come below, and enquire after us—"Well, how are you, all well?" "Yes, Captain," "That's right, you may go to bed now, it's all over." Once a heavy sea struck us, and we thought we were going down—our vessel lay on her side for some time; he flew to the helm, our gallant bark answered and righted, and he again came to us and restored and cheered

us. Supposing he had been under the influence of strong drink at that time, and he might have been, and his men too, for it was very trying for them all at the time, we had rough weather, wet and cold; but instead of strong drink they had tea, or coffee, therefore they were all calm, cool, and collected. Our mates Messrs. Smith and Bryant, and the whole of the crew, were a credit to any Captain in the world. I never saw a more orderly set of men,—as sailors there was no disorder; they behaved themselves as men ought to behave, every order was answered with an "aye, aye, sir," and away they went. Anything that Captain Cary could do for the comfort of the passengers he would do.

All this, sir, I think, speaks highly for our principles. If ever I have to make a voyage again, nothing but a Temperance ship will do for me. I would strongly impress it upon you to advise all your friends who contemplate coming out, to beware and come out in a Temperance ship. This is my advice to all my friends.

Mr. Thorpe concludes with saying:—"My advice is, to all who are doing well at home, remain there; to those who cannot get on and can work, especially those with families, come out by all means, only make up your minds to rough it. But the great curse to the colony is strong drink; drink—drink—drink—it's all drink. Those who wish to do here must come out abstainers."

Philanthropic & Social Progress.

Moral Aspects of the World.

Brethren, the aspect of the world is indeed dark in many respects; no one feels the pressure of the darkness more than I do; often have I smarted in spirit under it; and if it were not for that pole-star of prophecy that points so steadily to the bright and glorious future, often would my heart sink within me, and my spirit fail utterly. But whatever may be the intermediate processes by which we shall be ushered into scenes surpassing fable, we ought never to relax in the strength of our assurance that the most glowing visions of the prophetic muse shall one day be gloriously realised. The way in which the whole will be accomplished may be humbling to us; we may have to make endless confessions of error and shortcomings and prejudices; and we may all have bitterly to mourn on our knees over the many ways in which we wronged our brethren by our uncharitableness and misjudgments. It may be that all our existing organizations, so doatingly idolized, will have to go down into actual dissolution, so that out of the dissolved chaotic mass there may rise up a re-constituted church, bright and pure, and worthy of Him who is its Divine Head and King. All this may be, and much more; but let us be sure that the end will be glorious. At present, indeed, it may look almost like the very climax of unlikelihood. Everything now may look ominous. The shadows of evening may seem to be closing fast on the boary heights of old Christendom; the sun may seem to be setting in a red and angry sky; and all around the horizon clouds may be rising, black and lurid, and in their bosom lies sleeping the tempest that shall one day burst over the apostate and unbelieving nations; with only the occasional twinkling of a star, darkly shining, as it were, through the thickening gloom. All this, and much more, may be true; but shall we not rise in the spirit of faith, and say, "Come, O Almighty Saviour, come thou in the infinite sympathies of thy boundless compassion; come, thou Almighty Spirit of Grace, in the plenitude and overflow of thy soul-surviving and comforting influences! and let the blighting, it may be, of once fondly-cherished hopes, and the failure or retardation of once-fondly-cherished prospects, and the consequent bringing down of every high thought and lofty imagination to the foot of the cross—let all these be unto us and unto

other believers throughout the world but the discipline and preparation for that night of storms which is now so ominously brooding over the nations! And when the gloom is thickest and the tempest of human passion loudest, and the rage of Satan, who cometh down in great wrath, fiercest, may ours be the faith to discern, even in all this, but the signs and presages of that hallowed morn that shall chase away the long dark night of ages—the heralds and precursors of the coming of Him in the glory of His kingdom, whether visible or invisible—of him.

"Whoso coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice."

And then, amid the dawns of millennial glory, and the jubilee of our once groaning, but now renovated universe—then, O! then, in ways which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor imagination conceived, will be realized, in a bright and glorious consummation, the longings of this holy Evangelical Alliance of Christendom!—*Speech of Dr. Duff.*

GOD GAVE ME TO THIS HOME.—One winter evening, not long ago, while the family were, as usual, gathered around the centre-table, a neighbor drove up, and entering with hearty friendliness, soon had Kitty on his knee. "Come, Kitty," said he, "won't you go home and live with me!" The child looked up into his face; the golden curls fell backwards and her deep blue eyes met his as she answered; "God gave me to this home." The tone was simple as the words, and the silvery voice was childhood's, yet for a moment, the sound seemed as if wafted from a far-off world, where angels only dwell. A shadow—no, not a shadow; but a sober brightness, as of something profound and holy—was cast over the meditative mood of the dwellers in "this house," and every heart within it swelled with gratitude for the great God's gifts.—*Knickerbocker.*

A Contrast.

The vicious die early. They fall like shadows, or tumble like wrecks and ruins into the grave,—often while quite young, almost always before forty. The wicked 'liveth not half his days. The world at once ratifies the truth, and assigns the reason, by describing the dissolute as 'fast men'; that is, they live fast; they spend their twelve hours in six, getting through the whole before the meridian, and dropping out of sight and into darkness while others are in the glow and glory of life. 'Their sun goes down while it is yet day.' And they might have helped it. Many a one dies long before he need. Your men of genius, like Burns and Byron, to whom, when dissipated and profligate, thirty-seven is so fatal; and your obscure and nameless 'wandering stars,' who waste their youth in libertine indulgence; they cannot live long. They *must* die early. They put on the steam till they blow up the boiler. They run at such a rate, that the fire goes out for want of fuel. The machinery is destroyed by reckless speed and rapid wear. Nothing can save them. Their physical system cannot stand the strain they put it to; while the state of their minds is often such, that the soul would eat through the substance of the most robust body, and make for itself a way of escape from the incessant hell of its own thoughts. But all probabilities are on the side of a different fate for the good. Peace and contentment, religious faith and religious virtue, are so many guarantees for long life. He, too, who lives as we are supposing, will not go through the world either as a vicious or selfish celibate. He will 'drink waters out of his own cistern,' and 'rejoice with the wife of his youth.' She will be to him, 'as the loving hind and pleasant roe.' She will be like a fruitful vine by the sides of his house—his children as olive plants round about his table.' Thus, then, our friend advances through life. He attains to a hearty and green old age. 'His sons come to honour,' and he lives to see it; his daughters 'do virtuously,' he survives to rejoice and 'to call them blessed.' His children's children lisp his name and climb about his knees, like fresh flowers springing and waving round the root of an oak. Now all this is pos-

sible you know,—because it really does happen ; it is actually to be seen in our own circles. To every such man, the Book says, ‘With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.’—*T. Binney.*

PLEDGE.—We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use Intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage, nor Traffic in them; that we will not provide them as an article of Entertainment, nor for persons in our Employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the community.

