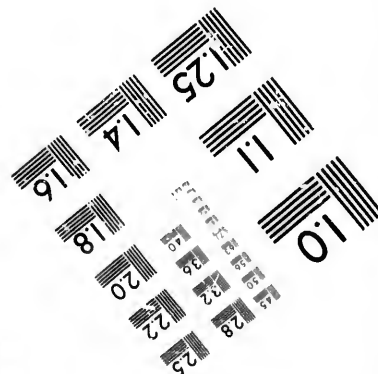
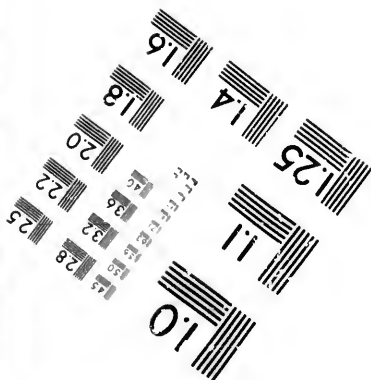
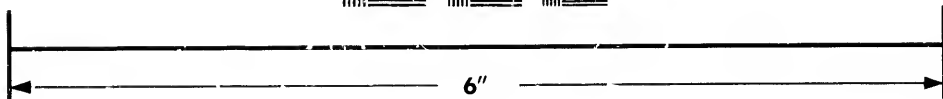
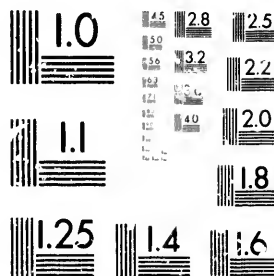


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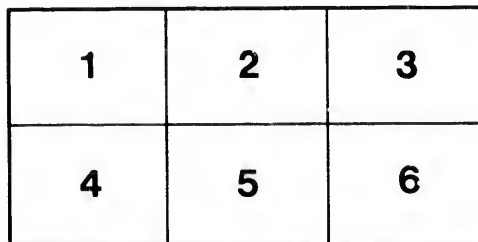
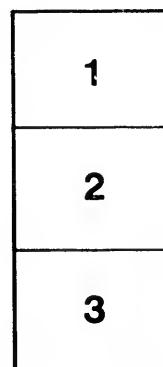
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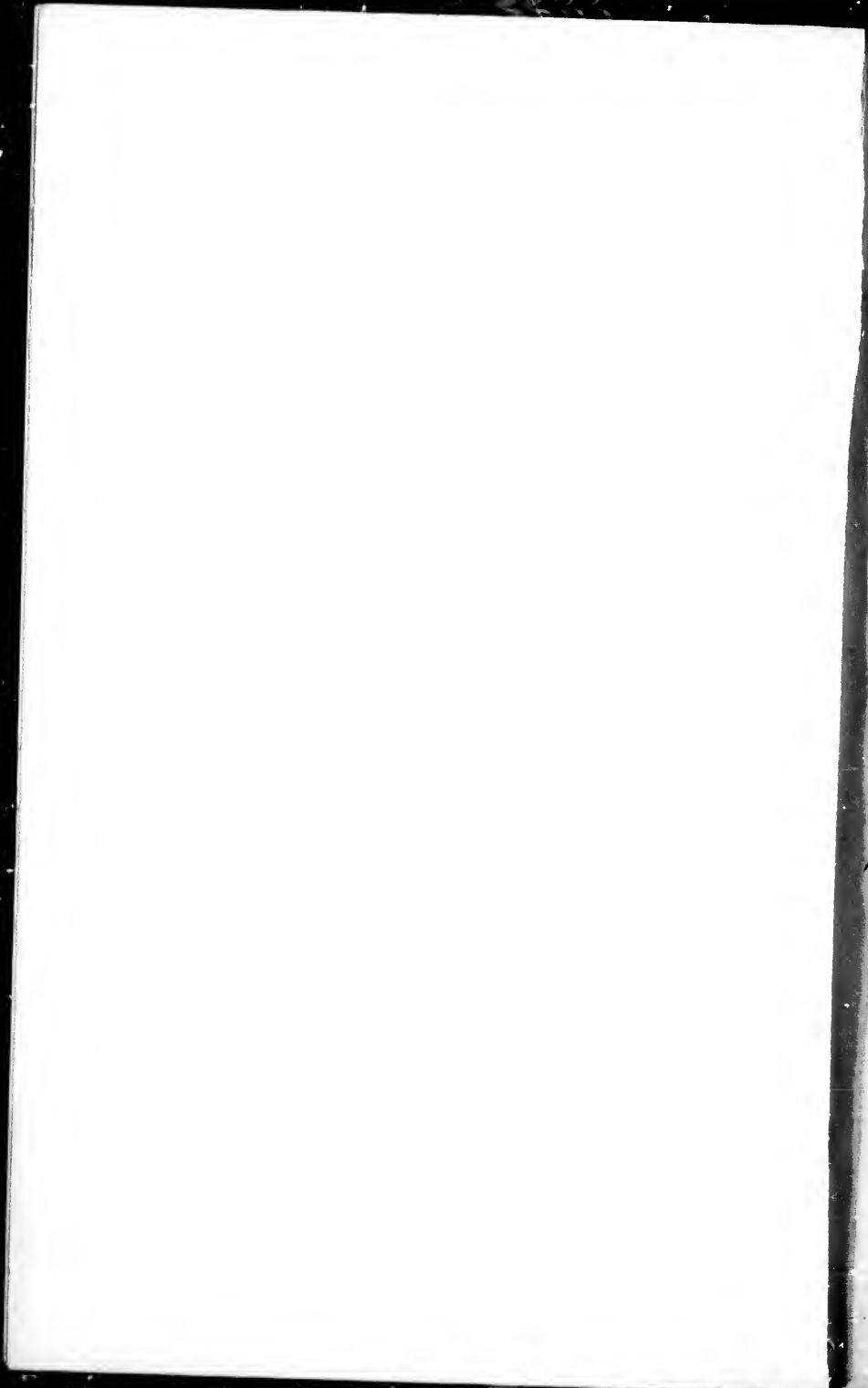
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THE CANADIAN
TEMPERANCE RECITER:

A COLLECTION OF

DIALOGUES, ADDRESSES, &c.,

SUITABLE FOR

TEMPERANCE ANNIVERSARIES, BANDS OF
HOPE, AND SOCIAL GATHERINGS.

Copy deposited No. 264.

EDITED BY

REV. A. SUTHERLAND.

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1871.

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Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-one, by ADAM MILLER, in the
Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

PREFATORY NOTE.

In presenting this little volume to the friends of Temperance, the publisher believes that he is supplying a widely-felt want. If the cause of Temperance is ever to triumph, it must be kept steadily before the people, and presented in every possible light. It is especially important that the young should be enlisted and trained in the service, and there is, perhaps, no method by which this can be more effectually done than by training them in the delivery of suitable dialogues and addresses. Besides, a few well-chosen pieces add greatly to the interest of public meetings and anniversaries; and there are persons, not a few, who may be reached and influenced in this way, who would scarcely listen to a set speech from the most eloquent advocate of the cause.

In the preparation of this volume, the greatest care has been taken to exclude everything calculated to offend either correct taste or Christian principle; while, at the same time, the editor has endeavored to secure variety, both in the style of composition and in the aspects of the question presented. The work is sent forth with the conviction that it contains the best collection of Temperance Dialogues and Recitations yet given to the public.

TORONTO, *October*, 1871.

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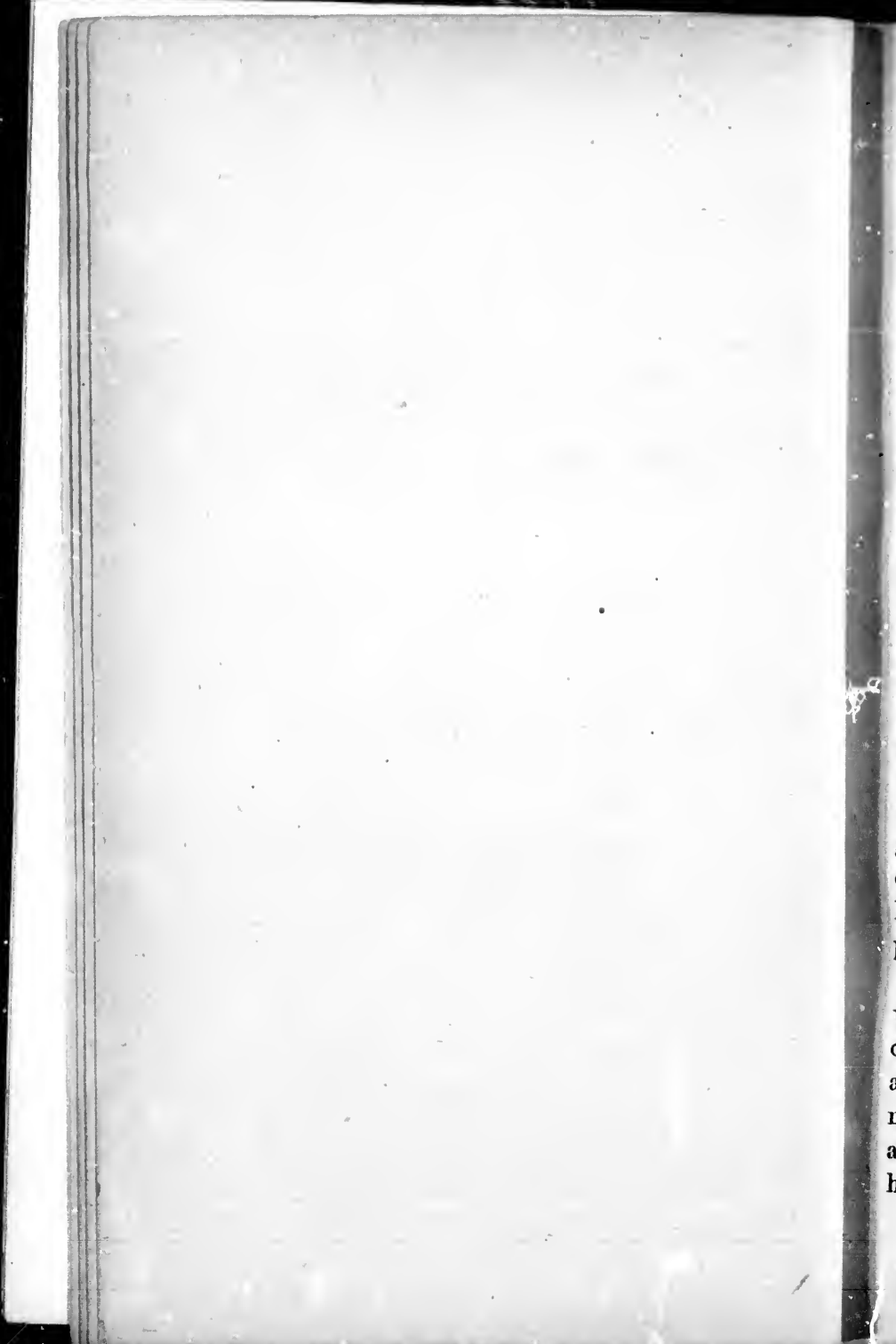
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THE CANADIAN
Temperance Reciter :

COMPRISING

DIALOGUES, ADDRESSES, ETC.

OPENING ADDRESS.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I am a man in miniature, and shall be a man, if I live, of the next generation. As such I am here to-night, to advocate the claims of the Temperance movement and our Band of Hope in connection therewith. I trust you will be both pleased and instructed by our exercises of this evening.

Ladies and Gentlemen.—You will allow that “Prevention is better than cure,” and that we shall never be drunkards if we never touch the drunkard’s drink. We are banded together by one common pledge or bond, never to touch, taste, or handle this accursed thing! We are therefore the hope of the nation for coming years, hence we are called hopeful bands, or Bands of Hope.

The tipplers of the town sneer at our Band of Hope.

"*These young things,*" say they, "what's the good of making them teetotalers?" Shall I try to answer this question? I will do that by asking another. What is the use of the nurseryman planting young fruit trees in the orchard? Ask him, and he'll tell you that the old trees are every year falling off, from decay and old age. Just so, many of our dear old friends in the teetotal orchard, who have borne so much good fruit, will, by-and-by, drop off from infirmity, old age, and death; so our nurseryman here is getting us ready to meet the world's wants another day. Laugh at us, indeed! Who cares for a tippler's laugh? I don't—do you? Let them laugh if they choose; it will make no difference to us. We have started on the teetotal track, and do not intend to turn back. Her ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. They lead to hope, health, and happiness, and we look forward confidently to the time

"When the might, with the right, and the truth shall be,
And come what there may, to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see."

Yes, sir, this great movement, which has been an angel of mercy to tens of thousands, shall one day take the great millstone Intemperance, and shall sink it in the depths below, exclaiming, amid the shouts of teetotal millions, "Babylon is fallen! Drunkenness is no more!"

RECITATION,

FOR A LITTLE BOY.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
 To plead for temperance on the stage ;
 And should I chance to fall below
 Pourtraying all the drunkard's woe,
 Don't view me with a critic's eye,
 But pass my simple story by.

Large streams from little fountains flow,
 Great sots from moderate drinkers grow ;
 And though I am now small and young,
 No rum shall ever touch my tongue.

Let all the boys and girls like me,
 From liquor pledge that they'll be free ;
 And then will not Canadian soil
 Surpass even England's favour'd isle ?
 Yes ! England then will be outdone,
 Or any land beneath the sun.

Mayn't our Dominion boast as great
 As any other sister State ?
 And where's the town, go far and near,
 That sells the rum as we do here ?
 Or where's the boy, but three feet high,
 That hate's the traffic worse than I ?

These thoughts inspire my youthful mind,
 To banish grog-shops from mankind ;
 The shops that stain our land with blood,
 By pouring forth a poisonous flood,
 Yet claim to be of PUBLIC GOOD !

WHY I AM A TEETOTALER.

Characters—EVA and ALFRED.

Eva. Have you any teetotalers in this part of the country?

Alfred. Yes, I should think we have indeed, and I'm one of them, too.

Eva. You, one? *you*, a teetotaler? Why are *you* a teetotaler?

Alf. Why? for the very same reason that *you* and every one else should be one, too.

Eva. What reason is that, pray? If men and women are teetotalers, surely such a little boy as you need have no need to be one; for there's no fear that you'll get drunk.

Alf. You don't think that I'm always going to be a little boy, do you? I don't. I expect to be a man if I live long enough; and besides, there's not a drunkard in the whole world but was once a little boy or girl. I therefore consider, that if I'm a teetotaler now I'm a little boy, and never break my pledge, I shall never be a drunkard when I become a man; that's *my* logic.

Eva. Well, for my part, I think that teetotalism is very well for drunkards; but sober people who drink *moderately* I don't see why they should be teetotalers.

Alf. And I'll tell you the reason you can't see it. You haven't a teetotal eye in your head. I can see it as plain as the *nose on your face*. Do you think that drunkards would form a society, send out lecturers, print bills, etc., to reform themselves?

Eva. No, I don't think that.

Alf. If all the drunkards in the world were to die to-morrow, there would be a fresh crop spring up; don't you think there would?

Eva. Yes; no doubt of it.

Alf. Well, where would they all come from?

Eva. Ah! *yes, yes*; that's very plain. Of course they would come from the moderate drinking part of the nation.

Alf. Of course; all drunkards were once moderate drinkers. *You* go for lopping off the branches merely; I go for digging it up by the roots. It's very well for the branches of the upas tree of drunkenness to be lopped off, but I say *root and branch and all*. *Teetotalism forever!* [*Aside.*]

Eva. Stop, stop! I suppose you think you have shut me up, don't you?

Alf. No; I think you've shut yourself up, if there's any shutting up about it. [*Aside.*]

Eva. But stop; before you go, I want to ask another question.

Alf. Well, *out with it*.

Eva. Do you think I ought to deny myself of things that I need, for the sake of other people?

Alf. You don't need intoxicating drinks.

Eva. How do *you* know? The doctors recommend it. I should think they wouldn't do that if there were no good in it. What have you to say to that?

Alf. In the first place, many of the greatest physicians in England and America never recommend it at all; they say *alcohol* can not make blood; it can inflame it, but not create it. It's only doctors of the old school who now recommend it. I've heard my mother say that doc-

tors used to recommend bands, *yards* long, to go round and round the waist of little babies, that they must wear flannel caps, and that everybody must wear night-caps, or they'd get their *deaths of cold*, and many other things they now deem foolish ; so, by-and-by, we may expect their recommendation of beer and porter will be thrown aside with the swaddling bands and night-caps.

Eva. Then you would make it appear that, with regard to this subject, our doctors are not out of the dark ages.

Alf. Well, there's a mixture of doctors as well as lawyers, no doubt ; a great many are very honorable gentlemen and very scientific,—but there are many who, on this subject, “ love darkness better than light,” and “ will not come to the light lest their deeds should be reprov'd.” Others are resolved to abide by their own creed ; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

Eva. Well, I'll ponder over the subject, for I do think it worthy of a good deal of attention.

THE GIN-FIEND.

The Gin-Fiend cast his eyes abroad,
And looked o'er all the land,
And numbered his myriad worshippers
With his bird-like, long right hand.
He took his place in the teeming streets,
And watched the people go

Around and about, with a buzz and a shout,
Forever to and fro.
And it's "Hip !" he said, " hip ! hip ! hurrah !
For the multitude I see,
Who offer themselves in sacrifice,
And die for the love of me !"

There passed a man in the crowded way,
With eyes bloodshot and dim ;
He wore a coat without a sleeve,
And a hat without a brim.
His grimy hands with palsy shook,
And fearfully he laughed,
Or drivelled and swore, as he clamored for more
Of the burning poison draught.
And it's " Hip !" said the Gin-Fiend, " hip ! hurrah !
Success to him over his bowl ;
A few short months have made him mine,—
Brain, and body, and soul !"

There sat a madman in his cell,
Hands clenched, and lips compressed,—
God's likeness blotted from his face,
And fury in his breast.

There sat an idiot close beside
With a dull and stolid leer ;
The apathy of his heavy eye
Warming at times to fear.

And it's " Hip !" said the Gin-Fiend, " hip ! hurrah !
These twain are wholly mine ;
The one a demon, the other a beast,—
And both for burning wine !"

There stood a woman on a bridge ;
 She was old, but not with years,—
 Old with excess, and passion, and pain ;
 And she wept remorseful tears.
 And she gave to her baby her milkless breast,
 Then, goaded by its cry,
 Made a desperate leap in the river deep,
 In the sight of the passers-by.
 And it's " Hip !" said the Gin-Fiend, " hip ! hurrah !
 Let them sink in the friendly tide ;
 For the sake of me the creature lived,—
 To satisfy me she died."

There watched a mother by her hearth,
 Comely, but sad and pale ;
 Her infant slept, her lord was out,
 Quaffing the drunkard's ale.
 She stayed his coming ; and when he came,
 His thoughts were bent on blood ;
 He could not brook her taunting look,
 And he slew her where she stood.
 And it's " Hip !" said the Gin-Fiend, " hip ! hurrah !
 He does his duty well ;
 And he pays the tax he owes to me,
 And the monarchy of hell."
 And every day, in the crowded way,
 He takes his fearful stand,
 And numbers his myriad worshippers
 With his bird-like, long right hand.
 And every day his victims feast
 Before his flashing eyes ;

And every night, before his sight,
 Are offered in sacrifice.
 And it's "Hip!" he says, "hip ! hip ! hurrah !
 For the deep, up-frothing bowl,
 Which gives me the victims that I crave,—
 Brain, and body, and soul."

CHARLES MACKAY.

A MEETING WITHOUT SPEAKERS ; OR, THE CHAIRMAN'S EXPEDIENTS.

[Arranged for eight speakers.]

[The speakers, with the exception of the chairman, are seated in different parts of the house among the audience.]

Chairman. Ladies and gentlemen, I am, as you perceive, in a strange predicament. It is usual for a chairman, on an occasion like the present, to be surrounded by speakers, who only need calling upon to rise and do their best to interest, edify, and instruct their audience ; but as I look around me I see on the platform nothing but empty seats. Where the speakers are I cannot tell ; for anything I know, they may all have taken to themselves wives, and therefore they cannot come. At all events, one question naturally suggests itself : What are we to do ? To this question there are three alternatives : first, we may all at once go home ; secondly, we may

open the meeting and send out for some speakers ; or, thirdly, we may go on with the proceedings, and make the best we can of the affair. As to going home at once, I very much dislike the thought of that ; it would argue that we were entirely dependent on the exertions of others. As regards sending for speakers, it is a great chance if we could obtain a supply, and we should probably lose a great deal of time waiting ; so, for my own part, I think we had better take the third alternative, and make the best of it among ourselves. I am very well aware that there are present a considerable number of our own members, and several friends from other "Bands of Hope," besides other staunch abstaining friends. Indeed, I can see one at least I can depend on ; and when I look round and see so many intelligent countenances, and cheerful, smiling faces, I am encouraged to hope we shall have a goodly number of volunteers. We will, however, open the meeting by singing the following song (*or any other thought suitable*) :—

WE MEET TO-DAY IN GLADNESS.

We meet to-day in gladness,
To sing of conquests won ;
No note of painful sadness
Is mingled with our song ;
This day, renowned in story,—
The day of freedom's birth,—
We hail in all its glory,
We highly prize its worth.

The Temperance flag is waving
 O'er valley, hill, and plain ;
 Where ocean's sons are braving
 The dangers of the main ;
 The Pledge, the Pledge is given
 To float on every breeze ;
 Oh, waft it, gracious Heaven,
 O'er all the earth and seas.

Our cause, our cause is gaining
 New laurels every day ;
 The youthful mind we'er training
 To walk in wisdom's way.
 Old age and sturdy manhood
 Are with us heart and hand ;
 Then let us all united,
 In one firm phalanx stand.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, the meeting is opened, and no speakers have yet made their appearance on the platform ; so we will at once proceed with volunteers, and, for my own part, I have no doubt that the meeting will be even more interesting than with many stated speakers. You know it is an old saying that a volunteer is worth two pressed men ; for myself, I shall reserve any remarks I may have to make till near the conclusion, or till they may be really required. I will therefore conclude my present remarks by inviting any person present to favor us with either a speech, a recitation, or an appropriate song, to enliven our meeting. You need not, unless you wish, come to the platform, but

merely stand upon the seat, and we will listen patiently to what you may have to say, so long as you keep to the point, and do not become dry and tedious. I will, therefore, at once sit down in order to make way for the volunteers of our "Band of Hope" corps. (*Chairman takes his seat.*)

First speaker. Well, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I must say that for my own part I am glad to see that platform without speakers for once at least; for there are some few among us who would gladly sometimes speak a few words by way of getting our hands in, or rather our tongues, but those strangers take up all the time; but, if my friends are of my mind to-night they will "Make hay while the sun shines," and let no time be lost in waiting. I am proud to say I belong to this Band of Hope. I am proud to say I am a teetotaler. Though I am young, I have seen much of the evils of drunkenness, and known many who have experienced its debasing effects. In short, I regard drunkenness as one of the greatest curses of our land. It ruins the character, undermines the health, empties the pocket, and fills our prisons, poor-houses, mad-houses, and church-yards, annually, with thousands of victims; it robs our pulpits, our colleges, and our congregations, of their brightest ornaments, drags them from their high position, and places them far, far below the level of the brutes that perish. But, sir, we rejoice to know that total abstinence is gaining ground; new members are continually being enrolled in every part of the country; we have many excellent societies formed, amongst which we may notice the Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, Templars of

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Honor, and others. But, sir, in my opinion, there are no societies connected with the abstinence movement better calculated to produce a sober nation than the Bands of Hope, which I am glad to say are springing up throughout our land. For my own part, I have not very much faith in the "Maine Liquor Law;" it may be because I do not know much about it; but this I do know, that you cannot destroy the inclination for drink by legisla-⁷ing; and, unless you destroy the thirst, or, in other ^W words, the demand, the supply will be forthcoming either by legitimate or illegitimate mea-^{s.}s. But, sir, in our Bands of Hope we crush the monster in the bud,—we destroy the appetite, or rather prevent its formation, and thus stop the supply; for, if there be no demand, there will be no brewers, no distillers, no death-dealing dram-⁷shops; our hearts will be gladdened by the sight of barley turned to its proper use, beer-house signs coming down, liquor-sellers turning into honest and creditable citizens, and crime, poverty, and degradation fast diminishing from our fair land, and industry, happiness, and peace increasing. With these few remarks, Mr. Chair-⁷man, I beg leave to sit down.

[Another rises in a different part of the audience.]

Second speaker. Mr. Chairman, this meeting suits me exactly. I like to have our friends get up, one after another, and express their opinions on this matter. I, ⁷ too, am a teetotaler, and I go for total prohibition as well as total abstinence. If we cannot destroy the ^W inclination to drink, by legislation, we can take away the right and the power to sell. If it is right to sell,

then why is it not right to drink? and if it is not right to drink, then I do not see how it is right to sell. Laws may not make men moral, but they can prevent them from injuring their fellow-men. I go for fighting old Alcohol wherever you can find him; he is everywhere a mighty foe, and we will have to use every effort to drive him from the earth.

Third speaker. Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I must say that I am very much pleased with the kind of meeting we are likely to have this evening. I think that by way of change it will be very acceptable to all parties concerned; and whilst our friend was speaking of Bands of Hope, I remembered having seen a piece of poetry which I have been endeavoring to recall to memory, and with your permission, sir, I will recite it to the audience. It is entitled:—

KING ALCOHOL.

King Alcohol
 Was a fiery old soul,—
 A fiery old soul was he;
 He lit a flame
 That none could tame,
 And it burned most dreadfully.

Some pious men,
 By speech and pen,
 By sermon and by prayer,
 Assailed the fire;
 But it mounted higher
 And blinded with its glare.

The Legislature tried
 To stay the wide-
 Spread ruin with a bill ;
 But he laughed at them,
 And burned the men
 Of law in his fiery still.

Some men of wit
 The notion hit,
 Of changing the old rogue's fuel ;
 The fire, 'tis true,
 Awhile burnt blue,
 Then blazed with a flame more cruel.

Old Alcohol
 He scorned them all,
 And every fresh appliance !
 His glass he quaffed
 And grimly laughed,
 And glowed in red defiance.

Cold water men
 Assailed him then,
 And all their pumps applying,
 The fiery old boy
 Cries, " Hold ! Ahoy !"
 For his fame and his fire are dying.

[Sits down.—A slight pause ensues.]

Chairman. Come, my friends, I shall be glad to hear some others. I am glad that our friends have come

forward so promptly. I think it may be taken as an omen of a lively meeting. Who will next favor us with either a speech or a recitation ?

Fourth speaker. Mr. Chairman, I think I have heard you, or some of the committee, say, that Bands of Hope ought not to be exclusively teetotal meetings; and any subject should be introduced that is calculated to lead us young folks in the good way. Now, sir, there is one habit in particular I should like to say a few words about. I mean smoking. There are two or three classmates of mine who have recently taken up that habit, and I look upon it as being disgraceful as well as injurious to our youth; for it injures the body, and enervates or weakens the brain and mental powers, makes a foul and disagreeable breath, helps to empty the pocket, and often, and indeed naturally, leads to drinking intoxicating drinks, which bear in their train all the evils of which man in his unrenewed and degenerate nature is capable, and—[*Interrupting.*]

Fifth speaker. Mr. Chairman, I should like to say a few words. I know to whom Fred alludes in particular; he means me, because I have just begun smoking.

Chairman [*interrupting him.*] Stop a moment or two, my young friend. You have interrupted the previous speaker, and you must allow him to proceed unless he is willing to enter into an argument with you on the subject, which perhaps would be an agreeable change.

Fourth speaker. I have no objection at all, if Tom wishes it; but I must say that I had no intention of naming any person. Are you willing to argue the point with me, Tom ?

Tom. Yes! I don't mind, though I never thought much about the matter; but I should like to hear how you can prove all that you've said about smoking, for I think you will be puzzled to do that; but I'll tell you, before you begin, that if you will prove what you have said, I'll smoke no more, and I will give you this pipe to keep for me till I ask for it. [*Produces a pipe.*]

Fred. Well, then, I believe I said, in the first place, it was a bad habit, inasmuch as it injures the body, and enervates or weakens the brain. Now, you are well aware, that it is the food which gives strength to the body; and if through any cause the food is prevented from digesting or giving out all its nutriment, it naturally follows that the body is deprived of so much strength.

Tom. Certainly, but you'll have a job to prove that smoking has that effect; for the tobacco does not enter into the stomach at all.

Fred. Granted; but God has placed in our mouths, near to the angle of the jaws, numerous small glands or vessels, whose office it is to supply saliva to moisten the food, and the better to prepare it for the action of the stomach; and unless the food is thus moistened, the stomach has less power over it; the food is longer in digesting, even if digested at all; and then the smoker goes to the doctor or the pill box, for a remedy for indigestion!

Tom. But you have not yet proved that smoking lessens the quantity of saliva! Now, I maintain that it increases it, and so must be an aid instead of a hindrance according to what you said a few minutes since.

I think I have you there, Master Fred, at all events !

Fred. Stop, Tom, not quite so fast ! I admit that it causes an increase of saliva in the mouth, but it is at an improper time, and the saliva, instead of going into the stomach to aid digestion, goes rather into the spittoon, or upon the ground, often to the annoyance of those near. But, you will, perhaps, ask how it is that the saliva comes more freely into the mouth when smoking ? I answer, that the warmth of the smoke in the mouth causes the openings of the glands to relax, and the saliva they contain exudes into the mouth, is thrown away by the smoker, and when wanted to moisten the food at meal times, the glands are empty, or nearly so, and the food has to pass into the stomach in an unprepared state ; and the action of the stomach being thereby weakened, the food is passed off undigested, or it remains in the stomach and causes indigestion. In either case the body is deprived of its needful supply of strength ; and, consequently, the brain suffers from that cause as well as from the deleterious vapours which permeate the head, often causing stupefaction, and sometimes ultimate death.

Tom. Well, you have managed me there. I allow it seems very probable, but how did you get this information ?

Fred. Some little I may have got from observation, but that with youths like us is not always to be relied on, unless our own observations are borne out by those of older, better, and wiser men. The principal part, however, I have got from reading ; from the speakers at

our Band of Hope meetings, and some from conversations with various persons. As for the next two reasons I suppose I may take it for granted you allow them.

Tom. Why, not exactly! I admit it makes the breath bad, but it does not empty my pocket much, for an ounce lasts me very well a week.

Fred. Remember, Tom, I was not taking your case alone; I was taking smoking in the whole as a habit; but even if it costs you three cents a week now, when the habit is hardly formed, how much will it cost when you are become as great a smoker as some persons we both know?

Tom. But how does it lead us to drink?

Fred. Why, Tom, you are now talking for the sake of talking. Why, you know, as I have before proved, that smoking wastes the juices of the body, and liquids have to be taken to supply this waste; and unless a man is a total abstainer from intoxicating drinks, he drinks for two reasons,—first, because they are easily obtained; second, there is often what is called jolly good company to be had where they are sold. But to what does that jolly good company lead? A diseased constitution, a vitiated mind, a shattered body, a miserable home, and often to none at all; and, at the end, to a drunkard's grave, and it is to be feared to a drunkard's hell; for in God's Word we read, "No drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven."

Tom. Why, this is a sad picture! If I thought that it would lead me so, I would give it up at once; and yet it may. Here, Fred, take this pipe and keep it till I ask

you for it. I intend to give up at once. Here. [*Gives a pipe.*]

Fred. Well, I am glad to hear you say so ; but it will take some perseverance.

Tom. I know that, but I've made up my mind. [*Both sit down.*]

Chairman. This is a subject which I am glad to hear has been mentioned this evening ; it is one that ought to be impressed on the minds of our youth especially, and I quite agree with all our young friend has advanced in support of his argument for its suppression, nor am I less pleased that its late advocate has abjured the pipe ; and though for a time he may feel debarred a little indulgence, yet in the long run I can promise him much pleasure in reflecting on his present renunciation of the pipe. I could wish that others would abjure it also. There will yet be time for two or three more to speak or recite. Who will next favor us ?

