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*Geo Mitchell*  
*Geo Mitchell*



# THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO

## TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE AND NEWS.

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### CONTENTS.

- Somerville Hall.**—The continuation of another of Mrs. Ellis' delightful alics, which are calculated to improve both the head and the heart; we need not commend them to the attention of our readers, as we rather think, they are read more carefully than any other part of the *Advocate*.
- The Reformed Parents.**—A story, which, but for the reformation effected, might be taken as a sample of many that are occurring in every day life around us.
- Juvenile Temperance Societies.**—There has not yet been enough of attention turned to training the young in temperance principles; the promise to those who train up a child in the way he should go is very gracious, and quite positive. Of course it will be understood that temperance principles should constitute only one item of that training. All that we contend for is, that they should on no account be left out.
- The Young Man's Course.**—A course which has been run by thousands, and tens of thousands, of the most amiable, best educated, and most promising young men. A course which is now running by a great multitude in Canada, of whom, every town and village that we are acquainted with can furnish specimens.
- PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE AND MISCELLANEOUS.**—Both specially deserving of perusal.
- POETRY.**—*The Drunkard's Joy.*
- EDITORIAL.**—*Temperance and the Church.*—*A Provincial Association.*—*Communication from a Wesleyan Methodist.*—*Saying and Doing, &c. &c.*
- EDUCATION.**—*Mary Lundie Duncan.*—Concluded.—May the affooting tale of this sweet lady's saint-like life, stamp itself on the minds of many of our Canadian fair ones; and lead multitudes to follow in her footsteps as a daughter, a companion, a wife, and a mother!
- ROLLO PHILEASZUR.**—*Fire.*
- AGRICULTURE.**—*Fat Animals and Large Crops, &c. News, Prices Current, &c., &c.*

### SOMERVILLE HALL.—CHAPTER II.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

(Continued from page 260.)

It made a great breach in our enjoyment of the hospitality of Somerville Hall, when Mr. Ferguson joined us, as he sometimes did, that winter. On my first interview with him, I felt surprised that a man so gentlemanly as Mr. Somerville should be able to find pleasure in his society, for he was any thing but attractive in his own person.

"Well you do me a great kindness," said Kate, one morning, when he had been invited to spend the day with us; "well you watch that man for me, and tell me what you think of him? For I cannot make up my mind whether he is rather good, or wholly bad—tolerably respectable, or altogether mean."

"How long have you known him?" I inquired.

"Nearly four months."

"I should certainly say then, that a man who inspires no confidence in an acquaintance of four months, must, at best, be more bad than good."

"Yet he has some redeeming qualities—he listens patiently to my poor father's stories."

It struck me at that moment, that Mr. Ferguson might possibly have his own interest in doing this; but I watched him through the day, and gave my report in the evening, as

I had been requested, without betraying any of the suspicions which were beginning to gain ground in my own mind. My evidence, though confined to subjects of a superficial nature, was far from satisfactory; and, as if by a kind of tacit understanding, we ceased to mention Mr. Ferguson to each other, though his presence had the same effect upon us all.

Much as I now admired Miss Somerville in her father's house, I was not aware of some points of excellence in her still undisciplined character, until one morning, when my sister wished particularly to see her friend, and I was sent, by no means an unwilling ambassador, to the Hall, to request that she would ride back with me, and spend the remainder of the day with us.

I found her in the hall on this occasion in close conversation with an old woman of the neighbouring village, whose daughter lay at the point of death; and so entirely was her attention occupied, that she only bowed as I entered, and waved her hand for me to pass into the dining-room. She soon joined me there, with her accustomed welcome, and when I told her the object of my visit, she willingly acceded to my sister's wishes, endeavouring only to stipulate that I should not wait for her, but allow her to ride alone.

"You must not object to this," she added, "on the score of propriety, for it is what I am accustomed to; and though it may appear to you a breach of decorum for a young lady of nineteen to ride alone, you would find it difficult to convince me, that it is not in reality more safe, and more prudent, for a girl, who, like me, has managed her own affairs from her childhood, to ride a sure-footed pony alone, through a neighbourhood where she is both known and respected, than to be accompanied through highways and byways by a servant with whom she is but little acquainted."

"But a gentleman friend!"

"A gentleman friend!" she exclaimed, interrupting me with impatience, "where is he to be found? A motherless girl cannot be too careful how she yields to the delusion of making friends of gentlemen; and if you were not Lucy Langton's brother, and did not dislike me besides, I certainly should not ride with you."

There was no arguing with Kate Somerville on subjects like this. She knew little, and cared less, about the conventional rules of polished life. Whatever point was discussed, she went directly to the question of its good or evil nature; and acting on the same principle—regarding only what she believed to be essentially right or wrong—she necessarily often did what the world would have condemned; and sometimes even acted in a manner, which, however justifiable to herself, might, on a wider scale of influence, have been injurious to the well-being of society.

"Leaving the argument of propriety then," said I, "entirely out of the question, you will surely permit me to ride with you as a personal gratification."

"I must dispute with you again," said she, "for it would be no gratification to any one to ride with me this morning. I am not going to amble over grassy downs, nor simply to enjoy the freshness of the exercise and the air. I am under the necessity of making several calls in the village; and if you ride with me, you will have to wait for me at the cottage doors, with more patience than I imagine you to possess."

"And is that the extent of your second objection?"  
 "It is said that a woman's true reason comes last; and I believe mine is not unfolded. But you shall hear it if you wish, for I am not skilled in concealing the truth."

"By all means. I believe I shall like your last reason better than the first."

"Well, then, there is nothing I despise so much as the affectation of what is good. Do you like my reasoning so far?"

"Extremely."

"Now, it so happens that from our position in the country, my father and I have become intimately acquainted with the affairs of all the poor people in the neighbouring village. It was the habit of my mother to associate herself much with the weal and the wo of those around her, and my father has brought me up to do the same."

"And how is it possible," I exclaimed, "that any proof of the active power of such benevolence should operate to your disadvantage?"

"Just because you do not understand me: and if any of these poor people should exhibit their gratitude, as they sometimes do, in a very disproportionate and unreasonable manner, you would look upon it all as a scene got up for the occasion to make me appear in your eyes the 'Lady Bountiful' of the village."

Of course I disclaimed all tendency to such injurious suspicions; but Miss Somerville seemed to have understood the nature of my feelings towards her from the first; and leaving me, as I thought, rather haughtily, to prepare for her ride, I remained in perfect ignorance as to whether my company was really irksome or otherwise.

I had never before that day seen Kate Somerville on horseback. A black pony of uncommon symmetry was led to the door, and the lady soon appeared in her riding dress, which became her more than any other. She was, indeed, the queen of equestrians. The old servant who held her rein, looked proudly at his mistress, then at me, and then at the pony. It had been taught to stand perfectly still, until she was fairly in the saddle, when it bounded from the ground, and danced upon the green sward, in a manner that would have unseated a less skilful rider.

No doubt the lady herself was a little vain of this display; for when she shook back her glossy ringlets from her brow and cheek, I could see that its colour was heightened; and while she stretched her hand amongst the animal's flowing mane, and patted its arched and beautiful neck, she looked aside at me with a merry laugh, which told how completely the subject of our late conversation was forgotten in the excitement of that moment.

Miss Somerville looked both so happy and so well on horseback, that it was with feelings of pride as well as pleasure I accompanied her in her morning's ride, which, however, turned out to be a very different affair from what I had expected, notwithstanding all she had told me of her intentions. No sooner had we reached the village through which our road lay, than I found my patience put to the test by stopping at almost every door. Even at the auberge, or hotel, as it was called, where a red lion swung high in the air—even there Kate Somerville reined in her steed, and striking sharply at the door with her riding-whip, desired to speak with the master of the house.

"The girl is possessed," thought I. "What can she want here?"

"I want to speak with Mr. Giles," said Miss Somerville to the woman who had answered her summons; and immediately the master himself came forward, and asked if she would be pleased to alight.

"No, no," said Kate, "I only want to speak to you about old Stephenson, the gardener. He has joined the temperance society, and I don't want you to be tempting him to violate his pledge. I see you are laughing at what you think his folly. You can do that as much as you please; but remember he has been on the brink of ruin, and it is a great thing

for an old man like him to begin a new course of life. If, therefore, he falls away again by your persuasion, the sin will lie at your door. So look to it, if you please, Mr. Giles; for we hear of a good deal that passes in your house."

At the commencement of this conversation, just and praiseworthy as it certainly was, I had felt a strange nervous sensation creep over me, by no means lessened on observing that we were stationed in the most conspicuous part of a populous village, and on a public road, where carriages were every moment liable to pass. It is true, I was myself too much a stranger in the neighbourhood, to run any risk of recognition; but I was annoyed beyond measure, to be under the necessity of waiting for a young lady engaged in such a conversation, and in such a place. Nor was the spirit of gallantry which inspired me at the commencement of our ride, at all revived by observing the arch smile which played upon the lips of Kate Somerville, as she turned to condole with me on my trying situation. I was even contemplating the possibility of leaving her, as she had originally proposed, when she added, with a total change of look and manner, "You must really have patience with me now; for this is the house where the poor young woman is so ill; and I don't know how long I shall be obliged to stay."

"Well, Peggy!" said she to the afflicted mother, who came out to meet her, wiping her eyes with her apron, "You see I am behind my time; but I hope I am not too late."

"Oh! no, Miss;" replied the woman. And she began again her story of often-repeated sorrows; when Kate suddenly turned back to me, and, with a look of serious concern, requested I would leave her, as she felt really grieved to trespass so much on my time.

Had this request been made five minutes earlier, I should certainly have complied; but the tenderness of her manner, when she addressed the old woman, and the entire change her character appeared to have undergone, interested me too deeply; and dismounting, in order to fasten both our horses with greater security, I sat down on a low bench beside the cottage wall.

The humble tenement which the sufferer within was about to exchange for one of still narrower dimensions, was neater, and more respectable, than many in the village. The window of the sick-room, beside which I had unconsciously chosen my seat, was overgrown with ivy; and the casement being thrown open to admit more air into the chamber of death, I found that in the position I had taken, I could not avoid hearing much of what passed within. What, then, was my surprise to find that Kate Somerville could, when the occasion seemed to demand it, speak in tones of the gentlest soothing; while with her own hand she performed many of those tender offices, which the last stage of human suffering demands.

In this work of charity she was disturbed by the feeble cry of a young child, which seemed to distress her beyond measure; for, drawing the old woman nearer to the window, she said in a whisper loud enough for me to hear, "Why don't you send away the poor baby, just for a few days? It is impossible for you to do your duty both to the mother and the child."

"But where am I to send it, Miss?" said the grandmother. "She pines after it sadly, and I am sure if I was to send it away, the thought of what I had done would disturb her last moments. There, now, she hears it, and points to the cradle; and that is just the little pitiful cry it will keep up till night-fall. If I did but know of any body that would take it, it would be a great mercy to us all."

"Alice," said Kate, returning to the bed where the poor young woman lay, "will you trust your baby with me for a few days? I will take great care of it?"

"Oh! yes, to be sure, Miss," replied a low husky voice, that was scarcely intelligible; "it could not be in better hands."

A convulsive cough then came on, and every moment

threatened suffocation; but no sooner was the paroxysm over than the sufferer sunk again into a heavy sleep; and Kate, taking advantage of the opportunity, hastened to the door, with the infant in her arms.

"Give me something to wrap it in," said she; "a cloak—a shawl—any thing will do. There is Jane Butler at the lodge. I am sure she will be kinder to it than any one; and I will bring you tidings of it every day."

"But who is going to take it to her?" asked the old woman; "I dare not trust it to my boy."

"I will tell you who will take it," said Kate Somerville, bounding into her saddle, and stretching out her arms for the child—"I will take it myself, for the sooner it is beyond the hearing of its poor mother, the better."

And so there we actually were again upon the high-road, riding back to the hall, and Kate Somerville with the baby in her lap; yet managing so well both that and her horse, that we reached the lodge without a fold of the cloak being displaced, and, probably, without the young traveller itself being aware of any change from its warm cradle in the cottage.

Had I endeavoured, during this part of our ride, to analyze my feelings, I should have found the task impossible; for, notwithstanding the horror it might have occasioned, had we met any of my college friends by the way, I doubt whether I did not like Miss Somerville the better for this forgetfulness of self—of appearances—of every thing, in short, but the necessity of the case, and the strong impulse under which she acted.

"There," said she, after placing the child in the hands of Jane Butler, with many charges as to its care and treatment—"there is nothing like transacting one's own business. Had I left it to those old women, they would have consulted about this little affair all day, until the poor mother would have been distracted with their foolish talk. And now we will ride as fast as you please, for Mr. Langton will wonder what has become of us."