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, MARCH 15, 1854.

Statistics of Crime in Montreal.

Sound an Alarm in the City.

The Chief of Police has issued his annual bulletin, announcing the condition of the city, as to its moral health. We fear the pulse of piety and morality beats very slowly and feebly. A sad revelation again comes out. Perhaps we are wrong in writing as above about the pulse of piety, but certainly taking our city as a whole, and regarding it as one body, we are constrained to confess the presence of a pestilence more fearful than cholera, and attended with consequences more terrific. It appears that the number of offenders apprehended by the Montreal City Police during the year 1853 was no less than *Three Thousand Six Hundred and One*, and that *Two Thousand Two Hundred and Eight* have arisen from intemperance. Let it be noted, however, that this tabular statement of Mr. Ermatinger's does not set forth the full amount of crime in general, nor does it set forth the total of iniquity arising from liquor drinking. All such tables must in the nature of things be defective; but as it stands, and without probing deeper into this moral ulcer, is it not alarming, and calculated to awaken the sentiments of deep mortification and distress.

Again, we blow the trumpet in Zion, we sound an alarm in the city. Upon our city authorities we charge the greater portion of the public criminality now exhibited. The licensing power itself has been criminally stretched, and hundreds of drunkeries have been *illegally opened* by authority for a consideration. The tocsin has been heard by these gentlemen, and they are quite familiar with the fact, that the chief business of the police department is to take care of the reprobates of society, who are trained and nurtured to vicious habits in these pest-houses—these depots of debauchery, made resplendent with respectability because they have the seal of Government, bearing the stamp:—“Licensed to Retail Spirituous Liquors.” Doubtless without this liquor business there would be some crime and sin in Montreal. By original corruption the whole posterity of Adam is “utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil.” But that there should be at almost every corner of our numerous streets, *man-traps*—incentives to crime—springs of public demoralization, is most absurd. Legislative and executive madness could scarcely go further. Here in this nineteenth century the law provides for the manufacture of drunkards, and then appoints a police force to take care of them, and if need be to punish

them, just in proportion as the poor wretches avail themselves of the facilities for evil every where present. We have a grand recipe for this social disease, and would really like to have the management of this afflicted patient—the city of Montreal. We should speedily put out the fires of the distillery—quench those of the brewery also. We should spill the liquor by wholesale, and employ the police in arresting, guarding, and feeding in prison the guilty sinners who would dare to perpetuate the gross offence of selling poisonous liquors for human beverages.

We have no pleasure in exposing the iniquities of the liquor trade. We could out and slash with considerable gratification, if we could separate the traffic from the persons engaged in it, but that is hard to be done. We hate the business with an unmitigated hatred, and considering the amount of light now shed forth respecting the effects of the business, we see not how any man can innocently engage in it, and that respectable Christian men should thus have “fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness,” is one of those phenomena in mental science and moral philosophy, quite inexplicable on ordinary principles. We shall return to the subject of the traffic and its effects in Montreal at an early period.

The Quebec Gazette on the Maine Law.

The Quebec *Gazette* has recently indulged itself in a not very elaborate sling at the Maine Law and its advocates. Sometimes the *Gazette* is spicy, almost witty, but, in this instance, is decidedly flat, and would have been sadly insipid, only there came up a “nice little question in the simple rule of three” which stirred up the intellectual powers of the Editor, and threw a little animation into his manner, without adding anything to the value of his matter. A word or two with this brother.

The *Gazette* confesses the inadequacy of moral persuasion. It “has not been more than temporarily successful.” All the friends of Temperance—all who have labored in the cause from the beginning—have painfully felt that, and, therefore, have seriously asked themselves what could be done to effect the suppression of drunkenness. “This fact,” says the *Gazette*, “leaves it incumbent on us to devise some more effectual means to secure the permanence of sobriety.” Agreed. Then what objection can be offered against the Maine Law? The principle cannot be objected to, for that is embodied in all legislation where the alleged rights of individuals are at all interfered with. Our contemporary then does not offer any objection against the principle, but says, “It is to be feared that legal prohibition, unless grafted on moral conviction, and the free assent of nearly the whole population, would multiply tenfold the direst phases of that deplorable vice.” To this, we reply that it is a mere gratuitous assumption, without any facts to warrant the “fear.” Where the law exists, no such result follows. Assertions have been made by our enemies to that effect, but the falsehoods have been thoroughly exposed. But the “low and illicit traffic” would increase! How does the Editor of the Quebec *Gazette* know that? Have any of his particular friends assured him of their intention to violate the law? We apprehend a very different result, if the Prohibitory Law is enacted. It will be obeyed by all who have any respect for them-

selves; and those who unlawfully sell, will do it at their peril. But the *Gazette* has a "conviction that a prohibitory law would not be enforced" in Quebec, and draws this inference from the "existing lax discipline of law" in other respects. Without admitting or denying any of the facts referred to by the *Gazette*, we yet think the matters are not at all parallel. Religious and sectarian animosities would not be so likely to mingle in this battle against rum. A conflict there would be,—but, as against rum, all creeds and no creed would unite to defend the law and protect the innocent. A Maine Law is not so easily evaded;—cunning and craft, and plotting and favoritism, and brute force, and all the machinations of the devil, will be insufficient to destroy its useful provisions.

The "suppose" about Mr. Cameron and the Government enforcing the law against "their friends in Champlain Street and Griffintown" is worth very little, chiefly, because it assumes too much about the future; and it may be that if the Government don't destroy the traffic, the traffic will destroy them. "Champlain Street and Griffintown" are pronounced the "hot-beds of intemperance." The abominations of "Champlain Street" may be known to the *Gazette*—and of them he may speak as he pleases; but if, by "Griffintown," he means a certain portion of Montreal, we put in our demurrer, and declare the coupling to be unjust. There is intemperance in Griffintown, but there are other parts of Montreal where drunkards are more extensively manufactured; and we expect to see Griffintown one of the most respectable and sober parts of this great commercial metropolis.

The *Gazette* says, "the laying on of prohibitive duties, and enacting heavy penalties for smuggling have failed of the desired effect in England," and it is not "worth while to enquire" whether they would be "effective here," for they assuredly would not; neither is it true that "taxation certainly would have a prohibitory force as applied to retail dealers." High duties encourage smuggling. Heavy taxation increases the temptation to unlawful dealing, but it is not true, that if the Government "raise the price of Licenses" that "the number of drinking houses will decrease." The number of "Licenses" will decrease, but while the traffic is under the sanction of law, the evil of public drinking will continue with a force not much diminished by all the efforts of moral suasionists, aided by what the *Gazette* is pleased to call "the wholesome check imposed by the License system."