Sixth speaker. I will, Mr. Chairman. Whilst I have been sitting here I have been thinking over the principal obstacles in the way of the progress of total abstinence. I can find none greater than the class called moderate drinkers, for it is their example which keeps many from joining our ranks, and it is from their body alone that the thousands of victims are supplied, to be offered in sacrifice, body and soul, to strong drink and the devil. I say from their ranks alone ; for if men never drank moderately they would never drink immoderately ; in short, I look upon a moderator as being a greater obstacle than the vilest drunkard in the town. A man does not become a drunkard all at once. Oh, so !

he sees Mr. So-and-so, a religious character perhaps, perfectly sober, steady, highly respected by his fellow-townsmen, and yet he always takes a little at dinner, and a glass before he goes to bed at night. He reasons within himself, Well, if he can take a little with credit to himself, I can, and therefore he follows his example ; and, Mr. Chairman, we all know that "example teaches more than precept." He takes a glass or two a day, and never for a moment considers that there is a great difference in their temperament. Mr. So-and-so is probably of a quiet temperament, averse to much company ; whereas he himself is fond of company, and being perhaps a good hand at telling a racy tale, or singing a good song, his company is sought after, and his vanity flattered ; he becomes excited, drinks more than he ought to do, and having become inured to the sight of men anything but sober, he ceases to look upon it as something to be dreaded ; for as the old couplet has it:—

"Vice seen too oft, familiar with her face ;
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

He at last falls, is taken home drunk ; he resolves, however, it shall not be so again, and for a time remains true to his resolve ; but the appetite has been created, and no power of his, so long as he takes a little drop, can save him (for a little drop is only adding fuel to flame.) He eventually becomes a soaker, and is oftener found at the table than at business, and falls step by step till his family are brought to the depths of degradation and poverty, and he himself fills a drunkard's grave,—perhaps pitied, yet despised by all who knew him. Again, therefore, before I sit down, I must repeat that I look

upon moderate drinkers as the enemies of the church, whose example leads many not possessed of the same strength of mind to the bottomless pit and a drunkard's grave. And I will just ask them what reply they will make when the question is put to them, "Where is thy brother?" Will they not be speechless? Will not the words of St. Paul condemn them where he says, "It is good not to drink wine, or anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak?" With these few remarks, Mr. Chairman, I beg leave to sit down.

Seventh speaker. Mr. Chairman, if there be time, I should like just to recite a piece of poetry or rhyme on moderation, which I met with a few days since. I think it is very applicable as a sequel to the remarks just made by our friend. It is called:—

MODERATION.

A many now find fault
 With our teetotal plan,
 And say we need not quite abstain
 To save a drunken man.

They argue moderation's best,—
 A little now and then ;
 They tell you that of old 'twas taken,
 By good and holy men.

They'll tell you that good David said,
 Wine glad the heart would make ;
 And tell you, too, that Paul prescribed
 Wine for the "stomach's sake."

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But then they quite forgot to add
That one has said beside,
That they who tarry with the wine,
Woe to them shall betide.

Wine is a mocker, and strong drink
Is raging 'neath its guise ;
And whoso'er's deceived by it,
Most surely is not wise.

And though St. Paul may recommend
Wine to a weakly man,
He clearly was an advocate
Of our abstaining plan.

For, writing to the Romans, he
Declared it was not good
That we should drink so as to offend
One of the brotherhood.

The moderate ranks supply the men
That crowd the path of crime ;
Be cautious, youthful hearers, all ;
Take warning in good time !

For though it pleasant seems at first
To take a sparkling bowl,
'Twill mock you as you further go,
Endangering your soul.

Though it be pleasant to the taste,
Be sure 'twill ruin bring ;
For like a serpent it will bite,
And like an adder sting.

Then we'll not moderators be,
 But join the abstinence band ;
 And when we older grow will make
 Its fame o'erspread the land.

May God our feeble efforts crown
 With multiplied success ;
 And while we sojourn here below,
 Our souls and labors bless ! [*Sits down.*]

Chairman. I am, for my own part, especially pleased with the proceedings of to-night; and with the first volunteer I can truly say, I hope there will be more such. I am not aware that any remarks have been made which can be said to be out of place; indeed, all the subjects have, in my opinion, been very suitable for a meeting like the present. The argument for the abolition of smoking was good, and I would advise every member of our Band of Hope, especially our juveniles, to avoid so foul a practice; but I was no less pleased to hear the remarks on moderation,—a subject I am afraid that is too little thought of and dwelt upon. It is indeed from the ranks of moderators that all the drunkards are supplied. Indeed, I think I may with safety say, there never was a drunkard, however deep his dye or degraded his station, who was not at one time a moderate drinker. Oh that all our youths would, with one heart and mind, say with me the last verse but one of the piece on moderation, which our last speaker has recited!—

“ Then we'll not moderators be,
 But join the abstinence band ;
 And when we older grow will make
 Its fame o'erspread the land.”

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May its fame soon o'erspread the land, and may the time soon come when not one drunkard shall remain to blot this fair land; but when peace, happiness, and plenty may fill every house; when children may grow like olive-plants about our table, our churches and chapels be filled, and the beer-houses shut up and "to let!" Then shall we have, indeed, a foretaste of that time mentioned by Isaiah, and before alluded to, when the wilderness shall blossom as the rose, and the desert and the solitary place shall be glad, and all mankind shall see the salvation of our God.

SPEECH OF A LIEUTENANT OF A COLD WATER ARMY.

MR. PRESIDENT:—History tells us that Hamilcar, the father of Hannibal, the great Carthaginian general, made his son, at the age of *nine* years, swear *eternal enmity* to Rome. Now, sir, Rome never injured Carthage as much as Alcohol has injured my country, and here I vow *eternal hostility* to that implacable enemy. My honored father did not, it is true, extort this vow from me; but I know he will stand sponsor for it as soon as it is born, and would delight to toll the bell at the funeral of the Monster.

Now, Mr. President, I know I am little. I wish, for the sake of the cause I advocate, I was greater—the world should hear from *me* as it does from *you*, sir, be-

yond the limits of this meeting. But mark me : I am not alone. Look around you ; what a spectacle is there ! Behold these hundreds of bright, young eyes, and ruddy cheeks, and pure hearts, that are all rallied in the same holy crusade against a deadly enemy that has ravaged our country and cursed our ancestry for centuries past. Now, sir, the insects are small, but their name is " Legion," and this *King of wild beasts* shall yet howl and shrink under the stings and bites of our gathering swarms, when they settle upon his flanks. " What now can we do ?" Why, sir, I hope some of us may show profitable examples to older heads, and by our cold water habits, and our virtues, and even by our tears, may induce some of those we love, and whose warm blood runs in our own *veins*, to turn this festering domestic curse out of doors—save the cents that have hitherto gone for liquor—cruel, quarrelsome, murderous liquor—and turn it into books, clothes, and bread, for a happy, smiling family. It is asked again, " What can we do ?" I answer, we do not expect always to remain children. The big oaks of the forest that shade the lands now, furnish the beams for our navy, and the columns for our temples, were, fifty or a hundred years ago, but small, tender saplings. Thus these hundreds of youth will soon have reached maturity, and the destinies of Church and State will fall upon our shoulders, when our beloved fathers and mothers are gone to their rest. Thus, if we are faithful to our pledges, no power under Heaven can prevent us from making *sober citizens every one of us*.

THE TEMPERANCE BOY.

I'm a Temperance Boy of the Cold Water Army ;
 I drink neither spirits nor wine ;
 You may laugh, if you please, but it never can harm me,
 While Water, pure Water is mine.

The Cold Water Boys are not easily daunted ;
 We know very well what we've done ;
 We've enlisted for life, and our standards are planted ;
 We're not to be dashed by your fun.

The pledge that we've taken, will spoil your vocation ;
 "NO LICENSE ! NO LICENSE !" —we cry ;
 We'll ring it loud through the Province and Nation,
 Determined to conquer or die.

Then away with your bumper ! come, fill up your glasses
 With water all sparkling and clear ;
 And here's to all Temperance laddies and lasses,
 A happy—a happy new Year.

THE TRIAL OF ALCOHOL.

CHARGED WITH MURDER, ROBBERY, ETC.

Supreme Court of Public Opinion.

The People	}	Hon. R. CANDOR, <i>Chief Justice.</i>	}	<i>Associate Justices.</i>
<i>vs</i>		Hon. S. IMPARTIALITY,		
Alcohol.		Hon. G. PATIENCE,		
		Hon. H. HONESTY,		

Counsel for the People—J. GOODWILL, Att'y Gen.

Counsel for Defendant—Squire SELF-INTEREST.

The jury, twelve good men, being sworn, the prisoner was brought to the bar, and the Clerk read the Indictment.

Clerk. May it please the Court, the Indictment charges the prisoner—

- 1.—With swindling and taking money under false pretenses.
- 2.—With being a frequenter of gambling houses and other vile places, and a great cause there of disorder and crime.
- 3.—With being a family disturber, breaking up domestic peace and happiness.
- 4.—Depriving many men of their reason, and causing them to commit suicide.
- 5.—Reducing many families to pauperism and shame.
- 6.—Causing a thousand murders every year, and filling up poor-houses and mad-houses with ruined victims.
- 7.—With opposing the blessed gospel and dragging many souls to death and hell.

Prisoner ! what is your plea, guilty or not guilty ?

Prisoner. Not guilty.

Clerk. How will you be tried ?

Pris. By God and my country.

Clerk. God send you a good deliverance.

Attorney General. May it please the Court and Gentlemen of the Jury, the prisoner is charged with a variety of heinous crimes—with being a disturber of the public peace, a seducer, a robber, a murderer both of the bodies and the souls of men. I shall not detain you with a long speech, but substantiate the truths of the indict-

ment by good and true witnesses. I first call Mr. Easy-mind.

Mr. Easy-mind, do you know the prisoner? Can you tell anything about him?

Witness. I can, Sir; for I have suffered much from him. He was often at my father's house and he professed much medical skill, and when my wife was sick, he promised a cure, but made her a drunkard and I forbade him my house.

Att'y Gen. Have you any sons?

Witness. Yes, Sir, three; but I have not much comfort in them, for they are constantly drawn away by the prisoner to scenes of drinking, horse-racing and gambling.

Att'y Gen. How do they come home?

Witness. Often drunk at the midnight hour.

Squire Self-Interest. You say he made your wife a drunkard. Do you know he did? Remember, Sir, you are on your oath.

Witness. Why, if he didn't, who did?

Squire S. I. That is not answering the question. Do you know he made her a drunkard? Can you swear that she was not born one?

Witness. I know that she was not one till she began to take his medicines.

Squire S. I. You say he ruined your sons: were they not vicious before they became acquainted with him?

Witness. No, Sir; never were better boys.

Att'y Gen. Mr. Sobermind, do you know the prisoner at the bar?

Witness. I once did, to my sorrow. He found me an industrious, hard-laboring young man. He took

me to the tavern, the store, the saloon—I tremble to think what he did for me. He got all my money out of my pockets, and my clothes from my back. I became under his leadings a vile drunkard, and slept in barns and behind barrels: but I quit him, Sir, and since then I have come up to be again what I was.

Att'y Gen. What does he do with families?

Witness. It would take me a year to tell the sorrow and trouble he gives.

Att'y Gen. Did you ever know him to divide husband and wife?

Witness. Yes, Sir; in many cases.

Att'y Gen. Did he ever cause a murder in your neighborhood?

Witness. Yes, Sir; in many cases. But we could never get him indicted and tried because he had so many friends.

Squire S. I. You say you are now his enemy.

Witness. Yes, Sir. And if I could get him expelled from the country I would.

Squire S. I. May it please the Court, I object to this witness. He testifies under strong hostility, and he cannot be expected to speak the truth. His testimony should not be received by the jury.

Att'y Gen. Squire Coke, you have been at the bar many years; what do you know of the prisoner?

Witness. I know that but for him we lawyers should soon starve.

Att'y Gen. Please explain what you mean.

Witness. Mean! I mean what I say; for more than two-thirds of our criminal cases are caused by him; nearly all the fights and murders are his work.

Squire S. I. Did he not keep you, by all the votes he cast, from being a Congressman? Did not all the rum men go against you?

Witness. Yes, Sir. And it was the proudest day of my life.

Squire S. I. Gentlemen of the Jury, you see under what influence he testifies. His testimony is good for nothing.

Att'y Gen. Mr. Lovetruth, you have been a collector of taxes; what has the prisoner had to do with the taxation of the town?

Witness. He has caused more than one half of it. We have twenty-five paupers all charged to him, and a jail full, and many casualties by fire and wrecks are caused by him for which the town must pay. And since no restraint has been laid upon him, the taxes have increased double.

Squire S. I. Do you suppose there would be no taxes among Cold Water men? How much did your Water Works cost?

WITNESSES FOR THE DEFENCE.

Squire S. I. Mr. Animal Appetite, please state what you know of this gentleman.

Witness. He is the best friend I ever had, Sir. He always gives me good cheer and cures me of all my diseases. I could not live without him.

Att'y Gen. Did he never kill any body?

Witness. That is no concern of mine, Sir. Roast beef and plum pudding will kill men if they eat too much.

Squire S. I. I would call, may it please the Court, upon Mr. Lovegain. What is the influence of this gentleman upon the trade of the country?

Witness. Oh, it has increased it mightily, Sir. We have made more money by this gentleman, than by any cotton speculation or anything else. His liquor draws out more money than all the cotton and tobacco together.

Att'y Gen. And what does he give for the money he gets? Anything valuable?

Witness. That's nothing to me, Sir.

Att'y Gen. Is he not then a thief and a robber?

May it please the Court, you have heard all the witnessses for the defence, and they amount to nothing. I shall now, without argument, submit the case.

Chief Justice Candor charges the Jury—

Gentlemen of the Jury: You have heard the Indictment and the witnessses for and against him: You will render a verdict according to your consciences. I commit the fate of the prisoner to you.

When the Jury came in the Clerk said—

Foreman, what is your verdict—guilty or not guilty?

Foreman. Guilty!

SENTENCE OF THE COURT.

Judge. Mr. Prisoner, stand up. You are pronounced guilty of the enormous charges which have been brought against you, and you will be taken hence from the place whence you came, in rum puncheons, and there be cast into a vat of Cold Water. And may you die and be forgotten forever.

MODERATION ;

OR, I CAN TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT ALONE.

Mr. A. Is there no decent place here where we can get a drop of something to clear the cob-webs from our throats ; I feel very husky this morning.

B. Since I saw you last I have come to think that no rum shop can be a decent place ; and I'm sorry to say, that those of our village are of almost the lowest order.

Mr. A. What, B ! Sworn off. No more jolly times, no more of the spirited toasts, no more sallies of wit, under the influence of the "rosy." I am astonished at you !

B. Not more so than I am at myself. I am astonished that, knowing the insinuating nature of social habits, and the dreadful effects of confirmed drunkenness, to which all social drinking tends, I did not, long ago, renounce the cursed habit of tipping.

Mr. A. Well, I will, of course, allow that confirmed drunkenness is bad, and brings much misery into the world ; but you pay a poor compliment to yourself, if you say you were in danger of becoming a slave to drink, as all drunkards must be. I think you had strength of mind enough to guard against that, and I, for one, can take a glass or let it alone. I dare say if I thought I were in danger of becoming a drunkard, I should do as you have done. Besides, I must say, I like a glass now and then, especially when the company is good.

B. Well, the ice is broken, and I will speak plainly to you. Now, or perhaps never, is your time to escape the danger. You own you like a glass, and I know you like

good company, which in your estimation consists of social merry fellows, and from these likings almost entirely grow intemperance and drunkenness, among refined and sensitive natures. Apart from this easy entrance into the Domains of Bacchus, no man, with a nature such as I give you credit for, would ever find himself associating with the bully, the *loafer*, to use an Americanism, and the thief. Yet, such cases are altogether too common. And you may become another sad exemplification of it.

Mr. A. Nonsense. If I were to find the habit getting the better of me, I should stop at once; but, as I said before, I can take it or leave it alone.

B. I do not doubt that you can now; but what guarantee have you that you will always be able to make this boast. You know the old saying, "Habit is second nature." According to my observation, habit, at least the habit of drunkenness, is stronger than nature, for it will make a high-souled, honorable man, the meanest thing that crawls; it will lead him to borrow money without the least idea of paying it, and to beg for liquor, from people that formerly he would have been ashamed to be seen with. A man does not become a drunkard all at once; there would be few were such the case. The change would appal the most abandoned. But the steady use of liquors affects the nerves and weakens the will; and by the time the poor moderate drinker sees the evils of intemperance in his own case, ten chances to one he has not force of will to make an effort for freedom. Alcohol, in some shape, is almost necessary to his existence.

Mr. A. Why *B.*, you talk like an oracle, but I must say, I think your new-found zeal carries you too far, and

to some extent, warps your judgment. But, as I said before, I am husky, and if you will not accompany me I must take a nip alone, for I think I see the picture of a fellow with a suspiciously blue nose round the corner, and I shall test his hospitality.

B. Hold on, A. I don't like to think of your drinking alone; and, as I cannot accompany you, let me introduce you to Mr. C., an acquaintance of mine, who, I presay, will be glad to show you the mysteries of the Blue Lion bar-room.

(Enter C., shabbily dressed. A. and C. go out, and, after a few minutes, A. returns alone.)

Mr. A. Well, B., what genius was that you introduced me to; he don't quite seem to belong to your order?

B. No; he is or was one of your kind, one who could take a glass or leave it alone; I thought it a good opportunity of introducing you to a lecture on temperance.

Mr. A. Well! you did that, and I had to pay for it, too.

B. How was that, Mr. A?

Mr. A. Because your friend C. was very glad to see a gentleman of my intelligence from the city; hoped he would meet me again. Was sorry he could not return the treat, as he had left his purse at home, and wound up by insinuating that perhaps I could lend him 50cts. for the occasion. Would be sure to see me with his friend B., &c.

B. Ah! C. is a smart fellow, and I had an object in making you acquainted with him. I scarcely ever spoke to him before, but I know his history. He used to be able to take it or leave it alone, but now he always takes

it and never leaves it alone, if he can get it. Besides he is no way scrupulous as to how he gets it. He would borrow ten cents from a blind beggar, if he could. Yet he was once in the best circumstances, and was looked upon as the soul of honor and spirit.

Mr. A. Is it possible! what a contrast; how did he come to his present degradation? I should like to have his history.

B. Well, I will tell you. He came to his present position precisely as thousands do, and began by doing as you are doing now. He was gay and social, and thought he could "take it or leave it alone;" but as it is a sad case, I shall give you a sketch of his history. Poor C. was the only child of a widow, whose husband died shortly after their marriage. She was married again and lavished all her love and care on her only child. He grew up a handsome boy enough to make any mother proud. He got the best education, and at 24 years of age he was admitted a partner in a respectable business. For years he was apparently prosperous, and was the rage among the young ladies; while he was the leader in all social boon companionship. He could not be said to neglect his business, but his growing irregularities, for they did come, slowly but surely, were beginning to attract attention. At last he married the prettiest girl in the village, a gentle, confiding creature, who adored her husband! who, though vexed and grieved, could not think an occasional case of drunkenness was wrong in him, no matter what it would have been in others. At last his excesses became so great that his partner got quit of him, and headlong precipitation into excess followed.

His means were soon dissipated, and just as want was beginning to stare them in the face, his loving little wife sank broken-hearted into an early grave, leaving one little image of herself to the care of the doubly crazy father. Fortunately the mother's relations took the little stranger, which the besotted father was not loth to surrender, and he went to stay with his now poor old mother, a spiritless, aimless wretch. His downward course was so rapid and so complete that he seemed to think of nothing but how to obtain drink, and under one pretence or another he has contrived to strip his aged mother of nearly all she possessed. Such is the end of the once gay and handsome C., who could then take it or leave it alone. How do you like the picture?

Mr. A. Well, I must confess, it is not very encouraging; but then he is an exceptional case. There are not many such.

B. Hold there; there are many such. Every drunkard is an instance of a man who could once take it or leave it alone, as I can shew you, if you are not yet convinced.

Mr. A. Well, B., I own there is great truth in what you have said, and I am half convinced that it is safest to leave it alone; you have introduced me to a pretty good lecture on temperance, at a cost of 50 cents. When I see you next, I shall tell you my decision.

THERE'S A TEETOTALER.

[This piece should be spoken by a spirited boy, and as he goes upon the stage, some one should cry out, "There's a teetotaler."]

Yes, sir, here *is* a teetotaler, from the crown of his head to the tips of his toes. I've got on teetotal boots, too, that never walk in the way of the drunkard. The other day, a man asked me about our Band of Hope. He wanted to know what use there is in making so many promises. I told him the use was in *keeping* the promises, more than in *making* them.

The boys who belong to our band have something to do besides loafing at the corners of the streets, and smoking the stumps of cigars they pick out of the gutters. It makes me sick to think of it!

Some boys are dreadfully afraid of losing their liberty; so they won't sign our pledge. I saw four or five of them, the other day. They had been off, somewhere, having what they called a jolly time; and they were so drunk they couldn't walk straight. They lifted their feet higher than a sober boy would to go upstairs; and I watched them till one fell down, and bumped his nose.

Thinks I to myself, there's liberty for you—but it's just such liberty as I don't want. I would rather walk straight than crooked; I would rather stand up than fall down; and I would rather go to a party, with my sisters, and some other pretty girls, than hide away with a lot of rough fellows, to guzzle beer and whiskey.

There are plenty of other reasons why I am a teetotaler: When I grow up, I would rather be a *man* than a walking wine-cask or rum-barrel; I would rather live in

a *good* house than a *poor* one, and I would rather be loved and respected than despised and hated.

Now, if these are not reasons enough for being a teetotaler, I will give you some more the next time we meet.

WHO KILLED TOM ROPER?

Who killed Tom Roper?

Not I, said New Cider:

I couldn't kill a spider,—

I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Strong Ale:

I make men tough and hale,—

I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Lager Bier:

I don't intoxicate. D'ye hear? [*Cross*]—

I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Bourbon Whiskey:

I make sick folks spry and frisky;

The doctors say so,—don't they know

What quickens blood that runs so slow?

I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said sparkling old Champagne:

No poor man e'er by me was slain;

I cheer the rich in lordly halls,

And scorn the place where the drunkard falls,—

I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not we, said various other wines :
 What ! juice of grapes, product of vines,
 Kill a man ! The Bible tells
 That wine all other drinks excels,—
 We didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Holland Gin :
 To charge such a crime to me is sin,—
 I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, spoke up the Brandy strong :
 He grew too poor to buy me long,—
 I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Medford Rum :
 He was almost gone before I come,—
 I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Ha ! ha ! laughed old Prince Alcohol :
 Each struck the blow that made him fall ;
 And all that helped to make him toper,
 My agents were, to kill Tom Roper.

ROCKS AHEAD !

A DIALOGUE FOR AN ADULT AND THREE BOYS.

Teacher.—Now, my boys, I think I promised that I would tell you a nice story this afternoon.

John.—You did, sir, and we all anxiously want to hear it.

Thomas.—What will it be about, sir?

Andrew.—I should like a tale about giants.

John.—But I like voyages and adventures, full of peril and daring; such as the travels of Captain Cook.

Thomas.—As for me, I love those quaint, beautiful home stories, of the domestic affections, such as Miss Bremer gives us.

Teacher.—Well, I don't know that the story I have to tell will satisfy any of your peculiar tastes; but it may exercise your ingenuity. It is certainly a story about a voyage.

John.—All right! It will suit me, I warrant!

Teacher.—And in the end, it is a story that should find its way to every home, since it concerns every fireside.

Thomas.—Now, then, it will be just the thing for me!

Teacher.—It relates to a giant, one of the greatest and most wicked giants of modern times.

Andrew.—That's funny! for it appears as though it would suit all of us at one and the same time.

Teacher.—My story may be called a simile, or parable, and I want you to see whether you can discover my meaning; that is, whether you can guess what the lesson is which I would have you learn, simply by unravelling the meaning of the parable I will endeavour to speak.

John.—All right, sir! I understand. But pray do not forget to bring in the voyages and adventures.

Andrew.—And also the giant, if you please.

Thomas.—Above all, sir, make it a nice story that I can carry home to my father and mother.

Teacher.—I will endeavour to please you all. Well, to begin in the usual orthodox style:—Once upon a

time, a well-made, well-shaped, strong, beautiful vessel named "Hope," started out from a secure haven, to cross the ocean. At first she glided easily down the calm river—there were no dangers there—every foot of the river's bed was known; and so long as the vessel kept to the usual track, there could be no danger whatever. But presently she shot out into the ocean; at first the rippling waves only dashed gaily against the trim craft, as if to welcome her to deep waters; but by-and-by, land was lost sight of, and storms arose. The waves leapt high in the air. The ship's sails flapped and cracked in the storm. The vessel creaked and laboured, yet gallantly kept her own against the waves. Every one that leapt upon her deck, she quickly threw off again. While the winds blew their worst, her masts bent like reeds, and they passed her. But there was another ship riding close to them which seemed to suffer more. It ploughed the sea deeply, its sails were rent, its masts broken, it seemed unable to hold its own against the elements. All at once on board the good ship "Hope," the man at the look-out reported in a loud voice—"Rocks ahead!" Immediately the helm was turned, they tacked on another course, and safely reached their harbour. But what of the other ship? It was cautioned in stentorian tones. "Rocks ahead!" was shouted. But it was weakened, crippled, and dismantled; so it drifted on and on, and was shivered to a thousand atoms on the huge boulders of stone which stood erect in mid-ocean.

John.—That's a capital story! But I can't say that I know what it means, sir.

Andrew.—And I've seen no signs of my giant yet.

Thomas.—Will you forgive my presumption in guessing, if I should chance to be wrong, sir?

Teacher.—Certainly, Thomas: proceed!

Thomas.—The ship "Hope" is our youth. It is built up in the secure haven of home, and the good shipwrights are our dear parents, who endeavor to build us up strong against temptation and the possible dangers of life.

Teacher.—Quite right, Thomas; you understand me, I see.

Thomas.—So long as our youth was subject to home and home influences, it was comparatively safe. But we launch out into the ocean of life; the waves of adversity and temptation assail us; and unless we are well provided with power to resist them, and have moral courage enough to throw them from us, we are in danger. The winds of trial and suffering may blow; but if we bend humbly before them, they will pass us over, and we shall leap erect again; and if we keep a good look-out, we shall see all the "Rocks ahead" of us in the shape of temptations of any kind. We shall then pass them by, and eventually reach the great Eternal Harbour of Refuge, safe and sound, after our trials and experiences.

Teacher.—Well done, Thomas! You have interpreted me better than I could have anticipated!

John.—Why, now, I begin to see the drift too. And the other vessel is the man who traverses the ocean of life with no safeguards, no mainstays to cling to in the hour of peril and danger. He has not built himself up

strongly. The winds of adversity blow, and find him unprepared to resist them. The waves of affliction dash over and overwhelm him with terrific force. He splits on the "Rocks ahead!"—the rocks of temptation. He cannot resist them nor steer away from them; and powerless because of his continued companionship with bad habits, he is drifted on to them, and is wrecked, ruined for ever!

Andrew.—But the giants haven't come in yet.

Teacher.—The Giant is the Evil of Drunkenness, one of the most gigantic "Rocks ahead" of modern times; one upon which thousands of those noble and God-like vessels, the Human Soul Divine, are wrecked annually. This is the great "Rock ahead," which I would have you all avoid, for a thousand sunken reefs surround it. We want every boy in the Dominion to declare against the drink traffic; to be a warning beacon to every "Rock ahead," to keep off even the old mariners. We want them to be the lighthouse on the dangerous reef, to say—"We are put here to warn you away: keep off!"

Andrew.—I read in the "Globe" newspaper the other day, a short paragraph written by the Editor, to the following effect: "Drunkenness is the giant curse of the age." There is no doubt it is the "Rock ahead" upon which thousands of our fellow-countrymen are wrecked.

Teacher.—And the "Globe," Andrew, is by no means a second "Temperance Advocate," so we ought to value that testimony proportionately, you know.

Thomas.—Well, thank you, sir, for the nice story you have told us. I'm sure it is one to take home

to my father and mother, and I hope will please them.

Teacher.—It is one that I wish every father in the Dominion would take to heart, that they might build up their young vessels strong against the temptations, and against the chances of splitting, for want of strength and guidance, upon the treacherous "Rocks ahead!"

John.—My desire has been satisfied, for it's a nautical and adventurous story.

Andrew.—And there was a terrific giant, big enough to satisfy anybody, I'm sure!

Teacher.—Let us hope, Andrew, that it is a giant you will have to battle with!

Thomas.—If I have, I will fight him with this!—
(*Holds up a pledge-card or paper.*)

John.—And I with this!

Andrew.—And I with this!

Teacher.—Your Temperance pledges! I am glad you seem to know what weapons will conquer him. But now I must be going; so I wish you good-bye.—(*Shakes hands.*)

TEMPTATION;

A DIALOGUE FOR FIVE YOUTHS.

Henry.—Good evening, friends; have you heard the news?

All.—No;—what is it?

Henry.—Well, I am sorry to say, that Arthur Weak has lost his situation at Mr. Sharp's.

Tom.—It is just what I expected from the way he has been going on lately, for he has charged very much

since he took up with that young fellow from London ; and yet I am sorry he has lost his situation, especially for the sake of his poor mother and sister !

John.—Yes, it will be a bad job for them. Poor little Maggie will feel it very much ; for she loves her brother, and is of such a gentle nature, that his evil ways will almost break her heart.

William.—Pray, Harry, tell us how it happened ; and what was the cause of his dismissal from Mr. Sharp's ; for I am sure that gentleman would not have parted with him unless there had been some very good reason for his so doing.

Henry.—Well, the account I have heard is this :—About a week ago, Arthur was sent to the post-office with a letter containing a five pound note, addressed to a certain gentleman in London ; which it appears he has never received. On the gentleman informing Mr. Sharp of the fact, he sent for Arthur and questioned him about it. He said that he posted the letter the same evening, on his way home ; but the Post-office Authorities say that they cannot discover any traces of its having passed through their hands ; and although Mr. Sharp has never had any reason to suspect Arthur before, yet he appeared so much confused when he was questioned upon the subject, and has been so much out of late, that the master thought it his duty to dismiss him at once ; and what they will do now, I'm sure I cannot tell ; for you know they are only in very poor circumstances ; and little Maggie being such a delicate child, requires much care and support.

Tom.—Yes, we cannot help feeling sorry for poor

little Maggie, she is such a sweet-tempered child, and speaks so kindly and wisely to her brother. I'm sure, if you had heard her the other evening, talking to him in her gentle way, you would have wondered how he could so far forget his duty as to neglect her advice. She was warning him against taking up so much with Bob Martin, from London, and begging him to give up his acquaintance, as he would only lead him astray, and cause him to neglect his duties at Mr. Sharp's.

William.—I only wish she had been successful in making him give up that fellow's companionship; for, since he came here, Arthur has not been like himself. He used to be the best fellow in the world; and no one was more respected than he, while his kindness to his mother and sister was the talk and admiration of our village. But now he is quite changed, and has at last got himself into disgrace, and brought sorrow and suffering upon those he ought to have protected and comforted in their needs.

Tom.—For my own part, I blame Bob Martin for Arthur's disgrace; for it is he who has led him downwards. I always thought no good would come of their friendship. I wish he had kept with us, instead of passing his time at the "Black Bull," with such a fast young man as Martin!

John.—But Arthur is much to blame for yielding to temptation; he ought not so easily be led away from the safe and honourable path of duty,—especially as he knew what was right, and that his mother and sister depended upon him for their support.

Tom.—Yet, it is a hard thing to be tempted; and to

a person of Arthur's kind, yielding nature, it is very easy for any strong-willed companion to lead them astray. But as we appear to know very little of the true facts of the affair, I think it would be well to get Harry to call at Mrs. Weak's and learn the true cause of this unfortunate dismissal.

Henry.—Well, I shall be very glad to call upon Arthur to-night, and speak to him upon his evil conduct, if you are all agreeable. He may yet be brought to see the folly of his ways; and become once more the fine steady fellow he was in former days.

William.—Pray, do so, Harry; for we know that he will listen to you sooner than to any of us. So we will wish you good-bye for the present, hoping you may prove successful in bringing him back to a proper sense of his duty.

Henry.—Good bye, then, for the present; and I hope, when next we meet, I shall have good news to tell you.
(*Exit Henry.*)

(*Arthur, seated on a chair, with his head bowed upon his hands.*)

[*Enter Henry.*]

Henry.—Good evening, Arthur; I'm sorry to find you in this sad condition! You begin to find now, I hope, that the way of the transgressor is hard. It has been a great source of grief to us, to see you treading the downward path to ruin, misled by that wild young fellow, Bob Martin, who, I am sorry to say, is not a proper companion for any steady young man.

Arthur.—Now, Harry, don't begin to lecture me in

that manner ! I'm miserable enough without you helping it ; for this world is a miserable place to live in at any time.

Henry.—Nay, Arthur, it is not the world that is at fault ; it is the evil people in it who cause all the mischief. Our creator has given us a world of beauty, and provided us with everything necessary for our happiness ; but sinful men have marred its beauty, and brought sorrow and shame upon its inhabitants. Then do not blame the world, for it teems with scenes of loveliness to give enjoyment to the children of men ; but rather look upon it as a school in which the soul is prepared for a higher and holier state of existence. Why are we here ? Ah ! is it not to grow more meet for heaven, and its love to know ?

Arthur.—Oh ! do not speak to me of Heaven ! It is a place in which I have no part, now ! My sister Maggie is better qualified to converse with you upon the glories of that happy land, for she is always speaking of its angels, and singing hymns of their fadeless joys. But I never again can become like her, so pure and good, so gentle and so kind ! Oh, my sister ! why did I not heed your warnings, and shun the sins that so easily beset me ? I would then still have been respected, and need not have bowed my head in shame ! Leave me, Harry ! leave me alone to my despair, and let me hide my guilty head from all who loved me in happier days !