It was on this day that my brother first thought it right to warn me against the insidious nature of my growing intimacy with Miss Somerville. Of course I disclaimed all idea, and even all desire, of rendering our acquaintance more than the mere pastime of the moment; yet it was not wholly without some secret satisfaction that I read in his manner, as well as that of my sister, a lurking desire that it should be cherished into something more than friendship. Still it was no part of my plan of conduct to commit myself by any act or word that could be so construed. I only tried the often-practised experiment of drawing on a correspondence, which, as the time of my departure for India was at hand, I felt as if I had a reasonable plea for proposing. In this, however, my hopes were disappointed; for thoughtless and independent as the behaviour of Miss Somerville in some respects unquestionably was, in others there was a guarded caution, of which no man could take advantage.

"Without a mother," she said, "and without a friend whom I can consult about the common affairs of life, I have been compelled to lay down rules for my own conduct; and one of these has been, never to enter into a correspondence with a gentleman. I might have said, never to make a friend of one; but I feel, now that you are on the point of leaving us, perhaps for ever, that I shall miss you in our social circle, almost as much as if you had been the friend of many years. I have every thing in the world I desire, except a friend. You will think this strange when your amiable sister is so near me. But a married woman, and a mother, ought to have, and must have, her own little circle of absorbing interest, within which another cannot enter."

"You will find this friend, most probably, long before I return; when the feeling of friendship will have given place to a happier and closer attachment."

"Never, while my father lives. As he grows older, he will need me more and more; and perhaps a few years will make me a fitter companion for his old age."

It was the day of my last visit to Somerville Hall, when this conversation took place. I was mortified on this occasion to find myself confronted at table by Mr. Ferguson, who took his place on the opposite side with great complacency. I was mortified, too, that I had not succeeded in drawing Miss Somerville into a correspondence; for notwithstanding the prejudice her character and manners had at first excited in my mind, I felt daily and hourly that her society was becoming more essential to my enjoyment. It is true, she was not of the class of women I admired. She was, in fact, of no class. Yet she possessed what so many are deficient in—the power, not only of awakening interest, but of keeping it alive.

As soon as it was possible to leave the table on this occasion, Miss Somerville rose from her seat; and much as I wished to follow her, I was kept back by a feeling of wounded pride, which, however, had its own punishment; for instead of enjoying the last evening I should spend for many years alone, with the women who of all others interested me most, I sat, as if chained to the table, while the gentleman of the house told long stories about things I neither cared for, nor understood.

For a long time I remained in a sort of stupor, fixed in the same position, filling my glass when the decanter was pushed towards me, and nodding my ready assent whenever Mr. Somerville appealed to me for my opinion. At last the question suddenly flashed across my mind—what can it be that brings Mr. Ferguson here so often, and keeps him here so long? Is it the love of wine? For the lord of the mansion was more than commonly addicted to the old-fashioned hospitality, which presses wine upon a guest. But, no. This was no solution of the enigma; for Mr. Ferguson was a man upon whom wine appeared to produce no effect.

The case was widely different with the good-natured master of the house; and I now saw, for the first time, the influence that wine was capable of exerting, both over his appearance and his character. His whole manner, in fact, was changed. His words were no longer cautious and well chosen. He was no longer on his guard against receiving a false impression. But while his dark eyes sparkled with uncommon lustre, and his movements were quick and restless, touch but upon some favourite project, and all the hidden energies of his nature seemed to rise like an uncontrollable flood.

Was it possible that Mr. Ferguson could be playing upon this kind-hearted old man, for his own selfish purposes; and bending him to his views by this unnatural agency? My feelings recoiled from such a thought; yet what sympathy could there be between this cold-blooded unfathomable man, and one whose heart was warmed in no common degree by the kindest feelings of human nature?

Unable to look steadily at the contrast these two characters presented, or to contemplate the unequal ground upon which they would meet, should the interest of one in any way interfere with that of the other, I rose from the table, and walked out upon the lawn, to enjoy the refreshment of a clear moonlight evening.

The train of my reflections led me back at that moment to the conversation of the clergyman who had regretted the absence of religion in this family; and I began to perceive that there might be temptations within the most privileged and secluded sphere of human life. "After all," said I, "there must be something in the idea of this good man, there must be something to fall back upon in the hour of trial, something to protect us in the season of temptation."

Such were the vague conclusions which my short and superficial acquaintance with human life at that time produced in my mind. I had seen, in the pleasant home in which I had lately been received almost as a member of the family, a combination of all that we are accustomed to associate with our ideas of earthly happiness—health, and wealth, and freedom from anxiety, with a love of rural occupations, and a situation calculated to prolong these blessings.

What then was wanting? Not kind feelings, not cultivated intellect, not time or means for the improvement of every good gift which the hand of a beneficent Creator can bestow. Yet that something must be wanting was evident, for the "serpent sin" was already entering this garden of Eden, and threatening to poison the peaceful streams by which its flowery paths had hitherto been refreshed.

Here was a proof, then, that it is not from without that our worst enemies assail us. Here the world—as we are accustomed to understand that word—was in a manner excluded. Society brought no contamination here. The theatre of ambitious hope offered no temptation to enlist in its struggles. Pecuniary privations inflicted no wound upon the goaded spirit. Nor was the rivalry of party feeling known within this peaceful home.

Were all its inmates, therefore, necessarily safe? Alas! no. There are traitors within, as well as foes without, the camp; and the general who would be sure of his resources, should have a talisman by which to try the heart of every man in his army.

Religion is this talisman. Without its test, there is no safety even where the situation is most secure, where danger appears most distant, and protection most certain.

### The Reformed Parents.

A Sabbath School Teacher, who was returning to his home one Sabbath evening, was much struck by a beautiful little girl of eleven years of age, who was playing in the street, with a crowd of rude and ragged children. Feeling interested about her, he called her aside from her companions, and affectionately endeavoured to show her the awful consequences of breaking the holy Sabbath. After some conversation with the interesting girl, he accomplished his object, and made arrangements to procure clothing for Mary, (the name she gave herself,) and she promised to meet them the following Sabbath at the school. The next Lord's Day, she made her appearance at the appointed time, and seemed delighted with the new scenes to which she was introduced; her mind was open to divine impressions, and her improvement was rapid. In a short time, she was able to read her Bible, and before she had been many months at the school, she appeared to have experienced a change of heart, and entered the church of Christ. But Mary had trying difficulties to contend with at home, if a miserable abode, poorly furnished, and crumbling into ruins, could be called a home; but it was all the home the sweet girl could claim in this world. She was a great favourite with her father and mother, but they were both intemperate—not always so: there were weeks and months when they refrained altogether from indulging their fatal propensity. It happened providentially for Mary, that during the time she had been at the Sabbath school, they had remained sober; she had, however, to struggle with their opposition to every thing like religion, which frequently broke out into expressions of ill-humour that were truly frightful. They at length returned to their habits of intoxication; and when the holy Sabbath again dawned upon the dear girl, her parents were lying, unable to help themselves, on the floor of the only room there was at all comfortable in their wretched abode. Mary was compelled to stay at home—she could not attend her school under such circumstances. This she could have borne for one Sabbath, but when the next, and again another came, and she was not permitted to tread the courts of the Lord's house, her heart failed within her. But the cup of her sorrow was not yet full. The bad passions, aroused by the evil spirit that is ever found lying in wait, like a serpent, in the poisonous bowl, were displayed in various ways. Mary's home, from being barely tolerable, suddenly changed to a scene of drunken dissipation; and when she attempted to plead with her

parents, her Bible was taken from her, torn in pieces, and burnt. To crown all, the little martyr, because she would not desert the Sabbath school, and renounce the religion of Jesus, was forcibly dragged to a dark room, the garret of their crazy dwelling, and the door fastened upon her. For nearly two weeks she was left without a bed or scarcely a covering, half starved and worn to a skeleton; but Daniel's God was with her, and when all seemed dark, and death stared her in the face, the Lord was about to deliver her, and bring her out of all her difficulties, to show forth all his praises, and to magnify his name. The fit of intemperance was gradually losing its influence over the minds of her infatuated and besotted parents, and their eyes began to open and see, and their hearts to feel, that they were acting a cruel part towards their little child, whose general conduct, they were forced to acknowledge, had been remarkably altered for the better from the moment she entered the Sabbath school. Their better feelings at length prevailed, and the father concluded to release poor Mary from her confinement. It was late on Saturday when he passed up the broken flight of stairs which led to her prison. When he reached the door, he was arrested by the voice of his child—he listened—she was pleading with God most earnestly in his behalf. The eloquence of her manner struck him—tears began to flow down his rugged cheeks,—his heart was melted—he rushed into the room, and throwing himself at the feet of his child, cried out, "Mary, O Mary, is it for me, your poor old wicked father you pray? O God, be merciful to me a sinner?" What a scene! There they were in that desolate apartment, the father prostrate on the floor, his grey hairs lying in the bosom of his pale sick child, her slender fingers clasped and lifted up over his head, and her lips moving with all the fervency of prayer. The mother hearing the noise of her husband's fall, immediately joined them. On entering the room, the spectacle before her deprived her of speech, and for some time her heart was too full for utterance. She at length fell upon her knees with the praying publican, and mingled her cries with his for mercy. The Sabbath morning came; a spacious school-room, opening on a sloping lawn, covered with a variety of flowers and graceful trees, and neatly fitted up, was filled with children, all clothed in white, their hymn-books in their hands, and looking towards their superintendent, who had just risen to commence the service with a song of praise, when every eye was turned, and a scene presented itself, that cheered every heart. A lovely little girl, her eyes sparkling with happiness, dressed in the clothing of the school, which heightened the paleness of her white cheek, appeared at the door, between an elderly man and woman, both meanly clad, but perfectly neat and clean—it was Mary and her parents; they advanced into the middle of the room, when the father broke out in the language of nature, and poured forth his gratitude to God for the Sabbath school; then turning to Mary, who stood between her happy parents, all beaming with smiles and joy, he blessed his child.—*Morning Star.*

### Juvenile Temperance Societies.

Every little boy and girl should belong to a Temperance Society, for this is the way both to do good and to get good. We do good by our example, and by advising others to imitate it; and we get good by associating with sober persons, for their example encourages us to persevere in keeping our pledge. In some places, there are societies formed altogether of young persons, but in this country they are not so numerous as they ought to be. It seems that in America, there are many more such *Juvenile Societies* than in Great Britain. They are called the "Cold Water Army," and it is by these, the older people hope, by and by, to destroy intemperance entirely, or, at least, to drive it from their own country. Sometimes thousands of these young tee-

totalers are collected together, and with their banners flying in the air, and their parents and teachers at their side, are marched to some pleasant spot, in a shady wood or park, where they are regaled with nice and wholesome things. Some of them are selected to recite dialogues upon temperance, or interesting pieces of poetry; while, at intervals, they receive addresses, or join in singing temperance hymns. This is a most delightful way of being amused and instructed, and it is a pity that such plans are not more acted upon in England. A short time ago the writer was at Bridgewater, and it happened that he was there on the day of the annual procession, and a most noble procession it was; but that part of it which most delighted him was the juvenile part—the girls and boys. Nearly two hundred were present; and with their flags, and ribbons, and medals, they made a very pretty display. At five o'clock they all took tea together, and after receiving a short address, and singing a hymn, they proceeded to the market-house, where five hundred persons had also taken tea, and where a public meeting was to be held. The writer could not help thinking that these children were destined to be a greater blessing to their country than can possibly be described. Before many years have passed away, thought he, they will be men and women, fathers and mothers, some of them masters and mistresses, and if they keep their pledge they will have grown up tee-totalers, and how great will be their influence on the side of true temperance.

Let all our dear young readers who have not already signed the pledge, hasten to enrol themselves in the "Cold Water Army." This is an army that destroys no cities, sheds no blood, and causes no tears. This is an army which only puts to route disease and pain, poverty and distress, madness, crime, and ruin. Let them ask their parents and teachers to form them into juvenile societies in their respective neighbourhoods; they will then become so many companies and regiments in one vast army of temperance soldiers; and, through the blessing of God, will be the means of freeing their own country from the most powerful and dreadful enemy by which it has ever been oppressed.—*Id.*

[We request parents and teachers to read the above article to their children, and put them on the way to form cold water armies or other societies, in which their sympathies may be early enlisted on the Temperance side of the question. It is a great thing to get the start of Satan. *Ed.*]

### The Young Man's Course.

I saw him first at the social party: he took but a single glass of wine, and that in compliment to a fair young lady, with whom he conversed.

I saw him next, when he supposed himself unseen, taking a glass to satisfy the slight desire formed by his first indulgence. He thought there was no danger.

I saw him again, with some of his own age, meeting at night, to spend a short time in convivial pleasure. He said it was only innocent amusement.