We have a final paragraph from the *Gazette* replete with antiquated sentimentality. Here it is:—

"'Tis possible to diminish, and in time to do away with inebriating practices in all countries where the bulk of the inhabitants are not viciously disposed. To raise the moral tone of the entire people, to diffuse enlightenment, to spread education, to present virtuous example, to provide innocent and elevating amusements, and to disrobe the traffic of those seductive appearances in which it is presented to the public eye, is the best means by which to introduce a successful abolition of the trade against which Mr. Cameron and the disciples of Neal Dow labour with so much zeal."

All which, with most respectful deference, we pronounce mere balderdash, unless as a preliminary measure, we have the Maine Law. Talk about "virtue," and "innocence," and "moral tone," and "enlightenment,"

while the law authorizes the opening of any number of schools for vice and immorality in every city and village of the land, is simply preposterous. Outlaw the business of selling liquor as a beverage, and imprison every man and woman in the penitentiary for life, who will not desist from the traffic within six months after the passing of the Maine Law, and then go a-head with your "education," and all else that will aid in making the people Scripturally good and virtuous.

Inauguration of Mr. Mayor Nelson.

Dr. Wolfred Nelson has been installed Mayor of Montreal with the usual oaths and ceremonies. His opening address is a very sensible production. On the liquor business he comes out strong, and when the licensing day comes, we sincerely hope he will be sustained in his wish to shut up the *low grogeries, tipping-houses*, and places of reception for the vicious, which infest this city. Our views of the criminal statistics of Montreal, which appear to-day, were in the printer's hands before the Mayor's address was received, and we are glad to be supported by so high an authority. We do not claim our new Mayor as fully up to the Maine Law mark of perfection; but we do claim that his views as now set forth do necessarily lead thereto. We give the following extract from the Mayor's speech on Monday night, March 13th:—

"Another evil of far more importance, because it is permanent and in constant operation among us, and which has molested more victims than cholera itself, is the vile and revolting habit of intemperance. It is a most melancholy truth that in Lower Canada alone, and even only in a few places within its limits, hundreds of thousands of bushels of grain intended by an allwise and merciful Providence for the food of man, is far worse than destroyed by being converted into an article which becomes his curse. A few men thus accumulate large fortunes, while thousands and tens of thousands are at this moment experiencing the pangs of hunger from the scarcity caused in so small measure by the perverse application of the fruits of the earth, bountifully intended for man's support and happiness, and not for his bane and destruction.

It is the conversion of "the staff of life" into ardent spirits, which fills our station houses, throngs our prisons, and peoples our penitentiary.

It is this fertile source of all evil that leads to every vice, and the greatest misfortunes. Drunkenness, robbery, arson, suicide, and murder, are among the infinite number of crimes and miseries consequent upon the manufacture of this most pernicious of articles—Alcohol. It is to the abuse of spirits that we are to attribute the number of beggars, vagrants, destitute and starving children, which beset us in our daily walks, and who levy such heavy contributions upon society.

It will be in vain that the Fathers of the Church beseech, admonish, pray, and point out the terrible sin of inebriety; equally fruitless is it that Temperance Societies battle with this monster evil, so long as this "pestiferous distilment" is encouraged,—thrives under low taxation, and overflows the land. The heaviest possible duty should be imposed upon distilleries; for it has been proved, and especially in England, that cheap drink makes drunkards; whilst in places where circumstances compel sellers to add to the price of liquors, intoxication is far less frequent.

In connection with this subject the granting of tavern licenses must engage our serious attention.

None but men of good reputation and possessing sufficient means to keep respectable and comfortable houses of entertainment should receive licenses, for if we can judge from the struggle which annually takes place to procure this privilege, it must be considered as a boon of no small importance. *Low grogeries, tipping houses*, and places of reception for the vicious, the idle and habitual drunkard, should, however, be totally prohibited. It is true that clandestinely many will continue to dole out deleterious drinks, but on conviction the vendors should be severely fined, and imprisoned if need be, and made responsible for all the injury sustained either in person or property by those who are so

frequently and treacherously inveigled into these dens of iniquity. Again, let it be observed, well conducted houses of entertainment are not only called for, but are indispensable to the wants of society, and merit protection and support. It must not be forgotten that a very serious moral responsibility rests upon every man in the community, and more especially upon every one intrusted with corporate powers, if he strive not to correct evils over which his position gives him a certain influence and power."

Banquet and Presentation to Mr. Dow.

The *Journal of the American Temperance Union*, says:—Our Philadelphia friends are taking the lead in compliments, well deserved, to Mr. Dow. On the 20th January, a splendid banquet was got up at the large Hall of the Museum, where upwards of 1500 gentlemen and ladies sat down to tables, which a hungry man would not think lightly of. The fine turkeys were soon disposed of, and the rich cakes also; the confectionary, many lofty pyramids, seemed most too beautiful to be broken up. After partaking of the good cheer set before them, the company wheeled right about face, and were called to order by Judge Kelly, who presided. After a few happy and appropriate remarks by the Judge, which elicited, at intervals, enthusiastic applause, the Rev. Mr. Chambers rose for the purpose of presenting Mr. Dow a magnificent service of silver, which rested upon a table in the centre of the platform, in full view of the auditory. The presentation was made in Mr. Chambers' usual felicitous manner, and responded to by Mr. Dow in a speech expressive of his thanks for the honor conferred upon him by his Pennsylvania friends, and full of information in regard to the progress in the United States of the temperance cause. The cost of the plate was over five hundred dollars. Several speeches succeeded, interspersed with music from a rich brass band, known as Henry's band. We had the pleasure of attending, being at Philadelphia on business, and must say the banquet and presentation were not only highly complimentary to Mr. Dow, but to the ladies and gentlemen who were engaged in it. O, how much more becoming, we said, is this to a christian people, than great banquets and presentations to men who have invented some new instrument of human destruction, or led armies to glory through rivers of blood. There stood before them a meek, humble man, who had taught nations how to have no poor; no jails and penitentiaries, or hospitals for drunken maniacs; and how to save enough year by year almost to sustain all their civil and religious institutions. Well might they give honor to Neal Dow.

Tea Party of the Frontenac Division, No. 2, S. of T.