Henry.—Nay,—do not despair ! All may yet be well. Mr. Sharp may yet be prevailed upon to forgive you, and receive you again into his office. We can soon make up the lost money ; and I have no doubt that, after con-

sidering your past good conduct, and making allowance for the temptation into which Martin has led you, he will overlook your faults, and give you another chance of redeeming your character.

Arthur.—Oh, Harry!—do you think there is yet a chance for me? I now see the folly and sin of my evil ways, and would earnestly strive to remedy the wrong I have committed, by being more careful in the future. But I assure you, with all my faults, I have not yet sunk so low as to be guilty of theft. No,—I am not yet a thief! I did not steal the note contained in that letter. After leaving the office on that unfortunate night, I met Martin, and he persuaded me to go and have a glass at the “Bull.” We went, and from one glass I took more, until I became intoxicated. I at length rose to go home, quite forgetting the letter I ought to have posted some hours before. In the morning I remembered it, and hastened to take it from my pocket; when, to my surprise and dismay, I found it missing. I had either lost it or some one had taken it from me.

Henry.—Did Martin know you had a letter containing money, in your possession?

Arthur.—Yes, he did; because I told him just as he was going into the “Bull,” that I had a very important letter to post, and that I could not stay long, or I should be too late for the mail.

Henry.—Then I should not be much surprised if he had taken the letter from your pocket during the time you were in a state of drunkenness. People such as he, generally prove false friends, and get all they can from their poor unconscious victims, and then leave them to

take the consequence of their folly in trusting such villains as companions!

Arthur.—Do you really think he is guilty of such a mean, cowardly action; especially after professing to be such a faithful friend of mine?

Arthur.—I have no doubt of it; for a young man who passes his time in public houses every night, and idles at street corners during the day, instead of following some useful occupation, cannot be an honest fellow; besides, he has always plenty of money to spend, although he never works for it.

Arthur.—I do believe you are right; and I at last begin to see my folly in being so easily led into evil by him; but I trust I shall never be guilty of such sinful weakness again; and if I only have the chance of obtaining again the place I have lost, I shall endeavour to prove to you all that I am yet capable of reformation; for it shall be my earnest task to wipe away the stain that now rests on my character!

Henry.—That's right, Arthur! you begin to speak as a man ought to do; and I have no doubt, before long, you will once more become the Arthur of former days. Good-bye for the present; the next time we meet, I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in your former situation.

Arthur.—Good-bye, Harry! and may God bless you for the comfort you have given me! (*Exit.*)

[*Enter Henry, Tom, John, and William.*]

John.—Well, what news have you got for us, Harry?

Henry.—Oh! joyful tidings! Arthur has acknow-

ledged his folly, and promised to amend his life. On condition he does so, Mr. Sharp has consented to give him another trial. He has given up the company of Bob Martin, signed the pledge, and seems determined to win back the good name he once possessed.

Tom.—Well done, Arthur! I'm glad to hear he has come to his senses again!

William.—I have heard that Arthur did not take that missing bank-note.

Henry.—No, he did not; it is now thought that Martin was the thief!

[*Enter Arthur.*]

Arthur.—Good evening, friends! For such I still believe you to be, although I do not merit your friendship after treating you as I have done. I now come to ask your forgiveness for my past conduct, and to be once more received as your companion. Martin and I have parted company, and I have just heard that the police have taken him up for attempting to rob a till at the Black Bull. I shall never forget the lesson I have had, nor the great danger I have escaped by giving up his company! And now, my friends, let me thank you all for the kind interest you have taken in my reformation. There is light once more in our cottage-home: my dear mother again smiles upon me, and calls me her comfort and support; and my gentle sister cheers me on with her words of tenderness and love; and I sincerely hope that, with the help of Him that is ever ready to assist the weakest of his children, I shall ever remain honest and steady through life, and do my best to assist others who, like myself, have yielded to temptation.

HAIL TO THE FOUNTAIN.

All hail to the glass that is filled from the fountain

Which flows pure and sparkling, our thirst to allay ;
That glides through the valley, or springs from the
mountain,

While health, peace, and plenty attend on its way.

Let us shun the rich draught that would madden our
senses,

And leave us enfeebled, degraded, and poor ;

Enjoy the pure blessing which nature dispenses,

And drink of the cup of excitement no more.

Let us strive the poor drunkard from vice to deliver,

And ask him to join in the abstinence plan,

Till all drinking customs are banished forever,

No more to destroy the best interests of man.

May the "cup of cold water" draw down a rich blessing

On all who present it with feelings of love ;

And may we partake of those times of refreshing,

Which comes from the life-giving Fountain above.

 TEMPERATE DRINKERS.

It is said that very many drink moderately and guard-
edly through a long course of years, preserving to old
age a sound constitution and vigorous intellect, which
could not be the case if the natural effects of alcoholic
drinks were such as have been depicted.

Now, that some men live long in spite of moderate
drinking no more proves that practice safe and healthful

than the fact that some soldiers who fought through all Napoleon's wars are still alive proves fighting a vocation conducive to longevity. That some persist in drinking without drinking immoderately is true; but the natural *tendency* of drinking at all is nevertheless from less to more, and from more to indisputable excess. There are many vices of which the natural, obvious penalty is not inflicted on every one who commits them, yet no man doubts the connection between the sin and the punishment. Some men steal so moderately and slyly that they are never detected by man; yet no one doubts that stealing is a crime, and that every crime meets its proper punishment. That some men drink liquors yet do not die drunkards is true, as it also is that some habitual drunkards live to old age; yet it is none the less true that drinking leads to drunkenness, and drunkenness shortens life. The laws of the universe are vindicated alike by their usual consequences and the apparent exceptions. Thousands die prematurely every year in consequence of drinking, who never were thoroughly drunk in their lives. One man drinks three glasses and loses his reason; another drinks six, or even ten, and seems wholly unaffected. Men say of the latter, "He has a strong head;" and cigar-puffing, wine-bibbing youngsters are apt to envy him; yet he is far more likely to die in consequence of drinking than his neighbour whom three glasses knock over. The former retains the poison in his system, and it silently preys upon him; in the latter, Nature, revolting at the deadly potion, makes a convulsive effort and throws it off. He is damaged by the liquor, not by its ejection, whatever he may fancy.

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Intoxication is a kindly though ungentle ministration, whose object is relief and recovery. Drinking is not evil because it produces intoxication, but intoxication is ordained to limit the physical evils of drinking. Let no free drinker, therefore, glory in his ability to drink much without intoxication; for, in the natural course of events, he will need his coffin much sooner than if liquor easily overcame him.

Banish, if you can, all thought of God and his judgments,—forget or deny your immortality,—deride the idea of restricting or qualifying your own gratification for the sake of kindred, friends, country, or race,—regard yourself merely as an animal that has happened here to sport a brief summer, then utterly perish,—and still is it not a palpable *mistake* to drink anything that intoxicates? Why *should* it intoxicate if it be not essentially a poison? Is there any other substance claimed to be innocent and wholesome in moderate quantities which drowns the reason if the amount taken be increased? Why seek enjoyment in such a perilous and dubious way, —a path paved with the bones of millions after millions who have fallen in pursuing it—when innocent and healthful pleasures everywhere surround and invite you? Lived there ever a human being, who regretted at death that he had through life refrained from the use of stimulating drinks? and how countless the millions who have with reason deplored such use as the primary, fatal mistake of their lives! Surely, from the radiant heavens above us, the dust once quickened beneath us, comes to the attentive ear a voice, which impressively admonishes, “BE WISE WHILE IT IS CALLED TO-DAY.”

A FINISHED EDUCATION.

Characters—EDWARD and HENRY.

Scene.—Henry alone in his study. Enter Edward with a cigar in his hand.

Edward. Hurrah! this winds up school days. Now for life.

Henry. Heigho! you appear to have steam up this morning.

E. Yes, sir, and *something's* got to move. But what are you moping over books for? Come, put away the rubbish, and take a turn with me.

H. Not so fast, my fly-away. Suppose you throw away *your* rubbish,—I mean that cigar you are making such a flourish with,—and let us have a little chat. You're getting into such a fume, I shouldn't like to trust myself to go with you just now.

E. Oh! nonsense! You're a natural-born old foggy and you'll never know anything about life. I suppose you mean to grub away at your books until you get to be as wise and as stupid as Professor Brown, who is always in a brown study, and don't know enough to tie a cravat.

H. You talk a good deal about life; perhaps there's more in that word than you think of.

E. Yes, *sir*, I know there is. I'm like a bird that's been shut up these ten years in a cage of a school-room. How could I know anything about life? But now the door's open, and I'm bound to have my liberty.

H. Liberty to do what?

E. Why, whatever comes into my head. I can smoke when I like; I can go out nights, and come in when I

please ; I can have a jolly spree with the boys, and have good times generally, without any old Brown to do me *brown* for it.

H. According to your own story, you have merely chosen a new master, or rather, many masters, in place of Professor Brown. You expect to obey whatever notion comes into your head. Your fancy or your appetite will say, "Smoke," and you'll smoke. Your companions will say, "Let's have a jolly spree,"—that is, "Let's drink wine until we are half crazy and can enjoy acting uproarious and silly,"—and you'll obey them and make a fool of yourself. Professor Brown never required anything half so unreasonable.

E. But you know a fellow must sow his wild oats!

H. I don't know any *must* of the kind. I have determined to see life too, and to have my liberty, and there shall be no *must* like that over me.

E. You're a queer fellow ; you never would do like the rest of us ; but I can't help liking you.

H. Thank you for your friendship. I wish I might use it for your benefit. Edward, you have never really thought what life is. Look at yourself a moment ; you can think soundly if you'll only hold still long enough. You're not half the reprobate you sometimes seem. You have a body and a soul. They are for you to improve or ruin. You can put them under training that will make them stronger, better, and happier, or you can suffer them to be made weak, mean and miserable. Now, which course is true life ?

E. But you would cut off all a fellow's fun.

H. No, but I would stop his folly. Don't I enjoy

sport as well as you? I don't want to brag, but I'll ask who was the best skater on the pond yesterday? Who has been the captain of your ball-club and the leader on the academy playground?

E. You, of course; that's why I like you, in spite of your preaching.

H. Isn't the preaching, as you call it, true? Don't quarrel with the truth. I want to have the best part of me—the soul—as healthy and vigorous as the body, and both of them as noble as they can be made. That's *my* idea of life.

E. [*Throws away his cigar.*] I know you're right, and if I could always be with you, I shouldn't get so wild.

H. There's your weakness, and hence your danger in choosing foolish company. You are too ready to join in with every one you meet. Set yourself to be a man after your own ideas of right. You've a better right to lead others in a good way than they have to lead you wrong; and the true way to become a leader is to rule yourself. But come, now we've had a long talk, and as I see you've thrown away your sign of weakness, I'll take a walk with you.

THE BEGINNING AND ENDING.

Characters.—WILLIAM and EDWARD.

William. I say, Ned, what harm is there in a social,

moderate glass of wine? It is certainly a very agreeable way of passing a leisure hour.

Edward. Undoubtedly young men find the exhilaration of wine and jovial intercourse very agreeable; it is upon this admitted fact that the counsel "Look not upon the wine" is based. It is its very pleasantness that makes it so dangerous. However delightful at first, remember that "at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

W. Not at the first?

E. No, not at first. Did it bite at first, who would tamper with it? Did the sting come at the beginning of the indulgence, who would be led astray? The pleasure is first, the sting afterwards! Herein is the danger of looking on wine.

W. But at the first it sparkles and cheers.

E. At the last it poisons and maddens.

W. At the first it excites mirth and song.

E. It produces sorrow and curses at the last.

W. It kindles up the eye, and animates the face, yea, the whole frame of man.

E. True, it does at first, yet it is but temporary; at the last it gives sadness of eyes, bloats the body, and deforms the visage.

W. It is a thing of good feeling and fellowship.

E. In the beginning; but it is an affair of fiends, fighting and murder at the end.

W. It quickens the brain, and gives brilliancy to the conversation.

E. But at last it robs the mind of its strength, thickens the tongue, and degrades conversation by idiotic gibberish.

W. You pitch it strong,—you are blinded so as to see no good in it. You look only on the dark side of the matter.

E. You are right in all but the blindness. There is need of being strong, to resist the seductive wiles of the tempter. There is only a dark side to intemperance ; it has no bright side ; it is a cloud,—a dark, black cloud, without any silver lining.

W. [*Aside.*] I'll try him again,—I may vanquish him yet. Say, Ned, is not wine the agreeable excitement of an evening ?

E. At first it may be so ; but at last it is the long drawn agony of an endless perdition. It brings, at the end, the “ wine of the wrath of God, poured out without mixture.”

W. Ned, you almost convince me of the soundness of your position.

E. Will you wait till you feel the serpent's bite, the adder's sting, before you take alarm ? Pause now, and take a determined stand against the tempter. Pledge yourself to lifelong total abstinence. Nothing short of this is safe. Do this, in the fear of God, and no power can hurt you.

W. I will do it, for I hate to show myself a coward, and be ruled by so tyrannical and deceptive a master. I am bound to be free, even if I have to take a pledge, and give up a life of so-called pleasure. I shall be the gainer by the bargain ; for, in exchange for inglorious and transient pleasure, I shall have, all my life, a clear conscience, cool head, warm heart, steady hand, and strong constitution.

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THE ELECTION SCENE:
OR,

THE POPULAR AND THE UNPOPULAR CANDIDATE.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

- CHAIRMAN.
 BROWN STOUT The Unpopular Candidate.
 HENRY CRYSTAL The Popular Candidate.
 1st SPEAKER, }
 2nd SPEAKER, } Part of the Crowd.
 3rd SPEAKER, }

A little audience of listeners must be formed for the Candidates; or the general audience will do; the "speakers" shouting from their midst, and doing the "cheering," "hissing," &c., as noted hereafter.

Chairman.—Electors of the Borough of Sobriety, I introduce to your notice Brown Stout, Esq., a candidate for your suffrages. I have no doubt he will expound his views on matters in general, in a very able and satisfactory way; and I trust that whilst he makes his speech, you will give him such a reception as the merits of his ideas may seem to warrant. Brown Stout, Esq!

Stout.—Electors and non-electors of the Borough of Sobriety! I come before you on the present occasion to illustrate my views relative to the qualifications and requirements which you will expect from any man who aspires to the honour of representing you in Parliament.

Crowd.—Hear! hear!

Stout.—Free and independent electors! I will not stop to discuss the foreign policy of the present government. I am for peace,—peace and good-will towards all

men! Let us come to the next important point of all. I am a true friend to the working-man!

1st Speaker.—We don't believe it!

Stout.—I would give him all the privileges for which he contends; I am for manhood suffrage, and vote by ballot; I—

2nd Speaker.—What about the Prohibitory Law?

Stout.—That gentleman asks me as to my opinions on the Prohibitory Law. I reply, that whilst I would wish every man to have his own opinion, both as to the correctness of my ideas on this point, and on the right of buying what he may choose, when and where he likes; I would not aid any body of men in playing the tyrant over the majority or the minority. Gentlemen! I am not in favour of the Prohibitory Law.

Crowd.—You won't do for us! (*Hisses, of disapprobation.*)

Stout.—Of course you can say what you like, and are quite at liberty to hiss! I have heard that geese are very much given to the practice!

3rd Speaker.—Do you favour the publicans—do you support the wholesale licensing system?

Stout.—I do! I believe that every sensible working-man is able to take care of himself! I would give him all the privileges I can; all the liberty he likes. I would give him the liberty of taking his social glass or not, as he may choose; I don't believe in curtailing his enjoyments. Is not Canada the land of the brave and the free? and are our liberties to be snatched away, one by one, without any opposition? I say, no! and I mean what I say! I don't believe in the Prohibitory Law!

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It is a delusion and a snare, and will only favour sly tipping all the more. I will therefore tell you candidly, I shall not support the Bill. I am not a teetotaler, and never will be!

1st Speaker.—More's the pity. You don't know what's good for you!

Stout.—Somebody once said that "speech was silver, but silence was golden." That gentleman prefers the baser metal to the more valuable one!

2nd Speaker.—Act upon your own advice, and close your speech!

3rd Speaker.—He won't do for us! Sit down!

Crowd.—Down with the publican's friend! (*Hisses.*)

Stout.—Gentlemen! At your very polite request, I sit down.

[*Henry Crystal advances.*]

Chairman.—I now introduce to you, Henry Crystal, another candidate for your suffrages.

Crystal.—Electors and non-electors of this ancient borough! My opponent passes by all the current political topics of the day; so will I the more readily, since you know them too well to need any repetition upon the present occasion. My very worthy and respectable opponent professes to be the working-man's friend. This is a clap-trap expression which may be used by anybody; but to be able, by a clear and decisive exposition of your views, to lay honest claim to that title, is another affair altogether. Some people confer benefits with one hand and take them away with the other. He says he would not close the grog-shops,—those dens of temptation to the working man,—those places which lure him from

home, and steal his strong faculties away ; which unsteady his sinewy arm, and dim the lustre of his piercing eye. Is that the way to be a working-man's friend ?

1st Speaker.—No ! no ! He's a humbug !

2nd Speaker.—He's only a platform speaker !

3rd Speaker.—Crystal for ever !

Crystal.—Then my respected friend prates about the "liberty" and "privilege" of having these precious gin-shops remain open. What does he speak about such liberties for, in an assemblage of working-men like yourselves ? Is it such a glorious privilege to be able to get drunk,—to ruin your health,—to starve your families,—to beggar yourselves,—to go to the workhouse, and to be buried in a pauper's grave ? These certainly are glorious privileges and liberties ! Gentlemen, I am for a Prohibitory Law, if we can get one. I will vote for anything to stop the drink traffic ! My opponent asks if Canada is not the land of the brave and the free ? Well, poetically speaking, I suppose it is. But that there is nothing either "Brave or Free" in neglecting home and family for a glass of beer and a sanded parlor, I think he will scarcely deny ! Let every man think for himself ! Has the Public-House brought you any good ? Has it not rather introduced such a train of evils and of gigantic miseries as should make every honest man loathe its very existence ? Can anything good come out of evil ? Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots ? When those miracles occur, you may look for one greater,—that is a Publican who can truly and honestly say that he is the "working-man's friend." Gentlemen, I ask your suffrages, feeling certain that you will entrust

your interests to my care! It will be a trust I shall never violate! (*Sits down.*)

Chairman.—Those who favour the pretensions of Brown Stout, Esq., please hold up your hands! (*Nobody responds.*) And now, the contrary. (*All hands held up.*) Those who would support Henry Crystal, Esq. (*All hands up.*) And to the contrary. (*None.*) I declare the result in favour of Mr. Crystal!

1st Speaker.—He's the man for us!

2nd Speaker.—Hurrah for Crystal!

3rd Speaker.—Down with the grog-shops!

Crowd.—Crystal for ever! Hurrah!

Crystal.—Gentlemen, from my heart I thank you. I will endeavour, if returned to the House of Commons, to be worthy of your confidence; and to do that honestly, and to advance your interests most permanently, I will lift up my voice against everything which has been a hindrance and a stumbling-block to your social and domestic welfare.

Crowd.—Hurrah!

JOHN ALCOHOL, MY FOE, JOHN!

AIR—"John Anderson, my Joe, John."

John Alcohol, my foe, John,

When we were first acquaint

I'd money in my pocket, John,

Which now you know there aint!

I spent it all in treating, John,
 Because I loved you so ;
 But mark me, how you've treated me,
 John Alcohol, my foe !
 John Alcohol, my foe, John,
 We've been too long together !
 So you must take one road, John,
 And I shall take another !
 For we may tumble down, John,
 If hand in hand we go,
 And I should have the bill to pay,
 John Alcohol, my foe !

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
 You've coloured up my een,
 And lighted up my nose, John,
 A fiery sign between !
 My hands with palsy shake, John,
 My locks are like the snow :
 Ye'll surely be the death o' me,
 John Alcohol, my foe !

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
 'Twas love of you, I ween,
 That made me rise so early,
 And sit so late at e'en !
 The best of friends must part, John,
 It grieves me sore to know ;
 But I'll go no more with you, John,
 John Alcohol, my foe !

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John Alcohol, my foe, John,
 You've done me very wrong!
 So now I'll part from you, John;
 For you no more I'll long!
 I'll join the Temp'rance band, John;
 You need not say me no!
 It's better late than never, John,
 John Alcohol, my foe!

TRIAL OF THE SALOON NUISANCE,

IN THE COURT OF COMMON JUSTICE.

(*Before Mr. Justice Fairplay.*)

THE PUBLIC GOOD *versus* JOB SNEAK.

CHARACTERS :

JUDGE.

TWELVE JURYMEN.

CLERK OF THE COURT.

MR. GOODMAN, Q.C.,.....Counsel for the Plaintiffs.

MR. SLIPPY, Q.C.,.....Counsel for the Defendant.

JOHN FAITHFUL,

PATRICK MURPHY,

JOSEPH TOOTHFUL,

WILLIAM PEACEFUL,

JOB SNEAK,.....The Defendant.

Attendants, &c.

Clerk,—(to the Jury.)—Gentlemen of the Jury, I charge you, in the name of the people, that you shall try this case fairly, as between man and man, showing no favour, but judging on the evidence to be brought

before you, in the light of reason, intelligence, and religion.

Goodman.—My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury; the case I have to bring before you is one of vast importance to the public at large, and one which, I am sure, will receive your enlightened attention. This action is brought under the 99th Section of the Act for the Promotion of the Public Welfare, which provides for the removal of all nuisances from the public streets. The defendant is the keeper of a saloon on the corner of Union-Street, known by the name of the Jolly Dogs, and I shall show you, gentlemen, that that name is not an inappropriate one. The house in question was erected contrary to the wishes of the peaceful inhabitants of that street; and such has been its fearful character, that we ask you, in the name of common justice, to order its removal at once, or its conversion into something useful to the public at large.

Slippy,—(interrupting.)—If your Worship will please to examine the Act in question, I feel sure you will see at once that it does not apply to the case in dispute. The plaintiffs are unquestionably out of court.

Judge.—With all due deference, Mr. Slippy, to your logical acumen, I think the Act does apply in this case, and, therefore, I must overrule your objection.

Goodman.—We have no wish to press the case very heavily against the defendant, and therefore we do not ask for damages; we have no wish to injure the man, but we ask for the nuisance to be removed. We have several most respectable witnesses in attendance, who, I have no doubt, will prove to your satisfaction that this

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place is a nuisance; and if so, the intelligent jury will have no difficulty in finding a verdict for the plaintiffs. The first witness I shall call is John Faithful.

[Enter John.]

[The following oath is administered by the clerk:—"I solemnly swear that I will speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."]

Goodman.—You live in Union Street, I believe?

John.—Yes, sir.

Goodman.—And you know the Jolly Dogs in that street?

John.—I do, sir, to my sorrow.

Goodman.—Will you please to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you know about it?

John.—Well, gentlemen, before this place was licensed, six months ago, for the sale of liquor, there was not a quieter nor a more respectable street in the country than ours. We never had any disturbance of any kind. But since the Jolly Dogs was opened, it has been quite the reverse, and the inhabitants are determined to leave it if this nuisance be not removed. The defendant has made a skittle-alley, a bowling green, and every other contrivance for gambling; and has also opened a music-hall, where impudent young females sing and dance; and these, with various other contrivances, have succeeded in turning the street from a peaceful neighbourhood into a hell-upon-earth for six days in the week.

Slippy.—Have you ever been in this house?

John.—I have not. I see enough outside of it without going inside.

Slippy.—Mark that, gentlemen! He has never been inside the house.

Goodman.—Have you ever heard anything going on inside as you have been passing by?

John.—I have.

Goodman.—Will you tell the intelligent jury what you have heard?

John.—I have heard fighting, dancing, swearing, brawling, and almost everything disgusting to the ears of a respectable person.

Slippy.—You own a considerable portion of the property in Union-Street, I believe?

John.—I do, sir.

Slippy.—And you sold the land where the Jolly Dogs is built?

John.—I did, but not for the purpose of having a saloon built upon it. Sooner than that, I would have given it away! If this nuisance is not removed, every respectable tenant will leave my houses!

Goodman.—That will do; you may stand down. We shall next examine Patrick Murphy.

[*Enter Patrick.*]

[The oath is administered the same as before.]

Goodman.—Now, Patrick—

Pat.—My name is Pat, if you please, your rivirence; Pat Murphy.

Goodman.—Ah, indeed; I must say you've got a very iligant name! Was that the name they gave you at the Jolly Dogs?

Pat.—Faith, no, your worship's honour; they used to call me the Bull and Terrier.

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Goodman.—You have been a frequent customer at this house, have you not?

Pat.—I have, your lordship's honour!

Goodman.—You must say lordship when you address the judge. If you say sir to me, it will do. Now just tell the intelligent gentlemen in the jury-box what you know about the Jolly Dogs.

Pat.—Well, gintlemin, you must know that before they put up this jerry-shop, as they call it, I was a tidy, hard-working boy; but afterwards I got into bad ways, and was one of the noisiest boys in the place. What I have seen carried on in that place, I should be ashamed to tell; but I'm proud to say that I've mended my ways, and become a sober man!

Slippy.—Do you mean to say that you've ever seen any thing but what was respectable?

Pat.—That I do, an it please you.

Slippy.—Well, come, have you seen anything worse than what takes place every day in your own country?

Pat.—Aisy now, if you please! ould Oirland's an iligant place, and sure the Oirish are the finest Englishmen in the world! (*Laughter.*)

Slippy. It's not a bad one that, to be sure!

Pat.—A mere slip o' the tongue, your highness.

Slippy.—I suppose you recollect Mr. Sneak kicking you out of the Jolly Dogs?

Pat.—I should like to see aither him or you do that same!

Slippy.—So you mean to say that he didn't forbid you to enter the house on account of the disturbance you made?

Pat.—Why, I was just the broth of a boy that helped him to keep the house quiet ; but we couldn't do it, and so I left the house in disgust, and howly St. Patrick forgive me if ever I go again !

Goodman.—And you really think the place is a nuisance, and ought to be removed ?

Pat.—I do !

Goodman.—That will do ; you may now retire. Our next witness is William Peaceful.

[*Enter William.*]

[The clerk commences to administer the oath, but is stopped by Mr. Peaceful.]

William.—Friend, I will speak the truth, as before God, but I will not swear.

Judge.—Are you a member of the Society of Friends ?

William.—I am.

Judge.—You are exempted from the oath. You may now proceed, Mr. Goodman.

Goodman.—You reside on Union Street, I believe, Mr. Peaceful ?

William.—I do.

Goodman.—And you know there is a place called the Jolly Dogs at the corner of that street ?

William.—I do indeed know of such a place ; and I have from time to time lifted up my voice against it as an abomination in the sight of Heaven and of all good men.

Goodman.—I suppose you are not in the habit of frequenting such places ?

William.—I am not. I should fear to venture into such dark places of iniquity, lest my feet should slip, and

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my bones be broken asunder. The place whereof thou hast spoken is a nuisance that stinketh in the nostrils of all the pure and upright ; it is an eyesore and a plague ; it is a trap for the unwary ; and young men, void of understanding, are there enticed into a den of thieves, and their character destroyed. My voice shall continue to cry out against it until it is removed from where it now existeth, and no more exalteth its wicked head among the pleasant places of the earth !

Slippy.—Now, Mr. Peaceful, I will guarantee that you have never seen the defendant in this action !

William.—I have seen his victims, friend.

Slippy.—But you have never seen the man himself.

William.—Friend, thou hast had my answer. I am not a man given to much speaking, and, therefore, my responses are short and to the point.

Judge.—It is your opinion that the place is a *bona fide* nuisance ?

William.—It is one of the worst places of its kind. A quiet neighbourhood is disturbed by its brawls, and it has become unsafe for decent people to pass the neighbourhood ; such is the assembly of wicked and unholy men around the door.

Goodman.—That will do, Mr. Peaceful ; you may retire. Our remaining witness is Joseph Toothful.

[*Enter Joseph.*]

[The oath is administered as before.]

Goodman.—Do you live in Union-Street, Mr. Toothful ?

Joseph.—I do, sir.

Goodman.—And you are well acquainted with a place there called the Jolly Dogs ?

Joseph.—Yes, sir, I know it well ; and so does everybody in that neighbourhood. I am not a teetotaler myself, but I can't stand such places as the Jolly Dogs.

Goodman.—Ah, you are not a teetotaler ; you take a toothful now and then ? You will be a very impartial, and, I may say, important, witness. Have you ever been inside this house ?

Joseph.—I have been inside once, but I will let it satisfy me ; for of all the drunken sights I ever saw, that crowned everything ! Men and women drunk ; children crying for their parents ; wives seeking husbands ; in fact, it was a sight never to be forgotten !

Goodman.—Do you know of any particular circumstances of crime and misery that have been caused through this place ?

Joseph.—I should think I do ! Since it commenced, only six months ago, from among its customers four have been transported, fourteen sent to prison, several have been sold up for rent, twenty-two children have had to be kept by the corporation, owing to their parents being in gaol ; and many have had to leave the town on account of losing their work through drunkenness. In fact, if the place be not closed, I have no hesitation in saying that the consequences will be fearful.

Goodman.—That will do, Mr. Toothful ; you may retire.—(*Exit Joseph.*)—Gentlemen of the jury, this closes the case for the plaintiffs. We could have brought before you any number of witnesses ; but rather than exhaust your patience, we made a selection of the four you

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have had before you, and I have no doubt their clear evidence has satisfied your intelligent minds of the justice of our cause.

Slippy.—My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, one side of a question always stands good until the other side is heard. No doubt you have been impressed with the eloquence of my learned friend ; but let me remind you, gentlemen, that you have to deal with facts, and facts are stubborn things. You have heard a good deal about this house called the Jolly Dogs. Now, I have not the least hesitation in saying that I shall convince the enlightened jury, that this is a well-built, respectable-looking house, and that it is also as well conducted as other houses of the same class. You will be able to judge of that from the plan of the house, which I will show you. —(*He hands the plan to the judge, who examines it, and passes it to the jury.*)—Gentlemen, we have expended five hundred pounds in the erection of that building, and my client has spared no expense in its internal arrangements. And, after that, I will not believe that the intelligent jury will condescend to truckle with the plaintiffs, and turn us out of the place. It is not our intention to call any witnesses, with the exception of the defendant himself, who, I am sure, will convince the minds of the jury, of his good intentions and honourable motives. Job Sneak !

[*Enter Job.*]

[The oath is administered as before.]

Slippy.—Mr. Sneak, you are the landlord of the Jolly Dogs, as well as the owner of the property, I believe ?

Job.—I am, sir.

Slippy.—Then, will you please tell the jury the reason of this prosecution against you?

Job.—Well, you see, gentlemen, as soon as I opened my house, there was a teetotal chap came lecturing in the neighbourhood, and said all sorts of bad things about me and my house, which, of course, everybody believed who did not come to see whether it was so or not.

Slippy.—And you have also some other enemies, I think, besides the teetotalers?

Job.—Well, just a few. There's one of them town-missionary chaps that has robbed me of several good customers, besides slandering my character in a shameful way. I am a peaceful man, and I want to make an honest living quietly. I have conducted my house in a most respectable manner, and I allow none but respectable company; and if I am allowed to stop where I am, I believe I shall give satisfaction to everybody when I have persuaded the Council to grant me a license.

Goodman.—Do you keep any dogs at your house?

Job.—Yes, we have two or three.

Goodman.—And I suppose you have a few innocent things called fighting cocks?—(*Job hesitates.*)—Come, now, out with it!

Job.—Well, yes.

Goodman.—You never have such a thing as a prize-fight arranged at your house, perhaps?

Job.—Well, it may be so, but I have nothing to do with it.

Goodman.—Did you ever fight a battle yourself?

Job.—Yes, once.

Goodman.—How many times have you been in prison ?
—(*Job hesitates.*)—Come, now, if you won't say, I can soon tell you myself!

Job.—Well, if you must have it, I have been three times.

Goodman.—That will do ; you may retire to the Jolly Dogs.—(*Exit Job.*)—Gentlemen, if this is the defence to the action, I need not occupy any more of your time. Our case is supported by ministers of religion, Bible and tract societies, mechanics' institutes, temperance societies, and by almost every inhabitant in the town ; and I ask you in the name of common sense, if such men as the defendant are to be allowed to erect such nuisances at their own discretion, to the disgust and alarm of all well-disposed and peaceable citizens ? Gentlemen, I leave our case with confidence in your hands, and pray for the Almighty to guide you to a wise decision.

Judge.—Gentlemen, the evidence has been placed so clearly before you, that I need not detain you with any remarks of mine. If you think the place is a nuisance in the sense of the Act, you will find for the plaintiffs ; if, on the other hand, you are satisfied with the evidence of the defendant, you will give him the benefit of your decision.

(*The jury consult together for a few moments, and then turn to the judge.*)

Judge.—Gentlemen, are you all agreed upon your verdict ?

Foreman.—We are, my lord ! We find a verdict for the plaintiffs, and consider the nuisance ought to be removed at once.

Judge.—Gentlemen, I quite agree with your verdict, which must therefore be recorded for the plaintiffs.