I saw him next, late in the evening, in the street, unable to reach home. I assisted him thither. He looked ashamed when we next met.

I saw him next, reeling in the street; a confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy were on his tongue. Shame was gone!

I saw him yet once more. He was pale, cold, and motionless; and was carried by his friends to his last resting place. In the small procession that followed, every head was cast down with grief and shame, and two aged frames shook with uncommon anguish. His father's grey hairs were going to the grave with sorrow. His mother wept to think she had ever given birth to such a child!

I thought of his future state!

I opened the Bible, and read,—"Drunkards shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven!"—*Id.*

### PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

CANADA.

WATERLOO.—Mr. Bungay's labours here seem to have been successful, if we may judge from the opposition he has met with, in general a good test of a lecturer's success. The friends of temperance lately had a celebration, at which their opponents offered a good deal of petty provocation, and behaved much after the manner of grown up children. Their persecution, however, was unavailing to disturb the pleasure of the celebration which is thus described by Mr. Bungay.

At the appointed time, nearly five hundred respectable persons of both sexes and all ages convened in a beautiful grove, where ample arrangements had been made for their accommodation. The writer delivered an address, and the Berlin band delighted us with excellent music. We then formed a procession, and the brass band—the beautiful flags, and the large number of ladies and gentlemen present, made a magnificent demonstration in favour of the principles of total abstinence: on our return to the grove the drunken teamsters who were assisting the rummies to destroy the road, endeavoured to whip up their horses and run over the individuals in the procession, but a brave constable, with praiseworthy exertion, at the risk of his life, intercepted their sanguinary march. We soon reached the cool retreat, and partook of an ample and sumptuous repast, after which Mr. Burkholder delivered an animated and excellent speech in the German language. Mr. McIlroy, of the Galt temperance hotel, next addressed the meeting; his appropriate observations were listened to with undivided attention. When he resumed his seat the writer made a few closing remarks, the pledge was then circulated, and the first subscriber to the pledge was J. Finn, Esq., who will be a valuable acquisition to the cause, forty-seven individuals copying his example. James Cowan, Esq., then put several votes of thanks to individuals who richly contributed to the entertainment of the day. We then marched in procession to the commodious temperance hotel, where the band again exhilarated the assembly with their music. Whilst we were celebrating the trials and triumphs of temperance at the hotel, our enemies commenced working furiously in front of the band, whilst our flags were waving over them; they danced, leaped, shouted, and wrought like so many lunatics let loose from bedlam. Their opposition was a total failure. We have had a glorious time—thrilling music—good speeches—a long list of names, and the treasury has been enriched.

EXFRID, Aug. 26.—We beg to state what we have been doing in this sequestered locality. A few persons, several of whom had been connected with temperance societies in the old country, and acting on the principle for years previously, had been neither giving nor taking intoxicating drinks at raisings or bees of any kind. In this state of things, a meeting was held on the 10th of February, 1844, when upwards of 20 signed the abstinence pledge; a Committee was chosen, and a society was organized forthwith. We have held meetings since, generally once a fortnight, and when that is not convenient, once a month. Though our efforts have been met by considerable opposition, and in some instances, even by those from whom better things might be expected; yet our number has been gradually increasing, so that it now amounts to about 60. We have no trained speakers among us, and have never yet been visited by any lecturer; should any be coming round this way, they may expect a friendly reception from a number of kind hearted friends in Ekfrid. Our meetings are generally pretty well attended; they

are held in the evening, and are always opened with prayer—after which, any member present may address the meeting. A rule has been lately adopted which is, that the President shall appoint, before the close of a meeting, the one that is to give the introductory address at the ensuing meeting. This fixes the duty upon one at least, and we seldom part before two or three have made their remarks on the subject. Six persons subscribed for the *Temperance Advocate*, to be directed to Mr. D. Lockwood our President.—R. CAMPBELL, Sec.

**CELEBRATION!—TO AID THE QUEBEC SUFFERERS.**—On Tuesday last, the "Perth Howard Temperance Society" held its promised celebration, in a grove on Victoria farm. The weather had been very unfavourable for it—during the night and part of that morning considerable rain fell, which prevented many from attending who otherwise would have been present. About noon the procession was formed, and marched from the appointed place through the own to Judge Malloch's farm—headed by the Brockville Amateur Band. It was an imposing sight to witness in our quiet little town such a display of music—Temperance flags and banners, with appropriate devices inscribed on them. We had not reached the ground when the celebration commenced. Seats were prepared for the audience in semi-circular form, and immediately in front, a platform was erected upon which sat the musicians, the officers of the Society, and the gentlemen appointed to deliver addresses on the occasion. There were a goodly number of persons present, notwithstanding the very unfavourable state of the weather—we should say about 500. We believe John Bell, Esq., presided on the occasion, and the speakers were the Rev. Mr. Boyd, Brockville, the Rev. Mr. Goldsmith, of the new connexion Methodist Church, and Mr. Parkhurst, of Lanark, a reformed drunkard; each of whom did ample justice to the subjects on which they treated. Mr. Boyd spoke on two different occasions—we were particularly pleased with his remarks; they were to the point and very forcible. The interval between the rising of the speakers, was occupied in the performance of delightful pieces of music by the Band, or the vocal singers, who did their respective parts in a most satisfactory manner. When the band struck up its lively notes, it was considered by many a fit time to adjourn to a neighbouring tent, where refreshments could be had, and the music heard with better effect than when near it. We were amused with the sign which was stuck up on a pole at the end of the tent—it was that of a whisky barrel with both ends knocked out, and bearing the inscription, "We see through it." Had the day been fine the celebration would have gone off with admirable effect, and we doubt not upwards of one thousand persons would have been present. Perfect order was preserved, by those appointed for that purpose, and the whole went off, we believe, with satisfaction to the audience and credit to the managers and officers of the Society.

A vote of thanks was given to Judge Malloch, for the use of the ground, and to the Band for their gratuitous attendance on the occasion. After prayer, a procession was formed as before, and they marched through the town the band playing appropriate airs. Satisfaction and gladness seemed to rest on every countenance; and we doubt not that when they separated for their respective homes, they felt the assurance within them, that their money had been well and profitably spent—to aid suffering humanity.—*Bathurst (C. W.) Courier.*

#### UNITED STATES.

**DECREASE OF INTemperance IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.**—A writer in the July No. of the N. American Review states that the expenses of Houses of Industry (the Boston Alms House) fell from over \$30,000 per year, to \$14,779,060 in the financial year ending April 30, 1843, and to \$14,082,090 in the year ending April 30, 1844; while the Overseers of the Poor, instead of spending twelve or thirteen thousand dollars a year, distributed but \$8,720,063 in the former year, and \$7,337,046 in the latter.

**JUVENILE BAND.**—On returning to this city, a short time ago, we found on our desk the following note of invitation. We should have been happy to have accepted it. Nothing, in our estimation is of more importance than these juvenile meetings:—

REV. MR. MARSH:

DEAR SIR.—On Monday evening next, I propose to have a full meeting of my Juvenile Temperance Band at the Brainerd Church

Lecture Room, Rivington St. The Band now numbers some five hundred, and some of the parents and friends are expected in. The exercises will consist of singing, dialogues, &c., together with an address from yourself, if you can meet with us.

Yours respectfully

D. B. HASBROOK, President.

—*Journal Amer. Temp. Union.*

#### SCOTLAND

**EDINBURGH.**—A numerous attended meeting of the Edinburgh Total Abstinence Society, and others friendly to the principle of abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, was held on Friday evening, in Argyle Square Chapel, for the purpose of passing resolutions disapproving of the system of licensing parties to sell intoxicating liquors. Mr. A. D. Campbell, President, occupied the chair, surrounded by a number of the zealous friends of the cause. Resolutions and memorials were unanimously agreed to. One of the resolutions was:—

"That this meeting, solemnly impressed with the immoral tendency of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, and the dreadful havoc they have made of social order, domestic happiness, intellectual energy, and moral improvement, memorialize the Justice of the Peace, at the sitting of the Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the County, to refuse to grant certificates for obtaining excise licenses to sell intoxicating liquors."

#### ENGLAND.

**DR. GRINDROD.**—The temperance world has for some time past watched with intense interest the progress and success of the author of "Bacchus." His lectures have attracted public attention in a very extraordinary degree. It would be a useless recapitulation of names, to go through the list of places which he has visited during the past few months. It is, however, clear, that in every place his audiences have been both numerous and highly intelligent. His success has been correspondingly great. Upwards of 20,000 members have, within a brief space of time, been added to our societies by his exertions.

#### INDIA.—MADRAS.

(Extracts from the South India Temperance Journal, organ of the South India Temperance Union.)

**SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE UNION.**—This came the 17th January, 1845. It was held in Mr. Waddell's commodious room, most obligingly granted for the occasion. Though so very large, it was well illuminated, and supplied with seats from Davidson-street chapel. The seats were crowded, and many scores, we regret to say, were obliged to stand during the whole meeting. Our blessed cause never before called together so great an assemblage of people. It was delightful to see so large a number of females also present. But while so many parishioners were present, how sad to state that only three ministers of the gospel (and they Tamil missionaries) were to be seen at this interesting anniversary.

The Seventh Annual Report of the South India Temperance Union (embracing 15 months ending 31st Dec. 1844,) says:—The whole number of members received during the fifteen months is 75. Leaving 164 as the present number on the list.

The members in H. M.'s 57th Regiment in the beginning of May, formed themselves into a Regimental Association, and thenceforward acted independently from ours, though on most intimate terms—members of both committees meeting regularly for mutual benefit. The association has had varied success, and now numbers 191. It has an excellent reading room, where coffee and tea are also provided.

**PUBLICATIONS.**—The Journal has been continued in an edition of 700 copies monthly, and has had an increased circulation from Louisiana in the north to Ceylon south and Burmah in the east.

It is a gratifying and encouraging fact, that three Societies (H. M.'s 84th Regimental, Bangalore Total Abstinence, and H. M.'s 23rd Regiment) have abandoned the ardent spirit pledge, from conviction that it was of no use, but injurious in its tendency.

Four new *teetotal* societies have been formed. One at Vizianagram, one in the 1st European Light Infantry, Soubathoo; one in the right wing 2d Bengal European Regiment, Loodiana, and one in the 2d Queen's Royals, Bombay. Another with both pledges has been formed in the left wing 2d European Regiment, Meerut.

Alcohol's doings have been murderous as in former years, and perhaps more so. *Thirty-two* cases of death in India, from drink.

ing, have been published in the Journal during the period of this report, taken from the public papers, and reported by correspondents. Most of these were Europeans, some Natives, and one East India woman! Some murders, some suicides, some from suffocation, others of delirium tremens, &c. It is fully believed that a very few indeed of the instances of death from drinking ever come to the knowledge of the public.

In Bombay the pledge has gained a goodly number of important signatories. There another battery has been opened, called the *Bombay Temperance Advocate*, which, there can be no doubt, will tell heavily upon the old iron sides of custom and prejudice.

The number of abstainers in the country has not been satisfactorily ascertained. There are at least about 3000.

In the 8th Regiment, Moulmein, out of 43 cases of spasmodic cholera, only four of 105 members of the Total Abstinence Society were attacked.

In the 25th Regiment, Cannanore, it has been shown by reference to the hospital books, that members of the Temperance Society pass through the hospital once in 15 months, while non-members on an average are admitted almost four times in the same period.

In H. M.'s 9th Regiment, Kussowlee, the admissions to the hospital are nearly four to one in favour of the Temperance men of the Regiment, and of deaths about two to one.

If such be the facts in three regiments in widely different sections of the country, it may be fairly inferred that the same or similar facts exist in other regiments.

#### MAULMEIN.

**ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MAULMEIN TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.**—On Monday evening, the 16th of Dec., 1844, the seventh annual meeting of the Maulmein Total Abstinence Society was held in the English Baptist Chapel.

As appointed, the meeting was convened at half-past six, for the transaction of business, and though not numerously attended, there were present four or five of the most influential and warm supporters which the great and good cause of Temperance has got at this station, viz., Colonel Willington, Captain Russell, Lieutenant, and Adjutant Seymour, and Lieutenant Sanders, H. M.'s 84th Regiment, and the Rev. A. Hamilton, Chaplain.