The *Kingston Commercial Advertiser*, of March 10th, says:—"Last evening the Frontenac Div. No. 2, S. of T. entertained their brethren of the other Division, at a Tea party, given in honor of D. G. W. P. William Rudston, Esq., to show the high sense which they entertained of that distinguished brother's services to the order and the cause of Temperance in Kingston. Among the guests were included a number of fair mothers, sisters and daughters, whose presence contributed not a little to the pleasure of the evening. The hosts received their guests in the most hospitable manner, abundance of refreshments being

provided, including Tea, Coffee, Cakes, Fruit, &c. Mr. Edward Stacy, G. S., was called to the Chair, and in his opening address paid a high and merited compliment to the guest of the evening, Mr. Rudston. Mr. R. returned thanks with an eloquence which flowed from the sincerity of the heart, and brought a response from every breast.—The Rev. H. Mulkins, and Rev. R. V. Rogers; also delivered addresses, which, as usual with all which fall from these gentlemen, made a powerful impression on all present. The Messrs. Howe, executed several pieces of music on the flute in a most artistic and excellent style.—About 10 o'clock, Mr. Stacey left the chair, and the W. P. of Frontenac Div., R. O. Benedict, was called thereto, when a vote of thanks was moved to Mr. Stacey for his able conduct in the Chair, in a very complimentary speech by Mr. Rudston, which was seconded by Mr. Roger Chown, when the company adjourned to their homes, in the highest manner pleased with their entertainment.

Books and Periodicals.

The *Commonwealth* would be most welcome every week instead of occasionally, and our Scottish friends who want a first class weekly newspaper of liberal and temperance principles would do well to order the same. We quote the imprimatur in full for the guidance of subscribers, and we are quite sure that the names of the gentlemen given, will be a sufficient guarantee for good printing, and first rate editing. "Printed by Walter Graham Blackie, (residing at No. 10, New Terrace, Parish of Govan, Glasgow.) at his Printing Office, Villafield, in the Parish of Barony; and published every Saturday morning by Robert Rae, at the office of the paper, 24 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow."

The *Medical Chronicle*; or, Montreal Monthly Journal of Medicine and Surgery. We are vain enough to state that although not *medically* educated, we have just so much knowledge of the general subject of medicine and surgery as to enable us to appreciate and commend the excellent periodical now before us. It is very ably and judiciously edited by Dr. W. Waight, and Dr. D. C. McCann. It is to be hoped that a work so useful to the profession will be well sustained. It is an octavo size of 32 pages, monthly; price two dollars per annum. All orders and communications may be forwarded to the Editors, No. 20 Saint Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

Errors Corrected.

In the announcement of money contributed to the Montreal Temperance Society, toward the support of a Lecturer, we regret that some mistakes should have occurred. The Samaritan Tent of this city, generously gave two shares, (£2), and not one as last reported. The Royal Mount Section of Cadets contributed one share, (£1) which was unfortunately overlooked. It is well that such mistakes can be corrected without anybody being injured, and to those now announced as contributors, the public thanks are due and will be given cordially.

Editorial Scrap Book.

GROG DRINKING AT THE DIGGINGS.—The following is an extract from a letter of late date:—"Sly grog selling goes on to an unparalleled extent on the Bendigo diggings. I was there lately; every store-keeper, baker, butcher, barber, and even milliner, being an unlicensed publican as well. The Legislature refused to license regular houses on the mines, fancying that it would lead to rioting and crime; and I quite agree with them in the principle, if it were possible to prevent liquor in large quantities being introduced, but this is found in practice quite impossible. I never saw such a drunken place as Bendigo. Melbourne is bad enough, but not so bad as Bendigo. I went into a barber's shop to have my hair cut, after which operation, very unskillfully performed with a pair of tailor's shears, assisted by a pocket comb, I proposed to the barber, feeling my chin rather bristly, that he should oblige me with a shave, to which he politely assented merely requesting to know if I would like it 'easy.' 'Decidedly,' I remarked, 'as easy as you can make it, and as quick as possible.' 'Certainly, Sir, in one moment,' said the barber, and, turning to his assistant, he told him to fetch some hot water and the bottle. Hot water I could understand as essential to an 'easy shave,' but what the bottle could have to do with it passed my comprehension; however, I was soon resolved by the barber asking, if I would mix for myself, or allow him to do it for me; and I found that 'a shave,' was the mystical term for a dram, and that, 'taking it easy,' or the reverse, meant taking it 'warm with' or the 'hard' stuff alone. He requested me to recommend him to the circle of my acquaintance, assuring me, in the blandest and most unblushing style, that his easy shaving establishment was at all times supplied with the choicest and largest assortment of wines, beers, spirit, and liqueurs. I also strolled into a 'Restaurante Francaise' where mutton chops and hot coffee were announced as ready at all hours, and where a select entertainment of distinguished vocalists was going on, and here I found that the coffee was as strong as the barber's shave had been easy, and that the number of people who got blind drunk upon mutton-chops was a phenomenon for which I, with all my experience of mutton growing, was totally unable to account."

THE UNFRUITFUL APPLE TREE.—From the *Walks of Usefulness*, we take the following similitude:—Walking along, I observed a person standing on the plot of ground before his house, carefully examining a tree which stood in the middle.

"Pray," said I, "what kind of a tree is that?"

He said an apple tree.

"Does it bear anything?"

"No," said he, "and for that reason I am resolving to cut it down."

"You remind me, sir," said I, "that this world is a garden of God's; that he has put men into it, as trees, to bear fruits of righteousness. He is daily inspecting us, as you were that tree, to see if we were bringing forth fruit; if we continue unfruitful, or are only producing what is anxious, we are on the point of being condemned, like that tree at which you are looking."

"I have been thinking to cut that tree down," said he, "every year these ten years, but spared it from time to time, in the hope that perhaps next year it might bear; but it has now exhausted my patience, and I am determined to cut it down, and put another in its room."

"Take care," said I, "lest God be speaking in the same manner concerning you. I see he has spared you more than ten or twenty years, and perhaps you have brought forth no more fruit to the praise of his glory, than that barren tree, of which you have been speaking, has produced of apples to you. If so, admire his patience, praise him for his goodness, repent of your barrenness, look to him for fruitfulness."

The man seemed surprised at my address, but he made no remarks;—of course I went to look out for work elsewhere.

EFFECTS OF THE MAINE LAW.—Says Greeley, of the *New York Tribune*, "One word as to the effects of the Maine Law where it has been tried: We are on terms of ready and familiar intercourse with the practical Temperance men of Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Vermont; and we say what we know when we assert that nineteenth-tenths of all those in the states just named who personally abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors, are this day hearty advocates and supporters of the Maine Law. The assertions that the law does no good, has not diminished drinking, &c., &c., come not from them, but almost entirely from those who drink and sell. Maine has recently reaffirmed her devotion to the principle of prohibition, by the largest majority she ever gave it; Massachusetts has likewise just elected her third Maine Law Legislature."

FARMERS, NOTE THIS.—In a cloudy morning, it is a matter of importance to the farmer to know whether it will be sunshine or showery in the afternoon. If the ants have cleared their hole nicely, and piled the dirt up high, it seldom fails to bring a good day for the farmer, even if it should be cloudy till ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon. Spider-webs will be very numerous about the tops of the grass and grain some cloudy mornings, and fifty years observation has shown the writer of this, that these little weather-guessers seldom fail in their predictions of a fair day.