(*Exeunt.*)

DEBATES OF CONSCIENCE

WITH

A DISTILLER, A WHOLESALE DEALER, AND A RETAILER.

DIALOGUE I.

AT THE DISTILLERY.—FIRST INTERVIEW.

Distiller.—Good morning, Mr. Conscience; though I know you to be one of the earliest risers, especially of late, I hardly expected to meet you here at day-dawn.

Conscience.—I am none too early, it seems, to find you at your vocation. But how are you going to dispose of this great black building?

Distiller.—Why, I do not understand you.

Conscience.—What are you doing with these boiling craters, and that hideous worm there?

Distiller.—Pray explain yourself.

Conscience.—Whose grain is that? and what is bread called in the Bible?

Distiller.—More enigmatical still.

Conscience.—To what market do you mean to send that long row of casks? and how many of them will it take upon an average to dig a drunkard's grave?

Distiller.—Ah, I understand you now. I was hoping

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that I had quieted you on that score. But I perceive you have come upon the old errand. You intend to read me another lesson on the sixth commandment. But what would you have me do ?

Conscience.—Put out these fires.

Distiller.—Nay, but hear me. I entered into this business with your approbation. The neighbours all encouraged me ; they said it would open a fine market for their rye, and corn, and cider.

Conscience.—“The times of this ignorance God winked at—but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.” In one part of your defence, at least, you are incorrect. It was not my *voice*, but my *silence*, if any thing, which gave consent ; and I have always suspected there was some foul play in the matter, and that I was kept quiet for the time by certain deleterious opiates. Indeed, I distinctly recollect the morning bitters and evening toddy, which you were accustomed to give me ; and although I thought but little of it then, I now see that it deadened all my sensibilities. This, I am aware, is no excuse. I ought to have resisted—I ought to have refused, and to have paralyzed the hand which put the cup to my lips. And when you struck the first stroke on this ground, I ought to have warned you off with the voice of seven thunders. That I did not then speak out, and do my duty, will cause me extreme regret and self-reproach to the latest hour of my life.

Distiller.—But what, my dear Conscience, has made you all at once so much wiser, not only than your former self, but than hundreds of enlightened men in every community, whose piety was never doubted ? I myself

know, and have heard of not a few good Christians, including even deacons and elders, who still continue to manufacture ardent spirits, and think, or seem to think it right.

Conscience.—And think it right! Ask their conscience. I should like to witness some of those interviews which take place in the night, and which make Christian Distillers—(what a solecism!)—so much more irritable than they used to be. I know one of the brotherhood, at least, whose conscience has been goading him these five years, and yet he perseveres.

Distiller.—But if I stop, what will the people do? Half the farmers in the township depend upon their rye and cider to pay their taxes, and even to support the Gospel.

Conscience.—So, then, you are pouring out these streams of liquid death over the land, and burning up your own neighbours, to enable them to pay their taxes and support religion! Why don't you set up a coffin factory, to create a brisker demand for lumber, and so help the farmers to pay their taxes; and then spread the small-pox among the people, that they may die the faster, and thus increase your business, and give you a fair profit? It will not do. I tell you, that I can give you no peace till you put out these fires and destroy that worm.

Distiller.—How can I? Here is all my living, especially since, as you know, my eldest son fell into bad habits, in spite of all the good advice I daily gave him, and squandered what might have afforded me a comfortable independence.

Conscience.—Suppose you were now in Brazil, and the owner of a large establishment to fit out slave traders with handcuffs for the coast of Africa, and could not change your business without considerable pecuniary sacrifice; would you make the sacrifice, or would you keep your fires and hammers still going?

Distiller.—Why do you ask such puzzling questions? You know I don't like them at all, especially when my mind is occupied with other subjects. Leave me, at least till I can compose myself, I beseech you.

Conscience.—Nay, but hear me through. Is it right for you to go on manufacturing fevers, dropsy, consumption, delirium-tremens, and a host of other frightful diseases, because your property happens to be vested in a distillery? Is it consistent with the great law of love by which you profess to be governed? Will it bear examination in a dying hour? Shall I bid you look back upon it from the brink of eternity, that you may from such recollections gather holy courage for your pending conflict with the king of terrors? Will you bequeath this magazine of wrath and perdition to your only son not already ruined, and go out of the world rejoicing that you can leave the whole concern in the hands of one who is so trustworthy and so dear?

[Here the Distiller leaves abruptly, without answering a word.]

SECOND INTERVIEW.

Distiller.—(Seeing Conscience approach, and beginning to tremble.) What, so soon and so early at your post again? I did hope for a short respite.

Conscience.—O, I am distressed—I cannot hold my peace. I am pained at my very heart.

Distiller.—Do be composed, I beseech you, and hear what I have to say. Since our last interview I have resolved to sell out, and I expect the purchaser on in a very few days.

Conscience.—What will *he* do with the establishment when he gets it?

Distiller.—You must ask him, and not me. But whatever he may do with it, *I* shall be clear.

Conscience.—I wish I could be sure of that; but let us see. Though you will not make poison by the hundred barrels any longer yourself, you will sell this laboratory of death to another man, for the same horrid purpose. You will not, with your own hands, go on forging daggers for maniacs to use upon themselves and their friends, provided you can get some one to take your business at a fair price. You will no longer drag the car of Juggernaut over the bodies of prostrate devotees if you can *sell out the privilege to good advantage!*

Distiller.—Was ever any man's conscience so captious before? You seem determined not to be satisfied with anything. But beware; by pushing matters in this way you will produce a violent "reaction." Even professors of religion will not bear it. For myself, I wish to treat you with all possible respect; but forbearance itself must have its limits.

Conscience.—Possibly you may be able to hold me in check a little longer; but I am all the while gathering strength for an onset which you cannot withstand; and if you cannot bear these kind remonstrances now,

how will you grapple with "the worm that never dies?"

Distiller.—Enough, enough. I will obey your voice. But why so pale and deathlike?

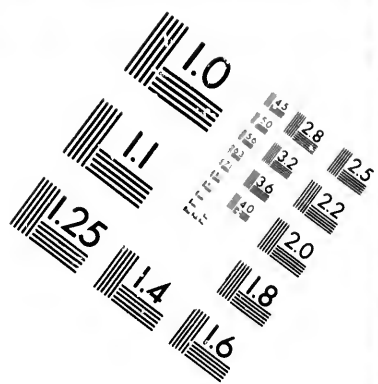
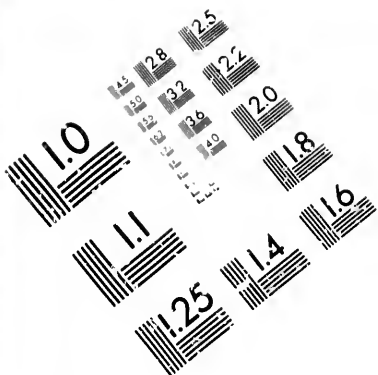
Conscience.—O, I am sick, I am almost suffocated. These tartarean fumes, these dreadful forebodings, these heart-rending sights; and above all, my horrid dreams, I cannot endure them. There comes our nearest neighbor, stealing across the lots, with his jug and half-bushel of rye. What is his errand, and where is his hungry, shivering family? And see there too, that tattered, half-starved boy, just entering the yard with a bottle—who sent him here at this early hour? All these barrels—where are the wretched beings who are to consume this liquid fire, and to be consumed by it?

Distiller.—Spare me, spare me, I beseech you. By going on at this rate a little longer you will make me as nervous as yourself.

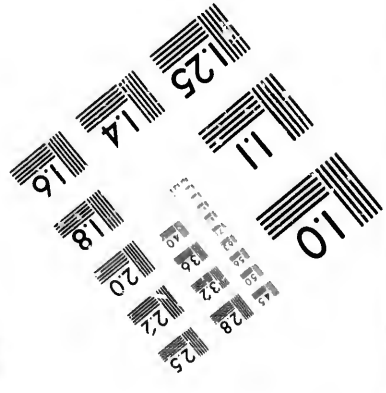
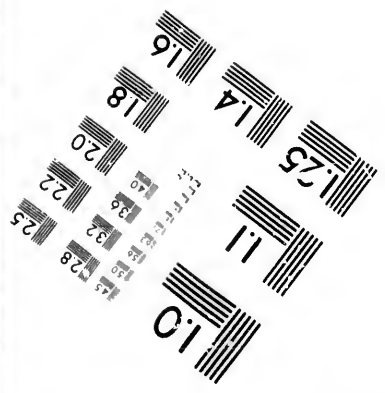
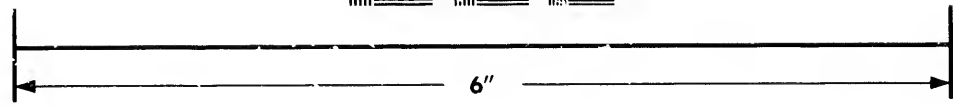
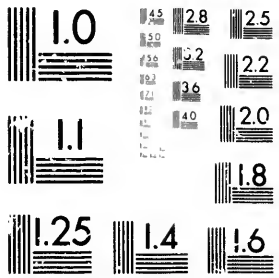
Conscience.—But I cannot close this interview till I have related one of the dreams to which I just alluded. It was only last night that I suffered in this way, more than tongue can tell. The whole terrific vision is written in letters of fire upon the tablet of my memory; and I feel it all the while burning deeper and deeper.

I thought I stood by a great river of melted lava, and while I was wondering from what mountain or vast abyss it came, suddenly the field of my vision was extended to the distance of several hundred miles, and I perceived that, instead of springing from a single source, this rolling torrent of fire was fed by numerous tributary streams, and these again by smaller rivulets. And what do you





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think I heard and beheld, as I stood petrified with astonishment and horror? There were hundreds of poor wretches struggling and just sinking in the merciless flood. As I contemplated the scene still more attentively, the confused noise of boisterous and profane merriment, mingled with loud shrieks of despair, saluted my ears. The hair of my head stood up—and looking this way and that way, I beheld crowds of men, women and children, thronging down to the very margin of the river—some eagerly bowing down to slack their thirst with the consuming liquid, and others convulsively striving to hold them back. Some I saw actually pushing their neighbors headlong from the treacherous bank, and others encouraging them to plunge in, by holding up the fiery temptation to their view. To insure a sufficient depth of the river, so that destruction might be made doubly sure, I saw a great number of men, and some whom I knew to be members of the church, laboriously turning their respective contributions of the glowing and hissing liquid into the main channel. This was more than I could bear. I was in perfect torture. But when I expostulated with those who were nearest to the place where I stood, they coolly answered, *This is the way in which we get our living.*

But what shocked me more than all the rest, and curdled every drop of blood in my veins, was the sight which I had of this very distillery pouring out its tributary stream of fire! And O, it distracts, it maddens me to think of it. There you stood yourself feeding the torrent which had already swallowed up some of your own family, and threatened every moment to sweep you away!

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This last circumstance brought me from the bed, by one convulsive bound, into the middle of the room ; and I awoke in an agony which I verily believe I could not have sustained for another moment.

Distiller.—I will feed the torrent no longer. The fires of my distillery shall be put out. From this day, from this hour, I renounce the manufacture of ardent spirits for ever.

DIALOGUE II.

WHOLESALE DEALER'S COUNTING-ROOM.

Conscience.—(Looking over the ledger with a serious air.) What is that last invoice from the West Indies ?

Rum-Dealer.—Only a few casks of fourth proof, for particular customers.

Conscience.—And that domestic poison, from Toronto ; and on the next page, that large consignment from Montreal.

Dealer.—O, nothing but two small lots of prime whiskey, such as we have been selling these twenty years. But why these chiding inquiries ? They disquiet me exceedingly. And to tell you the plain truth, I am more than half offended at this morbid inquisitiveness.

Conscience.—Ah, I am afraid, as I have often told you, that this is a bad business ; and the more I think of it, the more it troubles me.

Dealer.—Why so ? You are always preaching up industry as a Christian virtue, and my word for it, were I to neglect my business, and saunter about the hotels and

steamboat wharves, as some do, you would fall into convulsions, as if I had committed the unpardonable sin.

Conscience.—Such pettish quibbling is utterly unworthy of your good sense and ordinary candor. You know, as well as I do, the great difference between industry in some safe and honest calling, and driving a business which carries poverty and ruin to thousands of families.

Dealer.—*Honest* industry! This is more cruel still. You have known me too long to throw out such insinuations; and besides, it is notorious, that some of the first merchants in our city are engaged, far more extensively, in the same traffic.

Conscience.—Be it so. “To their own Master they stand or fall.” But if fair dealing consists in “doing as we would be done by,” how can a man of your established mercantile and Christian reputation sustain himself, if he continues to deal in an article which he knows to be more destructive than all the plagues of Egypt.

Dealer.—Do you intend, then, to make me answerable for all the mischief that is done by ardent spirit, in the whole State and nation? What I sell is a mere drop of the bucket, compared with the consumption of a single county. Where is the proof that the little which my respectable customers carry into the country, with their other groceries, ever does any harm? How do you know that it helps to make such a frightful host of drunkards and vagabonds? And if it did, whose fault would it be? I never gave nor sold a glass of whiskey to a tippler in my life. Let those who will drink to excess, and make brutes of themselves, answer for it.

Conscience.—Yes, certainly *they* must answer for it;

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but will that excuse those who furnish the poison? Did you never hear of abettors and accessories, as well as principals in crime? When Judas, in all the agony of remorse and despair, threw down the thirty pieces of silver before the chief priests and elders, exclaiming, *I have sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood*—they coolly answered, *What had to us? See thou to that.* And was it therefore nothing to them? Had they no hand in that cruel tragedy? Was it nothing to Pilate—nothing to Herod—nothing to the multitude who were consenting to the crucifixion of the son of God—because they did not drive the nails and thrust the spear?

O, when I think of what you are doing to destroy the bodies and souls of men, I cannot rest. It terrifies me at all hours of the night. Often and often, when I am just losing myself in sleep, I am startled by the most frightful groans and unearthly imprecations, coming out of these hogsheads. And then, those long processions of rough-made coffins and beggared families, which I dream of, from nightfall to daybreak, they keep me all the while in a cold sweat, and I can no longer endure them.

Dealer.—Neither can I. Something must be done. You have been out of your head more than half the time for this six months. I have tried all the ordinary remedies upon you without the least effect. Indeed, every new remedy seems only to aggravate the disease. O, what would not I give for the discovery of some anodyne which would lay these horrible phantasms. The case would be infinitely less trying, if I could sometimes per-

suade you, for a night or two, to let me occupy a different apartment from yourself, for when your spasms come on, one might as well try to sleep with embers in his bosom, as where you are.

Conscience.—Would it mend the matter at all, if, instead of sometimes dreaming, I were to be always wide awake?

Dealer.—Ah, there's the grand difficulty. For I find that when you do wake up, you are more troublesome than ever. *Then* you are always harping upon my being a professor of religion, and bringing up some text of Scripture, which might as well be let alone, and which you would not ring in my ears, if you had any regard to my peace, or even your own. More than fifty times within a month, have you quoted, "*By their fruits ye shall know them.*" In fact, so uncharitable have you grown of late, that from the drift of some of your admonitions, a stranger would think me but little, if any, better than a murderer. And all because some vagabond or other may possibly happen to shorten his days by drinking a little of the identical spirit which passes through my hands.

Conscience.—You do me bare justice when you say that I have often reproved you, and more earnestly of late, than I formerly did. But my remonstrances have always been between you and me alone. If I have charged you with the guilt of hurrying men to the grave and to hell, by this vile traffic, it has not been upon the house-top. I cannot, it is true, help knowing how it grieves your brethren, gratifies the enemies of religion, and excites the scorn of drunkards themselves, to see

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your wharf covered with the fiery element ; but I speak only in your own ears. To yourself I have wished to prove a faithful monitor, though I have sad misgivings, at times, even with regard to that. You will bear me witness, however, that I have sometimes trembled exceedingly, for fear that I should be compelled, at last, to carry the matter up by indictment to the tribunal of eternal justice.

To avoid this dreadful necessity, let me once more reason the case with you in a few words. You know perfectly well, that ardent spirit kills its thousands in this Dominion every year : and there is no more room to doubt that many of these lives are destroyed by the very liquor which you sell, than if you saw them staggering under it into the drunkard's grave. How then can you possibly throw off bloodguiltiness, with the light which you now enjoy ? In faithfulness to your soul, and to Him whose vice-regent I am, I cannot say less, especially if you persist any longer in the horrible traffic.

Dealer.—Pardon me, my dear Conscience, if, under the excitement of the moment, I complained of your honest and continued importunity. Be assured, there is no friend in the world with whom I am so desirous of maintaining a good understanding as with yourself. And for your relief and satisfaction, I now give you my solemn pledge, that I will close up this branch of my business as soon as possible. Indeed, I have commenced the process already. My last consignments are less, by more than one half, than were those of the preceding years ; and I intend that, when another year comes about, my books shall speak still more decidedly in my favor.

Conscience.—These resolutions would be perfectly satisfactory, if they were in the *present tense*. But if it was wrong to sell five hundred casks last year, how can it be right to sell two hundred this year, and one hundred next? If it is criminal to poison forty men at one time, how can it be innocent to poison twenty at another? If you may not throw a hundred firebrands into the city, how will you prove that you may throw one?

Dealer.—Very true, very true—but let us waive this point for the present. It affects me very strangely.

Conscience.—How long, then, will it take to dry up this fountain of death?

Dealer.—Don't call it so, I beseech you; but I intend to be entirely out of the business in two or three years, at farthest.

Conscience.—Two or three years! Can you, then, after all that has passed between us, persist two or three years longer in a contraband traffic? I verily thought, that when we had the long conference two or three months ago, you resolved to close the concern at once; and that when we parted, I had as good as your promise, that you would. Surely, you cannot so soon have forgotten it.

Dealer.—No, I remember that interview but too well; for I was never so unhappy in my life. I did almost resolve, and more than half promise, as you say. But after I had time to get a little composed, I thought you had pushed matters rather too far; and that I could convince you of it, at a proper time. I see, however, that the attempt would be fruitless. But as I am anxious for a compromise, let me ask whether, if I give away all the

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profits of this branch of my business to the Bible Society; and other institutions, till I can close it up, you will not be satisfied?

Conscience.—Let me see. Five hundred dollars, or one hundred dollars, earned to promote the cause of religion by selling poison? By killing husbands, and fathers, and brothers, and torturing poor women and children! It smells of blood—and can God possibly accept of such an offering?

Dealer.—So then, it seems, I must stop the sale at once, or entirely forfeit what little charity you have left.

Conscience.—You must. Delay is death—death to the consumer at least; and how can you flatter yourself that it will not prove your own eternal death? My convictions are decisive, and be assured, I deal thus plainly because I love you, and cannot bear to become your everlasting tormentor.

DIALOGUE III.

AT THE RETAILER'S STAND.

Conscience.—Do you know that little half-starved, bare-footed child, that you just sent home with two quarts of rank poison?

(Retailer hums a tune to himself, and affects not to hear the question.)

Conscience.—I see by the paper of this morning, that the furniture of Mr. M—— is to be sold under the hammer to-morrow. Have I not often seen him in your tap-room?

Retailer.—I am extremely busy just now, in bringing up my ledger.

Conscience.—Have you heard how N—— abused his family, and turned them all into the street the other night, after being supplied by you with whiskey?

Retailer.—He is a *brute*, and ought to be confined in a dungeon six months at least, upon bread and water.

Conscience.—Was not S——, who hung himself lately, one of your steady customers? and where do you think his soul is now fixed for eternity? You sold him rum that evening, not ten minutes before you went to the prayer-meeting, and had his money in your pocket—for you would not trust him—when you led in the exercises. I heard you ask him once, why he did not attend meeting, and send his children to the Sabbath-school; and I shall never forget his answer. “Come, you talk like a minister; but, after all, we are about of one mind—at least in some things. Let me have my jug and be going.”

Retailer.—I know he was an impudent, hardened wretch; and though his death was extremely shocking, I am glad to be rid of him.

Conscience.—Are you ready to meet him at the bar of God, and to say to the Judge, “He was my neighbor—I saw him going down the broad way, and I did every thing that a Christian could do to save him?”

Retailer.—(Aside. O that I could stifle the upbraidings of this cruel monitor.) You keep me in constant torment. This everlasting cant about *rank poison, and liquid fire, and blood, and murder*, is too much for even a Christian to put up with. Why, if any body but Con-

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science were to make such insinuations and charges, he would be indictable as a foul slanderer, before a court of justice.

Conscience.—Is it *slander*, or is it *because I tell you the truth*, that your temper is so deeply ruffled under my remonstrances? Suppose I were to hold my peace, while your hands are becoming more and more deeply crimsoned with this bloody traffic. What would you say to me, when you come to meet that poor boy who just went out, and his drunken father, and broken-hearted mother, at the bar of God? Would you thank your conscience for having left you alone while there was space left for repentance?

Retailer.—Ah, had honest trader ever *such* a conscience to deal with before? Always just so uncompromising—always talking about the “golden rule”—always insisting upon a moral standard which nobody can live up to—always scenting poverty, murder, and suicide, in every glass of whiskey, though it were a mile off. The truth is, you are not fit to live in this world at all. Acting in conformity with your more than puritanical rules, would starve any man and his family to death.

Conscience.—Well, here comes another customer—see the carbuncles! Will you fill his bottle with wrath, to be poured out without mixture, by and by, upon your own head? Do you not know that his pious wife is extremely ill, and suffering for want of every comfort, in their miserable cabin!

Retailer.—No, Mr. E——, go home and take care of your family. I am determined to harbor no more drunkards here.

Conscience.—You mean to make a distinction then, do you, between harboring those who are already ruined, and helping to destroy such as are now respectable members of society? You will not hereafter tolerate a single *drunkard* on your premises; but—

Retailer.—Ah, I see what you are aiming at; and really it is too much for any honest man, and still more for any Christian to bear. You know it is a long time since I have pretended to answer half your captious questions. There's no use in it. It only leads on to others still more impertinent and puzzling. If I am the hundredth part of that factor of Satan which you would make me, I ought to be dealt with, and cast out of the church at once; and why don't my good brethren see to it?

Conscience.—That's a hard question, which they, perhaps, better know how to answer than I do.

Retailer.—But have you forgotten, my good Conscience, that in retailing spirit, I am under the immediate eye and sanction of the laws. Mine is no contraband traffic, as you very well know. I hold a license from the rulers of the country, and have paid my money for it into the public treasury. Why do they continue to grant and sell licenses, if it is wrong for me to sell rum?

Conscience.—Another hard question, which I leave them to answer as best they can. It is said, however, that public bodies have no soul, and if they have no soul, it is difficult to see how they can have any conscience; and if not, what should hinder them from selling licenses? but suppose the civil authorities should offer to sell you a license to keep a gambling-house, or a

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brothel, would you purchase such a license, and present it as a salve to your conscience ?

Retailer.—I tell you once more, there is no use in trying to answer your questions ; for say what I will, you have the art of turning everything against me. It was not always so, as you must very distinctly remember. Formerly I could retail hogshead after hogshead of all kinds of spirits, and you slept as quietly as a child. But since you began to read these Reports and Tracts about drinking, and to attend Temperance meetings, I have scarcely had an hour's peace of my life. I feared that something like this would be the effect upon your nervous temperament, when you began ; and you may recollect that I strongly objected to your troubling yourself with these new speculations. It now grieves me to think that I ever yielded to your importunity ; and beware that you do not push me to extremities in this matter, for I have about come to the resolution that I will have no more of these mischievous pamphlets, either about my store or tavern ; and that your temperance agents may declaim to the winds and walls, if they please.

Conscience.—I am amazed at your blindness and obstinacy. It is now from three to five years since I began to speak—though in a kind of indistinct undertone at first—against this bloody traffic. I have reasoned, I have remonstrated, and latterly I have threatened and implored with increasing earnestness. At times you have listened, and been convinced that the course you are pursuing, in this day of light, is infamous, and utterly inconsistent with a Christian profession ; but be-

fore your convictions and resolutions have time to ripen into action, the love of *money* regains its ascendancy ; and thus have you gone on *resolving, and relapsing, and re-resolving*—one hour at the preparatory lecture, and the next unloading whiskey at your door ; one moment mourning over the prevalence of intemperance, and the next arranging your decanters to entice the simple ; one day partaking of the cup of the lord at his table, and the next offering the cup of devils to your neighbors ; one day singing,

“ All that I have, and all I am,
I consecrate to Thee,”

and the next, *for the sake of a little gain*, sacrificing your character, and polluting all you can induce to drink ! O, how can I hold my peace ? How can I let you alone ? If you will persist, your blood, and the blood of those whom you thus entice and destroy, be upon your own head. Whether you will hear, or whether you will forbear, I shall not cease to remonstrate ; and when I can do no more to reclaim you, I will sit down at your gate, in the bitterness of despair, and cry, *Murder ! MURDER !! MURDER !!!*

Retailer.—(Pale and trembling.) “ Go thy way for this time ; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.”

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PROHIBITION.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—The object of our Society, and of the Temperance agitation and work of the present day, is to *prevent* drunkenness rather than to cure it. The traffic in intoxicating liquors is at war with every interest of society, is in deadly hostility to every man, woman, and child to all eternity, and such a business ought not to be permitted to be carried on in a civilized and Christian community. I know it ought to be prohibited; I am sure that the people will come to it, and the country will be ready for it by-and-by. If public opinion could be concentrated, I am sure that the sale of intoxicating liquor would be prohibited, as inconsistent with the welfare of the community. By licensing grog-shops, pecuniary and moral taxes in every department of life are imposed—taking away from us fathers, brothers, sisters, sons, and destroying them utterly.

We inquire why this should be so. What good results from the traffic in intoxicating liquors, that we should endure the enormous and unspeakable evils coming from it? We say, without fear of contradiction, that the evils resulting from the traffic in intoxicating liquors are greater and more numerous than from all other causes of evil put together. The grog-shops, as they exist in this country, are the causes of greater evils than all other causes of evil combined. No man can deny that it is so. We demand that they shall be abolished by law. I submit, if any man objects to our proposition, he is bound to show that more good comes from grog-shops than evil. The law-making power

comes and shuts up the gambling-saloon, the lottery-shop, and the house of ill-fame, because they are inconsistent with the general good. There is the grog-shop; shut it up. It is ten thousand times more injurious than all other things combined. Railways kill a great many people, and by better precautionary measures life would be safer on railroads than it now is; but is there any proposition to abolish railroads? No; because more good than evil comes from the railway. Steamboats produce immense mischief by explosions and collisions; but it is not proposed to abolish steam navigation, because more good than evil comes from the use of steamboats. I defy any man to show that good comes from the grog-shops to the amount of a single farthing, to the nation or to the people, while the evils flowing from them are greater than all other existing evils in society. No man can deny that the traffic in intoxicating drinks is an infinite mischief to the nation and brings misery to the people, and that the entire suppression of that traffic would be an infinite advantage to the nation and an incalculable blessing to the people.

The proper function of the Government is to suppress everything which is inconsistent with the general good. The grog-shops, as they exist in this country, are the cause of nine-tenths of all the suffering, pauperism, and crime, and we demand in the name of the people that they shall be closed up with the strong arm of the law.

OUR COUNTRY; ITS DANGERS AND DESTINY.

My native land ! amid thy cabin homes,
 Amid thy palaces, a demon roams ;
 Frenzied with rage, yet subtle in his wrath,
 He crushes thousands in his fiery path ;
 Stalks through our cities unabashed and throws
 Into the cup of sorrow bitterer woes ;
 Gives to the pangs of grief an added smart ;
 With keenest anguish wrings the breaking heart ;
 Drags the proud spirit from its envied height,
 And breathes on fondest hopes a killing blight ;
 Heralds the shroud, the coffin, and the pall,
 And the graves thicken where his footsteps fall !

Ho, for the rescue ! ye whose eyes have seen
 The ruin wrought where Drunkenness hath been,—
 Ye who have gazed upon the speechless grief
 Of early widowhood, that mocked relief,—
 Ye who have heard the orphan's struggling sigh,
 When, mad with agony, he prayed to die,—
 Ye who have marked the crimes and shames that throng,
 Like sateless fiends, the drunkard's way along,—
 Ye who can tell his everlasting doom
 When darkly over him shall close the tomb.

Up for the conflict !—let your battle-peal
 Ring on the air as rings the clash of steel,
 When rank to rank, contending armies meet,
 Trampling the dead beneath their bloody feet !
 Up ! ye are bidden to a nobler strife,—
 Not to destroy, but rescue human life ;

No added drop in misery's cup to press,
 But minister relief to wretchedness ;
 To give the long-lost father to his boy,—
 To cause the widow's heart to sing for joy,—
 Bid Plenty laugh where hungry Famine howls,
 And pour the sunlight o'er the tempest's scowls,—
 Bring to the scul that to despair is given
 A new-found joy—a holy hope of heaven !

I'M TOO YOUNG.

Jane.—I think, George, I am too young to be a teetotaler ; it is a very good thing for you, but I am too young.

George.—Are you too young to know right from wrong, Jane ?

Jane.—Why, now, I think you are laughing at me, George ? Why, I'm in the Bible class at school. I shall be nine next birthday, and you ask me if I know right from wrong ?

George.—Well, Jane, don't be angry—you complained of being too young just now ; but if you know right from wrong, why total abstinence from strong drinks is right, and drinking them is wrong. And if you are not too young to *know*, you can't be too young to *do*, what is right.

Jane.—I never do drink, George, only a glass of wine at our school breaking up, and a little taste of punch with Uncle John, when I go to see him—that's all.

George.—Are you in the habit of often seeing people drink these drinks ?

Jane.—Oh, no, George ! My parents are teetotalers, you know. We have no such drinks at home. I only see them at Uncle John's, and our breaking up.

George.—Why, Jane, in that case, you can take them as often as you can get them, and the drunkard does no more.

Jane.—Dear me ! how harshly you speak—comparing me to a drunkard ! Who ever heard of a little girl being a drunkard ?

George.—Little girls grow to be women ; and women, Jane, are sometimes so lost, as to be drunkards. I have read in the works of a great poet these words, “ The child is father to the man ; ” meaning, that the habits we get in childhood, grow with us. Do you think the strip of muslin you are hemming would ever be done by you, if you never begun it ?

Jane.—What a simple question ! Why to be sure it would not.

George.—Well, simple as it is, the case of poor lost drunkards is like that strip of muslin. Every drop they took, from the very first beginning, helped on to the completion of their bad habit, as surely as every stitch you take helps on till the whole is completed. Is not that plain ?

Jane.—Why yes, it seems so.

George.—Every thing, Jane, both good and evil, must have a beginning ; and the habits we get in childhood are often so strong, we can never throw them off. You mentioned, just now, Uncle John and his punch ; and

you know he learned to take strong drink in his youth in the Navy, and he is now quite disabled with gout. What is the reason he does not become a teetotaler?

Jane.—Oh, he says he is too old, and that he learned to drink in his youth.

George.—He was not too young, Jane, to learn to drink! You think yourself too young to learn to abstain.

Jane.—Oh, if ever I thought for a moment I should be a drunkard, I would not think myself too young.

George.—And do you suppose any one ever does think of becoming a drunkard?

Jane.—Why, no; I dare say they get into a bad habit before they are at all aware of it. But, George, how could I refuse to take wine at the breaking up?—I should be laughed at.

George.—And would you do wrong for fear of being laughed at? Oh, that is not like a child who reads her Bible. You know you should do your duty, through good report and through evil report. Some wicked people laugh at religion—would you be ashamed of religion on that account?

Jane.—Oh no! for our Lord has said, "Whosoever is ashamed of me before men, of him will I be ashamed."

George.—Well, then, why be ashamed of teetotalism, which is a plain carrying out the command, "Do good, as you have opportunity, to all men."

Jane.—Well, I think I have been wrong.

George.—I think you have, Jane. You are not too young to read your Bible, and to understand parts of it. Neither are you too young to be a Christian. How then

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can you be too young to understand this plain fact, that if you would forever avoid the snares of intemperance yourself, and set a good example of perfect sobriety to others, you must abstain from drinks that cause intemperance.

Jane.—Well, George, I thought it did not much matter about children being teetotalers ; but you have taught me better. I see that we are never too young to do that which is right.

APPLYING FOR A LICENSE.

CHARACTERS.

BENCH OF COUNCILLORS, OR POLICE COMMISSIONERS.

MR. FAITHFUL, *Counsel for the Opposition.*

MR. SNIPE, *Counsel for the Application.*

MR. BARLEY, *a Brewer.*

MR. DUTIFUL, *a would-be Hotel-Keeper.*

MR. MODERATE, *a Landlord.*

MR. SHUFFLES, *an Operative.*

MR. FREEMAN, *an extensive Manufacturer.*

Scene.—Court-house. Councillors seated at the back ; clerks and lawyers round a table in front.

Mr. Snipe.—Gentlemen, I have the honor to appear before you on behalf of my respected client, Mr. Dutiful, a gentleman of great respectability, of unimpeachable morality, and an old inhabitant of this flourishing town, who is desirous of opening a licensed house in the neighbourhood of Northgate, to be called "The Hope Hotel."