#### SOUTH AFRICA.

PIETER MAURITSBURK, Jan. 1st, 1845,

To Dr. Lees: Sir—As accounts are published from time to time in the excellent and widely-circulated *Advocate*, of different divisions of the "cold water army" convening together and regaling themselves with "cups which cheer but not inebriate," I trust it will not be uninteresting to the teetotalers of our highly-favoured country, to hear that a section of the noble army, though widely separated from the main body (being stationed at Fort Napier, in the colony of Natal), assembled in the School-house convenient to the Fort, on Christmas evening, when abundance of tea and cakes of superior quality was prepared by two of the members for the occasion, and every one appeared to be highly delighted and satisfied with the entertainment.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**THE MONKEY WHO SET AN EXAMPLE TO HIS MASTER.**—There was a monkey whose master (a drunkard) used to value him very much. He would take him out to shake off the chest-nuts from the trees; when Jocko could not shake them off, he would go to the end of the branches and knock them off with his fist. One day his master gave him half a glass of whisky. Jocko drank it all up. This made him merry, and caused him to jump and skip about to the great amusement of his master and friends. They agreed to make Jocko drunk again next day. When they went to his box for him he was not outside as usual. On looking in, they saw him crouched up all in a heap. The master called him out, and Jocko came forth on three legs, his fore paw was on his head—poor Jocko had the headache! He felt just as his master had felt many a morning. Jocko was so sick he could not go out. Three days after, a glass was again offered Jocko; but he skulked away, as if ashamed of his previous conduct, and hid behind the chairs, and then escaped at the door; and all the threats of his master could never more prevail on Jocko to drink

whisky, though he kept him for twelve years after. Truly this monkey was wiser than his master, who though he had suffered many times the penalty of drinking, still continued to indulge his appetite in spite of his better judgment.

**WATER** is the beverage designed by nature for the use of man, and it cannot be improved by admixture. God was never at fault in the execution of His purposes, and in the creation of water for the support of animal life; it was done with a special adaptation to the elements, laws, and structure of the human system.—*Bartlett.*

**A MONSTER CASK.**—There is in the cellars of Messrs. Meux and Co., porter brewers, London, an immense vat, employed for holding porter. This Bacchian curiosity is 65½ feet across, 25½ feet high, and is composed of 314 staves of English oak, 2½ inches thick. It is kept together by 56 iron hoops; the weight of which is from one to three tons each!! It contains 20,000 barrels of porter!! each worth about thirty shillings; the whole contents of this one cask being worth about £30,000. The original cost of this reservoir for "drunkard's drink" was £10,000—and it was four whole years in building. There are in this metropolis many chapels of much less dimensions than the above, and some of the very first places of worship that adorn our land did not cost, in erection, so much as this one huge vault of death and misery. In many provincial towns a temperance hall of equal capacity would be the means of enabling the teetotalers to do more toward the extinction of the slavery of strong drink, and the improving of the condition of the poor, than years of legislation and punishing of crime are likely to effect.—*English Paper.*

**A GOOD SIGN.**—A correspondent of the *Evening Traveller* says: "An incident occurred at one of the large hotels at Troy, where I made a brief sojourn, that pleasingly illustrates the progress of temperance. As a numerous company sat down to dine, a drinking bill of fare was placed at each plate, embracing not less than thirty different kinds of wines and "liquors." The "Wine List" was a polite invitation to us to whet our appetites for dinner. But there was no acceptances! Not a solitary guest touched a drop! Every goblet was filled with pure cold water! It was a quiet triumph, worth enjoying. I assure you I felt like proposing that the happy and sober company should join in the song:

"Sparkling and bright  
In its liquid light  
Is the water in our glasses;  
'Twill give you health,  
'Twill give you wealth,  
Ye lads and rosy lasses."

O, then resign  
Your ruby wine,  
Each smiling son and daughter,  
For there's nothing so good  
For the mortal blood,  
Nay so sweet as the sparkling water!"

**CHRISTIAN LIQUORS.**—A Newbury Port paper states, that the Turks are fast giving up the use of opium, and that they now use freely the "Christian liquors." What are these? Why will tell you reader,—New England Rum, and Holland Gin. These are what the Turks call *Christian liquors!* And the same account says, intemperance is prevailing among them at a fearful rate.

Simple Water, without any addition, is the proper drink of mankind.—*Cullen.*

**TEETOTAL GOVERNOR.**—Governor McDowell of Virginia has taken a noble stand for temperance; he has had the moral courage, says a writer in the *Intelligencer*, "amid innumerable frowns and thwartings of the great and the fashionable, to exhibit on his table and throughout his mansion, to guests, however numerous or exalted, no stronger drink than pure water. His name is signed to the pledge of abstinence from all that can intoxicate; and his eloquence, unrivalled now in Virginia, has repeatedly been heard in the cause of such temperance."

**A LANDLORD OUTFITTED.**—A landlord of Manchester having got hold of a pledge paper, took the liberty of signing the name of one of his best customers. He came and proclaimed the same in the parlor, when the individual rose up and said, "well, it shall stand." The man was as good as his word, and when I last heard of him he was a consistent member. The landlord thought he was carrying the joke too far.

**DISCOURAGEMENTS.**—There is no work of moral reform without its drawbacks and discouragements. The promoter of total ab-



stinence principles, in this world of subserviency to appetite and interest, will find them pressing him on every hand. Here he will encounter an appalling apathy and indifference in men from whom he hoped and expected warm co-operation; there, opposition, reproach, and ridicule, not easily encountered; here, a defection in some who solemnly pledged themselves to abstinence;—there, a cessation of efforts which promised to yield the happiest and most glorious results; here, a withholding of moral and religious influence, even the very ministers of Christ standing out in opposition; and there, party spirit and political considerations, not merely ongressing the attention of the community, but viewing the temperance cause as interfering with their own high and all-important interests. If he is disposed to look at all, or even to one of these obstacles, and suffer them to influence his mind, he will do nothing. But if, like the bold mariner, he regards them as only a few opposing winds and currents, he will soon, by skill and perseverance, be beyond their reach, guiding his bark safely into its destined harbour.

**WELL ANSWERED.**—That was a noble answer which was given by a clergyman of our acquaintance, when urged to drink wine at a wedding. "What, Mr. M.," said one of the guests, "don't you drink wine at a wedding?" "No, sir," was the reply, "I will take a glass of water." "But, sir," said the officious guest, "you recollect the advice of Paul to Timothy, to 'take a little wine, for his often infirmity.'" "I have no infirmity," was the rev. gentleman's noble reply. Let this be remembered by those who thoughtlessly pervert the inspired apostle's sentiments,—in a vast majority of cases they "have no infirmity," and even if they have, it is worth while to inquire of themselves whether it is not created by an indulgence in the very article which they pretend to use for its cure.—*New Haven Fountain.*

**THE DRUNKARD'S OR SPRAIN.**—Dr. Brown, in a work on Hereditary Insanity, observes:—"The drunkard injures and enfeebles his own nervous system and entails mental disease upon his family. His daughters are nervous and hysterical; his sons are weak, wayward, eccentric, and sink insane under the pressure of excitement of some unforeseen emergency, or of the ordinary calls of duty. This heritage may be the result of a ruined and diseased constitution, but is much more likely to result from that long continued nervous excitement, in which pleasure was sought in the alternate exaltation of sentiment and oblivion, which exhausted the mental powers, and ultimately produced imbecility and paralysis, both attributable to disease of the substance of the brain. At present, I have two patients who appear to inherit a tendency to unhealthy action of the brain from mothers addicted to drinking, and another, an idiot, whose father was a drunkard."

## POETRY.

### THE DRUNKARD'S JOY.

O what are the joys the drunkard hath,  
In the course he taketh through life's path?  
Doth the sparkling wine cup leave no sting—  
Doth it always joy and pleasure bring?

Go visit the slave—go view his chain—  
Ask him if slav'ry fills life with pain—  
Ask if the fetters he wears, so bind—  
That they leave no joy, no peace for the mind?

Can he tell you, there lies a world above,  
Where masters scourge, not for gold they love?  
Though his chains are galling, hard and sore,  
Hope points away where they lose their power.

But what is the freedom the drunkard knows;  
O where is his rest or when his repose?  
At the midnight time, at morn's early hour,  
His tyrant master still holds his power.

Go search for his joys, go enter his home—  
Of earth's best spots, the dearest one known;  
What waits him there—the wife's tearful eye—  
The child who from it's parent would fly.

Is it joy to know that want and shame,  
Are ever attending his blighted name?  
Is it joy to know the grief she feels,  
With whom time rolls with sad weary wheels?

Go search for joy when the drunkard dies,  
When torment comes, which in vain he flies;  
Go hear him rave as he feels that doom,  
When hope's star sets as he finds his tomb.

Niagara, 1845.

## CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

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

### PLEDGE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO AGREE, THAT WE WILL NOT USE INTOXICATING LIQUORS AS A BEVERAGE, NOR TRAFFIC IN THEM; THAT WE WILL NOT PROVIDE THEM AS AN ARTICLE OF ENTERTAINMENT, NOR FOR PERSONS IN OUR EMPLOYMENT; AND THAT IN ALL SUITABLE WAYS WE WILL DIS-COUNTENANCE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 15, 1845.

### TEMPERANCE AND THE CHURCH.

It has always been a matter of surprise to me that so many of those very persons who might naturally have been expected to unite in the temperance reform are its warmest enemies! We mean *professing Christians*, and especially the *Elders of the Church and Ministers of the Gospel*. What makes this fact appear stranger is, that these same individuals *admit, readily enough*, that temperance is a good thing, and that the societies for its promotion have been eminently useful in doing good. Now that Christians should admit that certain means are productive of good ends, and then oppose those means, is an anomaly at once strange, and hard to account for! It is the duty of Christians to "do good unto all men as they have opportunity." They should not live for themselves alone, but for the good of others, and should be willing to deny themselves "any thing wherewith their brethren stumble, or are offended, or are made weak."

It is not our design here to answer the objections raised by professing Christians against joining the temperance standard, but only to advance a few remarks to show that it is the duty of every Christian, and of the church as a body, to unite their efforts to arrest the mighty evil of intemperance that rages so fearfully in our land. A church is composed of a number of individuals combined together for the purpose of promoting the religion of Jesus Christ; of enjoying the benefit of communion with the Saviour, and of giving each other mutual aid in spiritual things. The members, then, of such a body, must profess a deep interest in each others welfare, not only from the relation which each sustains to the other, but from a regard to the soundness of the body of which they are all members. The cause that makes one member suffer, makes all suffer, and therefore for the safety, security, and welfare of the church, it becomes the imperative duty of this ecclesiastical body, to suppress all evil in the bud, and discountenance every thing which has a tendency to corrupt her members, and if she neglects this duty, she is guilty, and amenable to the great head of the church. Ministers of the Gospel and Elders of the church cannot excuse themselves on the ground of ignorance as to the evil consequences of the drinking system, for they, as well as others, have only to look to be convinced. Here there is an evil of immeasurable magnitude, and most destructive in its nature and effects, which we take for granted the Ministers and Elders of the church are aware of—an evil which has swept from the face of the earth into a premature grave its hundreds of thousands annually, many of whom were the fairest in the community, and reduced many thousands more to poverty,

wretchedness, and disgrace; an evil which counteracts religious impressions, and disqualifies millions for the enjoyment of religion and heaven, and prepares them for a world of unmitigated misery. And shall the church gravely deliberate whether she ought to stand with her arms folded, and witness the devastation of this destructive engine of iniquity, without moving her hand or her tongue against it? Can the church of God tolerate with seeming indifference an acknowledged evil—a practice which neither edience nor the Bible can justify? Can she stand an idle spectator, when from our hospitals, penitentiaries, lunatic asylums, jails, the gallows, and from the wives and widows of bacchanalian husbands, and neglected children, there arises one unanimous voice to drive from the earth this pestilence, which has brought upon them all their misery and sufferings? Again, does it speak well for the glory and honour of the church of Christ, which was designed to be the salt of the earth and the light of the world, to tolerate that which tends to utter corruption, and that while the world is employing its energies to destroy this agent of destruction, the church should nourish the viper in her own bosom, or at least give it a retreat in her own house? Is it a star in the crown of the church, the repository of purity and piety, to remain silent and inactive until civil society pronounces the drinking usages as abominable and unbecoming an enlightened and Christian community, before she dare to pronounce it sinful, or treat it as an offence?

We cannot repress our fears that the success of the temperance reform will not be realized unless the churches come to the aid of temperance societies, adopt their principles, and assist in carrying out their measures. And what have these societies to expect from the church by what can be discovered in her disposition to aid them at the present time? A gloomy gloomy response—nothing!! But we do not believe the time very distant when truth will triumph, and the church arise in her ecclesiastical capacity, and advocate those very principles which she is now so very reluctant to support, and assist in carrying out the principles of the temperance reform, till drunkenness and its evils shall be numbered among things that were.

W. C. MUNSON.

LANCASTER, August 9, 1845.