Mr. Kellogg at Granby, &c.

We have pleasure in copying the subjoined notice from the columns of the *Eastern Advocate*, a new and vigorous weekly, published at Granby, C. E. The Editor says:—"Mr. F. W. Kellogg, the celebrated temperance lecturer, who is now lecturing, under the auspices of the Montreal Temperance Society, in the different villages throughout the Townships, delivered a lecture before a numerous and attentive audience, in the Congregational Chapel in this village, on Tuesday evening."

We listened with much pleasure to his interesting and forcible remarks. He is evidently an energetic, strong-minded man; he throws his whole soul into what he says; he makes no effort to shine as an orator; he does not stand up before the public gorgeously decked in borrowed plumage, to dazzle and astonish the ignorant, to shock and disgust the intelligent. What he says is the spontaneous effusions of a noble heart, deeply impressed with the sense

of the terrible evils of intemperance; pained and grieved as he gazes over the scattered wreck of human hopes and human happiness—the wild, dismal wastes of self-degraded humanity. He seems to be a perfect master of the subject on which he seeks to enlighten the public mind; even the adversaries of the noble principles which he so ably and manfully advocates, cannot but respect him, as a man of head and heart. May he meet everywhere in our country with a kindly welcome and a friendly home. May he press on in his peaceful triumph throughout our land, followed by the prayers and best wishes of the lovers of humanity and of their country, cheered by the consciousness that he is battling for right, pleading the cause of suffering innocence, of crushed affection, and of blasted hopes. And may he exult in the assurance that the cause to which he has consecrated his time and energies, will yet universally prevail and triumph over all opposition, and that the stainless banner of temperance will yet wave proudly over a liberated world."

A Veteran Soldier Gone.

The *New York People's Organ*, of March 4th, says:—"Mr. Daniel H. Sands, of this city, departed this life on Friday last. From a notice in the *Tribune*, furnished, we presume, by a warm personal friend of the deceased, we learn that Mr. S. was born in Ulster County, N. Y., in 1794, and was therefore nearly 60 years of age. He has been long and favourably known as a paper merchant, and for a singular devotion to various religious and philanthropic movements which have originated and been carried forward during the last quarter of a century. Some thirty years ago his attention was attracted to the awful prevalence of intemperance. He was among the earliest to unite in that crusade which now promises to relieve our State and country from this gigantic evil. In 1840 he assisted in organizing the Washingtonian movement in this city, in which he continued a very zealous and useful laborer. In 1842, when the interest and power of this movement began to decline, and it proved insufficient to hold the thousands who were signing the pledge, he, with fifteen others, founded the Order of the Sons of Temperance, very generally regarded as the most complete and efficient organization yet produced for the advancement of the cause. He was honored as the first W. P. of New-York Division No. 1, from which the Order proceeded. He was also the first G. W. P., and the first M. W. P. Among the hundreds of thousands of Sons of Temperance throughout the world, he was widely known, and held in the highest esteem. The writer of these lines has been intimately associated with Father Sands, as he was familiarly called, during the last fifteen years, and has never known him to hold back when counsel, or time, or money were needed to advance what he believed to be for the general interests of humanity. On the contrary, he ever cheerfully contributed according to his ability. Mr. Sands was a man of peculiar simplicity and uprightness of character. In all his long and useful career we think none questioned his purity of purpose. As a husband, he was kind; as a parent, prudent; as a 'brother,' faithful; as a friend, sincere. To the poor and needy, the aged, the sick, and the infirm, he was truly a comforting spirit."

Device of the Enemy.

The *Prohibitionist* says, the opponents of a prohibitory law are very busily engaged we learn in representing it as being a kind of general search warrant, directing the officers of police to examine every man's premises, look into his cellar and pry into his closets, to ascertain whether, possibly, a few bottles of distilled or fermented liquor may not be found there. Nor do they spend their breath altogether in vain. We have heard of some very honest people, who had been so effectually duped in this way, that for the want of a better reason for opposing the law, they urged this (assumed) feature of it as being extremely objectionable. Nay, we heard, the other day, that one of our wise legislators even, had some of this wool drawn over his eyes. Having the bill in his hand, one would have supposed, he had examined it; but he had not. "Tell me now," said he, "does the bill really contain such a provision?"

Now to him and to all others, we say, it does not. The sum and substance of it is this: to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage: nothing more; nothing less. The law applies only to parties who sell. It troubles no others. A man may have his cellar full of full barrels, and his closets full of full bottles, and may drink them empty, if such is his pleasure; and no man can touch him. But if there is reasonable ground for the suspicion that he keeps these liquors for sale, or if it be known by credible persons that he keeps them for sale, then, as when persons are suspected of counterfeiting or coining money, or of secreting stolen property, the magistrate on due representations made, may issue a warrant of search, to enter and examine his premises.

By the right of search in such cases, is any man of good character threatened? is any man of bad character, even on unreasonable ground? Not a bit more than he is by the existing right to search for coining or counterfeiting apparatus, or for stolen goods. The supposition is too ridiculous to be entertained a moment. It is simply and wholly a device of the enemy, to disparage, and, if possible, defeat the law. We doubt their success.

Original Correspondence.

Letter from Mr. Kellogg.

Nelsonville, February 25th, 1854.

Dear Sir,—I should be glad to furnish you with a detailed report of the results of my labors in the Townships, as agent of the Montreal Temperance Society; but I lecture every night, and travel some distance every day, and all my spare time is needed for rest, and preparation for my lectures.

You will learn, from the local papers and other sources, however, that the meetings have been, very generally, large and enthusiastic, and that the people heartily thank the Montreal Temperance Society for sending an advocate of temperance among them. With only two exceptions, our meetings have been very good indeed. One thousand and twenty-one persons signed the pledge since the 6th. of February last. Of course, many of them were abstainers, but a majority, in most cases, were not, and many have signed who never signed before.

In Eaton, I found a good Society recently organized, through the exertions of Rev. Mr. Sherrill, and we had a good meeting there. In most other places I have visited,

arrangements have been made to form Societies at once, and go to work in earnest. Latterly, I have presented the following pledge, and it has met with favor everywhere:—
 “We, the undersigned, do agree that we will not use Intoxicating Liquors as a *Beverage*, nor *Traffic* in them; and that we will use our influence, in all suitable ways, to secure the enactment of a *Law prohibiting the traffic* in intoxicating liquors for *drinking purposes* throughout the community.”