It is well known to you all that that neighbourhood is rapidly progressing in population and influence, and that a house of this kind has long been wanted. I am sure it is not necessary for me to offer any arguments to convince you of that. My respected client is known to you all as a man of good character and influence, which is a sufficient guaranty that his house will be conducted with propriety and decorum. I hold in my hand a memorial, signed by fifty of the most respectable householders in the neighbourhood, stating the necessity that exists for a respectable and well-conducted hotel, and praying your worships to grant this request. You may examine the document for yourselves. [*He hands it to the Chairman.*] And there are also several gentlemen present, whom I shall call before you, all of whom will bear testimony to the truth of that document. Gentlemen! I am no advocate for drunkenness; and I can pledge my word, that if you grant this license, the house will be conducted on the principles of moderation and sobriety; that no disreputable company will be allowed to frequent it; that all dangerous amusements will be strictly forbidden; and that it will be strictly a house of public entertainment. On these grounds I confidently submit my case to your superior judgment, certain that you will give it that careful attention which it demands. I shall now call upon my witnesses. Mr. Moderate!

[*Enter Mr. Moderate.*]

Mr. Snipe.—You live in the neighbourhood of Northgate, I believe?

Mr. Moderate.—I do. I have lived in that locality thirty years.

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Mr. Snipe.—What is your opinion of the public house accommodation in that place?

Mr. Moderate.—I am convinced that there is a great want of more public houses; as there is not one within some distance of the house that Mr. Dutiful wishes to open.

Mr. Faithful.—What distance may that be?

Mr. Snipe.—I object to that question. Allow me to examine my own witnesses.

Mr. Faithful.—Very well. I will recollect my question afterwards.

Mr. Snipe.—And you believe that the state of the neighbourhood requires that the license should be granted?

Mr. Moderate.—That has been my settled conviction for the last ten years.

Mr. Snipe.—That will do; you may stand down. Mr. Barley!

[*Enter Mr. Barley.*]

Mr. Snipe.—How long have you resided in Northgate?

Mr. Barley.—I have lived there all my life.

Mr. Snipe.—Do you not carry on an extensive business there?

Mr. Barley.—I do.

Mr. Snipe.—Do you believe there ought to be another public house there?

Mr. Barley.—That is the general opinion.

Mr. Snipe.—And you can assure the magistrates that the case demands it?

Mr. Barley.—I can, most assuredly.

Mr. Snipe.—That will do ; you may stand down. *Mr. Shuffles !*

[*Enter Mr. Shuffles.*]

Mr. Snipe.—You are an inhabitant of Northgate, and a director of several lodges and orders ?

Mr. Shuffles.—I have lived in that place ten years, and am connected with no less than eight benefit societies.

Mr. Snipe.—And you find a necessity for more accommodation for your meetings ?

Mr. Shuffles.—Yes ; we have had to hold our meetings in private houses from the want of proper accommodation.

Mr. Snipe.—You are well acquainted with *Mr. Dutiful*, are you not ?

Mr. Shuffles.—I have known him for many years to be a respectable and creditable man ; and I believe he is every way qualified to conduct a respectable hotel.

Mr. Snipe.—You may stand down. [*To the Bench.*] I have now submitted my case to your worships, and I have no doubt you are all convinced of the reasonableness of this application, and that you will grant the request without demur.

Mr. Faithful.—Gentlemen ! I appear before you on behalf of the Temperance Society, a very numerous and respectable class of individuals, to oppose this application. And I shall show you that this is one of the most barefaced attempts to impose upon a worthy bench of Councillors that I ever knew. I hold before me a memorial signed by two hundred and sixty of the most influential inhabitants of the locality of Northgate, who are

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all convinced that no such house is needed, and that there are already too many such places for the prospects and well-being of our rising young men, who are so numerously snared into them, and ruined for life. I submit to your notice this document [*Handing it to the chairman*], which, I believe, will contrast very favourably with the one you have already received. The morality of this town is at present nothing to boast of; and the more of such houses you allow, the worse will immorality spread; the more will our prisons be crowded with prisoners, our asylums with lunatics, our almshouses with paupers, and our streets with ragged children. There are few prisoners examined at this bar whose crime is not to be attributed to the indulgence in intoxicating drinks; and the more of these places we have, the more will drunkenness prevail. And as for such places being well conducted, I believe you will find it to be an incontrovertible fact that a *well-conducted* public house would not exist twelve months; it would not pay. The case which has been laid before you in support of this application bears the impress of deception on the very face of it. You are perhaps not aware that the gentleman making the application has previously had such a business, and had his license taken from him for keeping a disorderly house. And the witnesses who have been examined are all interested parties,—one of them is a brewer in town; another is the owner of the property, and expects to realize a handsome rent; and the other is supposed to be bribed by the hotel-keeper to recommend their houses for the purpose of lodge-meetings. I hope that before long the working-men will see into the

folly and disgrace of holding their lodges at such places. I am ashamed to think that men have the audacity and bare-facedness to come here and advocate such places. There are already in this town twenty times more than are really necessary for all rational purposes; and a stop ought to be put to the further extension of such a monstrous evil. In the very immediate neighborhood of Northgate there are no less than six licensed houses, which, I am sure, will afford reasonable accommodation for all the purposes for which such places are needed. I have only one witness to call before you,—a gentleman of great respectability and wealth, and who is entirely disinterested in the affair. Mr. Freeman!

[*Enter Mr. Freeman.*]

Mr. Faithful.—You are well acquainted with Mr. Dutiful?

Mr. Freeman.—I have known him upwards of twenty years. He was formerly landlord of the Black Horse Inn, and kept a most disreputable and disgraceful house.

Mr. Faithful.—Do you know the house for which this application is made?

Mr. Freeman.—I do.

Mr. Faithful.—What distance will it be from the nearest public house?

Mr. Freeman.—There are three public houses within forty yards of it; and not one of them can be called a respectable house; they are a disgrace to the town.

Mr. Faithful.—You are the employer of a great majority of the inhabitants of that district?

Mr. Freeman.—I am. And I have had many good workmen ruined by these places ; and hundreds of promising young men in my employ have been enticed into them, and have ruined their prospects for life, and blighted the hopes of their parents and families.

Mr. Faithful.—Then you believe there is no necessity for another such place ?

Mr. Freeman.—I shall regard it as a public calamity if it be allowed.

Mr. Faithful.—You may retire. (*To the Bench.*) I have now shown to your worships the entire fallacy of this deplorable application ; and I hope that, for the sake of public morality and family comfort, you will nobly and wisely refuse to grant it. And, in so doing, I can assure you that a grateful and discerning public will applaud your judgment !

Mr. Snipe.—Gentlemen ! I admit that my worthy friend, Mr. Faithful, has somewhat shattered my case ; and I can assure you that if I had been aware of these facts, I would not have demeaned myself to be the medium of such an unprincipled application.

[The Bench consult together a few minutes, and then the decision is given by]

The Chairman.—We are of the opinion that a licensed house is not required in that place ; and have unanimously decided to *refuse* the application.

[*Cheers by Mr. Faithful and his friends.*]

THE CAMBRIDGE TRAGEDY.

Women and facts are very stubborn things,
 And rule this world in spite of lords and kings ;
 My muse of facts and women therefore sings.

In famous Cambridge, famed for Harvard College,
 Where famous men stuff empty heads with knowledge,
 A kind and very worthy woman lives,
 Who by economy and labor thrives,—
 One Mrs. Hall,
 The wife of Oliver, a drinking fellow,
 Who, as he loafs about and gets quite mellow,
 Is no helpmeet at all.

I said this woman by her labor thrives ;
 'Tis true ; for by the toil of her own hands
 She bought the neat white cottage where she lives,
 And even the soil on which that cottage stands ;
 And though her wedded lord his vigils keeps,
 Night after night, with vilest of the vile,
 In earthly hells, called rum-shops, still the while
 She hopes for better days, and toils and weeps.

Oh, could we hit on some successful plan
 To make her wedded half a sober man,
 'Twould dry her tears, and bid her sorrows cease,
 And make that cot the dwelling-place of peace !
 But soulless wretches of the basest sort,
 The shame, and scourge, and curse of Cambridgeport,
 Will still supply that wretched man with rum,
 And send him drunk and brawling to his home.

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Among the crew was one Bezaleel Wheeler,—
In Boston rum a very noted dealer,—
 Who kept himself and store
 In what had been a blacksmith's shop of yore ;
A place for merchandise not over nice ;
And though, as I have heard the neighbors say,
The blacksmith's *tools* were taken all away,
 'Tis plain, I think, there still remained one VICE.

This Wheeler oft did Mrs. Hall exhort
No more to furnish Oliver with rum ;
But to that filthy hole would he resort,
 Then crabbed, cross, and railing, seek his home.

One day, as usual, he returned, not drunk,
 But half-seas over, or a little more,
 And set the house in such complete uproar
As vexed poor Mrs. Hall, and raised her spunk.
 Said she, " I'll go and see that wretch *once* more ;"
Her dark eye flashed like lightning, as she spoke,
And putting on her bonnet and her cloak,
 She walked with hasty steps to Wheeler's store.

" Is Wheeler here ?" the dame did eager ask ;
 Yet nought save echo deigned to make reply ;
 She searched the shop, but nothing could espy
Save bottle, glass, and demijohn, and cask.
 Thus disappointed, say, what could she do ?
Return home, smarting with a sense of wrong,
 And still submit to such abuse ?—Oh no !
Glass-ware is quickly broke, and she was strong ;

Said she, "I'll show the knave what I can do!"
 And to the work with resolution flew.
 Then bottles crashed,
 And liquors splashed,
 And glasses smashed,
 As one by one against the wall she dashed.

At length she clutched a demijohn, and said,
 "Come, 'tis your turn;" and bore it to the street;
 Then, lifting it on high above her head,
 Down came the precious burden at her feet.

As erst before the ark old Dagon fell,
 So fell *this* heathen god, and such a smell
 Rose from the wreck, perfuming all the air,
 As if there had been fifty topers there.

A second demijohn no better fared,
 Though at its first descent it stood the shock;
 Even "harmless medicines" could not be spared,
 For, seizing on the fragment of a rock,
 She dealt him such a blow, so fair and full,
 As broke this universal doctor's skull.
 Strong as it was, at length 'twas forced to yield,
 And left the lady mistress of the field;
 Man's direst foe did woman's power confess,
 And Carabridgeport now boasts one rum-shop less.

My friend, if you have rum-hops in your town,
 Which you are quite desirous to break down,
 Look to the dealers well, and on them pour
 The naked truth in one perpetual shower;

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Let drunkards' wives appeal, and children plead,
 And law their pockets touch,—that *may* succeed ;
 But should you find your efforts baffled all,
 Take my advice, and send for Mrs. Hall.

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

Characters.—STELLA, RUTH, HATTIE, LUCY, OLIVE, SUSAN,
School-Girls.

Scene I.—A school playground.—Enter Stella, Olive, Lucy, and Ruth.

Stella.—You may say what you please, girls, I will never consent to have Harriet Cook invited to our pic-nic ; it is to be quite a select affair, and I for one do not choose to associate with drunkard's children. She has no business in our school at all. The public school is the place for her,—mother says so. She is surprised that Miss Harrington takes her.

Lucy.—But it is no fault of hers, Stella, that her father drinks. I am sure she is one of the nicest, sweetest girls in school, and one of the best scholars, too. I am sure she has helped you often enough over your arithmetic, to have you speak more kindly of her.

Stella.—Dear me ! I do not know that I am obliged to associate with her as an equal on that account. My father is very particular whom I associate with. You ought to have seen old Jimmy Cook staggering home the other night ; he went past our house with a pack of boys following him, pulling his hair, and teasing him in every

way they could. It was very funny to see him clutch after them, and try to strike them; but the boys were too quick for him. They only shouted and laughed, and told him to try again. I laughed till I cried, and father came and stood beside me, and laughed too, as heartily as I did.

Olive.—Poor, poor Hattie! I do hope she did not see him.

Stella.—But she did, I know, for I saw her on the opposite side of the street, hurrying on with her veil pulled over her face. I hoped she would not put on quite so many airs after it, and think herself as good as anybody else; but it don't seem to have done her much good.

Olive.—[*Indignantly.*]—For shame, Stella! Have you no heart? As if it was the poor girl's fault; and as for her putting on airs, that is what Hattie never does; she only maintains a decent self-respect, if she does carry an aching heart in her breast. We should be careful about rejoicing over the misfortunes of another, for trouble may come to us when we look for it the least.

Stella.—Dear me, what a croaker! I presume now she expects my father to turn drunkard, and go reeling through the streets, just because I laughed at Jimmy Cook. *My father* is a gentleman, and would never stoop to anything so degrading as to drink low, poisoned liquors. He never has anything but the finest wines on his sideboard, and they are often four or five dollars a bottle.

Ruth.—But people can become intemperate just as well on wine as on whiskey. It is not a whit less dangerous.

Stella.—Suppose you set up for a temperance lecturer; you know it is quite the fashion for ladies to lecture. You are tall and good-looking, and a good elocutionist, and I know you would make quite a sensation.

Ruth.—My first point will be, then, to urge you all to be kind to the drunkard's children. By all means let us ask Hattie to our pic-nic, and make the day as bright as we can for her.

Stella.—[*Much offended.*]—Then you will have to dispense with *my* company, I assure you.

Ruth.—We will try and bear it with as much resignation as possible.

Stella.—You are very sarcastic, Miss Davis; but I can tell you mother shall not send the elegant basket of cake she has prepared for it, nor a single strawberry from our vines.

Olive.—Oh! don't worry about that, dear; we have more strawberries and cake promised than we can possibly use. But, Stella, think better of it and come; you'll lose so much pleasure, and you know you needn't speak a word to Hattie if you don't want to. Only don't treat her rudely, for that is very wrong, and I know it would offend half the girls in school; they all love Hattie.

Stella. [Leaving angrily.]—They are welcome to,—a drunkard's daughter, indeed! I think things have come to a pretty pass in our school, when she is preferred before a gentleman's daughter.

Ruth.—Worth before station any time, Stella. [*Exit Stella, slamming the door.*]

Lucy.—You were almost too hard, Ruth.

Ruth.—I know it, but her air, are unendurable. But, poor girl, she may see sorrow herself before many days. Her father spends nearly all his evenings at the club, and plays and takes wine most immoderately. I do not think she suspects such a thing as that he can possibly be in danger. But, girls, we must make haste, for I see Miss Harrington coming up the walk. She likes to have us all in our places as soon as the bell rings. [*Exit girls—a bell ringing.*]

Scene II.—Recitation room, Hattie, Olive, Lucy, weaving wreaths for the picnic.

Olive.—Hattie, please help me twine this myrtle; I can never get it to suit myself, but your fingers have the knack of making everything fit in right.

Hattie.—I think you are doing very well, Olive, but I will help you if I can. There, how will that please you? How lovely those carnations are! Look, girls. [*She fits the wreath on Olive's head.*]

Lucy.—It is perfect. Don't stir a leaf, Hattie. But here comes Susan Lee. Do, pray, girls, be careful what you say, she does make so much trouble repeating things; and it seems to me nothing ever goes wrong that she doesn't know. [*Enter Susan.*]

Susan.—There, girls, are all the flowers I had time to gather. Mother sent me over to Mrs. Nippers' to get the particulars of that awful affair that's just happened, and I was tired clear out when I came home.

Girls.—What awful affair? Do tell us? Anybody killed?

Susan.—Well, not quite, I suppose, but pretty near. It all happened at that club, which was thought to be such a wonderfully aristocratic affair. Stella's father, you know, is called one of the best players at cards in town; nobody ever beats him. But it happened that he was playing with a gentleman who had not been very long in the club, and they say he lost and lost, oh I can't tell you how much money; but the more he lost the more angry he got, and risked larger and larger sums, until the man swept all his property. Then he told the man he was a cheat and a liar, and they came to blows. You know Stella's father is a large, strong man, and the other is very slight, so he was very much hurt before any one could or would interfere. Some people say the man will die; but I can't pretend to say. But one thing we are sure of, Mr. Rosylin is safe in jail, and I guess Stella won't hold her head quite so high, and lord it over the rest of us quite so much as she used to do.

Olive.—Hush, Susan, do! Don't let us speak hard things of her, now she is in trouble. I am sure I pity her with all my heart.

Hattie.—Poor Stella! I would do anything in the world I could to comfort her.

Susan.—I guess it would comfort her the most never to see the face of one of us again. You certainly don't owe her any good-will, Hattie, of all the rest.

Hattie.—I am sure I have not the slightest ill-will towards her, and am truly sorry for her trouble; most likely the story is much exaggerated.

Susan.—Most likely the half is not known.

Lucy.—Well, whatever the truth proves to be, girls, we will always treat Stella as kindly as ever; for, whatever she may have maintained to the contrary, children are not responsible for the faults of their parents. They may suffer for them, but they are not to blame for them. But now we must gather up our wreaths, girls, for the carriages are coming, and we can finish them in the woods.

TEETOTAL FOREVER.

Characters—MR. TOTAL, MR. HALF TOTAL, MR. PROHIBITION, and MINUTE MAN.

Enter Total, with the neck of a broken bottle in his hand, followed by Half Total. As they walk on the stage Total begins.]

Total.—Let's get up here where there's more elbow-room and more daylight. Teetotalism, you know, glories in the light; the more the better. It has nothing to be ashamed of and nothing to fear. Its principles are as pure as the water it lives and thrives on. You don't find teetotalism sneaking away like him who has a weak cause; it speaks out plainly and squarely what it feels, because it's right!

Half Total.—[*Stepping up to Total with his cap in his hand behind him.*] Look here, Mr. Total, don't you be quite so fast. My impression is that there are two sides to this question, and I should like you to listen to me about *one minute*.

Total.—To be sure I will. And to save you wasting your breath, I will acknowledge that there are two sides to it,—a right side and a *wrong* side. But I shan't charge a friend with being on the wrong side till I know it. As for myself, I should be ashamed of my name if I was anything else than an out-and-out teetotaler, "dyed in the wool"—prohibition and all. And my ambition is to live till I am *old* enough, and *big* enough, and *strong* enough to grapple with this rum demon, and shake him till his very bones rattle and his teeth chatter. I should like to be the *one* that shall give him his *quietus*. I believe the man that shall do that will do more for the world than a whole nation of half-and-half temperance men,—men who haven't courage enough even to frown upon a rum-seller for fear of hurting his feelings.

Half Total.—But you don't mean to object to one's keeping wine, and a *little*—only a little—of *something stronger* in his house, to be used occasionally, when one don't feel very well—or give a little wine to a friend at a New Year's call—or to pass it round at a wedding?

Total.—What! Keep the stuff in the house! Not while I have my senses. I'd as soon have a nest of rattlesnakes in one of my pantries,—for they would give the alarm when one went near them, and we could escape. But the bottle gives no warning. And about the first notice you get after you have tasted it is that you want more, and the next notice is that you must have something stronger. No! no! I don't trust such an enemy to mankind in my house! And then the idea of keeping it on a New Year's table! They used

to many years ago, before men viewed the matter in the light of eternity; but now very few, if any, of the moral people of the world, and *none* of the self-denying *Christian* men and women, but *shut it out* of their houses and cast it away as evil. Weddings, did you say? I thought weddings were solemn rites, ordained of God. Give the wine-cup its *own way* and wedding-parties generally would be little less than Bacchanalian revels. Better break your bottles, as I have mine, close up by the neck, and be in earnest.

Half Total.—But you mustn't give it its *own way*; then there won't be so much trouble with it at parties and other places. You know a good many people haven't the courage to refuse to give it at their social gatherings, where so many expect it. They are afraid they will be considered too strict.

Total.—Ah! there's the difficulty! It will have its own way—and young men take it when it *is offered* to them, not because they want it, but they haven't the courage to refuse it. They fear being called *odd*, and they often thus *begin* a life of intemperance. Isn't that reason enough why we should protest against the use of wine at such places? And if it doesn't make drunkards of all, it makes, what is a very little better, *occasional drinkers*, and they are the ones that may fill up the ranks, by and by, of the great army of worthless men that are now marching on the flanks of the sixty thousand drunkards that every year keep step to the dead-march to the grave,—carried there, not by the bullets of an open enemy, but by the deceitful poison of the cunning rum-seller.

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Half Total.—But was not wine made by our Saviour at the marriage at Cana? and may we not follow his example?

[*Enter Minute Man, touching Half Total gently on the shoulder.*—Look here, brother Half Total, I should like to know if you are going to quote Scripture to support wine-drinking. Are you going to use the Word of *Life to kill* men with—body and soul? Yes, you may follow the example of that Cana wedding-party, and you may drink wine if it *is made of water* like that our Saviour made! Would he have given that to his friends to drink which would have made them go away boisterous, and riotous, as alcoholic drinks generally do? Be careful, my friend! That man blasphemeth, who charges Christ, the Lamb of God, with giving to man that which was intoxicating. I should like to ask some of our learned D.D.'s, who drink wine occasionally, because they say the Saviour used it, whether *any* of the wine they drink is *made of water*. Why, all drinkers, whether they drink more or less, might cover their wickedness under the same excuse; and the poor miserable sot, and the moderate drinker too, be declared alike innocent, and the rum traffic pronounced a blessing to the world. I should think Christians would be the last of all others to oppose total abstinence, and the *first* ones who would be teetotalers.

Half Total.—I don't see that there is much use in my discussing the subject any more. Both your arguments *seem* to be reasonable; but I'm sure there's a difference whether a man drinks occasionally and gives a glass occasionally to a friend, or whether he makes a habit of it.

Minute Man.—There's a difference, I confess,—one drinks a *good deal*, and the other drinks *not so much*; but *both are drinkers*. One gives a glass in his *parlour*, and the other gives a glass *behind his counter*; but both *give it*. The one in the parlour gives the young man a *start*, and the one behind the counter *pushes him along*.

Half Total.—Why, you are severe enough. You seem to talk as if wine and cider and beer were *Rum*, and as if all who drink are *drunkards*. Explain yourself.

Minute Man.—Well, if they are not rum, what are they? *Rum makes men drunk*, and so *do wine and beer*,—only not quite so quick; and as for calling everybody who drinks a drunkard, I did not say so exactly. But I will tell you what I *do* say. When anybody drinks till it flies into his head and excites him, I should say he was a *little drunk*; and when he drinks enough to make his head swim and his legs weak, and he can't stand alone, then he is a *good deal drunk*. Aint they both *drunken men*? and if so, aint they both *drunkards*?—perhaps not habitual drunkards,—but *drunkards* nevertheless; and you know God says, “No drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven.” I will not try to draw the line, but I think it is dangerous ground for the drinker to tread upon. Here comes my friend Prohibition with the authorities. He uses the sword and the bayonet.

[*Enter Prohibition, with a Bible and Revised Statutes under his arm.*]

Prohibition.—I can't keep still any longer, and I propose to settle this question in the only *permanent* way

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that was ever invented. The people of this country, (and other countries are no wiser), have been trying to cure this dreadful evil by licensing men to sell. That didn't work well, so they tried to improve it, and they've been trying these fifty years; and with all the mending and patching, it is as bad as ever, and I don't know but it's worse, if we can judge from the thousands of drunkards we see about. They try to make us believe, too, that our soldiers need it to help them endure long marches and exposure,—as if a drunken or a half-drunken man was a better soldier than a sober one, and as if that which stimulates him for a while, and leaves him weak and prostrate, is what we need to make good soldiers. No! not a bit of it. Let me go into the fight with a clear head to know what I am about, and a steady hand to aim straight and HIT when I fire.

Half Total.—Tell us how you propose to settle this question permanently. I confess I am a little shaky after such arguments, and I am half inclined to join you in your teetotal, prohibition crusade.

Prohibition.—Yes, they have tried for half a century to doctor the license system, and the more they have tried the worse it is, till now I guess it's so near "played out" that nobody expects any good of it. *Here is the cure.* I'll guarantee it. If it does not kill the traffic, nothing will, but the judgment of God upon us. [*Holds up the books.*] *Prohibition of the traffic*—by authority of God and man. "Thou shalt not"—[*Turns over the leaves of the Bible*]"Thou shalt not," thunders the decalogue. It makes no compromise, offers no license to destroy. And the *Maine Law* takes up the command, and

writes it in the Statute Book [*Opens the statute book*],
and the traffic in Rum as a beverage is prohibited!!
That, yes, that will cure the rum traffic!

All.—We will fight it, and we will kill it.

Total.—Yes, we will, God help us! It is his cause,
and it will triumph,—the horse and his rider will he
overthrow. We are pledged to fight it, and we will; and
while we live, let it be with our hands clenched [*Clenches
his hands*], and our brows knit, and our determination
fixed [*Stamps his foot*] in hatred of the rum traffic in
all its forms,—in the parlour as well as in the grog-shop.
And when we lie down to die at the last—the last—may
it be with the consciousness that in this particular, both
to God and man, we have done our duty.

THE PLEDGE.

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!

Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,

And song and dance thy power confess,
I will not touch thee; for there clings
A scorpion to thy side, that stings!

Thou crystal glass! like Eden's trees,

Thy melted ruby tempts the eye,
And, as from that, there comes from thee
The voice, "Thou shalt not surely die."

I dare not lift thy liquid gem—

A snake is twisted round thy stem!

Thou liquid fire ! like that which glowed
 For Paul upon Melita's shore,
 Thou'st been upon my guest bestowed ;
 But thou shalt warm my house no more,
 For, wheresoe'er thy radiance falls,
 Forth from the heat a viper crawls.

What, though of gold the goblet be,
 Emboss'd with branches of the vine ;
 Beneath whose burnish'd leaves we see
 Such clusters as poured out the wine ?
 Among those leaves an adder hangs !
 I fear him :—for I've felt his fangs.

The Hebrew, who the desert trod,
 And felt the fiery serpent's bite,
 Look'd up to that ordain'd of God
 And found that life was in the sight.
 So the *worm*-bitten's fiery veins
 Cool, when he drinks what God ordains.

Ye gracious clouds ! ye deep cold wells !
 Ye gems from mossy rocks that drip !
 Springs from the earth's mysterious cells,
 Gush o'er your granite basin's lip !

To you I look ;—your largess give,
 And I will drink of you and live.

THE EVILS OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

We are told the sale is justifiable, because the license money goes into the treasury! This policy furnishes us with another strong reason why the whole system should be removed. It is one of the strongest arguments against legalizing the traffic. The principle involved is one of unadulterated wickedness. Government thus assumes the attitude of a speculator in the lives and happiness of its subjects. With one arm it thrusts its victims upon the begrimed altars, and with the other grasps eagerly for the price of the sacrifice. Here it stands upon its pedestal of the heart-broken, the dying, and the dead, a remorseless Moloch enthroned, and smiling upon the enginery of death which, for gain, it has set in motion. There is something hideous, something revolting in the aspect. Like an unnatural parent it destroys its own for a price. Those whom it should guard and protect are thrust beneath the ponderous wheels which roll in ruin. Men, women, and children; youth in the buoyancy of its hopes, and old age in its locks of grey, are alike offered up. Society thus immolates all its most cherished interests for pay, and secures to itself the glorious privilege of bearing ten-fold burdens, building poor-houses and prisons, and digging graves. It sells the lives of its own citizens. Christian men sit down deliberately and say to those who wish to sell intoxicating liquors, in so many words, "How many pieces of silver will you give us if we will betray these women and children into your hands?" All this is cool and deliberately cruel. Life and all its bright hopes are

thus bartered away, while an oath sits heavy on the soul. Do not your cheeks tinge with shame as you take in the length and breadth of this policy? Even in a pecuniary point of view it is ruinous. For every shilling thus received, hundreds are paid out. It is a fearful and perpetual drain upon the substance of the people. Evils are sown broadcast, and we read a burdening harvest of woe, want, crime and death. All that we cherish in this world and hope for in the next, is put in the scale with pounds and pence. For a few pounds a man is delegated to scatter a moral plague throughout the land, and fatten upon the substance of the people. Let those whom it concerns look at the silver they have received. It is the tribute of blood. It has been wrung from the crushed hearts of the ruined, and is clammy with drops of blood! It is hot with the scalding tears of widowhood and orphanage. As it falls into the public coffers, its dull sound echoes the wail of the famished and defenceless. Ho! for the price of blood! Hoard it well; for an ever-living and watchful God has put its cost upon record. Over against it, to be tested at the tribunal of the Judgment, stands the record of the unutterable evils of the liquor-traffic. And as witnesses against it, will stand the myriads whom the policy destroyed on earth.

We talk of property—this evil wars upon all property. It paralyzes industry, thus working deep and irreparable injury to individual and national prosperity. Its cost to the people is hardly to be comprehended in all its extent. The direct cost is enough to arouse the patriot against it; indirectly, its corroding effects leave their

blighting mildew wherever it exists. Our poor-rates tower until the people groan under their weight. The hard earnings of the tax-payers of the country are annually assessed to meet the cost of the sale of intoxicating liquors. The family is beggared, and the people support them. The drunkard ruins his health, breaks a limb, or sustains some injury from his drinking habits, and becomes a public charge. A man in comfortable circumstances wastes his substance in the dram-shop, and from one gradation of vice to another, at last becomes a criminal. If he counterfeits, commits forgery or burglary, the people try him, and he is convicted. If, inflamed by the people's intoxicating liquor, he thrusts the torch into the city at night, thousands are licked up by the flames; and if the incendiary is caught, he is transported or hung. If, in a drunken broil, he takes the life of a fellow-being, the people try him, convict him, and he is hung. Thus circles round the great maelstrom. From the bar-room to the alms-house, prison and scaffold, a great highway has been cast up, beaten hard by continually thronging thousands. Every day's history records a fresh crime. Our prisons are thronged. The executioner is busy hanging up the effects of the traffic. The blood-offering of one murder ceases not to smoke upon the glutted shrine, before another victim is prepared from the bar-room. The press teems with the sickening details. The great fountain-head of crime sweeps on with increasing volume, and red-handed murder stalks forth even at noon-day, with the axe and the knife hot with gore. Lesser crimes swarm like locusts, all combining and swelling an amount of tax which is drawn from the life-blood of the people.

We weep from a heavy heart when we see the gloom of a rayless night gathering over the mind, and the structure which was moulded by the hand of God crumbling into ruins. The mind is property—property which is of more value than all the wealth of the natural universe. And here is where we find one of the most startling effects of intemperance. Here is where the system wars upon a class of property which cannot be computed by pounds and pence. Here are ruins, thickly strewn up and down this land, over which the patriot, philanthropist and Christian can weep with keenest sorrow.

Our wives and children demand the suppression of this traffic. Our common humanity pleads for its suppression. You protect the dead in their graves, the trees in our parks, the animals in our yards, the deer in our forests, and the fish in our waters; and why not, by all that is brave, manly and good, protect our homes, our wives and children?

This traffic spares neither age nor sex. Its trophies are more to be dreaded than those of the red man's belt, snatched from the throbbing brow of innocence. The system is cruel, mercilessly cruel. It wars upon the defenceless—upon women and children. Its most desolating strife is at the fireside. We execrate it for its cowardice, as well as its injustice and cruelty. Those who are never seen abroad, and who never lifted a hand or voice against the seller, are crushed down with remorseless coolness. If men alone were destroyed, without wringing the hearts that are linked with them, it would not seem so monstrous. But why should a Christian

government and a Christian people war upon the happiness of the defenceless inmates of the household? Why should woe and want be carried into our homes? Why should our mothers, and wives, and daughters be scourged until they weep drops of blood? Why should children be turned out with no inheritance but orphanage and disgrace? Why should the props and pride of old hearts be snatched away and broken? Why, in this land of plenty, should women and children go hungry for bread? Why should our sons be turned out to be drawn into the whirlpool of crime, and our daughters to forget all that is womanly, and sink in vice for their daily bread? Is this Christian-like? Is it like freedom? Why should our homes be transformed into hells, and the husband father into a demon to torture and to kill? Why must those we love be torn with hunger and grief, that a few men may fatten by selling intoxicating liquors?

Suppress the traffic, and the whole land shall be filled with joy and thanksgiving; the fire be again kindled on the desolate hearth, and hope in the sorrowing heart; men shall get drunk no more; peace, happiness and hope shall smile again in the dark habitations; the waste places shall be made glad, and the wilderness blossom as the rose; our stricken wives and mothers sing for joy, and their children at the hearth clap their tiny hands in exultant delight!

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THE BAND OF HOPE.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN JAMES WILSON AND WILLIAM TURNBULL.

J. W.—Good morning, friend Turnbull. I saw you were in our Band of Hope last evening. I hope you were pleased with our institution.

W. T.—Yes, friend James, I was pleased with it as a whole. I was attracted to it by the name. As I was passing down the street, I saw the sign, MEETING OF THE BAND OF HOPE, and, as my heart is full of hope, I thought I would step in and see what new impulses for good I might get. But whence did you derive your name, and what is your specific object?

J. W.—Our name is of English origin. According to a common saying, "The young are the hope of our country," the youth who there combined to save the country from the deluge of intemperance, were called BANDS OF HOPE. There is hope that, by this combination, they will themselves be saved from intemperance, and save, too, the nation.