#### A PROVINCIAL ASSOCIATION.

I will not assume the province of dictating to the friends of the temperance reformation, but will take the liberty of presenting a few suggestions respecting the organization of a Provincial union. All persons, irrespective of sect or party, who are friendly to the total abstinence cause, should avail themselves of the first opportunity to endorse the pledge, and originate temperance societies where there are no such institutions in operation. Local societies should be established and sustained in every settlement, village, town, and city. These local societies should have regular committee meetings, and monthly meetings, and annual meetings; and with such auxiliaries as female and juvenile societies, combine and concentrate their labour, influence, and means, by uniting in township associations, to be managed by an executive committee, selected by the delegates appointed by the local societies. The township associations should meet quarterly in some central and commodious place, and if possible the services of good singers and efficient speakers should be secured at such meetings, as an inducement for individuals to attend from all parts of the township. The different township societies should unite in district unions, to be managed by an executive committee, to be selected by the delegates appointed by the township societies at their quarterly meetings. The district unions should meet semi-annually,

at such time and place as the convention may please to appoint. On such occasions no reasonable exertions and expense should be spared to get up mass meetings, comporting with the dignity and importance of the occasion. The district unions should combine the exertions, influence, and capital of all the pledged teetotalers in the Province in a Provincial Association, to be managed by an executive committee to be selected by the delegates appointed by the district unions at their semi-annual meetings. The Provincial union should meet annually at such time and place as the Convention may deem proper to appoint. At the annual meetings of the Provincial Association, there should be a magnificent demonstration, and the best efforts of the most eloquent and celebrated advocates of the cause should be obtained. When the contemplated union is consummated, immediate arrangements should be made to employ at least one competent lecturer in each district, and a Provincial agent to visit every district union as often as once a year. The Provincial union should appoint an editor to conduct the *Canada Temperance Advocate*—make the capital of Canada\* the metropolis of the temperance cause—have a book-room under its supervision, and funds at its command to pay for the writing and publishing of prize-essays. This is not an impracticable scheme—funds for the accomplishment of this great and important work may be obtained by legacies, donations, contributions, and annual subscriptions. Let competent persons be furnished with pledge books, call public meetings, and after appropriate addresses, ascertain how many persons present will agree to contribute one pound per annum to sustain the cause—then how many will give ten shillings—then how many five shillings—then how many two shillings and sixpence—then how many one and threepence—then how many sixpence—then how many one penny a year to promote the temperance reform. The money thus raised, with an annual collection to be made in every society, and the proceeds of soirees and festivals, with the profits arising from the sale of publications, added to the donations and legacies, would, in my humble opinion, amply sustain the cause. Another method of procuring funds, and a very good one, is to appoint collectors in every society, to solicit subscriptions from those members who are able and willing to contribute. If every pledged teetotaler in the Province paid one shilling per annum, the handsome sum of seven thousand five hundred pounds would be realised, and this amount would amply sustain the moral machinery which might be put in operation for the suppression of intemperance, providing the publication office and book concern met with only ordinary patronage. If we wish to give momentum to the principles of the pledge, and render permanent our efforts to soberize society, we must hit upon energetic and systematic plans of operation. Less than half the above-mentioned sum would support a lecturer in each district in the Province, and furnish every individual in the colony with a temperance tract, and leave something in the treasury towards purchasing a tent for each district union. Let the day on which the Provincial Society is organised be the commencement of special, and unceasing, and uniform, and systematised effort in Canada. We can revolutionise the country in a short time, if we work as though all depended on ourselves, and pray as though all depended upon God. We must flood our land with petitions, and call upon our magistrates and legislators to withdraw legal sanction from the traffic. We must direct the artillery of truth from the press, the platform, and the pulpit, against the disgusting vice of drunkenness. We must endeavour to send a copy of the *Temperance Advocate* to every family, and this can be done without much sacrifice of time or money, if half of our friends perform half their duty.—G. W. BUNAY.

\* On some future occasion I will endeavour to show why Montreal should be the capital of the temperance cause in Canada.

The following letter has been sent us by a respectable individual who states that he has made appeals to two or three members of the Canadian Conference without effect, and now begs through the medium of the *Advocate*, to shew the inconsistency of such men being shielded within the pale of the church. Deeply convinced of the fatal injury done to the cause of Christ, as well as to that of temperance by the admission of such persons to church fellowship, we cannot see good reason to refuse the insertion of this letter, only premising that so far as we know, the Wesleyan church is not to be singled out more than others, unless the rules of that church and pointed declarations of its founder, renders its unfaithfulness in this respect more marked and inexcusable. We hope our Wesleyan friends will do us the justice to believe that our opposition lies to the toleration of rustling professors in all churches.

*Communication from a Wesleyan Methodist.*

A few weeks ago, having some business to transact in the Colborne District, I reached the little village of ———, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and being fatigued with riding, I determined to put up for the night; while resting myself, my attention was attracted by a great number of horses with bags slung across the saddles, and an ox cart opposite a large building, into which I saw two men with loads enter; my curiosity being excited, I resolved to know the cause why so many persons were collecting in this little village in the busy time of harvest, I therefore walked leisurely to the place of resort, and while on my way, I saw two or three females with baskets slung on their arms. On they went into the large house, and in went your humble servant. But what was my astonishment when I beheld the men with two large kegs which had just been filled with whisky. On the counter stood the baskets belonging to the females, in each of which were two half gallon jugs carefully bedded in straw. Some of the men were loading the horses, one of them I observed put a keg into one end of a large bag, and in the other end a stone of sufficient weight to balance it; while the man with the ox cart called out repeatedly to a good natured looking young man, (who was filling the jugs in the baskets) to fill his keg. I now thought it high time to get into the open air, as the fumes arising from the whisky had caused a very unpleasant sensation in my head, I therefore stepped out of the shop, glad to lose sight of the disgusting scene within. I now bent my way towards my lodgings with a determination to find out (if possible) the character of the man who was thus dealing to his fellow-mortals the soul-destroying poison.

The next day I got all the information I could respecting the whisky merchant. I was informed that he held several responsible offices; that he was a shrewd intelligent man; that he kept an extensive merchant shop; a large distillery, and had accumulated a great amount of property. But how shall I describe my astonishment on being informed he was a member of the Wesleyan Church. "And is it possible," said I to my informant, "that this man is a Methodist?" "It is possible, said he, and I am sorry to say he is acknowledged as such." "You astonish me," said I, "I always thought our preachers were strenuous supporters of tee-totalism." "That they have done a great deal for tee-totalism cannot be denied, but how it is that the solitary village of ——— is neglected I cannot tell." "Perhaps the preachers are not acquainted with the fact; why do the members not inform them of it?" "Oh yes, the preachers are well informed respecting him, for his house is their home when they preach at ——— which is twice every

month," they have another appointment also on the same evening about four miles to the west of it, where there is a small society. The preachers, however, seldom stop all night at the latter place, but return and lodge with Mr. ———, the whisky merchant. "The members, I assure you Sir," continued he, "have been very much dissatisfied, and have repeatedly complained to the preachers for the last three or four years, but the reply to their remonstrances has generally been as follows—"Well, we are sorry that Mr. ——— sells whisky, we wish he would give up the trade, but what can we do, you know he is an influential man, he is liberal at our Missionary meetings, he is useful at our quarterly Conferences in assisting to count the money, &c. &c."

The above disclosures have been so harrowing to my feelings, that I have, after mature deliberation, come to the determination to give them publicity, in hopes that some conscientious, talented, and impartial member of the Canadian Wesleyan Church, who is acquainted with all the circumstances connected with the case will come forward, and in a determined and Christian way, expose this great evil, which will ere long, if not removed, tear our societies in pieces. Temperance men of the Colborne district, your help is solicited! I want your assistance. Come forward boldly against the mighty foe. I call upon you to come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Can you not manage the business of your quarterly conferences without a distiller?

Members of the Canada Conference, I implore you in name of Him, whose ministers you profess to be, to consider the awful state into which the society at ——— is likely to fall. Can you not raise sufficient funds on the ——— circuit, without receiving money from a whisky-maker—money which is the just right of many a hungry naked child—money which is the price of blood.

My remarks are not applicable to many of the members of the Canada Conference, for I am convinced that a large majority of them are ignorant of the sad state of affairs in ———. Sorry would I be if I should wound the feelings of any of them; duty, however, bids me speak, and if duty marks my way as plain, when I next have to pass through the little village of ———, which I presume will be before winter, you may expect to hear from me again.

I remain, with all due respect to every individual to whom these remarks may apply,

A WESLEYAN METHODIST.

We have another letter from our esteemed friend Mr. A. CHRISTIE of Toronto, on the subject of the celebrated induction dinner, in which he regrets that through misapprehension of his wishes he has been brought forward in connexion with it, reiterates his opinion that tee-total Ministers did not do wrong in attending it, and asks for the rule or principle of our societies which warrants us in blaming them. In reply, we point to the clause commonly found and always understood in the pledge, which says, that "in all suitable ways we will discountenance the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage;" and to the arguments already published at length, showing that the attendance of temperance men, and especially ministers, at toast drinking dinners is not a suitable way of accomplishing this object.

We have thus briefly stated the subject instead of publishing the letter itself, which contains no fresh arguments, and would occupy more space than we think it right to bestow on a matter already so fully discussed.

"SAYING AND DOING ARE DIFFERENT THINGS."

From our present position, the above adage appears quite true. We have said, "we will in all suitable ways discountenance the

use of intoxicating drinks in this community," but we have done comparatively little. To say and not to do, either shows the threat of a coward, or the insincerity of our fairest promises. To say and not to do gives our enemy the vantage ground, while he points the finger of scorn at our irresoluteness and weakness. To say and not to do, is to mock the tears of the drunkard's wife, the rage of his children, the wretchedness of his home, and the destiny of his soul! To say and not to do, is to lie, to deceive, wilfully to break a voluntary obligation, entered into in the presence of men, and under the all-seeing eye of God. How applicable are Solomon's words here—"Better had the vow not been made, than having been made, not be observed." Now, respected brother teetotalers, shall we contentedly remain in this inactive, lethargic laodicean state any longer, or shall we wake up, redeem our character, recover our lost ground, renew the attack, and keep on our armour, until an universal shout of VICTORY proclaims a release from the duties of our warfare?

AN UNFAITHFUL TEETOTALER.

Montreal, 26th August, 1845.

JOHNSTOWN DISTRICT.

We understand that the progress of the temperance cause in this District is very marked and satisfactory, and that the Brockville and Prescott societies had recently a great temperance celebration in the way of a pleasure trip, of which we hope to publish a mere particular account soon.

KINGSTON RACES.

A serious riot, likely to be still more serious in its consequences, took place at the above named scene of dissipation and vice. As usual it grew out of drunkenness: an Irish sailor and a Scotch soldier, both in liquor, quarrelled, and the bad feeling thus engendered appears to have spread widely through the community. When will the authorities cease to countenance races?

We understand, from good authority, that mechanics in Montreal are making very high wages at present, and that a great portion of these wages is spent in drink. One builder, for instance, who employs a great number of workmen, some of whom can earn nearly 20s. a day, says that he only knows of two who are saving any money. Intemperance is certainly alarmingly on the increase amongst us.

NEED FOR FATHER MATHEW.

We understand that at the erection of a great Roman Catholic Church in Toronto, this summer, the people of that persuasion were prevailed upon to give their labour gratuitously, and as an inducement or reward, were liberally supplied from a whiskey barrel which was kept upon the ground at the foot of a cross, erected for the occasion.

NOTICE TO BRITISH SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions to the *Canada Temperance Advocate* may be sent to Mr. T. C. ORR, 33 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, with the address of the Subscribers. The amount is 2s sterling per annum, payable in advance.

EDUCATION.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

(Concluded from page 268.)

This is the last number we shall devote to Mary Lundie Duncan, yet we will not believe that our readers are in haste to lose

sight of the lovely picture, however much it may have suffered in our setting. It has been our pleasure to see the loveliness of her character as a daughter, a sister, a friend, a wife, a mother, and we have the sweet satisfaction of thinking that thousands of our readers have inwardly resolved to walk, though at a far remove, in the footsteps of this inestimable woman. In the present number we will follow her to the grave, and dwell for a little while on those talents and virtues that rendered her the object of so much deserved admiration and love.

We have chosen to let Mrs. Duncan speak for herself in this sketch, and doubtless the reader has thus caught a livelier and truer idea of her character, than we should have otherwise conveyed. Reading the record which a private letter to a friend discloses, we are let into the workings of her own pure spirit, and see her in the midst of her domestic or parish cares so vividly as no description will reach. It would be easy to speak of her maternal anxiety as she hangs over the bed of a sick child, watching as none but a mother will, the breath of one she loves. But we do not see her, as when we read in one of her letters:

"My poor little Mary became ill. She became worse, and one day I thought the Friend of little children was going to call her to a better world. Oh, my M——, you will never understand the agony of such a day, unless you are sometime a mother!"