At Frost Village, the only hotel-keeper in the place attended my lecture, and signed the pledge, and, next morning, gave up his liquors to a friend to be sold when needed for medicinal purposes. At Knowlton Falls, the only rum-seller there agreed to quit, and sell no more, if they would buy up his liquors. Some \$40 were raised for that object at once, and I think the whole will be. How it will end though, I do not know. At Knowlton, we had a large meeting in the English Church,—Rev. Mr. Lindsay presiding. The Rev. Chairman said he had no right to open the Church, it being contrary to a rule, but something must be done to stay the progress of intemperance, and, as there was no other suitable place, he should take the responsibility of doing so. At South Potton, 100 signed the pledge, and a strenuous effort is making for the promotion of our principles there. At Stanstead we had two good meetings, and the Sons and Daughters of Temperance got up a Soiree on Tuesday afternoon, at Rock Island, which was well attended. A bountiful supply of provisions, good enough to please the most fastidious, was on the tables—crowds of happy looking, handsome faces were around them—the arrangements were excellent, and the whole reflected credit on all who were engaged in it. Mr. Colby, of Vermont, a legal gentleman of note, was present, and made an excellent speech, assuring us of the stability of “the Law” in the Green Mountain State. The weather has been very favorable for our meetings, and the attendance large.

This effort of the Montreal Society supplies a want of the people in these Townships. They feel that something should be done, but there is no Society that can send an agent out, save yours, and, but for this movement, little would be done. A Maine Law League has been formed in Hatley, but they cannot yet get an advocate to please them. Agents must be sent forth from central points, into every village in the Provinces, to address the people. They will pay us for it, by voting for men who will vote for and enact the Maine Law in Canada. We have been received in the most hospitable manner, and treated with great kindness everywhere. I believe the time has come to work now in earnest;—the people are ready and willing to aid, and great good will result from any movement.

F. W. K.

St. Patrick and the Pledge.

I am credibly informed that 1000 persons, or more, took the Total Abstinence Pledge, at St. Patrick's Church, a short time since, at which every Temperance man must greatly rejoice; but I am at a loss to know why each individual was obliged to pay 75¢ on taking it, when every other Temperance Society in the city administers the pledge without charge. If the Society at St. Patrick's is burdened with debt, and this plan has been adopted to relieve it, I think the managers have missed their way in the matter, for the Rum-sellers may justly turn round and say, “You complain of our making a profit out of intemperate men, but you who profess so much benevolence, make a profit out of their change of conduct.” If the Society is in debt, would it not be a better plan of replenishing its funds to have a Soiree or demonstration, at which speeches and Temperance lectures could be delivered, so as to extend and confirm the principle at the same time, without giving the enemies of Temperance an occasion of scandal? at least these are the sentiments of a

SON OF TEMPERANCE.

Temperance Soiree at St. Laurent.

Other engagements prevented us from attending the above Soiree on Thursday evening, the 23d instant, and we have to thank our Correspondent for the following particulars of it:—

The Soiree was held in the School-house at the upper end of the Village;—it being a two-story stone house, the ground floor was appropriated for the reception and refreshment room, and the second floor for the meeting. They were beautifully decorated with evergreens, banners, flags, and any quantity of lights. At 7 o'clock the audience began to assemble in groups from the city and country, till the rooms were perfectly jammed with men, women, and children, their faces beaming with health and happiness. The chair was taken at 8 o'clock, by Wm. Box, Esq., of St. Laurent, the President of the St. Laurent Temperance Society, and ably filled by him. Several addresses were, during the evening, given by the friends of Temperance, who discoursed on the beneficial effects of Teetotalism, and whose remarks were very heartily received.

The band of the Queen Fire Company, under the management of Captain Nunn, entertained us with some very melodious airs. The choir belonging to the Order of the Daughters of Temperance of this city, rendered their valuable assistance. Several individuals were called on to sing. Refreshments were then announced, to which ample justice was done, our appetite being refreshed by the drive there, and the enticement of many good things presented to our choice. After much promenading and quiet conversations between friends, the meeting was called to order, and a vote of thanks was unanimously and heartily given to the Daughters of Temperance for their presence and assistance there, and to those of their friends who visited them on such a boisterous evening from the city, and then closed by the band playing “God save the Queen.”

Too much thanks cannot be given to those of our Temperance friends, such as Messrs. Phillips, Ashton, Gundlack, and others for their exertions in reviving the Temperance cause in that locality, and getting up this public demonstration. May success attend their exertions.

We understand that the St. Laurent ladies are turning the Temperance wheel; if so, sure and entire success must follow. Go on, ladies, with your good work, and all blessings will follow you.

We would not be surprised to hear shortly of a great Temperance revolution in the Island of Montreal, that will throw cheer and happiness into the minds of all Temperance friends. Let the grog-sellers in the country parts about look out, for they have, in this moral reform, a great enemy to contend against, and which is now making rapid inroads for the destruction of their traffic.

Mr. Kellogg at Lancaster, C. W.

I had the pleasure, some time ago, of listening to one of Mr. Kellogg's soul-stirring Temperance Lectures. It was in the Free Church, 2nd Concession, Lancaster; and though I had to travel 14 miles, and to pay a team to take me there, I considered myself as overpaid for my trip, and would go twice that distance to hear him again, if my business would permit me to do so. The church, which is not very large, was pretty well filled on the occasion, and the lecturer was loudly applauded, several times, during his discourse. If one were to judge the feelings of the audience, from their looks and actions, I am pretty sure, that for the one who would be against the Maine Law, there would be ten for it. I know there were some murmurers, for some men will not “be persuaded though one rose from the dead.” It is painful to listen to the futile objections, which some professing Christians sometimes make to the temperance reform, merely to cloak their own swarice, or to gratify the enmity of others. But, Mr. Kellogg

is the right sort of man to lecture to such persons, for he tells the truth, let who will be offended; and if he does not succeed in converting many such, he does a great deal to silence them, and to convince the wavering. His efforts to convince, on that occasion, were not altogether ineffectual, as one of our principal merchants, who happened to be there, and who for many years has done a large business in the liquor line, has since quit selling the "unclean thing" altogether, and has avowed his determination to exert his influence in favour of the Maine Law. I was speaking to this gentleman after the meeting, and I could not but admire his candour in admitting the truth of all that Mr. Kellogg had said, though he himself, in common with others of the same craft, had come in for a good share of well directed sarcasm from Mr. Kellogg. It is, I believe, to the infrequency of such meetings, that the apathy of the people hereabouts in the temperance cause is mainly to be attributed. There is not a temperance association within 15 miles of this place, in any direction. An attempt was made, two years ago, to start a Division of the Sons of Temperance, in the village of Alexandria; but through the bigoted interference of a person, since gone to his reward, the thing was knocked on the head, and has not been received since.

L. McM.

The Cause in Sophiasburgh, C. W.