W. T.—A good object, James, and a phrase well applied. But what are your means? I should like to be admitted into your secret.

J. W.—We have no secret, friend Turnbull. Our principle is the most simple one in the world, viz., that if you only let the drunkard's drink alone, you can never be a drunkard.

W. T.—Well that is very true; but a truism so simple as to amount to an absurdity; you may as well say, that

if a man never opens his mouth, he will never tell a lie ; or if he never eats, he will not be poisoned. But your principle does not stand alone. There is another as true as that, viz. : If you continue always a moderate drinker, you can never be a drunkard ; so that my principle is as good as yours.

J. W.—I deny that, friend Turnbull, for, on our principle, he never can be a drunkard, while on yours he may be. All drunkards were once moderate drinkers. But if they never had been moderate drinkers, they never would have been drunkards.

W. T.—That is true ; but it does not affect my position at all. If two gentlemen go through life together, one a teetotaler and the other a moderate drinker, and neither ever becomes a drunkard, is not the course of one just as good as that of the other ? I say the course of the moderate drinker is the best of the two ; for it is equally safe, while it has more enjoyment.

J. W.—I dispute you there, in both your positions. It is not equally safe, because in the course of the moderate drinker there is a chance of his becoming a drunkard ; while in that of the teetotaler, there is none at all. Suppose the Suspension Bridge had been above the Niagara Falls instead of below ; would it have been as safe to go across in a boat as on the bridge, when, in the latter case, none are lost, but in the former fifty a year.

W. T.—But it is as safe to those who get across.

J. W.—I grant it. But is it as safe in itself ? You know it is not. And as to the superior pleasure of a moderate drinker's course, I deny that altogether. I

have tried that, though many winters have not gone over my head. I would not be so much harassed and tormented, and debased by your so-called moderate drinking, as I once was, for all you could offer me. I know all about it, and I suspect you do also. Tormenting thirst, and subsequent headache, sleepless nights, and a fear that I had drank too much, and should one day be exposed! I want none of this pleasure. Now I can stand up and feel like a man. Besides, I know that my example is good, and I know that I shall never be tempted to my hurt, and there is something jingling in my pocket which makes me smile, while you throw it away for that which does you no good. We are a BAND OF HOPE—you, alas! belong to the band of DESPAIR—despair of ever clearing the country of intemperance while all the boys are moderate drinkers. If some thirty or forty boys are moderate drinkers, four or five of them will certainly become drunkards. It always has been so, and always will be so; and you cannot make it otherwise. Now come and join our Band of Hope, and no longer belong to the band of Despair.

W. T.—I thank you, friend James, for your advice. I will take it into consideration.

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GIRLS AND WINE.

Characters—PHILIP and RALPH.

Philip.—Come, Ralph, give me your name for the Band of Hope. Here's our badge. I want you to join to-day.

Ralph.—Don't be in a hurry, Phil; if you'd asked me a week ago, perhaps I shouldn't have hesitated.

Phil.—What's up now?

Ralph.—I had a glass of wine last night. The taste isn't out of my mouth yet.

Phil.—A glass of wine? Where did you get it?

Ralph.—Oh! some of us were at Delia Preston's. We had a gay time, I can tell you; first-rate dancing and some choice Madeira.

Phil.—But I thought you were opposed to drink of all kinds, Ralph?

Ralph.—Drink? So I am! But what's the harm of a little grape-juice, especially if handed you by a fairy whose eyes sparkle brighter than the wine? Hey, Phil?

Phil.—I do believe you are intoxicated a little yet, Ralph! Come, here's the pledge. It's time you were "anchored" with us. You may get out in too deep a sea for you, before you know it.

Ralph.—Never fear me! Could you resist a wine-glass from the hand of a—well—such a girl as Lucy, for example?

Phil.—I don't think "such a girl as Lucy" would offer one. But if she did, yes, I could, and most certainly would.

Ralph.—Bravo ! But wait till you're tempted, Phil. Besides, my father is a strict temperance man, and I've seen it on his table.

Phil.—You won't get me to say anything against your father ; but the best of people do sometimes make mistakes. What some can do without danger others cannot. You know old Jim Farwell ?

Ralph.—Yes.

Phil.—Well, the first taste he ever had for drink came through a glass of "sparkling Madeira," from the hand of a fairy like yours.

Ralph.—He don't look much as if *he* ever had anything to do with fairies. Jim Farwell, indeed !

Phil.—He never will again either ; but once he had as charming a home and as many choice friends as any of us. His father kept expensive wines ; they never hurt *him* any ; but he lived to see two boys fill drunkards' graves, and would have seen three if grief hadn't killed him too soon to see Jim buried.

Ralph.—Is that so ? Who told you ?

Phil.—My grandmother. She knew Jim when he was, as she says, "as bright a boy as ever made a father's heart feel proud." Sweet Clara Keene's ringing little laugh was too much for him, more than once, when he tried to refuse the tempting glass ; and then she scorned him at last for his weakness, and left him to struggle alone. I tell you, it's gay for such a girl to triumph over one ; and I despise a manliness that yields against one's better judgment. Excuse me, but I'm in earnest. No one, believe me, who cares a straw for another will offer them anything of the kind. They will try their

own power in that way, and laugh at you behind your back, just as some cunning ladies tried a certain clergyman once, who had boasted of his firm teetotalism.

Ralph.—How was that ?

Phil.—Offered him a glass of wine at an evening party, and, no doubt to their surprise, he lifted it to his lips, when, to his own surprise, the wine laughed at him as well as the ladies. The cup was of double glass, such as you may have seen at a glass-blower's, and the wine confined between ; so that he lost his credit and pleasure, both of which were drowned in peals of indelicate laughter.

Ralph.—Good enough for him ! But do you believe any one, now, would offer you wine as a test of your principles ?

Phil.—I know it ! I've seen it !

Ralph.—What ! Has anybody said anything about me ? Own up ; let's have it.

Phil.—No tales out of school. Give us your name.

Ralph.—Don't fool a fellow. If you know anything, let's have it, I say.

Phil.—Well, Fred did tell me to-day that Delia Preston boasted to his sister Nell, that she had proved some teetotalers couldn't keep their pledge when the ladies had a mind to test their principles.

Ralph.—Bother ! Is that so ?

Phil.—Exactly so.

Ralph.—Then here goes ? Give us a badge ; none of the pewter or tin, but a solid silver one for me. Not that I care a fig for Delia, or ever did ; but I guess a

little manly independence won't hurt anybody, and perhaps it'll pay better in "the long run."

A CERTAIN OLD MAN.

The old man sat in his old arm chair,

Drink, Drink, Drink ;

The fire was dull and the night was drear,

Drink, Drink, Drink ;

His home was old, his cattle were poor,

The fences all down, the barn had no door,

But there he sat, on the rickety floor,

Drink, Drink, Drink ;

He had sat in his chair from morn till night,

Drink, Drink, Drink ;

Until he presented a horrible sight,

Drink, Drink, Drink ;

His money was gone, his liquor ran low,

And what he should do, he did not know,

For Drink, Drink, Drink ;

But at last a thought came into his head,

(For he would have *rum*, if he had no *bread*.)

Drink, Drink, Drink ;

He would mortgage his farm to old John Sligh,

To provide him with liquor when he was dry,

For he feared that without it, he soon would die,

Drink, Drink, Drink ;

But now its all gone, and he's broken down,

And his family have all come on the town,

Because the old man his reason would drown
 With Drink, Drink, Drink ;
 Young Men ! if you wish for misery—death,
 Then continue to pollute your natural breath
 With Drink, Drink, Drink ;
 If you'd have your children grow hungry and cold,
 And would be a beggar when *you* are old,
 Then shell out your silver, shell out your gold,
 For Drink, Drink, Drink.

ALCOHOL.

There walketh a fiend o'er the glad green earth,
 By the side of the reaper Death ;
 He dazzles alike with the glare of mirth,
 Or quenches the light of the household hearth
 With his foul and withering breath.

He stalketh abroad with his hydra head,
 And there gathereth in his train,
 The falling foot and the strong man's tread ;
 The restless living, the ghostly dead,
 And misery, want, and pain.

He nerves the arm of relentless hate
 With the goblet's beaded foam ;
 He lurks in the halls of the rich and great,
 In the beggar's moan at the palace gate,
 And curses the poor man's home.

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He bartereth the wealth of a spotless name,
For the wine-cup's subtle glow,
And scathes the pinions of breathless fame,
Till they droop with their burthens of guilt and shame,
'Mid the curses of sin and woe!

And there cometh ever a sorrowing wail,
In the path of his blighting tread ;
And childhood's cheek grows wan and pale,
And his heart is faint and his footsteps fail,
For he grudgeth the poor their bread.

Grudgeth the poor their daily bread,
And filleth the drunkard's bowl
With want and woe, remorse and dread,
With a nervous hand and a falling head,
And a curse on his deathless soul.

And beauty and manhood, love and mirth,
Still turn to the laughing wine ;
But the blighted home and the darkened hearth,
And the tears of sorrowing ones of earth,
Lie deep in its gleam and shine.

And the fiend still watcheth, with tireless will,
For the swift and wary tread ;
For he knoweth the wine, with its subtle skill,
Shall gather alike the good and ill,
'Neath the curse of its iron tread.

STRONG DRINK.

What is he like? Sometimes he is white, then he is called whiskey. Sometimes he is brown,—then he is called ale; sometimes he is almost black,—then he is called portèr; sometimes he is red like blood,—then he is called wine. Some people who are afraid of him in one dress are quite bold with him in another, which is very foolish, for his disposition is quite the same at all times. Among fashionable people he dresses in a gentee red or purple very often, and writes *wine* on his card; but his favourite dress in other circles is a dull water color or changing drab. If ever you see one in red calling himself negus, or port, or sherry; or in drab, calling himself Dublin stout, or London porter, or Edinburgh ale; or in water color, calling himself toddy, punch, Hollands, or double-proof, or any such name,—be you sure, whatever may be said against it, that you see that deadly villain, strong drink, and make the best of your way out of his reach.

Where does he stay? He stays in barrels and casks, in black and white bottles, decanters, tumblers, and dram glasses. He stays a great deal in side-boards and presses, and is sure to be found in the public house. He takes up his abode with many at New-Year times; and if a marriage takes place in any house near you, ten chances to one, but you find him there; as to fairs and fights and races, he is never far from them. But if you ask where he likes best to stay, then he likes best to stay *down people's throats*; though many individuals say that he runs at once to their heads.

What does he do? He kindles a fire in the stomach, and drops poison into the veins. He sets the blood a-boiling and the tongue a-stammering. He paints noses red and dots them with pimples. He makes fair faces coarse, and bright eyes dull and bloodshot. He makes handsome people slouch, and strong people shake; he makes heads ache and whirl, and limbs move zigzag; he "steals away the brain," and robs men of their purses; he makes widows and orphans; fills jails and hospitals; thins churches and chapels and Sabbath schools. He has sent tens of thousands into banishment and to the gallows, and hundreds of thousands every year he hunts to the grave and cheats of their souls.

Why is he called strong? When two men struggle, and one knocks or throws the other down, that one is the *strongest*. But strong drink is *stronger than the strongest man*. He will throw any man down that likes to try him. This is one reason why he is called strong. He can destroy the strongest bodily frame; some strong people fight with him a good while, but he always beats them at last, and they are often quite useless long before they are dead. But the mind is strong as the body, and strong drink can destroy the strongest minds. There are some very strong things in the mind,—these are called feelings or principles, and are like gates or pillars to it. Now strong drink can carry away these gates and pull down these pillars as easily as Samson carried off the gates of Gaza, or pulled away the pillars of the house of Dagon. There is love, a very strong thing; but he has often destroyed even that, making the father curse his children, and the husband kill his wife. There is

shame; but he caught that away too, and made men well enough pleased to be like beasts, the wealthy content to go like beggars, the well-bred to do the meanest things, and those who were once patterns of good conduct to commit abominable crimes. There is fear, a mighty pillar; but strong drink can pull it down, so that neither jails nor banishments nor gibbets shall be any terror; ay, and he has made many, who once would have trembled at the thought of death and of judgment, laugh them to scorn, so that they have neither the fear of God nor of man before their eyes.

What, then, is best to do with this dangerous foe, strong drink? Avoid him altogether, keep out of his reach, keep away from where he is. *Have nothing at all to do with him!*

WHAT DOTTH HINDER?

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO MEMBERS OF A CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Thomas.—Oh, good evening to you, John; I am glad to see you: come, sit down. I was in deep study when you opened the door, on a subject which concerns us both. I suppose it would be improper in me to offer you a draught of beer; I believe you are a teetotaler; are you not?

John.—Yes, and have been now for nearly twenty years; would that there were more in the Christian

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church of the same opinion as I am of the evils of the drinking customs of this country. But what, Thomas, was the subject which so deeply occupied your mind when I came into your house?

Thomas.—Why, John, I was pondering over the statement given by our pastor at our church-meeting on Thursday evening, of the position in which the church is at the present time. Really it is very discouraging to hear that during the past year, instead of there being an increase in the number of members, there has been a decrease of seven. What doth hinder the cause from prospering?

John.—Yes, Thomas, as you say, the present state of our church is very discouraging; but there are reasons to be assigned as the cause of this lamented state of things; and one great reason, in my opinion, is—

Thomas.—I am sure Mr. Peace, our pastor, spares no effort to induce sinners to seek salvation through a crucified and a risen Redeemer. His sermons are full of gospel truth; and he expounds them with simplicity and earnestness. What hinders the word from taking effect?

John.—I grant that there is no fault to find with our pastor's duties in the pulpit; he appears to be in earnest in his Master's work; but yet there are reasons for the want of success, and one which I could mention is—

Thomas.—To be sure there have been some untoward circumstances occurring among some of the members during the year, which it would have been as well if they had not happened; for instance, that paltry dispute between the two drapers, Mr. Muslin and Mr. Ging-

ham, caused much talk and severe animadversions among worldly people, and, I fear, did much injury. But, surely, this should not hinder the cause from prospering.

John.—No doubt these and such like matters have their effects on the minds of those who are yet out of the way; and when they occur, they are to be deeply deplored, but one great hindrance is——

Thomas.—And then that stupid law-suit between Mr. Gripe and Mr. Holdfast was an unfortunate affair for the parties concerned, and for the welfare of the church; it caused people to point the finger of scorn at professors of religion, and did a great amount of mischief. Yet still I think this ought not to hinder the cause of Christ from spreading.

John.—It is lamentable that some professors of religion do not pay more regard to the precepts of the Word of God; for, if they were to do so, and act in accordance with them, there would be less bickering and strife among those who bear the name of Christ. But still I insist upon my assertion being correct that one great cause of the non-success is——

Thomas.—And also that silly quarrel about the pew between Mrs. Flint and Mrs. Steel did a great deal of damage to Christ's cause, by being freely canvassed among the female portion of the members in the company of those who are too fond of gossip.

John.—These differences betwixt members occasionally occur, and are to be deeply regretted, for they have a baneful influence on those without; but still I maintain my position that there is a cause of paramount importance, and which has a withering effect upon the ener-

gies put forth for the spread of the gospel, and the conversion of sinners, and that cause is——

Thomas.—I feel sorry to interrupt you again, John, but there are some other cases which have occurred during the year which we should mourn over as being prejudicial to the interests of Christ's cause: I allude to the melancholy instances of the two young women who had formed connexions with two young men of the world, and were excluded from the church for their immorality. The other cases of exclusion were three of the male members for intoxication. But yet——

John.—Stay! Three, did you say; there are four men who have during the past year been excluded from the church for drunkenness. And can you with a clear conscience and unblushing face, ask what doth hinder the cause of Christ from prospering? Oh, Thomas! the cause is plain and legible to any one who will look with unprejudiced eyes upon the usages and customs which are openly practiced by members of Christian churches in regard to intoxicating drinks.

Thomas.—Come, John, be charitable; do not condemn those who moderately use the good things which our heavenly Father has provided for the nourishment of his undutiful children.

John.—I am not going to condemn those who moderately use the good things which God has provided; but I say that it behoves those who are well-wishers of their species, and especially professors of religion, to be very careful what kind of example they set before their weaker fellow-creatures.

Thomas.—True, John, we all ought to be careful how

we conduct ourselves, lest we may be chargeable with being instrumental to our brother's perdition ; and, so far as I am concerned, I can truly say, I was never tipsy from the day of my birth to the present time,—I enjoy a little home-brewed beer ; but I never drink above half a pint at a time ; and I have occasionally drunk a glass of wine with a friend.

John.—And you sincerely believe that you are not acting wrong in partaking of your home-brewed and occasionally sipping a glass of wine ?

Thomas.—Well, John, at present I cannot see the wrong ; I shall feel obliged if you will enlighten me a little on the subject. I can drink my small quantity of beer, and I never feel any desire for more, until the following day.

John.—You have neighbours, Thomas ; are they all sober, industrious and steady ; content with a half-pint of home-brewed daily ?

Thomas.—No ; I am sorry to say that there are several of them who go to excess, and come home tipsy, sometimes two or three times in a week ; and generally on Saturday night. I have ventured at times to admonish them ; for they have disturbed the neighbourhood by quarrelling with their wives ; but the last time I spoke to one on the matter, showing him the guilt of coming home intoxicated, he impudently asked me if I never drank any intoxicating liquor ; so I went into my house, shut the door, and have never said any thing to them since.

John.—Thomas, did you, the next time you partook

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of your half-pint of beer, feel that enjoyment in it, which you had done on previous occasions?

Thomas.—To be candid with you, John, I acknowledge that I did not.

John.—I thought so. But to go a step farther; supposing,—raind I do not say that it is the case, but,—supposing you had, unwillingly, been instrumental in inducing one or more of these men first to indulge in home-brewed beer, then to visit the public-house, and eventually to become drunkards, how would you feel if this supposition was a fact?

Thomas.—Oh, John, I should feel miserable; but I cannot for a moment believe that such is the case; for nearly all these men were intemperate before I came into the neighbourhood.

John.—I did not say, Thomas, that you were chargeable with their intemperance. But as I said before, it behoves us who are members of a Christian church to have our garments unspotted. How readily do the men of the world note the conduct and bearing of professing Christians; and when they feel inclined to indulge in any questionable gratification, they will soothe the qualms of conscience by saying “why so and so, who is a member of a Christian church, does this and that, and surely if he feels comfortable in doing such things, I have no reason to be afraid.” Thus you see, in many cases, example is stronger than precept.

Thomas.—I confess, John, what you have said makes me feel somewhat uneasy; and I begin to have some doubts about the propriety of my conduct in regard to

partaking of fermented liquor, even in the smallest quantity.

John.—I feel rejoiced to hear you make this acknowledgment, Thomas; and I should be more rejoiced if both pastors, deacons, and members in the church to which we belong had similar doubts about the propriety of partaking of, and countenancing the drinking usages, which, alas, prevail so extensively among all classes of society. I am often tempted to question the consistency of Mr. Peace, our pastor, when he is called upon to exercise the discipline of the church, and expel a member for intemperance, when he himself indulges in the same article which has caused his weaker brother to stumble and fall.

Thomas.—Oh, but John, the integrity of the church must be maintained; it is painful to exercise this discipline, and Mr. Peace has many times manifested deep distress when he has had to fulfil this unpleasant duty.

John.—I grant that it is painful; but yet those who have to exercise it ought to have clean hands. But how is it in our church? The pastor regularly takes his glass of wine; one of the deacons keeps wine and spirit vaults; one of the superintendents in the Sunday School is married to a brewer's daughter, and is indirectly, nay, directly, interested in the success of the brewery; and a few of the members are in some way or other connected with public-houses or beer-shops. Need any one ask the question, What doth hinder?

Thomas.—Well, John, you have made out a strong case, I must acknowledge; still there are some extenuating circumstances. Our pastor, I believe, takes very

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little wine in his own house ; when he visits some of the wealthier members, I dare say they will invite him to a glass of wine, and he would appear rude to refuse. As to Mr. Tomkins, he was not in the wine and spirit trade when he was chosen deacon, but it fell to him on the death of his wife's father ; and as to Mr. Sharp, the superintendent of the Sunday School, why he has nothing to do with the brewery—he has an establishment for the sale of ironmongery and miscellaneous articles connected with that business.

John.—I am perfectly aware of all you have mentioned ; but still I maintain my assertion, that there is a certain amount of blame attached to each one of them—the pastor for taking even the smallest quantity of that which may cause his brother to fall ; Mr. Tomkins for retaining the office of deacon after he had entered upon the wine and spirit vaults ; and the superintendent for opposing the formation of a Band of Hope in the Sunday school, which I believe he would not have done, had he not been in some way connected with the brewery.

Thomas.—I believe you are right, John, trafficking in and partaking of intoxicating drinks, is a hindrance to the spread of the cause of Christ on the earth.

John.—I am confident that it is ; and the principal hindrance. A steady, sober man you may persuade to listen to you ; but one whose senses are almost constantly stupefied with drink, you can make nothing of. And oh, Thomas, think for a moment of the dreadful havoc which the drinking custom causes in Christian churches throughout the land ! I have seen it stated that nearly 10,000 are excluded annually from Christian churches

in Great Britain for this one sin of intemperance. I have been connected with our church now for about twenty years. In the first year of my membership there were five men and one woman excluded for drunkenness. I was greatly pained at this ; I, like you, took a little beer, but I then resolved to abstain from intoxicants, and sign the pledge. I have been a total abstainer ever since. During the twenty years I have been a member of our church, I have seen forty-five members—thirty-eight men and seven women, excluded for drunkenness. A few of these have been restored, and some have fallen into the drunkard's grave ! Oh, Thomas, Thomas, need we or any one ask, What doth hinder ?

Thomas.—No, indeed, it is as plain as the sun at noon on a clear day. I am resolved, John, if God spares my life till to-morrow, to sign the total abstinence pledge, and from henceforth refrain from that which has caused so much misery and woe, disease and death, in this and other lands.

John.—Bravo, Thomas ! And let us join our efforts to stem the torrent of pollution which now flows through our land, and supplant it by a pure stream of living water, which shall refresh and gladden the hearts of all who partake of it.

Thomas.—I am perfectly willing and ready to do my best. Good-night, John.

John.—Good-night, Thomas, and God bless you.

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WHAT TWO LITTLE GIRLS DID.

*Characters.*AMOS MOORE—*a drunkard.*SADIE—*his daughter.*ALICE and MARY—*school-girls.**Scene I.*—On the street. Mary and Alice slowly walk forward.

Mary.—I'm glad I've met you, Alice. Stop a few moments here, where people passing can't hear us, and I'll tell you why. I think we ought to begin this New Year by trying to do something to make others better and happier; and I've seen so many people drunk during the Christmas holidays, that I am anxious to go to work for the temperance cause.

Alice.—But what can two little girls like *us* do, Mary? We can't make speeches like grown-up people. I don't see what we *can* do.

Mary.—We can find plenty to do if we are willing; and if we only persuade one single person to stop drinking, it will be a great deal. I shall try, anyhow.

[*Sadie Moore enters carrying a large, black bottle; she is very poorly dressed, and one shoe seems to be coming off.*]

Sadie.—[*Stops and puts out her foot.*] There, now! that string's broke again, and it's too short to tie. I expect the old shoe will come off and get lost before I get back. I don't care much if it does; it's full of holes, and hurts my foot. Let's see what I can do with it. [*Drops on one knee, sets the bottle down, and tries to fix the string.*] If father would only keep sober and go to work, I could have new shoes and nice clothes like other

girls. I wonder how much oftener I shall have to get that old black bottle filled at the whiskey-shop. I'm tired of it. We don't have half enough to eat, and we go ragged and mean-looking, and all because father will drink. Oh, dear! it's *too* hard. [*Sighs deeply and rises.*]

Mary.—[*Quickly.*] There, Alice, what a good chance for us to begin our work; that is Sadie Moore; I've seen her before, with that same bottle.

Alice.—I don't want to talk to that ragged thing.

Mary.—Hush, Alice! remember what made her ragged. [*Advances to meet the child.*] Sadie, I guess you don't know me, but I've seen you very often, and Alice and I would like to make you happier if we can. Do you think your father would be very angry if two strange little girls should ask him to sign the pledge?

Sadie.—Will you do that? Oh, I'm *so* glad! But father's so *awful* when he's been drinking, I'm afraid he'll scare you most to death. He struck mother to-day and made her cry, because she begged him not to send me after whiskey, and then said he'd kill me if I didn't go right away. We do have a *dreadful* hard time.

Mary.—I should think you do; we'll try to help you some, but we are not sure that we can. Will you go with me, Alice?

Alice.—Indeed I will! poor Sadie!

Sadie.—But I dare not go home without father's dram, he'd be so mad.

Alice.—Don't go home just yet, we'll go and talk to him first.

Sadie.—Yes, I'll walk down the street, and then come

back and meet you. But I do feel so mean to be carry-
ing this old bottle, the hateful thing ! I'll try and hide
it if I can. [*Puts it under her ragged shawl. Alice and
Mary go out.*] There, that's the best I can do. Oh ! I
do hope father will listen to them. [*Goes out. Amos
Moore, a wretched-looking drunkard, enters.*]

Moore.—Ha ! ha ! now aint that a jolly nice plan
they've fixed up ! Me sign the pledge indeed ! why, it's
enough to make a dog laugh ; ha ! ha ! ha ! Got tired
waiting for my gal to come, went out to find her, hid
behind a pile of barrels, and heard it all. I ought to
give her a good beatin' when I get her home, but I'll let
her off this time, because them others is to blame for
this caper ; but the next time,—well, she'd better look
out. So they've gone to pay old Amos a visit. Guess
they won't find him. How nice they were decked out,
and how mean my gal looked beside 'em ! and when she
was talkin' to herself, she had the impudence to say that
it's because I drink whiskey, she don't get no clothes.
Her things are as good as *mine*, and mine's good enough for
anybody. [*Takes hold of his ragged coat, and examines
it.*] Good enough—well, this coat don't look like it did
yesterday. It's full of mud, and dirt, and holes ; wonder
how it got so ? [*Examines his pants, views himself with
a perplexed air.*]

See here, Amos, I just begin to find out what's the
trouble. You've been so drunk for the past two months
that you didn't know much, or you'd know that these
clothes couldn't go so fast all in one day. They've
been gettin' so for some time, and you're just sober
enough, for the first time, to find it out. You do look
shockingly mean, Amos ; I'm ashamed of you.

Wonder why Sadie didn't have on that nice, warm shawl that missionary woman gave her. Guess I must have been gettin' whiskey and rum for a week past with the money I got for that very shawl; how Sadie shivered when she tried to wrap the bottle in that old, worn-out thing she had on, and them nice-lookin' children a-pity-in' of her, and makin' a plan to help old drunken Amos Moore. [*Put's his hand to his head.*] Oh! am I so bad as that, to sell the clothes off the back of my own child to get liquor? Ah! *that's* the trouble,—the liquor, the rum, and the whiskey, *that* makes me a devil. [*Looks round suddenly.*] There, those children are comin': I'll not listen to 'em. [*Turns and starts off; they go quickly after him, and Mary catches his hand.*]

Mary.—Mr. Moore, please stop a minute; we hope you won't be angry with us, but we met your little Sadie just now, and we felt so sorry for her, and for you too. So we thought we'd ask you to try and leave off drinkin'.

Alice.—And please, Mr. Moore, *please* don't send poor Sadie out with that bottle again, it makes her feel so badly.

Moore.—[*Much agitated.*] You don't know what you're asking, children. I've not had a drink since early this morning, and I'm almost parched up, I'm so thirsty. It's no use; I can't stop.

Mary.—Just try, Mr. Moore, and if you're thirsty, come home with me, and get a cup of mother's good coffee. It is sure to made you feel better.

Moore.—Go home with you! Why, child, your mother wouldn't allow such an object to come near her kitchen-door.

Alice.—Indeed she will. Mary's mother is just as kind as she can be, and helps a great many poor people. [*Sadie enters shyly, then runs out again.*] There is Sadie, and she's run around the corner. She's afraid because she didn't get what you sent her after. You won't hurt her, will you?

Moore.—No, she needn't be afraid, poor, ill-used child! [*She comes in slowly and fearfully.*] Where is the bottle, Sadie?

Sadie.—I—I'm almost 'fraid to tell you, father.

Moore.—Go on, my child, I'm sober now.

Sadie.—I did *hate* the old bottle so, father; it has made all our trouble, and so—I couldn't help it, father—I dropped it down into the sewer.

Alice.—That's good! your father can't get it never again, and, what's more, he don't want it.

Mary.—No, never again. He's going home with me to get some coffee, and you must go too, Sadie, and have something good to eat. Then your father is going to sign the pledge, and pa will get some work for him to do.

Alice.—And Sadie and her mother can have good clothes, and live in a nicer place. Won't it be splendid!

Moore.—[*With much feeling.*]—May God bless you, dear children, for your sweet, cheerin' words to the poor old drunkard. If I only *could* be a sober, respectable man once more! You've set me to longin' for the happy days I used to have before rum made me a brute. Yes, I'll try, I *must* try, and if I'm saved, remember you've done the good work,—yes, *you*, little ones, have done it.

Sadie.—[*Clapping her hands.*] Oh, mother will be *so* glad, and how happy we shall all be, for I know such

good times are coming for us! [*Takes his hand.*] Dear father, I love you so much! [*Leads him out, followed by Alice and Mary.*]

TWENTY APPEALS; OR, REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD SIGN THE PLEDGE.

[This dialogue should be recited by twenty-one members of a Temperance Society, who each says his sentence, and then leaves the platform clear for a successor.]

[Number one may be spoken by the Chairman.]

1.—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Some of my colleagues wish us to make a strong appeal to all those who may be present this evening, and have not signed the pledge, to do so at once. We think it desirable for many reasons. We think all classes of society have an interest in forwarding the temperance movement. However, with your permission, my colleagues will each state their particular reasons, and will appeal to you with all the energy and argument at their command.

[Each speaker advances and says his part.]

2.—We appeal to the *philanthropist*. You who would see the human race better, nobler, and more elevated intellectually. Drink degrades a man to the very lowest! Then, if you have your principles at heart, help on a movement which has the bettering of humanity for its object.

3.—We appeal to the *Christian*. "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." Then do you

help us to make teetotalers as fast as possible ! for whilst drink exists, there must, of necessity, be drunkards, and these must always be excluded from the fold of Christ. Come, *you*, and sign the pledge, my friends !

4.—We appeal to the *father*. He has sons who must stand or fall by their character for uprightness, integrity, and sobriety. Let him, then, surround them with the safeguard of our noble principles : and to do this, first set the example. Come, *you*, and sign the pledge !

5.—We appeal to *mothers*. They have daughters, and drink has tempted thousands to their ruin, whilst it is drink alone which enables them to continue so wicked. Would you not rather mourn over the dead than the fallen ? Come, then, sign the pledge, and set the example !

6. We appeal to *young men*. Life is before you, full of temptation. You must keep yourself free from them if you would be successful. Shun as the pest that which can cause you to forget the true dignity of manhood. Come, *you*, quickly, and sign the pledge !

7.—We appeal to the *young woman*. If you would be useful in your several spheres ; if you would retain your power over men, your efficiency as daughters and as wives, your capacity to be ministering angels in this world of wickedness, come *you*, we pray, and sign the pledge !

8.—We appeal to the *drunkard*. Gather up your resolution ; think of the happy days when you were pure and spotless in God's sight ; when you were a useful member of society ; when your intellect was vigorous ; when you were looked *up to*, and not looked *down upon*,

when you were too independent to put up with a landlord's taunts or a wife's reproaches. There is time yet for you to mend. Come along then; we will make you a wiser and a better man. Put your hand on your heart, and say, "Now for it! I'll be a man again!" Come, you, our beloved brothers, and sign the pledge!

9.—We appeal to the *irresolute*. If you waver, you may live to repent it to the last day of your life. Ours is the safest side; no reasonable being can deny it. Do not then trifle with your convictions. Throw your weight into the scale of the right, the noble, and the good. Come, you, at once, without delay, and sign the pledge!

10.—We appeal to the *politician*. He constantly spends his time legislating for the benefit of the nation. He would not have to spend his time in enacting the long list of laws, for dealing with the *consequences* of the liquor traffic, had pledge-signing been universal. Come, you, then, and sign the pledge!

11.—We appeal to our *law judges*, who tell us that nine-tenths of our crime is the offspring of drink; that our jails are filled from the public houses. When this is declared from the judicial bench, is it not time that they should at once say, "We will not countenance this"?

12.—We appeal to the *tax-payers*. We all pay taxes; and the more gin-palaces there are, the greater the taxes. Do you want to reduce them? Do you wish to lessen the numbers of the destitute and the deserted? Come, then, lend your influence, and sign the pledge!

13.—We appeal to the *doctors*. They know how

drink kills, and they know very well it never cures ! They know how much disease drink brings, and what a friend drink is to them, since it finds them patients and fills their pockets ! But we appeal to them to do what is right, set their faces manfully against the custom, themselves signing the pledge, and putting temperance into their practice.