Her two brothers went to the South Seas, one as a missionary, the other an invalid in quest of health, and her heart yearned after them. Her letters contain frequent allusion to them, and to her own feelings in view of the dismemberment their once united and happy family had suffered. How many will feel a chord in their own souls touched by these words:

"I remember the happy days of childhood,—gone for ever,—when we were all united, as we likely never shall again be in this world. But this thought makes heaven look lovelier:

'When I arrive on yonder shore,  
There shall be calm enough for me.'

These lines are seldom out of my mind; and I trust every one belonging to us will be gathered where there is no parting, but perfect union of spirit in the praise of Jesus."

And in a farewell letter to the invalid brother, how tenderly she mingles comfort in her own cup and puts it to his lips, as she writes, "God is weakening your strength in a way, my dear brother, that you may lean, more undividedly, on Him who is strong to save. He is changing the plan we all loved to think of, that of your soon being a messenger of glad tidings, a shepherd of the flock of Jesus. But I trust it is, that you might see more of the glory and beauty that shine in the face of this precious Saviour, and may learn the depths of his tender sympathy; for, oh! what is human love to this? And then, having learned the lesson in the school of Christ, how fervently will you declare to poor sinners the riches of His grace; and what a blessing will follow your labors, if, in after years, you are permitted to feed the flock!"

Nor was her muse silent when the hour of her brother's departure to a distant isle drew near. From the beautiful poem which she addressed to her brother George, we quote but a verse or two:—

"Shouldst thou in spirit to thy home returning,  
Behold the lessened circle sigh for thee,  
And each, with mournful love and ardor burning,  
For thee, retiring, bend the suppliant knee.  
May faith's assurance soothe thy soul to rest,  
'Their prayers are heard, thou shalt be surely blest.'

"With thine, our prayers shall rise, to Heaven ascending,  
Nor seas, nor farthest space, a barrier prove,  
And at the shrine of mercy, sweetly blending,  
Shall find acceptance through redeeming love;  
In lands remote, our parted course may run;  
But naught can sever hearts in Christ made one."

During the labors, and pleasures too, of her life, she was often afflicted with dreadful headaches, which afforded but too much reason to fear that she was liable to acute disease upon the brain. She often mentions these turns in her letters, though without serious apprehensions of their effects. "The last days of September," says her mother, "were passed in a Highland excursion, kindly planned by her husband, with a view to invigorate her frame after nursing her boy. She hailed the charms of nature with never tiring delight, and gave permanence to some of her

thoughts in the verses which follow, where the rising of her spirit from visible and created excellence, to the Divine hand, and to the perfections of the dwelling-place of the Creator, and her own hope of entering there, is, as usual, the theme. This journey, in common with all other exertions, terminated in a severe headache. She mentioned, in writing, shortly after this, 'My head is very bad sometimes, but my general health is excellent.'

"How pure the light on yonder hills,  
How soft the shadows lie;  
How blithe each morning sound, that fills  
The air with melody!

Those hills that rest in solemn calm,  
Above the strife of men,  
Are bathed in breezy gales of balm,  
From knoll and heathy glen.

In converse with the silent sky,  
They mock the flight of years,  
While man and all his labors die;  
Low in this vale of tears.

Meet emblem of eternal rest,  
They point their summits grey  
To the fair regions of the blest,  
Where treads our pilgrim way.

The everlasting mountains, there,  
Reflect undying light;  
The ray that gilds that ambient air,  
Nor fades nor sets in night.

Than summer sun, more piercing bright,  
That beam is milder too;  
For love is in the sacred light  
That softens every hue.

The gale that fans the peaceful clime  
Is life's immortal breath,  
Its freshness makes the sons of time  
Forget disease and death.

And shall we tread that holy ground;  
And breathe that fragrant air;  
And view the hills with glory crowned,  
In cloudless beauty fair?

Yes! for the glory is the Lord's,  
And he who reigns above  
Is faithful to the gracious words  
That breathe forgiving love.

Then on! then on! ye pilgrim throng,  
And even as ye run,  
Break forth in strains of heavenly song,  
Till home and rest are won.

Look up! look up! to yonder light  
That cheers the desert grey;  
It marks the close of toil and night,  
The dawn of endless day.

How sweet your choral hymns will blend  
With harps of heavenly tone;  
When glad you sing your journey's end,  
Around your Father's throne!"

We next find her hastening homeward, having heard that one of her little ones was sick. The mother's heart shines out in these lines from a letter to a friend: "I dared not even ask how my sweet Harry was. Great was my relief to find him pretty well. I thank the Giver of all good that he heard my cry out of the depths of dread, and sent relief. Oh, how sweet it is to know that there is a home for little children in the Saviour's bosom! That when they are taken home, they are taken from sin and sorrow that they have never known, to the full flood of joy and love, to the sweet gush of angel melodies, and all the bliss, and all the hidden things which are still seen but through a veil, by the oldest and most experienced pilgrims on earth. My babes are lent to the Lord, and I feel a delightful hope that, in life or in death, he will accept the offering, and then how can it be with them but well? Yet my heart is weak, and the bare whisper of parting rends it. Will you, do you, my dear friend, pray for them and for me?"

A glorious revival of religion, one of the same character with our American revivals, but such as are rare in Scotland, was now enjoyed in the parish of Cloish and the adjacent country. Mary, "to her power and even beyond her power," was abundant in hope, in prayer, and in holy converse. It seemed as if she were more fully enriched with the spirit of Christ, and would have extended her arms of love to embrace the universe. While she and many with her were rejoicing in the glorious things that were doing in Zion, he who holds the cords of life was quickening her spirit for that holy place,

"Where hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,  
Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss."

She described herself shut out from the moving world, "but tied by pleasant bonds to the nursery," which was her world. "It cannot be told," she adds, "how large an amount of thought, feeling and time it engrosses. I seem almost to forget other things sometimes, but never those in which my heart is interested." Her family, the parish, the church, the glory of Zion's King, these were the never-forgotten objects; and in caring for these her hours passed away; now and then weaving a rhyme, and again singing forth her thanksgiving in the presence of "the Lord her righteousness."

It was remarked by those who knew her well, that she never seemed so lovely in her loveliness as now. The presence of the Lord in the power of his Holy Spirit, called all the faculties of her soul into joyous action, so that while she prayed more fervently, and more ardently looked up expecting an answer, her pulses seemed quickened, and the daily duties of life were pursued with unusual delight. In the midst of the religious meetings that were held, she was permitted to enjoy a remarkable degree of the Spirit's influences, so that her faith and confidence in God were renewed and strengthened. "Her heart was full of divine love, her soul was much drawn out in prayer, and she spoke sweetly of Jesus to many. In one house where several females were assembled, she led in prayer, and the remark was made by some that heard her, that "she was filled with the Spirit, her heart burning within her, and giving eloquence to her tongue." Many were edified by her conversation, and one young person who had for a long time been in much distress of mind, was now led by her to the Lord Jesus Christ. Returning from one of the evening meetings, the damp air confirmed a cold which probably had its origin in her having continued till a very late hour the night previous in devotional exercises, and in making notes of what she had heard at church. But ten days elapsed before her health appeared to have sustained serious injury. Indeed she remarked, "if her body was harmed, her soul was refreshed." But there was no rest from her labors while any strength remained. On the Sabbath she met her Bible class, and poured out her soul in earnest entreaties to them that they would make sure work of their souls' safety by surrendering them now to Christ. During that week her hands were, as usual, full of work, ticketing and registering Sunday School library books, and making a list of those which had not been returned, visiting the sick, reading to the aged and teaching the young. She was incessantly occupied in devising or executing some plan for doing good. Her husband observed her increased activity, and when he urged her to delay various exertions till her cough should be relieved, she seemed as if she felt time to be short and precious—she must work to-day, for the night was coming. Even her delight in music was swallowed up in the pursuit of Christian duties and spiritual occupations, so that, for a long time, the evening hour was not cheered by her strains.

A friend returning from Dunfermline, brought the glad tidings that many there were anxiously inquiring the way of salvation. As he was mentioning the wonderful works of God, Mrs. Duncan sat with clasped hands and eager gaze, and for a time she could find no utterance. When she did, her lips poured out the emotions of a heart rejoicing in the glory of the Redeemer, and the rescue of the perishing; and she said among other things, "I have felt for some time past as if the business of my life was to pray for Christ's kingdom.

To the slight illness which she had suffered for some days, but not so severe as to restrain her from active service in the church, a fever succeeded, advancing rapidly, and in a few days depriving her of the power of commanding her thoughts, inducing convulsive effort and incoherent expression. In the earlier part of her illness she murmured words of her father, her mother, often of Jesus, his blood, and once when asked who Jesus was, she answered, "The

man of sorrows." The words "wonderful peace" fell from her lips, expressive doubtless of the holy calm of her own soul. Again she said, "I would give all the world to be with Christ." She was asked if she would not like a *revival*; her whole countenance kindled into a glow as she replied, "*Sweetly, sweetly.*" That was her last smile, and it was given to Jesus and his cause. At one time, turning to her husband, without any appearance of wandering, she inquired, "*Do you not hear that beautiful music?*" He asked her what it resembled, when she attempted to imitate it in her own silvery tones, but the effort was too great and she sunk away. In a state of insensibility from which there was scarcely any hope of her being roused again, she was partially awakened, and her husband hanging over, asked "What is your hope?" Clearly and distinctly she answered, "THE CROSS."

Death wrestled hard for his prey. She tossed in pain, restless in her delirium, and only at occasional lucid intervals, mingling a drop of comfort in the bitter cup which those dear to her were drinking. But at last, says her mother, "Those long rich mournful tones, which had made the chambers ring for days, were hushed—tones, whose pathetic sweetness was all that remained by which she might be identified. She was going home to her Father's house. All things had been prepared for her, and in her. Her tender loving heart was sheltered from the consciousness of being rent from her husband and her babes. She had no leave to take of any one, and wanted nothing of any of us but a grave. That day fortnight, at mid-day, she had joined the voice of the multitude who kept holy-day in the sanctuary. But on that day—fourteen days of anguish having terminated the conflict,—shortly after the hour of noon was past, her own sweet countenance returned, her breathing ceased, and her emancipated soul passed into the world of spirits."

Years before she had said in her diary, "When I think of heaven it seems so blessed that I wish I were there. I shall be there for ever, so let me seek more fitness for it every day." It is sweet to think that one so pure, so gifted, so refined, was so early translated to the communion of kindred spirits in a brighter sphere, and though this world may be darker when such stars set, there is joy in the thought that we may behold their lustre in the clear light of heaven, world without end.

We have thus very imperfectly sketched the life of one whom having not seen we have loved ever since her biography, from the pen of the gifted mother of a no less gifted daughter, fell into our hands. It is re-published in this country by Robert Carter, and ought to be on the table of every lady in the land. We know not into how many hands we have put the volume, nor how many have read it with admiration and delight. The style in which it is written is chaste and often beautiful. We have derived the facts and often the very words of these sketches, from the pages of this memoir, and really feel a sensation of regret when we lay it down. Yet if this humble attempt to bring the character of Mary Lundy Duncan before the mothers and daughters of America, should prompt only one of them to walk in her footsteps, we shall be even more than satisfied with our task which has brought with it its own reward.

## ROLLO PHILOSOPHY.

### FIRE.—LAMP LIGHTING.

Rollo did not think to ask his father the reason why the philosophers used such learned language, or, as he expressed it, such hard words, for several days. Perhaps he never would have thought of it again, if his father had not happened to use the word *combustible* one evening, which reminded him of the term *combustion*, which Jonas had used. The occasion on which his father used the word was this:—

One evening, Rollo's mother was trying to light a little lamp, to go into her bedroom for something that she wanted. There were, usually, in a little vase upon the mantel-piece, some lamp-lighters, which were long, slender rolls of paper, that Rollo had rolled up for this purpose. They were kept in this vase upon the mantel-piece in order to be always ready for use. But the vase was now empty. The last lamp-lighter had been used; and so Rollo's mother folded up a small piece of paper, and attempted to light the lamp, which she was going to carry into the bedroom, with that.

But the wick would not take fire, and Rollo saw that, while his mother was continuing her efforts to make it burn, the flame of the paper was gradually creeping up nearer and nearer to her

fingers. At last, finding that there would soon be danger of burning her fingers, she walked across the room towards a window which was open, still endeavoring to light the lamp. But it was all in vain. She reached the window just in time to throw the end of the paper out, and save her fingers from being burned.

"Why won't it light?" said Rollo.

Rollo's father was sitting upon the sofa, taking his rest after the labors of the day; and when he saw that the lamp failed of being lighted, he said,—

"You will have to get a longer lamp-lighter, unless you have got some spirits of turpentine to put upon the wick."

"Spirits of turpentine?" repeated Rollo.