Permit me to lay before your readers, the result of a poll which was called for in the Township of Sophiasburgh, with the view of determining the question of license, or no license, to Taverns for the ensuing year. The votes were recorded on Monday and Tuesday last, the 20th and 21st instant, and there were 47 of a majority against license. Strange, however, to say, the construction put upon the law is, that all who have not voted, are supposed to be in favor of license, and consequently our majority, by this construction, is converted into a minority. But certainly this is contrary to all usage, and it does not appear possible, that any Legislature could pass such a law. It is so palpably false, to suppose such a thing, that duplicity, knavery, and the grossest abuse of power would be epithets too mild to apply to a body of men who would enact a law with such extraordinary equivocations. I know that if all were compelled to vote on the question, that, in this Township—I might say County—not one in five would record his vote for License.

ORDER.

St. Lawrence Division, No. 10, Quebec.

Extracts from the Worthy Patron's Report:—

It is with feelings of sincere and heartfelt pleasure that I have to congratulate the Division on its increased, and increasing, strength and prosperity. The report of your Financial Scriba shows, that in a pecuniary point of view, our condition is very flattering; and to a benefit society such as ours, strength of funds adds not only to its stability and reputation, but also places power in our hands for the prosecution of the ulterior aims of our order, which are by no means to be despised. Taking a moral view of the subject, this increase says much for the zeal and exertions of every member of the Division, and says still more for the progress of the life-renting cause in which we are jointly and severally engaged; shews also very plainly that when men will only take the trouble to think upon the many deteriorating consequences which are the results of intemperance, they must applaud our endeavors,—must feel the might, and strength, and justice of our cause; and when they do feel this, what then?—why they enrol themselves in our lists, appear at our musters, and march forth under the banners of Love, Purity, and Fidelity, to wage a war of annihilation upon the devastating monster whose ravages defy all statistics, all calculations, to raise the warning voice, to urge and implore others to join their well appointed ranks, to point out to

the poor, wretched drunkard, the fearful abyss to which intemperance forms as it were an inclined plane, and that upon this plane he is gradually and imperceptibly gliding downwards, downwards still, and that if he will not now turn and be saved, he will glide on until he finds himself at the brink, and then, then when it is too late, he will cry for the help he has so often thrown aside. We have had thirty-one propositions for membership during the past quarter, of these twenty-six have been initiated into our order; and it is a pleasant reflection; mingled at the same time with feelings of solemn awe, to think that by God's grace we may have been the humble instruments, in His hand, in saving even one of those twenty-six from the fearful doom of the drunkard.

There has been a good deal of business, of one kind and another, transacted during the past quarter; and I will endeavor to give you a synopsis of what I deem the most important portions thereof. It was moved and carried by acclamation, that P.W.P. Brother William Reid send a copy of our By-Laws, and also a copy of the Essay on the Sons of Temperance, to every Protestant Clergyman in Quebec, the postage of the same to be prepaid. Brother Charles Brodie, of Gough Division, was nominated by this Division to fill the office of D.G.W.P. Treasurer Brother Mathieson, and P. W.P. Brother Reid, were elected representatives to the Grand Division.

The good and welfare committee have done everything in their power to prove that they had the good and welfare of the Division at their hearts. On their recommendation, it was decided that Brother ——— who had been long sick, and who had been invalidated to England for recovery of health, should be presented with a donation for the purpose of furnishing himself with a little extras he might wish on the voyage home. The very handsome book case, which now adorns the Division Room, and the substantial stores of knowledge and amusement which it contains, is another evidence that this committee have been doing their devoir nobly.

One great boon to military men has been achieved by the Division during the past quarter—a boon which I am sure, and I speak as a soldier, has been highly appreciated by the men of the 66th and 71st Regiments; and that is, that the division solicited, and were very kindly granted permission, by the Commanding officers of the above named Regiments, to get up a course of lectures on temperance in the barracks of their respective corps; and too much cannot be said in praise of the manner in which Brothers White, Healy, Leaveur, Johnston, and Wilson, have acquitted themselves in giving those lectures—endeavours which, I am happy to say, have gently drawn away many from the broad path of destruction, and made them good men, and good soldiers.

A new Division has also been established, at Point Levi, towards the organization of which, as a matter of course, the St. Lawrence lent a helping hand.

I am also happy to state that by the united exertions of Gough and St. Lawrence Divisions, Mr. Kellogg has promised to lecture at Quebec. The Rev. Mr. Caghey has also made a promise to the same effect, (which he has since fulfilled).

Another thing I am proud and pleased to observe, is the truly brotherly feeling which prevails between Gough and St. Lawrence Divisions; the reciprocal attendance of members, on each respective meeting of the two Divisions is most pleasing; and in our own Rooms the W.P. of Gough Division has most kindly and eloquently congratulated us on our prosperity, and urged us to continue in our good work.

The following are the officers of St. Lawrence Division, for the current quarter:—

M. McEachern, W. P.; J. Budg., W. A.; J. B. Adam, R. S.; H. Pope, A. R. S.; W. Nason, F. S.; G. Mathieson, T.; G. Clerk, C.; A. M. Ginnis, A. C.; J. Coleman, I. S.; T. Thoroughgood, O. S.; R. Smith, C.

A Page for Young Folks at Home.

The "Ragged School" Boy.

"Mother," said a dying boy, "will you give up drinking?"

"Mother," he said, and his voice was very weak and broken--yet how great was its power to awaken the mother's sleeping conscience!--"Mother, will you give up drinking, and go to the house of God, and pray for a new heart? Mother, I want to meet you in heaven."

"Father, I shall soon leave you, but I am going to my heavenly Father. Will you give up swearing, father, and read the bible, and go to a place of worship on Sunday, and seek a new heart? Then I shall meet you in heaven. Do, father."

"A little boy, whom we will call Henry, had been for some time in the school. He had a sad, wretched home. His parents were drunkards; almost all the money they could obtain was spent upon themselves in the gin-shop; and their poor children had scarcely even rags to cover them; and often were obliged to pass a whole day without food. It is terrible to think how much those children must have suffered, and how cruelly they had been driven to sly pilfering or daring thievery, by the wicked neglect of their besotted father and mother. When Henry was admitted into the school, one of his brothers had been transported as a thief; and another, younger than himself, was in prison for having stolen to keep himself from starvation.

"I have said that Henry's home was a wretched one; let me describe it:--There was but one room for the whole family, which had to serve as a sleeping room at night, as well as a living room by day. In one corner of the dirty, unswept floor, was a scanty heap of shavings for a bed; upon which they all huddled themselves together for rest--without blanket, rug, or even rags, to cover them from the cold air. On the mantelshelf were two cups; and by the fire-grate, in which was seldom to be seen a handful of burning coals, was an old tin kettle without a lid. Chairs there were none, nor a table, nor a cupboard for food. Alas! seldom would such a convenience have been of use, for even a day's supply of dry bread alone was seldom there.