14.—We appeal to the *patriot*, he who loves his country, and would desire to see it elevated above other nations. Greatness is made up of aggregate wisdom. We are the equal of any other nation so long as we keep away from drink. Give our soldiers plenty of it, and they are at anybody's mercy. An army of our men given any quantity of whiskey before a battle would simply sing "Britannia rules the waves," and allow themselves to be conquered.

15.—We appeal now to *storekeepers* of all kinds. The *baker* will be all the better if we are teetotalers, because bread will then be cheaper since grain will not be wasted, and we shall want more of the staff of life for our families. Come, then, Mr. Baker, you and your brethren should sign the pledge !

16.—We appeal to the *bookseller*. Vigorous intellect requires vigorous food. Sober men want books and periodicals ; but the drunkard and the drinker are seldom friends of yours. Do you then push the sales of our *Temperance publications*. Above all, come yourself, and sign the pledge !

17. We appeal to the *managers of Benevolent Associations*. You want our teetotalers ; the drunkard never dreams of helping you in your good work ; his head is

filled with muddled ideas, and he has no room for you. Reform him, and he at once sees your value. You, then, ought to come and encourage him, by at once signing the pledge!

18. We appeal to the *tailor*. Under the sober regime, rags must give place to good clothes; for soberness brings self-respect, and self-respect brings the tailor. But the drunkard does you no good; he carries about with him the suit you made for him ten years ago, and is not ashamed of it. Come, *you*, then, and sign the pledge!

19. We appeal to the *upholsterer*. For the sober man will also want you. His money goes for nice furniture, soft carpets, spring-beds, and mirrors to look at his healthy face. He spends his money with you, but the poor drinker brings you his old battered furniture, and sells it to you for a mere song. You want *money*, not goods; therefore, do you set the example, and come and sign the pledge!

20. We appeal to managers of *Insurance Companies*. We ask them if they do not give additional advantages to teetotalers, because they have discovered by experience that these non-drinkers live longest on the average! Then, if they have made this discovery, surely *they* will not hesitate to come forward and sign the pledge!

21. Last of all, but not least, we appeal to the *minister of the Gospel*. His is a philanthropic calling of the very highest order. As he desires to save his fellow-man from the wrath to come, he must approve of every method which will conduce to that end, however humble. They, then, above all others, who are engaged in

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the best of good works, should lend their weighty influence to us, and show their belief in our principles by signing the pledge.

[The Chairman advances again.]

You have heard what all my friends have to say ; if the cap fits any here, I hope they will put it on ; and we beg them to come forward and add their names to that of our present society. Come, then ; we earnestly and affectionately invite you to join us at once.

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER AND THE PRE- TENDED SMOKER.

By two children.—HARRIET and ALFRED.

[The boy comes on with a short pipe in his mouth.]

Harriet.—Why ! if this isn't Alfred ? Dear me ! Who would have thought it ? How pleased I am to meet with you once more !

Alfred.—Not more pleased than your humble servant, I assure you. I shall put this down as a red-letter day in my life's calendar. I hope there is a glorious future before us.

Har.—I hope so with all my heart ; but you know as well as I do that the first thing is to lay a foundation for that glorious future you speak of.

Alf.—Perhaps you will explain yourself a little ; you know I like your explanations.

Har.—You know that great results in life are frequently produced by little causes.

Alf.—Bravo! *that's philosophy* safe enough! You make me feel quite proud of being in your company. What little things do you refer to?

Har.—Why, for instance, that little pipe of yours,—it is a small thing, but such things have been the ruin of many.

Alf.—Well, it shan't be *my* ruin,—I'll see to that. *For your sake* I will cast it away forever.

[*He throws it away.*]

Har.—No; not for *my* sake. Give it up on *principle*.

Alf.—So I will, my little philosopher; for your sake on principle,—*twenty thousand principles* if you like; but it must be for your sake, after all.

Har.—Will you allow me to appeal to your enlightened judgment?

Alf.—To be sure. I shall be proud to hear you. Appeal away.

Har.—Do you think that it is becoming of you, a rational creature, to stick a piece of *baked clay* in your mouth, and *suck* it by the hour together, just as a child sucks sugar candy? And besides, if God meant your mouth to be a *fire-flue* he would have made a chimney somewhere in the top of your head to carry off the smoke. There has been some talk of passing a law to compel manufacturers to consume their own smoke. I should like to add an appendage to a bill of that sort, compelling all smokers of tobacco to consume theirs also, for certainly it is becoming an *intolerable nuisance*.

Alf.—Anything else, miss?

Har.—If it were not for its *offensiveness*, I'm sure it would be quite *amusing* to see men *puffing and blowing* their smoke into the air. Some will sit for hours, as though they came into this world for the purpose of watching its *fantastic curlings and windings*; *pretty creatures*, it must be as good as a doll!

Alf.—But surely you don't object to a cigar,—that is very genteel, you know.

Har.—Well, to see a young man coming up the street with a cigar in his mouth, I should translate into language:—

“What a fine fellow I am! see how *I* can do it. I am not one of your low-bred ones who are obliged to smoke a *pipe*. Please to take notice this is a cigar; a pipe of tobacco would cost but a *cent* or *two*, but this *cigar* cost *ten cents*. *I* belong to the *superior* class. Though I am only a mechanic, I wish every one to know I am a gentleman, notwithstanding.”

Alf.—You little philosopher! You seem to put a voice into everything. Indeed, you seem to impart something of your talkative nature to them. *I beg pardon, I hope no offence*, but it seems so philosophic, you know, —a *talking pipe* and a talking cigar.

Har.—When I meet a *boy* smoker in the street, I have his character before me at once as plainly as though the smoke formed the letters while the *pipe* pronounced the words.

Alf.—Yes; I suppose, just as a *phrenologist* tells our tendencies by the bumps on our *craniums*, you tell them by the *pipe* and *cigar*. The only difference I presume is that one is *phren-ology* and the other is *pipe-ology*. I

shall put this down as a *new science*. Well, suppose you see a *young spark* coming up the street with a short pipe in his mouth, what would be your scientific deductions respecting him?

Har.—I should at once conclude that the poor youth was not overstocked with brains. *First*, that his mental powers were *very dwarfish indeed*. *Second*, that he has a *grovelling disposition*,—that he would rather smoke a pipe than read a book. *Third*, that he is consequently *ignorant*, and is likely to *remain so*. *Fourth*, that he knows nothing of *economy*, either of *time* or *money*. *Fifth*, that he is a spendthrift, and thinks nothing of a rainy day.

Alf.—[*Turning to the audience.*] So you see, you young smokers, here is a lecture for us (I beg *my own* pardon, though I have thrown mine away *forever*.) The next time you walk out with your pipes in your mouths, we shall see you from the window and shall say, "*Look here, mother*; here comes a *brainless* boy, or at least one whose mental powers are dwarfish,—a mental *Tom Thumb*, and one preferring ignorance to learning; one who has commenced a system of *waste*,—a money-waster, health-waster, and time-waster." And I must say, my little miss, that this is the *worst waste* of all, for "*time is money*," and the ghosts of our murdered hours are sure to rise up and trouble us another day. But you would not go in against all smokers,—would you? It is quite right to launch your *anathemas* against the *lads*. But here comes a *man* up the street smoking his pipe. The poor fellow looks worn out, and that pipe seems his only consolation. How do you read him?

Har.—*First*, that he has lost his freedom, and has become a slave ; and *second*, that he has become an idolator. Is it not a fact, Alfred, that whatever a man loves best becomes his god ?

Alf.—That is quite philosophic. Certainly in such a case the pipe is his god ; and, every time he lights it, he offers a burnt offering to his adored deity.

Har.—Yes, and perhaps it costs that poor fellow a dollar or two a week for tobacco. His poor children are wanting clothing, perhaps food ; but he must worship his pipe though his children starve. What he puffed up into the air last week would nearly have bought Johnny a pair of shoes, and this week he could have bought two or three pairs of warm socks for his little cold feet ! But the father is smoking the poor children's shoes and socks up into the air.

Alf.—Just so, Billy Pipeclay blew out his tobacco-pipe half his house-rent last year, and when rent day came he could not pay his rent ; and if you ask Sam Shabby where his coat is, or the coat he might have had, he must tell you he blew it out of his tobacco-pipe, and that it is somewhere in the clouds. But you speak of a man being a slave and losing his liberty. I don't quite understand that.

Har.—Why, don't you know, Alfred, that when a despot conquers a free people, their freedom becomes lost, they being incorporated in the slave dominion of the despot ?

Alf.—I understand now—*philosophy* again ! The pipe is the despot ever striving to invade our free territories. The father is an old *puffer* and *blower*. He has been

conquered years ago. The young one steals a bit of father's tobacco, and begins to puff in secret till he turns pale and sickens. Here I presume the battle begins,—the contending foes are in the field. The *brain* says, "You have no business here,—you are an intruder and a despot. What right have you to set my head aching? The *stomach* says, "I'll not suffer your intrusion. I'll soon topple you over;" and, giving action to the word, *away goes the despot head over heels!* But he rallies his forces, with the assistance of a few thoughts, such as—What a man you will be if you submit to my government! fit for any company! How you would enjoy yourself of an evening with your companions over a social glass. Besides, you will be a *man!*

Har.—No,—a slave!

Alf.—The battle is renewed and the brain ceases to repel the charge; the stomach becomes tolerant; ultimately the conquest is gained and the poor *lad* is conquered by smoke. The pipe is master of the situation, and proclaims himself the conqueror, extracting a willing revenue, weekly laid out at the feet of the despots by thousands whose children are pining for bread. I confess my *inconsistency*—having a pipe in my mouth. It was nothing but a *sham* to bring out your philosophy, for I consider that the pipe and the glass are but *twin brothers* and despots alike, and Satan's greatest helpers to ruin this fair world of ours. My little miss, I feel the steam is up, and the engine must be off, or I must blow off the steam somehow.

Har.—Then I will get out of your way.

[*She sits down.*]

Alf.—I want to know, my young friends, if a foreign foe was to invade our coasts, whether you wouldn't muster to repel the enemy? You would,—wouldn't you?

[*Boys call out: Yes! Yes! Yes!*]

You say "yes." Even the smoke-dried old lady crouched in the corner there would throw down the pipe and shoulder the tongs if it was only to show which side she was on. Well, *tobacco* is a foreign foe in league with traitors to conquer the youth of our country. Their regiments are Cavendish, Savannah, Bird's-eye, Century and Shag; and a *shaggy* lot they are altogether. The traitorous army is named Gin, Brandy, Rum, Holland, Whiskey, Wine, Beer, Porter, Cider, Perry, and a host of others. We teetotalers have proclaimed war against the smoking and drinking customs of society. We want you to rally beneath our standard, to defend our country against the *smoke* and *drink despot*. We want you to march and countermarch—to be quick—double quick; to arms, comrades—load deep—aim straight—fire quick—load again, and at them again, boys. Ah, that's the way. The enemy would soon flee our shores, and the teetotal flag would wave on the highest hills, and the blessings of those who are ready to perish would be upon your heads and upon your hearts. We are here to-night, to appeal to your intellect. Young men, men of mind, men of understanding, by all that is valuable and useful in life, by the cries and tears of heart-broken mothers and wives, by the cries of half-starved and naked children, by the drunken wail going up from the cities, towns, and villages of our land, we entreat you to enlist under the *only* banner, to join the *only* ranks

that can entertain the smallest hope of defeating the foe.
Come ! COME ! and ten thousand wives and mothers
 will bless you, and the coming generations will call you
 their benefactors and deliverers ; and this thrice-happy
 land, free from the smoke and drink devil shall clap her
 hands and say, "Thank God,—at last we are free !"

"STRIKE AT THE ROOT."

"Strike at the root !" Aloft the upas grows,
 And spreads its baleful shadow o'er the land ;
 Through all society the poison flows,
 And death and misery glare on every hand.
 "Strike at the root ;" to lop or to restrain
 The wild luxuriance of the fatal tree
 Were just as wise one sheep-cot door to chain,
 And leave the folds when all the wolves are free.
 "Strike at the root," if 'neath your vigorous blows
 Branch after mighty branch come tumbling down,
 Such wond'rous strange vitality it shows,
 One springtide would replace its verdant crown.
 There is a giant evil in this land,
 Which throws the shadow of a dread eclipse
 O'er all our pomps and institutions grand,
 And steps in degradation to the lips
 The stature of our greatness : at this hour,
 Spite of our halls of science, art, and song ;
 Spite of a literature, a world's bright dower,—
 Nobler was ne'er enshrined by ancient tongue ;

Spite of ten thousand temples, which arise
And point to heaven, and silently proclaim
Man's fellowship with angels and the skies,
Which pitying look upon our nation's shame ;
Spite of a civilization which can boast
Such triumphs and such trophies as this earth
Before had never seen, amidst the host
Of thrones and empires, all of glorious birth,—
In spite of all, and the fair good of all
Annulling like a pestilence from hell,
'Tis drunkenness that makes man misery's thrall.
Take that away, and social life were well.
This is the poison-bearing tree; whose limbs
Rain pauperism, disease, starvation, crime,
Unchastity, and madness' dreadful whine,
Profanity, with all its beastly slime.
This crowds your felon den, your workhouse fills,
Nurtures sedition in his horrid lair,
Imbrutes man's godlike nature, conscience kills,
And changes into fiends earth's angels fair.
"Strike at the root!" Earth groans beneath this curse ;
Religion, baffled, shudders at the scene ;
"Strike at the root," remove this pest and worse,
And earth shall smile again like Eden's flowery green.

THE ARMY OF CADETS.

Thomas.—Jim, what's all this fuss about the Army of Cadets?

Jim.—We are going to fight *Old King Alcohol*, and his two great armies.

T.—Fight, heigh! I guess you'll fight smart. You hain't got no guns, and you'll run like a flock of sheep if only old Tiger was set on you.

J.—We don't want any guns for this war. Old Alcohol is like a swarm of bees. He won't hurt us if we let him alone, and that's what we form into armies for. We don't want any guns but *Cold Water Engines*.

T.—If he is like a swarm of bees, I guess you'll want something more than *Cold Water* to keep him off with. Cousin Tim got stung by the bees, and he was as mad as a hornet, and said he'd give it to 'em; so he went and got uncle's old rusty sword, and run in through the hive, and said, "There, take that!" This riled the whole swarm, and they came about his head, and stung him 'most to death.

J.—But we are not going to fight in that way. If Timothy had let the bees alone, they would not have stung him. Old King Alcohol has as many stings as a swarm of bees; but he wont hurt us if we let him alone.

T.—But what of his armies? How are you going to take them?

J.—The old fellow has two armies, one made up of *wholesalers* and the other of *retailers*; and if we can take them, we shall not only keep out of the wars our-

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selves, but fix him so he can't kill any more men or women, nor make any more madmen, to beat and bruise their wives and children, and starve them to death.

T.—But how are you going to do it, Jim? I guess you'll have your match.

J.—I'll tell you how we'll do it, Thomas. We'll take them by siege. When an army wants to take a walled town, they'll watch all the gates, and let no one go in to carry the people food; and they dam up and turn away all the streams of water that go into the city; and in that way they starve 'em out. The wholesalers and retailers have both great armies, and their forts are walled round so high that we can't get at them. But we'll starve them out. We won't buy of them, and we will do all we can to keep others from buying; and by-and-by they will lay down their arms, and go about some honest and decent business. They are already fast deserting the ranks of the Old King. His ranks are thinning out every day; and very soon the old tyrant will be left all alone, and then he may enjoy himself as well as he can, for he can do nobody any harm. We won't kill him—we will only serve him as the Quaker did his dog—"I'll not hurt thee, but I'll give thee a bad name," and so cried after him, "*mad dog! mad dog!*"

T.—Well, if people would think how many are made mad by drinking rum, they would keep from the grog-shop as they would from a mad dog.

THE ILLS OF DRAM-DRINKING.

FOR THREE MALES.

(*The Drunkard, TOM, must be dressed rather shabbily, and his nose must be reddened; JOHN, as a respectable working-man, and LOVEDROP, with a cigar.*)

John.—Well, Tom, how are you! I have not seen you for a long time.

Tom.—I am not very well.

John.—What is the matter with you?

Tom.—Why, I don't exactly know. I feel very weak and languid, as well as thirsty and miserable. I suppose I must go and get another pint or two to set me all right.

John.—A pint or two of what?

Tom.—Of the very best beer.

John.—Can you tell me what your beer is made of?

Tom.—No.

John.—Water, treacle, poison, and a little putrefied vegetable matter.

Tom.—I don't care; it's the best medicine that ever was invented, for I have tried it before.

John.—How much did you take?

Tom.—About half a dozen pints, more or less.

John.—That must be a very queer way of taking medicine; six pints in a day! But please tell me how you felt after this large dose.

Tom.—I felt as if everything was upside down, myself included; and every now and then the ground would seem to jump up and hit me on the head. I felt as if I could fight anybody, and was very proud of trying to walk both sides of the path at once.

John.—Your medicine operated very curiously ; but did it cure you ?

Tom.—Yes, that it did for the time.

John.—But how did you feel the next morning ?

Tom.—This is the next morning, and it was only last night I tried the experiment, and I have already told you how I feel ; but I omitted to tell you that I shall not be able to get my full dose to-day, because I am very light in three places.

John.—Where are they ?

Tom.—My stomach, my head, and my pocket.

John.—So, after you have tried your miraculous medicine, you find the effects are, firstly—it removed your malady for the time, only for it to return with increased violence ; secondly—it rendered you incapable of governing yourself ; in plain terms, you were drunk ; thirdly—it created a desire to return again to the so-called medicine ; fourthly—it made you light in the three places you have mentioned. Now I want to have a word with you about this drink. You were at one time fond of argument.

Tom.—Well, talk away then, only don't be long over it, for I am as thirsty as a herring.

John.—You don't seem to care much about the matter ; but first ask me some question, for I can't knock anything down before it's built up.

Tom.—Did not Solomon say a pint of beer was a good thing for a working-man ?

John.—No.

Tom.—Then didn't somebody tell Timothy to take a drop of gin for his stomach's sake ?

John.—Not exactly that either ; but is there anything the matter with your stomach ?

Tom.—It's rather empty, that's all.

John.—Then what do you think is the best thing to fill it with ?

Tom.—Why, some beer, to be sure.

John.—Can you tell me what becomes of the beer after you have drank it ?

Tom.—It fills up my stomach, and answers the purpose of a good dinner.

John.—How much do you think your stomach is capable of holding ?

Tom.—I have read in some books, when I was young, about two pints.

John.—Then what a foolish man you must be, to try and get six pints into a two-pint measure.

Tom.—I never thought of that before.

John.—Do you not see that a pound of bread would usefully fill your stomach, while the injurious beer is immediately absorbed into your system ?

Tom.—It's of no use talking to you ; you've been better educated than I have ; but when I have been to the Half Moon and got primed, I will come back and talk to you. But in the mean time here is Mr. Lovedrop—he will soon settle you. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter LOVEDROP.*)

Lovedrop.—Well, friend John, how are you ?

John.—In the very best of health. How are you ?

Lovedrop.—Oh, pretty well, except a light bilious headache ; but say, I have heard you are a teetotaler !

John.—I am a teetotaler, and I am proud of it.

Lovedrop.—The more fool you to join such a set of enthusiasts ; you may as well coudemn the whole system of navigation, because some get drowned in the practice of it.

John.—All great men are enthusiasts in the particular branch of science or art that they excel in ; Newton, Hunter, Davy, and others. The proper meaning of the word is “man in earnest.” The case you state about navigation does not apply to the subject—drinking intoxicating drinks is not necessary, may be done without altogether, and their use is highly dangerous to the community ; while navigation is both necessary and useful.

Lovedrop.—I contend that the little drop I take does me no harm.

John.—Define your term ; how much is a little drop ?

Lovedrop.—Three glasses in a day.

John.—That would amount to above one thousand glasses a year ; rather a large drop.

Lovedrop.—Did not Christ make wine at the marriage feast in Cana ?

John.—Yes ; but you cannot prove that it was intoxicating wine ; on the contrary, we have evidence to prove that it was not so. I heard a very good answer to that in a meeting once. A little boy was making a speech, and occasionally quoted texts of Scripture, when a crusty old bachelor got up and inquired sneeringly of the boy, if Christ did not make wine at the marriage-feast ; the boy replied that he was too young and the gentleman was too old, as well as too ugly, to get married ; that if they only drank wine at their marriage-feasts, there would not be much danger of their ever becoming sots.

Lovedrop.—Did not Noah get drunk ?

John.—And do you believe he was any the better for it? on the contrary, he was much the worse, and if a wise and good man like Noah, could not withstand the temptation, how much more likely are you to be borne down before it?

Lovedrop.—There is no danger of my falling into the temptation.

John.—Yes, there is a very great danger; do you know a single drunkard who at one time had the remotest idea of ever becoming what he is?

Lovedrop.—You are assuming that I associate with drunkards, which is not the case. I drink in moderation, because it helps to support the government, you see.

John.—It must be a poor government which cannot get along without that drink which causes such crime, poverty, and wretchedness as is everywhere visible. Both government and society lose by it in the end, for if the sale of strong drinks were utterly and forever prohibited by law, three-fourths of the jails and work-houses would perish with them.

Lovedrop.—But what would become of the distillers and saloon proprietors?

John.—What do they deserve to be done with, who sell out that liquid curse which destroys sixty thousand men in a year?

Lovedrop.—But they are respectable members of society, and must be done something with.

John.—Let them turn farmers and cultivate the ground, and learn to use its products to a better purpose than to make drinks which prove the curse of the country.

Lovedrop.—The teetotalers don't go the right way to work, trying to get a Maine Law, and prohibit the sale; they ought to try to get individuals to give it up, and in time the whole community would become moderate.

John.—Why don't you join us then, and show us a more excellent way, instead of swelling the ranks of the enemy? Your argument would apply with equal force to the law against stealing and other vices.

Lovedrop.—When I get into company they will have me drink, and besides I like it and it seems to do me good; I can't give it up.

John.—Can't! You ought to be ashamed to say so. I have given it up, and if you can't I am a better man than you. As to the drink seeming to do you good, your bilious headache is a case in point. Half the ills that flesh is heir to may be traced, directly or indirectly, to the use and abuse of stimulants.

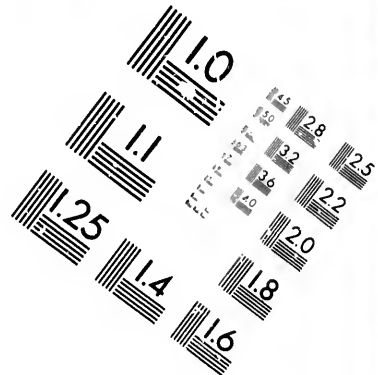
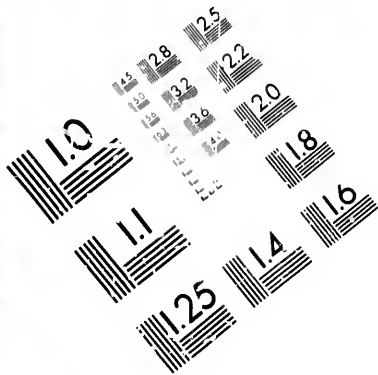
Lovedrop.—Why, my dear sir, you would not certainly deny that liquor does good in some cases?

John.—Very few cases indeed can be cited where it does good. You know that the medical profession is now rapidly discarding its use as a medicinal agent; and as a beverage it is now pronounced hurtful, debilitating and full of misery in the future to every man who imbibes the accursed thirst for ardent spirits.

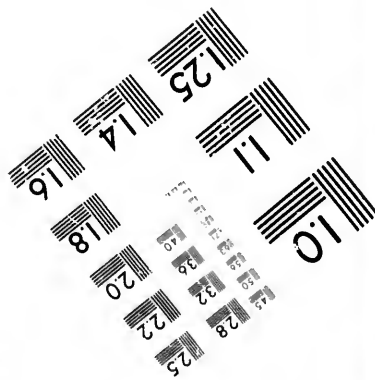
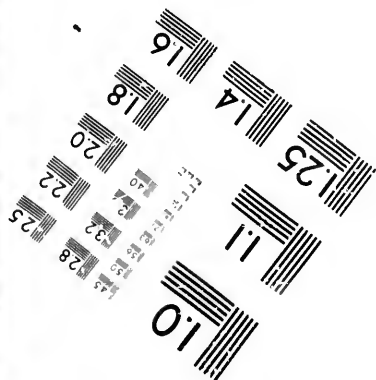
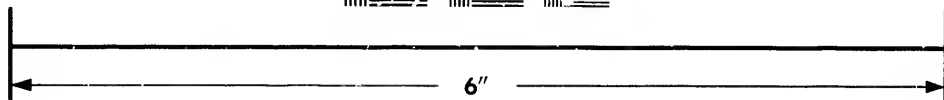
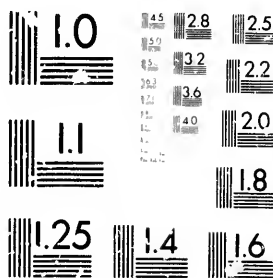
Lovedrop.—I will think upon what you have said, but I am afraid it's no use at my time of life.

John.—It's never too late to mend; but I see you are like many other moderates; your judgment says, abstain, but your palate says, I like a little drop.





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Lovedrop.—Well, I can't stop any longer, so good-bye.

John.—Good-bye ; but think of what I have told you, and attend our meetings.

THE BREWER AND THE NEGRO.

A Brewer in a country town,
Had got a monstrous reputation :
No other beer but his went down—
The hosts of the surrounding station
Carving his name upon their mugs,
And painting it on every shutter ;
And tho' some envious folks would utter
Hints that its flavor came from drugs,
Others maintain'd 'twas no such matter,
But owing to his monstrous vat,
At least as corpulent as that
At Heidelberg—and some said fatter.

His foreman was a lusty black,
An honest fellow ;
But one who had an ugly knack
Of tasting samples as he brewed,
Till he was stupefied and mellow.
One day in this top-heavy mood,
Having to cross the vat aforesaid,
(Just then with boiling beer supplied)
O'ercome with giddiness and qualms, he
Reel'd—fell in—and nothing more said,
But in his favorite liquor died,
Like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey.

In all directions round about
The negro absentee was sought,
But as no human noddle thought
That our fat Black was now Brown Stout,
They settled that the negro'd left
The place for debt, or crime, or theft.

Meanwhile the beer was day by day
Drawn into casks and sent away,
Until the lees flowed thick and thicker,
When lo ! outstretched upon the ground,
Once more their missing friend they found,
As they had often done—in liquor.

See, cried his moralizing master,
I always knew the fellow drank hard,
And prophesied some sad disaster ;
His fate should other tipplers strike,
Poor Mungo ! there he welters, like
A toast at bottom of a tankard !

Next morn a publican whose tap
Had help'd to drain the vat so dry,
Not having heard of the mishap,
Came to demand a fresh supply,
Protesting loudly that the last
All previous specimens surpass'd,
Possessing a much richer *gusto*
Than formerly it ever used to,
And begging as a special favor
Some more of the exact same flavor.

Zounds ! cried the Brewer, that's a task
More difficult to grant than ask,
Most gladly would I give the smack
Of the last beer to the ensuing,
But where am I to find a Black,
And boil him down at every brewing ?

ALCOHOL IS DOOMED.

The temperance reformers have a very difficult task to perform. They have undertaken to hew down and uproot the great and ancient tree. It has existed and flourished for thousands of years. It has struck its roots deep into the very heart of civilized life ; it is nourished by the rich blood of thousands of annual victims ; it is watered with the copious tears of numberless wives and children, mothers and sisters, widows and orphans ; it is waving its death-bearing branches far and wide over the families of our fatherland ; it enchains the senses by its narcotic influence ; it drugs the reason to torpidity by its intoxicating fruit ; it throws up the reins to the maddened passions to rush headlong on their unbridled course ; it gathers under its pestilential shade tens of thousands of its deluded victims, from the most respectable moderate drinker to the besotted drunkard. What a task have they undertaken to perform ! This tree of death is not only rooted with vast strength, but it is defended by thousands interested in

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its existence ; it is protected with great vigilance by a host of distillers, brewers, and liquor-sellers ; it is favored by a government that draws a vast revenue from its produce, it is excused by myriads of moderate drinkers, saints and sinners, men and women, old and young. "Pull it down!" say these men in scorn ; "as well might a few idle boys attempt to demolish the fortifications of a strong city by pelting them with thistledown and feathers, as you to abolish the use of alcohol by your teetotalism." But in spite of such success the teetotalers will go on with their work. With the brawny arm of firm resolve, with the keen axe of truth, with the untiring perseverance of genuine benevolence, with the dauntless courage of duty, they will go on, making the whole region ring with their repeated strokes, until the Upas-tree trembles and crashes to the ground amid the rejoicings of humanity. "A consummation devoutly to be wished," sneer the opponents of the temperance movement.—"A consummation *sure to come*," respond the earnest workers in the glorious cause. For, depend upon it, sooner or later, this giant evil must fall. It is condemned by all experience ; all the main props of its support have been proved unsound. Why should it be allowed any longer to exist ? Resolve, then, that, God helping you, *not a single stone be left unturned for the final overthrow of the greatest enemy of our race.*

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

Characters.

JOHN.	HENRY.
THOMAS.	LOUIS.
ARTHUR.	PETER.

JOE.

*The boys all seated at their desks. A number of other boys at desks.
JOHN in the teacher's seat.*

John, (striking desk with ruler.) Silence !

[In a loud voice.

Thomas.—Nobody is making a noise but you.

John.—Silence, I tell you ! *[In a louder voice.*

Henry.—Set an example, if you want silence.

John.—Silence ! *[As loud as he can speak.*

Louis.—Silence !

All the Boys.—Silence !

John.—Having produced silence from the whole of you, we will now proceed to the day's studies. First class in history ? *[All jump up.]* Keep your seats, but answer the question. *[All sit down.]* Who discovered America ?

Henry.—Peter the Hermit !

Thomas.—Queen Victoria !

Louis.—Louis Napoleon !

Peter.—Martin Van Buren !

Joe.—Hail Columbia !

John.—Was there ever such a set of blockheads ? Christopher Columbus discovered America—in—in—well, some time ago !

Henry.—Bully for him !

Thomas.—Three cheers for Chris ! *[All cheer three times.*

John.—Silence! What do you mean by all this racket?

Louis.—Give it up? .

John.—Louis, you are so smart! Who beheaded Cromwell?

Louis.—Oh! oh! oh! [*All the boys echo, oh! oh! oh!*]

John.—Stop that noise! Louis, answer the question.

Louis.—I can't.

John.—Henry, you answer it!

Henry.—Never knew before he was beheaded!

John.—I never heard of such gross ignorance! Never knew Charles the first was beheaded?

Louis.—You said Cromwell!

John.—It's all the same thing.

Henry.—I bet Charles didn't think so!

John.—Thomas, who beheaded Charles the first?

Thomas.—The executioner.

John.—Louis, what are you giggling about?

Louis.—I, sir? I was only smiling serenely.

John.—Go to the dunce stool.

Louis.—Certainly, sir. [*Goes and sits on dunce stool.*]

John.—Henry!

Henry.—Here, sir.

John.—Hold your tongue, and tell me who was the first President of the United States.

Henry.—How can I tell you if I hold my tongue?

John.—Hold your tongue, sir, and answer me!

Henry.—(*holding his tongue with his fingers.*) John Jacob Astor.

John.—Who? Speak distinctly.

Henry.—(*letting his tongue go.*)—Louis the Fourteenth!

John.—I am ashamed of you. Who was the father of his country?

Henry.—The son of its grandfather, sir.

John.—No levity, sir!

Henry.—The husband of its mother, then.

John.—Go sit on the dunce stool, you blockhead!

[*Henry sits in Louis' lap.*]

John.—Thomas, do you know your geography lesson?

Thomas.—You'll find out, when you hear it.

John.—Bound Maine.

Thomas.—Can't do it, sir. The boundless main is proverbial.

John.—Where are the Andes?

Thomas.—All my aunties are at home, thank you, sir.

John.—How long is the Amazon River?

Thomas.—Just three inches, sir, on my map. It is rather longer on the map against the wall.

John, (sternly.)—I'll have no more nonsense! Where is Georgia?

Thomas.—Down South, and no nonsense about it!

John.—Go to the dunce stool, sir.

[*Thomas goes and sits on Henry's lap.*]

John.—Arthur, what is a conic section?

Arthur.—The most comic section I was ever in, sir, was the negro minstrel's hall.

John.—Conic, Arthur!

Arthur.—Yes sir: comic Arthur, if you will!

John.—Arthur, if ten tons of grain cost one hundred dollars, how many cattle will it feed?

Arthur.—I don't believe the cat'll eat ten tons, sir. Our cat won't anyhow.

John.—Arthur, you are too smart for this school. I shall be obliged to dismiss you.

Arthur.—Thank you! [*Jumps up.*]

John.—But first, you may sit an hour on the dunce stool. [*Arthur sits on Thomas' lap.*]

John.—Peter, do you know your definitions?

Peter.—I don't know, sir.

John.—Don't know what, your definitions?

Peter.—I don't know if I know my definitions or not.