"Yes," said his father. "In hotels, where they have a great many lamps to light, they have a little bottle of spirits of turpentine, with a wire running down into it; and, when they take out the wire, a little drop of the spirits of turpentine hangs to the end of it, and they touch this to the wick, and then it will light very quick."

"Why, sir?" asked Rollo.

"Because spirit of turpentine is very combustible, or rather inflammable."

"That means it will burn very easily, I suppose," said Rollo.

"Yes," replied his father.

"That makes me think of something Jonas said, which I was going to ask you," said Rollo. "He said that, in books, burning was always called *combustion*, and I told him I meant to ask you why they couldn't as well call it *burning*."

"I don't think that Jonas said exactly that," said his father.

"Yes, sir, he did," replied Rollo; "at least I understood him so."

"It is true, no doubt," added his father, "that, in philosophical books, philosophical terms are very often used, instead of the common language which we ordinarily employ."

"Why are they, father?" said Rollo. "I think the common words are a great deal easier to understand."

"Yes," said his father, "but they are not precise in their signification. They are vague and ambiguous, and so philosophers, when they wish to speak accurately, employ other terms, which have an exact signification."

Rollo looked perplexed. He did not understand at all what his father meant. In the mean time, his mother had brought a fresh bundle of lamp-lighters from the closet, and had lighted her lamp with one of them, and was just going away. As she was going out, however, she said to her husband,—

"Please to wait a minute, until I come back, for I should like to hear what you are going to say."

"Well," said he; "and you, Rollo, may come and sit down by me, and I will explain it to you when mother comes back."

So Rollo came and took a seat on the sofa by the side of his father, saying,—

"Father, I wish you would have a bottle of spirits of turpentine for us to light our lamps by."

"It is not of much advantage in a family," said his father, "where the lamps are lighted in various parts of the house, and only a few in all to be lighted. But where there are a great many, it is quite a saving of time to have a little spirits of turpentine to tip the wicks with. In an illumination they always touch the wicks so, and by that means they can light up suddenly."

"But, father, why will the wick light any quicker?"

"Why, different substances take fire at different temperatures. For instance, if you were to put a little heap of sulphur, and another little heap of sawdust, on a shovel together, and put them over a fire, so as to heat them both equally, the sulphur would take fire very soon, but the sawdust would not until the shovel was very nearly red hot. So if you were to put oil in a little kettle over the fire, and spirits of turpentine in another kettle, and have the fire the same under both, the spirits of turpentine would inflame long before the oil. There is a great difference in different substances, in regard to the temperature at which they inflame."

"What do you mean by *temperature*, father?" said Rollo.

"Why, *heat*," said his father.

"Then why don't you say *heat*?" said Rollo.

His father laughed.

"What are you laughing at, father?" said Rollo.

"Why, that's the same question that you asked me at first, and I promised to wait till mother came before I explained it. So we will wait until she comes."

They did not have to wait long, for Rollo's mother soon returned; and she put out her lamp by means of a little extinguisher

which was attached to the stem of the lamp itself. Then she sat down at the table, by the light of a great lamp which was burning upon it, and took out her work.

Rollo's father then repeated to her what he had just been telling Rollo, namely, that different substances took fire at different degrees of heat; and he said that it would be a very interesting experiment to take a long iron bar, and put a small quantity of several different substances upon it, in a row, and then heat the bar gradually, from end to end, all alike, until it was very hot, and so see in what order the various substances would take fire.

"I would have," said he, "phosphorus, sulphur, sawdust, charcoal, saltpetre, oil,—we should have to make a little hollow in the iron for the oil,—alcohol, spirits of turpentine, and perhaps other things. The phosphorus would take fire first, I suppose, and then perhaps the sulphur, and others in succession."

"Well, father," said Rollo, "I wish you would. I should like to see the experiment very much."

"No," said his father, "I cannot actually try such an experiment as that. I could not get such a bar very conveniently; and, if I had the bar and all the substances, I could not heat the bar exactly equally. It could not be done very well, except in a chemical laboratory. But it would be a very pretty experiment, if it could be performed."

"Is there a very great difference," said Rollo's mother, "in the degree of heat necessary to set fire to these different things?"

"Yes," said Mr. Holiday, "I believe the difference is very great. Phosphorus inflames below the heat of boiling water, but it takes almost a red heat to set wood on fire. And iron will not take fire till it is white hot."

"Iron?" said Rollo, with surprise.

"Yes," said his father, "iron will take fire and burn as well as wood, if you heat it hot enough."

"I never know that," said Rollo.

"The ends of the tongs and of the anvil do not burn," said his father, "simply because the fire is never hot enough to set such a large piece of iron on fire. But if we heat the end of a bar of iron very hot indeed in a furnace, it will take fire and burn; and so, if we take a very minute piece of iron, as big as the point of a pin, a common fire would be sufficient to heat that hot enough to set it on fire."

"Well, father," said Rollo, "let us try it."

"If we had some iron filings, we might sprinkle them in the fire, or even in the flame of a lamp, and they would burn."

"I wish I had some filings," said Rollo.

"Yes," said his father, "they burn beautifully."

"How can I get some?" asked Rollo.

"You can get some at a blacksmith's shop," said his father. "The filings commonly accumulate behind the vice, and you can get plenty of them there. The next time you go by a blacksmith's shop, you had better go in and ask him to give you some."

"Well," said Rollo, "so I will."

"And now do you understand," said his father, "why it is that you can light a lamp more easily when there is a little spirit of turpentine on the wick?"

"Yes, sir," said Rollo. "The spirit of turpentine need not get so hot before it catches fire, and so you don't have to hold the lamp-lighter so long, and burn your fingers."

"Will oil always take fire when it gets to a certain degree of heat?" asked Rollo's mother.

"Yes," said his father, "I suppose so."

"And yet," said she, "the lamp seems to take fire much more easily at some times, than at others."

"Yes," said Mr. Holiday, "that is true. If the wick is cut square across, and rises up only a very little way above the tube, it is very difficult to light it, because the tube itself and the oil below keep the upper end of the wick cool. It is very hard to heat it, in that case, hot enough to set it on fire. But if the wick projects considerably out of the tube, then it is out of the way of the cooling influence of the metal, and you can heat the upper end more easily."

"I never thought of that," said Rollo.

"That is the operation of it," said his father. "And if you push the wick open a little, so as to separate some of the fibres of it from the rest, then it will take fire more easily still; because the small part which is separated, is more easily heated up to the necessary point, than it was when it was closely in contact with the rest, and so kept cool by it. That is the reason why a thin shaving takes fire so much more easily than the outside of a large piece of wood. The outside of a large piece is kept cool by the

parts of the wood behind it, which touch it, while the shaving is heated through very soon."

"I didn't know that before," said Rollo.

"In the cities," continued his father, "the lamp-lighters, that trim and light the street lamps, always cut the wick off, when they trim the lamps, in a slanting direction, so as to leave a point of the wick projecting up on one side. This point will light very easily, for it stands by itself, somewhat apart from the rest, and so is not kept cool by the rest of the wick. Then, when they put in their great blazing torch, it heats this point to the degree necessary to inflame the oil very easily."

"There is one thing more I want to tell you, and that will be all I have to say about lamps to-night; and that is, to explain to you the philosophy of putting them out. You must understand that two things are necessary to carry on combustion or burning. First, there must be air; and, secondly, the body burning must be kept above a certain degree of heat. Now, if you either suddenly shut off the air from the substance that is burning, or suddenly cool the substance, it will go out. For instance, the wick,—you have to heat it to a certain degree before it will take fire. Now, if, after it is burning, you suddenly cool it below that degree, it will go out; or if you shut out the air from it, then it will go out; for it cannot burn unless it continues hot, and unless it continues to have a supply of air."

"Now, when we blow out a lamp, we stop the burning by cooling it. The cool air which we blow against it, suddenly cools the upper end of the wick below the point of combustion, and so it goes out. On the other hand, when we put it out by an extinguisher, we stop the burning by means of shutting out the air. Either mode will stop the combustion."

"And how is it when we put on water?" asked Rollo's mother.

"Why, that is somewhat different from either," said Mr. Holiday; "or rather it is both combined. There is something very curious in the operation of water upon fire; that I must explain some other day, for now it is time for Rollo to go to bed."

## AGRICULTURE.

### Fat Animals and Large Crops, result alike from an abundance of Proper Food.

The profits of Crops, as well as of cattle, depend mainly upon the return they make for the food and labour bestowed upon them. The man who grows a hundred bushels of corn, or makes a hundred pounds of meat, with the same means and labor that his neighbour expends to obtain fifty bushels, or fifty pounds, has a manifest advantage; and while the latter merely lives, the former, if prudent, must grow rich. He gains the entire value of the extra fifty bushels, or fifty pounds. This disparity in the profits of agricultural labor and expenditure is not a visionary speculation—it is a matter of fact, which is seen verified in almost every town. We see one farmer raise 80 bushels of corn on an acre of land, with the same labor, but with more foresight in keeping his land in good tilth, and feeding better his crop, than his neighbour employs upon an acre, and who does not get 40 or even 30 bushels. This difference results from the manner of feeding and tending the crop.

If the farmer, for the convenience of transportation to market, wishes to convert his grain, and his forage, and his roots, and his apples, into beef and pork, what is his judicious course of proceeding? Does he dole these out to his cattle and his hogs in stinted parcels, just sufficient to sustain life, or to keep them in ordinary plight? No. He knows that a given quantity of food is necessary to keep them as they are, and that the more, beyond this given quantity which they can transform into meat, and the sooner they do it, the greater the profit. To illustrate our remark: suppose a hog requires twenty bushels of grain to keep him in plight for two years, and that he can manufacture fifteen bushels of this grain into pork in six months, if duly prepared and fed to him. In the one case, the owner has his lean hog at the end of two years for his twenty bushels of grain; in the other, he has converted fifteen bushels of this grain into pork—into money—at the end of six months, saved the keep of the hog for eighteen months, and twice or thrice turned his capital to profit. Time is money, in these us in all other things appertaining to the farm. The proposition may be thus stated—that which will barely keep a hog two years, will fatten him well in six months. Therefore, the sooner we can

convert our gram and forage into meat, with due regard to the health of the animal, and the true economy of food, the greater will be the profits that accrue. The remark applies to milk as well as to meat. These facts teach us, to keep no more stock than we can keep well; and that, one animal, kept well, is of more profit than two animals that are but half fed.

If we apply these rules to our crops, they instruct us to till no more land than we can till well, and to plant and sow no more than we can feed well; for the fact must not be lost sight of, that our crops, like our cattle, live and fatten upon vegetable matters. One hundred bushels of corn, or four hundred bushels of potatoes, may be grown upon four acres of land badly fed and badly tended; and this is probably about a fair average of these crops; while the same amount of corn or potatoes may be grown on one acre, if the crop is well fed and tended. The product being the same from the one acre as from the four acres, and the expense but a trifle, if any, more than one quarter as much, it results, that if the crop on the four acres pays for the labor and charges, three-fourths of the crop on the one acre is nett gain to the cultivator. Estimating the charges at \$25 the acre, the price of corn at \$1, and potatoes at 25 cts., the well cultivated acre affords a profit, over and above the charges, of \$75—while the crop on the four acres gives not a cent of profit, but merely pays the charges upon it.—Though not in this degree, the same disparity exists in all the operations of husbandry; and the primary cause of the difference consists in feeding well, or feeding ill, the crops, as well as the cattle, which are the source of the farmer's profit.

Let us continue the analogy a little farther. Every one knows, that to have good cattle, it is necessary not only to have an abundance of food, but that much in the economy of the fattening process depends upon having it of suitable quality, and properly fed out. The grasses should be sweet and nutritious, the hay well cured, the grain and roots broken or cooked. The man who should leave his cattle food exposed to waste, till it had lost half of its value, would hardly merit the name of farmer. Every one would say, that man is going down hill. Cattle, say they, must eat, and if we don't feed them, they will give us neither meat, milk, nor wool. And so plants must eat—they have mouths, and elaborating processes, and transform dung into grain, roots and herbage, with as much certainty and profit, as cattle convert grain into meat, milk, &c. Hence the farmer who disregards dung, or suffers it to waste in his yards, is as reckless of his true interest as he would be to neglect or waste his grain, hay and roots. Dung is the basis of all good husbandry. DUNG FEEDS THE CROPS; CROPS FEED THE CATTLE; CATTLE MAKE DUNG. This is truly the farmer's endless chain. Not a link of it should be broken, or be suffered to corrode, by indolence or want of use. Once broken, and the power it imparts is lost. Preserved, and kept bright by use, it becomes changed into gold. It is to the farmer the true philosopher's stone. The man who wastes the means of perpetuating fertility in his soil, may be likened to the unfortunate sons of opulence, who waste, in habits of indolence and dissipation, the hard-earned patrimony of their fathers.—Cultivator.