"Though Henry had such a home, and such depraved parents, he was far from being a dull, stupid, obstinate, discontented, or badly disposed child. He seemed to have been preserved, in a great measure, from the contagion of wickedness by which he was surrounded; and after he had been a little time at the Ragged School, none of his school-fellows were more cheerful, diligent, and well-behaved; while out of school he was quite the life of his playmates, on account of his good tempered and happy disposition. It would have been a sad thing if such a boy had been driven by want and cruelty to the commission of crime. Surely it was the sovereign mercy of God that led him to the ragged school, and there provided him with friends who were better to him than his own neglectful parents.

"It was a pleasure to see little Henry enter the school every day, with a cheerful step, and clean face and hands. It was a good trait of his character that he cared at all about cleanliness, for we may be sure he did not learn it of a mother who cared for little else beside her own wicked indulgence, and who was far more fond of the gin-shop than of her own room. Indeed, it was not without some trouble that Henry could keep himself clean, for he had neither soap, towel, nor bowl to use. But where there is a will, there is generally a way; and after rising from his bed of shavings, the boy used to take an old rag into the back yard of the house, and well wash himself with water from a but which stood in the corner. After all, however, poor Henry was a pitiable object. His clothes were deplorably old and ragged, and he had neither shoes nor stockings to his feet.

"Henry's cheerfulness and perseverance gained the good will of his teachers, who gave him, as a reward for his conduct, a pair of shoes and stockings--the first he ever remembered to have had. It was very cold weather; the

snow lay thick on the ground; and the poor boy was overjoyed with the present. The next day, however, he came to school barefooted as usual, carrying the shoes and stockings in his hand.

"How is this?" said his teacher.

"Oh, sir," he replied, "you see my feet are all over chilblains; I could not bear the shoes on, they hurt me so much,--but I would not leave them at home, for if I had, I should not have seen them again. My mother would part with them to get money for drink. You know, sir, my mother would have drunk me before now, if she could."

Now I am willing to hope these are extreme cases, or, at any rate, that there are not many parents of Sunday scholars so lost to every kind and tender feeling as these parents appear to have been. And I am quite unwilling to believe that the homes of many of our Sunday scholars present such a scene of unmitigated wretchedness as did that of poor little Henry, the Ragged School boy. But, while hoping thus much, I will not pretend ignorance that a very great deal of sad intemperance is witnessed in some of those homes, and that many lamentable consequences result from it, both to our scholars and to their parents. Ah! by how many a Sunday-school girl or boy might the pathetic and earnest appeal be spoken, "Mother--Father--will you give up drinking!"

The Manchineel.

In the West Indies a certain tree is found, called the Manchineel. A beautiful tree it is, with foliage green and glossy. Its flower, too, is beautiful, and its fruit a golden yellow apple, tempting to the eye and fragrant to the smell. But for all this it contains in its juices a most mortal poison. If eaten it produces death. If its sap fall upon the skin, it raises sores and blisters, painful and dangerous. The Indians used to dip their arrows in its juice to poison their enemies in battle.

A very bad tree is the Manchineel, you will say; why did God make such a tree to endanger the lives of his creatures; why did he infuse such an evil element into its pretty leaf, and flower, and fruit.

We don't know children, why God saw fit to make such a poison-tree; but some things that are fatally poisonous to one order of animals, are quite harmless to another. This we certainly know, that if men would let the manchineel alone it would never injure them.

Thus it is, dear children, with a thousand evils, moral poisons in the world. Let them alone, and they will do you no harm.

But this is not quite all about the manchineel: you will be able to see that God, instead of wishing to harm his creatures, is studious to provide for their safety and protection. In the near neighbourhood of this poison tree is found growing the white-wood or fig-tree, the juice of either of which, if seasonably applied, is a complete remedy.

And in like manner has the 'Lord our Maker' provided a sovereign antidote for the poisonous influences of sin. Sin is a poison-tree with wide-spreading branches, green foliage, and tempting fruit. Its sap is far more deadly than the manchineel's, for that only affects the body, while sin destroys the soul. The antidote is found in the precious leaves which grow 'for the healing of the nations'--the Bible leaves. Then, children, will you not all love not only to apply these leaves to cure the poison in your own souls, but to aid in the good work of planting this healing tree all over the earth, that all flesh may have access to its blessings?--*Child's Paper.*

AFFECTION, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last; and the heart that seeks but for another heart to make it happy, will never seek in vain.

A MAN putting aside his religion because he is going into society, resembles a person taking off his shoes because he is about to walk on thorns.

The Old Door-Stone.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

A song, a song, for the old door-stone,
To every household dear;
That hallowed spot, where joys and griefs
Were shared for many a year.
When sank the sun to his daily rest,
When the wild bird's song was o'er,
When the toil and care of the passing day
Annoyed the heart no more;
Then on that loved and time-worn spot
We gathered one by one,
And spent the social twilight hour
Upon the old door-stone.

How sweet to me do memories come
Of merry childhood's hours,
When we sped blithely through the fields
In search of budding flowers,
Or gathered berries from the bush,
Or bending greenwood tree,
Or chased the light-winged butterfly,
With pealing shouts of glee:
The freshest hour in Memory's book
Was spent at set of sun,
My weary head on mother's knee,
Upon the old door-stone.

That mother's face, that mother's form,
Are graven on my heart,
And of life's holiest memories
They form the dearest part;
Her council and instructors given
Of friendship, love and truth,
Have been my guardians and my guides
Through all the ways of youth;
And yet I seem to hear again
Each loved and treasured tone,
When I in fancy sit me down
Upon the old door-stone.

Long years have passed since mother died,
Yet she is with me still,
Whether a toiler in the vale,
Or wanderer on the hill;
Still with me at thy morning care,
Or evening's quiet rest,
The guardian angel by my side,
The kindest and the best.
A mother now, I often strive
To catch her thought and tone,
For those who cluster round my knee,
Upon my own door-stone.

And oft beneath those clustering vines
Have kindred spirits met,
And holy words breathed softly there—
Vows all unbroken yet,—
And friendships formed, and plans devised,
And kindly pledges given,
And sweet annunciations there begun,
Far-reaching into Heaven!
Oh! those who met, in love, 'lang syne,'
In life's wide paths ere thrown,
Yet many turn with longing hearts
Back to the old door-stone.

Years, years have flown since those bright days,
And all the world is changed,
And some who loved most kindly then
Are by the world estranged;
Some fond hearts, too, they full of joy,
Are cold and still this day!
Forsaken plans and withered hopes
Lie strewn o'er all the way,
And strangers' feet tread those old halls
Where pattered once our own,
And spend the pleasant twilight hour
Upon the . . . door-stone.

The old door-stone, the clustering vine,
Oh! may they long remain—

And may the household band that's left
Meet there but once again;
Meet, not to weep o'er pleasure's past,
Or canvass joys to come—
Meet to revive the sacred loves
Once centred in that home:
A brother and a sister sleep,
Our parents both are gone;
Oh! it would be a saddened hour
Upon that old door-stone.

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