### "Turnip Townsend."

There are some men in every country weak and wicked enough to sneer at every thing that does not minister to the immediate gratification of the senses, however much it may tend to ameliorate and improve the great mass of mankind, or benefit their condition. In European countries, this class of men are found among the wittings and parasites of courts, where, elated with temporary importance, they look with disdain upon men whose far-reaching but unobtrusive minds are engaged in benefiting their fellow men, instead of devoting themselves to the foolish fashions and luxurious tastes of the day. In this country, the same species of individuals, though perhaps more rarely, are to be found. They are most frequently discovered among the idle and junior classes of the professions—persons whose parents have obtained competence and wealth by labour, mechanical pursuits, manufactures, or trade, and who, having forgotten the honourable business of their fathers, are disposed to look with contempt on the producing classes. Such a feeling however does not exist in the mind of any well informed man, who is accustomed to view the relation between cause and effect, and who understands the influence which the various parts of the great social superstructure exercise upon each other.

Such was the unworthy feeling that produced the nick-name placed at the head of this article. "Turnip Townsend," so called by the court fops of the reign of George the First, was a nobleman of sterling qualities of heart and mind, and who of

course was unwilling to devote all his time to the ridiculous and paltry fooleries which engross the attention of so many. Lord Townsend accompanied the King in one of his visits to Germany, and while there was much struck with the fields devoted to the turnip culture in that country, a kind of farming at that time utterly unknown in England. As a food for cattle and sheep, as an enricher of the ground, and as a preventative for grain crops, Townsend saw these roots were unrivalled; and making himself familiar with the process of culture, on his return introduced the practice among his tenants, both by instruction and example.—Entering with spirit into the undertaking, he found his efforts crowned with complete success, and from that date may be traced the introduction and spread of the turnip culture in England.

So devoted was Townsend to his new occupation of agriculture, that whenever his duties would permit, he used to hasten away from court to his farms, to encourage by his presence and directions the improvements he was endeavouring to introduce. Such a man could not be understood by the unsifted wits and fashionable butterflies that shine and flit their short lives in the atmosphere of a court, and as turnips formed the base of his attempted innovations in farming, he acquired the name of "Turnip Townsend," which he retained during his life. "If it was asked," says Colquhoun, in his admirable statistical, commercial, and agricultural researches, "who was the man in modern times who had rendered England the most signal service, no one acquainted with facts could hesitate to say, that it was the noble man whom shallow courtiers nick-named in derision, "Turnip Townsend." In half a century the turnips spread over the three kingdoms, and their yearly value, at this day, is not inferior to the interest of the national debt." The rapid renovation of Norfolk, where the turnips were first introduced, was astonishing; lands long considered as utterly worthless, were in a few years covered with heavy wheat, and the present annual value of the turnip in that county alone is estimated at not less than fifteen millions sterling, or more than sixty millions of dollars.

### Underdraining.

We hope no intelligent farmer will neglect this very important operation wherever it may be needed. Now is the best time for doing the business handsomely and thoroughly. When it is recollected that those low places which most need underdraining, consist of materials for the most fertile soils, but which are now lying comparatively useless; and further, that the practice of some of the farmers in the state has established the fact that the increased crops of two, or at most three years, are sufficient simply to remunerate the expense; certainly no one should hesitate any longer in adopting this truly profitable mode of improvement.

AGRICULTURE AMONG THE INDIANS.—The Cherokees—who had become decidedly a farming people before their unwilling removal from Georgia—are making great progress in agriculture, in their new abode. The Cherokee Advocate of July 3d contains a call for a meeting at Talquah, on the 26th, for the purpose of forming a National Agricultural Society. An exhibition of manufactured products was to take place at the same time, and premiums were offered for the best specimens of homespun cloth, coverlets, bead belts, socks, &c.—awards to be made by a committee of three ladies. The idea of lady judges is an improvement upon the customs of more civilized people. The Advocate urges the Cherokees to the formation of the proposed society, that they may have the advantage of coming together at stated periods, to compare views, explain their several methods of cultivation, exhibit specimens of their products, and show off their choicest hogs, horses, cattle and sheep; and that "an honourable rivalry may be incited, and more liberal and friendly feelings be warmed and cherished among them."—Boston Traveller.

### NEWS.

THE WEATHER.—Since the 4th inst., the weather has been, throughout the United Kingdom, with very few and slight exceptions, cold and cloudy, with daily showers, and occasional heavy rains and winds; country people, both here and in Scotland,



complain lately of night frosts—on the whole, decidedly very unfavorable for maturing the growing Wheat crops. The prices of grain, however, for the past few days, had rather declined.

The accounts from Holland and Belgium are of a serious character, a species of blight appears to have destroyed the Potatoes, rendering them entirely unfit for food. Prices of corn in those countries had rapidly advanced.

Parliament had adjourned after a long and laborious Session, the great business of which, has been the granting of railroad charters. Those charters extend to 2,500 miles of new railroads in England, Scotland, and Ireland, at an estimated cost of £38,480,000.

The Queen's visit to Germany was the great topic of interest in the British and Continental papers. The religious public deeply regret that she selected the Sabbath-day for her voyage from England to Belgium.

**IRELAND.**—The Government have dismissed Mr. Watson, a leading Orangeman from the Magistracy, which proceeding is supposed to have had a sensible effect in diminishing the numbers present at the great Orange meeting appointed for and held at Enniskillen on the 12th of August. O'Connell has announced that none but members of the Repeal Association need henceforth expect Irish votes, and contemplates going into Parliament, at next general election, with sixty pledged Rependers at his back.

**THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.**—At this unhappy spot there is a war now going on between the French and Natives. There was an engagement lately between them, in which the French lost 400 men, and the natives about 80. An army of natives, 8000 strong, was, at the last accounts, waiting for some movements of the English and Americans, when they will attack the town now in possession of the French. Queen Pomare has left the Isle and gone to another. She restrains the natives of the other Isles for the sake of peace, but they will soon rebel against her orders; they are strong, and will assist their brethren to rid the Islands of the French usurped authority.

**SWITZERLAND.**—Switzerland is in a most agitated state, notwithstanding public order is, generally speaking, established and maintained. The exasperation that exists between the Catholics and the radicals is most intense, and there seems every probability that nothing less than fighting it out will put an end to it.

**GERMANY.**—A great riot has taken place at Leipsic, on account of religious animosity. The followers of Ronge, comprising the mass of the people and militia, received Prince John (a zealous Roman Catholic, and brother of the King of Saxony) with marked disapprobation, on account of his persecuting predilections; but whilst crowding around the hotel where he had sheltered himself, they were fired on by the regular troops, and thirty wounded, of whom seven died. Their funeral was attended by an immense concourse of people. Attempts have also been made to assassinate Ronge himself.

**TIMBER.**—The arrivals from British North America, since 1st instant, sum up to 70 vessels,—28,836 tons, of which 21,809 tons are from Quebec. The pressure on the market has, consequently, been very great, and prices for square timber have given way.

**THE LATE FIRES AT QUEBEC. ISSUE OF ROYAL LETTERS.**—The Queen has been graciously pleased to issue her royal letters to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, authorizing them to promote within their respective provinces contributions in aid of the fund now raising in this country for the sufferers by the late calamitous fires at Quebec.

CANADA.

The *Canada Gazette* contains notices of intended applications to the Legislature for authority to construct a Railway from Montreal to Lachino—for cutting a channel from the Welland Canal to Niagara, sufficiently large to convey water for driving machinery at the said town of Niagara—to construct a railroad from Niagara to Hamilton, through St. Catharines, Jordan, Beamsville, Grimsby and Stoney Creek—to erect a harbour in the Township of Hopo, on Lake Ontario—for a grant of money to complete a road from the village of Rigaud C.E. in a straight line to Prescott C.W. The Hon. Mr. Moffatt also gives notice of an application for authority to construct a Carriage way, by bridges or otherwise, between the Main land and Isle à la Pierre opposite Montreal, for the purpose of establishing a ferry between the island and the City—an improvement which will reduce greatly the time and risk of crossing the river.

MONTREAL PRICES CURRENT.—SEP. 12.

ASHES—Pots . . . . .	23s 9d	PEASE . . . per min. none.	—
Pearls . . . . .	23s 9d a 24s	BEFF per 200 lbs.—	—
FLOUR—		Primo Mess (do) . . .	40s a 42s 6d
Canada Supt. fino (per brl. 196 lbs.)	30s	Prime . . . (do) . . .	33s 9d a 36s 3d
Do Fino (do) . . . . .	28s 6d a 29s 6d	P. Mess per tierce 304 lb. —	—
Do Mid. (do) . . . . .	21s 3d a 26s 3d	PORK per 200 lbs.—	—
Do Polla rds (do) . . . . .	17s 6d a 20s	Mess . . . . .	90s a 92s 6d
American Superfino (do) . . . . .	28s 9d	Prime Mess . . . . .	77s 6d a 82s 6d
	0 0 0 0	Primo . . . . .	67s 6d a 72s 6d
INDIAN MEAL . . . . .	None.	BACON per lb. . . . .	4½d a 6d
OATMEAL per brl. 224 lbs. . . . .	21s 3d	HAMS per lb. . . . .	6d a 7d
		BUTTER per lb. . . . .	7d a 7½d
GRAIN—		CHEESE, per 100 lbs.—	—
Wheat, U. C. Best, (per 60 lbs.)	None.	American . . . . .	30s a 40s
Do Mid. (do) . . . . .	do.	GREASE BUTTER, per lb. . . . .	None.
Do L.C. per mt. . . . .	do.	LARD per lb. . . . .	5½d a 6d
BARLEY . . . (do) . . . . .	do.	TALLOW per lb. . . . .	5d 5½d
OATS . . . . (do) . . . . .	do.	EXCHANGE—London 11½ prem.	—
		N. York . . . . .	2 do
		Canada W. . . . .	¼ do

ASHES.—Pots have continued in good demand, and owing to their scarcity have commanded advanced prices. Inferior bills have been parted with at 23s 3d, but for good shipping parcels 23s 6d and 23s 7½d, and in some cases a higher figure has been paid—even touching 24s.

Pearls are less sought for, and remain dull of sale at 23s 9d a 24s.

FLOUR.—From the date of last Circular, (29th ult.) to the 4th instant, there were transactions at the rates previously quoted. Good shipping brands were sold at 27s 9d a 28s 3d—Cobourg, Maitland, Weston, Pomona, Thornhill, Wellington Square, Gananoque, Merchants', &c., being amongst the brands placed at those rates.

On the same dates "Union Mills," extra fine, brought 28s 6d, "New Lambton Mills," superfine 23s 9d; and fine Sour 26s.

On the 4th instant, the market advanced in consequence of news received via Waterford, of date as late as the 9th ult. when such brands of fine brought 28s 6d a 28s 9d.

The arrival of the "Caledonia" on the day following, caused a further advance, and sales subsequently made are to be noted at 29s a 29s 4½d for "fine."

Good brands have been placed at 29s 1½d to be shipped by the buyer at 4s 9d freight, and at 29s 4½d free on board, and 4s 6d freight, transferred by Bill of Lading. "Extra fino" has changed hands at 29s 6d, and "superfine" at 30s.

Holders are to-day firm, at 29s a 29s 4½d for good parcels, and some will not sell even at those rates.

GRAIN.—A parcel of middling quality Wheat has been sold at 5s 10d per 60 lbs., cleaned and put on board; but the market is now bare of all kinds of Grain, and quotations based upon transactions cannot be given. Large quantities of Wheat of excellent quality are reported to be on the way down, and will shortly be offering.

PROVISIONS.—Beef has been placed in small quantities at 88½ per barrel for Prime Mess, but the demand is dull. Pork remains the same in price, but is not so easily sold at the advance previously quoted. It has been taken in limited quantity at \$14½ for Prime, \$15½ for Prime Mess, and \$18½ for Mess. Butter is in request at higher prices: 7½d and 7½d has been paid for good shipping lots in quantity.

FREIGHTS.—Engagements were made in the early part of the fortnight at 4s 6d to Glasgow, but subsequently to some extent at 4s 3d. To Liverpool, 4s 6d and 4s 9d have been paid. To-day, the asking rate is 5s to Glasgow, and 4s 9d to Liverpool; Ashes, 25s a 27s 6d. Engagements negotiated here have been made for Flour to Liverpool at 3s 9d and 4s, from Quebec.

EXCHANGE is rather more in demand at 11½ per cent. premium for Bank Bills, 60 days, and 10 ½ to 10½ Merchants' Bills, 90 days.

TERMS OF ADVOCATE.

1s. 6d. per copy from 1st May to 1st January, or ten copies for three dollars.

All communications and Orders, post-paid, to be addressed to  
R. D. WADSWORTH, Sec.  
Montreal, Sept. 15, 1845.