John.—Define Cosmopolitan.

Peter.—Cricky!

John.—Not the proper definition. Go to the dunce stool. [*Peter sits in Arthur's lap.*]

Louis.—I say, John, it's getting rather heavy here. Some of you fellows come underneath.

[*Slips out, and they all fall down.*]

John.—Order there!

Henry.—You undertook to order for all of us.

John.—Sit down, all of you!

[*All try for the stool, finally sit as before, Louis on Peter's lap, Henry on the stool.*]

John.—Joseph!

Joe.—(*in a squeaking voice.*)—That's me! Short for Joe.

John.—Joseph, what is a verb?

Joe.—Part of speech, sir.

John.—Very good! What part!

Joe.—The—the—verbal part!

John.—Oh Joe! Joe! What a dunce you are!

Henry.—Oh John! John! here comes the teacher!

[*All hurry to their seats, and begin to study out loud.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]

ARE INTOXICATING DRINKS NECESSARY TO PEOPLE IN HEALTH?

[A dialogue for seven youths.]

Characters.—BILL, HARRY, WALTER, SAM, JAMES, JOHN, TOM CLIFTON, John's sailor cousin.

Scene.—A chair and a table. The two boys, Bill and Harry, standing near it.

Bill. Well, Harry, our debating class meets to-night ; at least, I mean it ought to meet ; but it seems to me as if you and I were to have the meeting all to ourselves.

Harry. I saw several of our boys as I was coming up, and they said they would be here in a few minutes. It is several minutes past the time appointed already ; but John Clifton has a sailor cousin, who has just come home from China, and they were all listening to him spinning a long yarn about something he has seen there. I'll confess that *I* should have liked to have heard it myself, only he was just getting to the end, and there is no fun in hearing the end of a thing, and not the beginning.

[*Enter John, with his sailor cousin, and Walter, Sam and James.*]

John.—Well, gentlemen, I am sorry to have kept you waiting ; however, I have a good excuse,—I have brought you an addition to our debating class, in the shape of a salt-tar—my cousin, Tom Clifton, Esq., of Her Majesty's ship "Invincible," who will be able, no doubt, to throw a little more light on the subject in hand, with the extensive experience which he has had.

Tom.—Any information which I may be able to afford you, I will give with the greatest pleasure.

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Sam.—In the first place, I beg to propose that our friend, William Hunter, Esq., be appointed chairman of this meeting.

Harry.—I beg to second the proposition.

James.—It has been proposed and seconded that our esteemed friend, William Hunter, Esq., be appointed chairman of this meeting. All for the motion will now signify it in the usual manner. [*All hands up.*]

James.—Against? [*Silence.*] The motion is unanimously carried. [*To Bill.*] Sir, I have the pleasure of offering you—in the name of the meeting—the chair.

Bill.—[*Taking his seat.*] Gentlemen, I have to thank you all for the unexpected honour which you have bestowed upon me this evening. As chairman of this meeting, I do not consider myself called upon to make, neither does the limited time permit, a long speech. I will therefore come at once to the proposed subject of debate, which is, “Are intoxicating liquors necessary to people in health?” I trust that the discussion will be conducted throughout with calmness, forbearance, and courtesy. Mr. Harry will perhaps favour us with his opinion first.

Harry.—My opinion is, that intoxicating liquors are *not* necessary to persons in health. I will endeavor, in a few words, to state my reasons for thinking so. In the first place, because, ere their use was known in this country, men endured greater hardships, lived rougher and plainer, and yet enjoyed, on the whole, far better health than the majority do who use them at present. In the second place, alcohol, a necessary ingredient in intoxicating liquors, is a deadly poison, and cannot be

taken into the stomach of a person in health without injury. And, thirdly, that many hard-working men who have been used to intoxicating liquors all their lives, and at length have been induced to abstain from them, have confessed that they have enjoyed better health, have had a better appetite for food, and have been able to do more work without them. Therefore, I contend that intoxicating liquors are *not* necessary for persons who are in health.

Sam.—I beg to differ from you. All constitutions are not alike ; some require stimulants, even when in health.

James.—And *I* beg to differ from *you* ! How is it, then, that men of all kinds of constitutions have adopted the plan of total abstinence, and all reaped benefit from it ? How is it that none die from it, but so many from the want of it ?

Sam.—Oh ! it's—it's because—because—why, it's all imagination to think that total abstinence does any one any good ! They are in reality weaker !

James.—And oh ! it's—it's all imagination to think that *beer* does them any good ! They are weaker in reality !

Walter.—Well, I, for my part, will say that when I've had a glass of home-brewed, I feel it all over my body,—invigorating, and giving me strength.

John.—And haven't you also felt, a short time after, a feeling of lassitude and weariness come over you, as if your strength were departing from you as quickly as it came ?

Walter.—Well, I'll confess I do often feel very tired shortly after.

John.—Showing plainly that it is not *real*, but artificial strength. I was reading an extract from a temperance lecture the other day, and the lecturer met the argument of “feeling it all over the body” in the following manner:—“Now, this is one of the greatest and most powerful arguments we can bring against you moderate drinkers. If you eat a beef-steak, do you feel it all over your body? No! If you have health, you ought not to feel that you have a stomach. The moment that fact is forced upon you, you are pained, and God thereby warns you that you are doing violence to his laws.” When you take a glass of water, you do not feel it all over your body; yet water imparts *real*, and not artificial strength.

Walter.—Well, but I’m not so fond of drinking freezing cold water.

James.—Ah! that shows that you do not take intoxicating liquor so much for its pretended strength, as because you like it. Were you to go to a doctor, and ask him to give you something to impart strength to you instead of drink, he would doubtless quickly find you an excellent substitute. Doctors recommend it to their patients because they know they like it, and in the hope of pleasing them.

Walter.—I dare say they often do; but come,—there are some cases in which they are absolutely necessary! You, for instance, [*turning to the sailor*], would never have been able to have stood what you have done,—all the extremes of heat and cold, and changing climates, and all the other hardships that sailors are exposed to,—without your glass of grog. Do you think you would, Tom?

Tom—I have, indeed, as you have said, been exposed to many hardships and dangers. I have been stationed for four years on the unhealthy coast of Africa ; and for as long again near the ice-bound regions in the northern latitudes. I have been in every quarter of the globe ; in the midst of war, pestilence, hurricanes, storms, and I can scarcely tell you what ; and you'll acknowledge that my experience ought to have a little weight, surely !

All.—Oh, yes, yes, yes !

Tom—Well, gentlemen, my experience is this,—that a man can bear greater extremes of heat and cold, unhealthy climates, pestilence, or any of the ills that the flesh is heir to, infinitely better *without* either ardent spirits or intoxicating liquors ; and therefore, for the last ten years, I have been a teetotaler !

Chair.—Well, gentlemen, the discussion has been brought to a most satisfactory conclusion by our good friend here ; and I think none after this will venture to say that intoxicating liquors are necessary to persons in health.

The time has now expired, and it devolves upon me to bring this meeting to a conclusion. I thank you all for the order which you have preserved this evening. I now pronounce the meeting dissolved.

Harry.—Three cheers for our chairman !

John.—And three cheers for our temperance tars !

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NO QUARTER TO BE GIVEN.

"Something more must yet be done by the friends of temperance." The temperance reformation has now come to an important crisis, and such a one as calls loudly for every one interested in this moral reform, with united and unyielding efforts, to urge their cause. The contest between cold water and rum, between honour and ignominy, between happiness and misery, between reason and insanity, and between life and death, is about to come to an important issue. It is true many battles have been fought, and many victories have been gained by the Cold Water army. The triumphs of temperance inspired its votaries with courage, and called into action all their vigour; and by that courage and vigour they continued to triumph. The enemies of temperance were vanquished, their hearts began to fail them, and they sat them down to mourn over their fate. The ruinous tide of intemperance was measurably checked in its course, and rolled back to its fountain.

"This caused the advocates of temperance to suppose that the struggle was past; that the Cold Water engine had such speed, that it would reach its destination without the addition of fuel or steam. Therefore their efforts were slackened, and the potency of their united influence ceased to be called into requisition. And what has been the result? Why, the insidious foe has been gaining strength, has been throwing up its fortifications, and increasing the number of its votaries; and, indeed, not because it could do so from its own intrinsic power, but because the friends of temperance, by their indifference and ease, permitted it.

“The experience of the past, then, teaches this truth—that no quarter is to be given to King Alcohol—that the united efforts of the advocates of temperance are not to cease, so long as rum is made, and sold, and drank. No compromise whatever will answer, and no lukewarmness is safe.”

A PLEA FOR THE PLEDGE.

FOR TWO BOYS.

John.—There is much talk about Temperance Societies; but I think few people quite understand them, except those who are members thereof. I am not quite sure that I am well informed on the subject, and as you are a member, perhaps you will be good enough to explain what a Temperance Society is.

Thomas.—With pleasure. It consists of a number of persons who have agreed not to use alcoholic drinks, who have signed a pledge to that effect, and have formed themselves into a Society to strengthen each other's hands, and to induce others to follow their example.

John.—But why give up the drink altogether? Can not men take it or leave it alone? It is the abuse, not the use, that does the harm, is it not?

Thomas.—The use, as it is called, leads to the abuse. Drunkenness is only the result of drinking. Our country abounds with sad proofs of this.

John.—But do you mean to say that men can be strong, do their work, and bear fatigue and exposure as well without the drink as with it?

Thomas.—There is no doubt about it now, at least among those who are properly informed on the subject. The brick-makers, anchor-smiths, harvest-men, etc., in various parts, have tried it and succeeded admirably.

John.—But all who drink do not become drunkards.

Thomas.—Truly; nor do all gamblers lose their money and character, but many of them do; and as there is great danger of my doing so, therefore I abstain. Besides, what can be done better without, should be avoided, especially when the doing it might involve me and others in trouble.

John.—I think you temperance people make too much of drink; you say there are not less than twenty thousand drunkards in the Dominion, and that about eight thousand die every year.

Thomas.—This may seem a very strong statement, but it is only doubted by those who love the drink, and have taken little pains to get at the facts.

John.—Then you say that at least thirty millions of money are spent, directly and indirectly, in this drink. Now think of that enormous sum! It cannot be.

Thomas.—It's all very well for you to say it cannot be; but that assertion has never yet been called in question by any competent authority. Allow me to say I do not think you are one.

John.—But if so many persons were made drunkards every year, should we not have many more of them about than there are?

Thomas.—Thousands of them are imprisoned for crime, and thousands more shut up in lunatic asylums. They are a short-lived race and die off quickly.

John.—Then what becomes of their wives, widows, and families?

Thomas.—Why, in many cases, they become a town charge, while in others they are taken care of by their friends and the benevolent public. The pauperism of this country, from drink, is fearful.

John.—What is a pauper?

Thomas.—A person who, being unable to procure food, clothes, and shelter, is provided with them by the tax-payers.

John.—But do you not think you are too hard upon the drink when you say it produces seven-tenths of the crime of the country?

Thomas.—No. Facts prove it; and facts are stubborn things. Besides, who ought to be better informed on these matters than the Judges of the land? They confirm this opinion.

John.—If Temperance Societies have done so much good as you and your friends say they have, how is it that all good people do not join you?

Thomas.—Because prejudice, appetite, custom, and interest withhold the light from them. They are *human*, and therefore err. But there is much improvement in this respect, and we must hope on.

John.—When and where were the Temperance Societies first instituted?

Thomas.—About fifty years ago, in this country of reforms. They first merely rejected ardent spirits, but now we have grafted the teetotal principle on to their anti-spirit system.

John.—Before we part, there is one other point on

which I wish to have a little information. I do not like your pledge. If people choose to abstain, why not do so without a pledge? It seems so unmanly.

Thomas.—It is just the contrary, and gives proof that he who has hitherto been carried away by his appetite and by the customs of society, has at last awakened to the dignity of independence and manhood, and asserted his determination to be *free*. That is manly.

John.—But does not taking a pledge destroy moral freedom and responsibility?

Thomas.—Certainly not; no more than engagements and pledges of any other kind. It has proved a great boon to many a poor drunkard, who, struggling with innumerable temptations within and around him, has thus, by God's blessing, been enabled to abstain; perhaps, at first, only *because he had pledged himself*; but afterward continued, because he saw it was right to do so. But while I am on this point, excuse me one moment longer while I say, that of all the means of deliverance and of safety in this our probationary state, if any one in God's revealed word stands out in bolder relief than another, it is the system of pledges, covenants, and promises.—He has given it His sanction by His examples, entering into solemn covenant with many, and giving pledges for its fulfilment. So also the patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles, and kings, and people, throughout the Scriptures, are to be found uniting in pledges and covenants; and *invariably without exception*, when those pledges and covenants for good objects have been kept, the blessing of God has attended them. (*Exit.*)

HOW A GREAT MAN'S EYES WERE OPENED.

Characters.—JOHN ADOLPHUS STANLEY, Esq., the owner of a vast amount of property, and connected with the "First Circles of Society," and six intelligent BAND OF HOPE boys.

[*Enter first, Mr. Stanley, highly dressed; then six Band of Hope boys, busily chatting together, and saying, as they come in,*]—

We're getting on! we're sure to win! we're sure to win!

Mr. S.—Hallo! hallo! why, who are you?

First boy.—Oh! I'm a soldier!

Mr. S.—A soldier! Well, you're a little one to wear a big brass helmet, and wield a sword, and go to battle! I didn't know that they had such as you in the army! Why, what regiment do you belong to?

Boy.—Well, sir, I'm in the Coldstream Guards, and there are a good many others in it as little as I am. It's a very big regiment, and we're getting recruits every day. I've heard our captain say that it's the biggest regiment in the army.

Mr. S.—Indeed, my boy! Why, who in the world are you able to fight? I should fancy that a mere look from the enemy would send you galloping into the middle of next week!

Boy.—Oh, no, sir! if we are but little, we are mending every day. Our captain says that we should try to be like so many little Davids, trusting that the Lord of Hosts will help us; for if we haven't got a great big Philistine to fight, he says we've got a great big "Tartar!"

Mr. S.—A “Tartar,” my boy?

Boy.—Yes, sir; his name’s “Strong Drink,” and he’s won lots of battles; but we mean to beat him. We’ve got a big gun called “Teetotalism!” It is better than the needle-gun for our work; and we have lots of bullets called “Pledges,” which never fail to hit; and some of us are continually firing.

Mr. S.—Well done, my boy! you’ve got some metal in you, I see. But [*turning to the other boys*] are you all soldiers?

Second boy.—No, sir; I’m a builder.

Mr. S.—[*smiling.*] A builder! why, what can a little fellow like you build?

Boy.—Oh, sir, there’s a great many of us, and we’re helping to build a great big castle, called “The Temperance Cause.” We’ve got part of it built already, and we are building every day. Some people think we shall never be able to build it, just because it takes some time to do so. But we’re getting on with it, sir; and when it is finished it is sure to be firm, because its foundations are “Truth and Right,” and its walls are “Public Opinion,” cemented with “Past Experience” and “Self-interest.” It will be a very big castle, sir,—bigger than any one you ever saw!

Mr. S.—Well, I’ve seen a great many very big ones.

Boy.—Yes, sir, but I’m sure this will be the biggest; for when it is finished, it will be bigger than the Dominion, and will hold “all the world and his wife as well!”

Mr. S.—As big as the Dominion! why, that *will* be a monster castle! What did you say was its name?

Boy.—Well, sir, we call it “The Temperance Cause.”

Mr. S.—Capital, my boy, capital! [*to next boy,*] And are you a builder, too?

Third boy.—Please, sir, I’m a shoe-black; my work is to brighten people’s *understandings*, and some of them are precious dull and dirty. It’s astonishing, sir, the quantity of mud called “Ignorance and Prejudice” there is on them, just as though they hadn’t had ’em cleaned for a twelvemonth.

Mr. S.—Ignorance and Prejudice! why, that’s a queer kind of mud!

Boy.—Yes, sir, and it’s very hard to get off too; but I always try to brush it off with a pair of stiff brushes called “Facts” and “Logic;” and then I put on a good coating of blacking called “Further Information,” and then I polish ’em off with another pair of brushes called “Religion” and “Social Requirements.”

Mr. S.—You are a very strange shoe-black, my boy.

Boy.—Well, sir, if I am, I’m a good one!

Fourth boy.—Please, sir, I’m a street-sweeper.

Mr. S.—A street-sweeper! why, you seem quite proud of your calling!

Boy.—And so I am, sir.

Mr. S.—Why, where’s your broom?

Boy.—Well, sir, it isn’t all of us sweepers that’s got a broom apiece; some of us has one atween us, sir, which does better.

Mr. S.—One between you! why, how do you manage? Do you mean to tell me, my boy, that two boys with one broom can do as much work in the same time as two boys could with two brooms? Why, I never saw nor heard of such a thing!

Boy.—Ah, sir, you haven't lived long enough yet ! I've heard my father say, sir, as how you aint no wiser than your father, sir. Our brooms aint the old sert ; they're the new Rotary Brooms ! One of them is called "National Agitation," and another "Moral Suasion," and another "Self-deni.," and another "Education," and we've got several mere besides. We never get any money for our work ; we like to do it for nothing, because it is such pleasant work.

Mr. S.—Well, this is the first time I ever heard of sweepers working for nothing, and because their work was *so pleasant*.

Boy.—Ah, sir ! you haven't heard everything yet. We mean, with those brooms, to sweep away drunkenness, and also all the sorrow, crime, poverty, vice, filth, and disease which drunkenness creates ; we mean to sweep it from our streets, and our houses, and our land !

Mr. S.—Ah, my boy, that'll be a long time first, though I should rejoice to see it, I'm sure.

Boy.—Well, perhaps so, sir ; but we mean to sweep on until it's all swept away. Perhaps, sir, you wouldn't mind helping us a bit ?

Mr. S.—[*Quite surprised, and hardly knowing what to say.*] Help you to sweep the streets ? Well—ah—oh, yes, of course—but—ah—you are a very good boy—ah—I never—ah—I never learned the business, in fact—I never handled a brush bigger than a hair-brush in my life, and I suppose that would hardly be the thing. But—ah—but I'll see about it. [*To another boy.*] And what are you, my boy ?

Fifth boy.—Please, sir, I'm a miner.

Mr. S.—Oh, a miner, eh? But you are very young to descend into the bowels of the earth to procure coal, and iron, and so forth. Pray, what description of minerals do you work in? Is it iron, or coal, or lead? and where is the pit situated?

Boy.—Oh, sir, it isn't coal, nor iron, nor lead, that we get up at ail; it's living creatures!

Mr. S. [*Incredulous.*] Living creatures! Do you mean, my boy, to tell me that you go down a mine every day, and that, instead of picking and digging, and so forth, for coal and iron-stone, like other people, you dig out living creatures? Why, my lad, you must think I'm mad, or else very simple. The thing is impossible!

Boy.—It isn't impossible, sir, for some that I have helped to get up are living yet, and have got married since!

Mr. S.—It's very strange! Why, what's the name of your pit?

Boy.—Well, sir, some folks very truly call it "The Big Pit," but we call it "The Pit of Degradation," and we are constantly striving to get above ground again those men whom drink has forced down. Sometimes we have to go very deep to get hold of a man, and it often takes a long time to get him loose; and when he is loose, we put him in a cage called "Teetotalism," and hoist him up with a rope called "The Force of Example," and land him safely on the pit bank, called "Sobriety." And, bless you, sir, you should see his friends, how they crowd around the man when we get him up; why, they dance, and shout, and laugh, and cry again and again, they're so pleased.

Mr. S.—Capital, my boy ! I am delighted to hear all that. [*Turning to next boy.*] And what is your name, my little fellow ?

Sixth boy.—Plase, sir, my name's Johnnie Sharplad, an' I wurk fur me master !

Mr. S.—Indeed ! what's your master's name ?

Boy.—Plase, sir, his name's Mester Total Abstinence !

Mr. S.—Total Abstinence ! why, that's a funny name ! A foreigner, I suppose ?

Boy.—Oh, no, sir ! he was born at Cold Water Town.

Mr. S.—And what is he ?

Boy.—Wal, sir, he does sich a many things that I can hardly tell ye all ; but I know he is a very wonderful man. He's a ginerall clothier, for one thing, and I know he's allus giving away lots of bread to a great many poor folks ; and then he's a bit of a doctor, for he's cured many headaches and dreadful fevers, and made many a thin, pale face plump and rosy ; and besides that he gives away a deal of furniture, and tea, and coffee, besides all the plum puddings and turkeys, and presents to the children at Christmas time ; and he makes every body that knows him, or deals with him, save their money and put it in the bank. In fact, they can't help it. He gives people nice houses, and sends home a pretty picture for the parlor, and a silk gown for the missus as wal, and he sends lots of children to school. I've heard say he's a deal better man than your philanthropists generally are, for he goes to jails and stops with the chaps as is there a long time, and when they come out he helps a many of them to keep heart. But, with all that, he's a very strict man, and you can't tamper

with him, for he makes many men do their duty and be kind to their wives and children. And he does lots more, but I can't tell yer all, but indeed he's a wonderful man.

Mr. S.—He is, indeed, my boy. [*To all the boys.*]—And so now I must say that I am glad to see what all of you are doing. Go on, my boys, in your work; and by God's help I intend that you shall hear more of me, and see me oftener among you, than ever you have seen me before.

All the boys.—Good-morning, sir.

Mr. S.—Good-morning, my boys,—good-morning.—
[*Exit boys.*] Well, I have been to school and to college, and I have met with a great many educated and great men; but it has been left for these little village lads to open my eyes and teach me my duty in life.

What a happy fellow that Mr. Total Abstinence must be! I know that I would feel a great deal better if I should follow his example, and so would anybody. These little fellows have set me to thinking, and I have about made up my mind to follow their example, and give my influence, and wealth, and talent henceforth to the advancement of this great reform, and to benefit my fellow-men.

THE TEETOTAL MILL.

Two jolly old toppers once sat in an inn,
Discussing the merits of brandy and gin;
Said one to the other, "I tell you what, Bill,
I've been hearing to-day of the Teetotal Mill."

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" You must know that this comical mill has been built
Of old broken casks when the liquor's been spilt ;
You go up some high steps, and when at the sill,
You've a paper to sign at the Teetotal Mill.

" You promise by signing this paper (I think),
That ale, wine, and spirits you never will drink ;
You give up (as they call it) such rascally swill,
And then you go into the Teetotal Mill.

" There's a wheel in the mill, they call self-denial ;
They turn it a bit, just to give you a trial ;
Old clothes are made new, and, if you've been ill,
You are very soon cured at the Teetotal Mill."

Bill listened and wondered ; at length he cried out,
" Why, Tom, if it's true what you're telling about,
What fools we must be to be here sitting still,—
Let us go, and we'll look at the Teetotal Mill."

They gazed with astonishment ; then came in a man,—
With excess and disease his visage was wan ;
He mounted the steps, signed the pledge with a will,
And went in for a turn in the Teetotal Mill.

He quickly came out, the picture of health,
And walked briskly on the highway to wealth ;
And as onward he pressed, he shouted out still,
" Success to the wheel of the Teetotal Mill !"

The next that went in were a man and his wife ;
For many long years they'd been living in strife ;
He had beat and abused her and swore he would kill,
But his heart took a turn in the Teetotal Mill.

And when he came out, how altered was he !
 Steady, honest, and sober—how happy was she !
 They no more contend, “ No, you shan’t,” “ Yes, I will,”
 They were blessing together the Tectotal Mill.

Next came a rough fellow, as grim as a Turk,
 To curse and to swear seemed his principal work ;
 He swore that, that morning “ his skin he would fill,”
 And drunk as he was, he reeled into the Mill.

And what he saw there I never could tell ;
 But his conduct was changed, and his language as well ;
 I saw, when he turned round the brow of the hill,
 That he knelt and thanked God for the Tectotal Mill.

The poor were made rich, the weak were made strong,
 The shot was made short, and the purse was made long ;
 These miracles puzzled both Thomas and Bill ;
 At length they went in for a turn in the Mill.

A little time after, I heard a great shout,—
 I turned round to see what the noise was about ;
 A flag was conveyed to the top of the hill,
 And a crowd, amongst which were both Thomas and Bill,
 Were shouting “ Hurrah for the Tectotal Mill !”

A RALLY-CRY TO YOUNG MEN.

The God of Love has stood by the history of this reform from its cradle, and has guided it onward through its most critical periods. To the young men of our time

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it is now committed both as a trial and a trust. What is it that God and humanity demand of us? What is the great question for our practical solution? Unless we greatly err, that question simply is, Shall we, by Jehovah's help, destroy the traffic in intoxicating poisons, or shall they destroy us? Shall we lay Alcohol in *his* grave, or permit him to lay a myriad of our comrades in their own? Shall we consent to have the most brilliant intellects among us any longer extinguished? Shall we permit the fair bride of to-day to become the desolate widow of to-morrow? Shall we stand idly by and see the noblest of our brotherhood go down to darkness and the worm? Shall we suffer this monster evil to cast its hideous shadow athwart the rays that fall from Calvary itself, or shall we, hand in hand, join in the death-grapple with the hydra? The destiny of millions hangs upon our answer.

The determination of this question demands great plainness of speech as well as earnestness in action. Let us learn to speak right out. The press that is silent on this topic deserves a place in the cellars of Herculaneum. The legislator who has not studied the code of prohibition is unworthy of the seat he encumbers. The orator is to point his shafts, the voter must aim his ballots, and the philanthropist is to direct his prayerful efforts straight towards this, as the grand moral question of the age.

In this warfare of humanity, we have need of *patience*. Wilberforce toiled through one whole generation ere the British Parliament declared the slave-trade to be piracy. Opinions grow slowly. Let us put our trust in *Truth*,

rather than in majorities. The prohibitory law movement was, not long ago, in a minority of one ; but the Lord of Hosts stood with that man, and together they were more than an overmatch for all that were against them. Galileo, with his telescope, and Columbus, with his compass, stood up alone against the world ; but they both at last brought over the whole world to their positions. May it not be also that before this century closes the law of Maine will become the law of Christendom ?

Comrades in this sublime warfare, we are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. Humanity beckons us onward. We tread upon the dust of heroes as we advance. White-robed Love, floating in mid-air before us, leads us to the conflict. The shouts of the ransomed are in our tents ; and the voice of praise makes music amid our banners.

Let us press forward with our age. Let us weave a bright link in the history of our century. Let us lie down to our rest nearer the goal of human perfection. Let us find in our toils an ever-exciting stimulus—an ever-fresh delight. So shall our later annals "be written in the characters of millennial glory. So shall our posterity be cheered by that sun which shall shine with a sevenfold lustre, as the light of seven days."

WHAT'S THE HARM?

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN JAMES AND HIS FATHER.

James.—What's the harm, father, in taking a little ?
A little does not get a man drunk.

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Father.—Well, James, what's the use in taking a little? You must always have a motive in all you do. If it neither does you good nor harm, you had better let it alone.

James.—But it does me good, father. It makes me feel nicely. I can almost jump a five-rail fence.

Father.—Well, what good is there in that? You were not made to jump five-rail fences, nor to fly in the air, but to walk on the ground. Now certainly it does not help men to walk. See poor Joe Thompson, how he staggers along. But suppose it does you good, does it do nobody else an injury? Think of that. The Apostle Paul said, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth." Now if it injures another, as a generous and noble-hearted boy, I should think you would let it alone.

James.—Oh, Father! you're always so serious.

Father.—But you asked what's the harm. I did not tell you there would be any harm to you, but there is to others. The little drop has made ten thousand drunkards, and ten thousand miserable drunkards' families, and would it not be better if the work of death could all be stopped! Did you ever look into the large end of a spy-glass?

James.—Yes, Sir.

Father.—Well, away as far as you can see, is a very small object; now it is so in the drunkard's course. If you stand at his end and look afar back, you will see in the extreme distance, the first glass. If you ever become a drunkard, and it would be a most horrid thought to me that you should be one, you could trace it all back

to this little which you think you can drink without harm. Here would begin your downward course; and Oh, could you speak in your last moments, as you were dying a drunkard's death, you would say, what harm there was in taking a little! Now, James, if you never take a little, you'll never take a great deal! What then will you do?

James.—Why, father, I think I'll never take a little.

“HIT OR MISS.”

A DIALOGUE FOR FOUR BOYS AND ONE GIRL.

John.—Good day to you all, my friends! As our other Band of Hope children have not arrived, suppose we have a bit of comfortable chat?

Louisa.—As the old ladies say when they get together without any gentlemen, and are duly set up with a cup of gunpowder tea.

Peter.—That's when they talk scandal; and for doing so I could almost be uncharitable enough to wish the gunpowder tea might blow them up!

Albert.—And if that didn't blow them up, it's to be hoped their own consciences would! But scandal-mongers are not troubled with too much of that article!

Charles.—Well, you must think I am going to talk scandal; but as we are all members of the Band of Hope we have quite a right to discuss the topic I wish to introduce.

Louisa.—Pray, tell us what that may be, Charles!

Charles.—Have you heard of the new public-house which has been opened ?

Albert.—Yes ; and one would think we had enough of those sort of places already. They do harm enough, more than every other cause in the world.

Peter.—So think I ! Well, what about the new public house, Charles ?

Charles.—It is the curious name which they have given it which I wish you to note. They call it “ Hit or Miss ;” rather a queer title, is it not ?

John.—Very ! What can possibly be the meaning of it ?

Charles.—The meaning the landlord attaches to it, is this :—If I succeed in establishing a trade, it’s a “ Hit ;” if I don’t, it will be a “ Miss.”

Peter.—And it wouldn’t be “ amiss ” if he refrained from trying altogether.

Albert.—Don’t you indulge yourself in making bad jokes, Peter, it may hurt you !

Charles.—Well, that’s the landlord’s meaning. But I see a very different one ; and if you think over the subject, I have no doubt you will see that the sign-board forms a very instructive lesson for all of us.

Louisa.—And what struck you first of all, Charles ?

Charles.—Why, this :—It is a reckless sign ; it says, I am going to trade as hard as I can ! I cannot help the consequences of the sale of my liquors. “ Hit or Miss,” I must sell ! if it ruin family after family,—if it make orphans and widows, by cutting off the head of the family in his prime ; if it draw men on to perdition ; if it dallies with one man, but does not scorch him ;

whilst at the same time it consumes another man, body and soul ;—"Hit or Miss," I must sell my liquors ! Conscience must be muffled, and tender feelings must be drowned !

Louisa.—And I think I see another meaning. The publican dispenses his favours elsewhere. He, as it were, throws his missiles amongst the crowd. If they "Hit" well, he says he is sorry ; he may shed a few crocodile tears,—but they are artificial ! How can a man who professes to sell stuff which he *knows* has brought ruin to thousands be sorry when the usual result follows ? Well, the missiles may "miss" anybody in the crowd. The publican serves out the liquor to old moderate toppers year after year. He never saw them drunk ; so that the "Blue Ruin" which "hits" others, may "miss" them.

John.—Aye ! And these are the landlord's best customers ; the so-called respectable tipplers, the well-seasoned melons, the sucking sponges which seem to absorb everything liquid, and yet are never full to overflowing !

Peter.—"Hit or Miss" may also refer to those gentlemen who are trying to enter a public house, but whose legs refuse to obey orders, and prefer cutting diamonds on the roadway to going forward. They may "hit" the doorway, but the greater probability is, that they will "miss" it, and "hit" the door-post !

Charles.—I have seen those sort of people,—men whose legs disagree with each other. The left wants to go to the right, and the right to the left, and they cannot make up their minds as to which position each other should occupy.

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Albert.—I've seen them many a time: their heads are always wiggle-wagging from side to side, and they nod salutations to everybody they encounter. They perform oratorical flourishes with their hands, and are generally, for the time being, superior to every consideration as to outward appearances!

John.—But the landlord's customers, also, I may add, "hit or miss" life's opportunity. Every man, no matter what his position may be, has those opportunities offered to him at some portion of his life. He may "Hit" the chance; or he may "Miss" it. If he bemuddle his brains, he will see hazily; there will be a mist before his intellect,—a curtain which only teetotalism can draw aside. The probabilities are, that such a man will "miss" his chance.

Charles.—Well, friends, let us hope that our words will "hit," and not "miss" the hearts and understandings of those around us.

Louisa.—God grant it! for when our fellow-creatures make money out of bitter tears and domestic sorrow,—when they live at the expense of the moral death of others; it is time, "hit or miss," for us to scatter our words of warning!

Albert.—I'm sure all of us will bear you out there, Louisa!

Peter.—And if to-night we rescue some of you from the landlord's clutches, that will be a "hit" at him; and if we have the chance, we'll square at him once more, and in this assembly we may safely say—"hit him again! he's got no friends!"

GO, FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

Go, feel what I have felt ;

Go, bear what I have borne ;

Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt ;

And the cold, proud world's scorn.

Thus struggle on from year to year,

Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,

O'er a loved father's fall ;

See every cherished promise swept,—

Youth's sweetness turned to gall ;

Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way

That led me up to manhood's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt,

Implore, beseech, and pray ;

Strive the besotted heart to melt,

The downward course to stay,—

Be cast with bitter curse aside—

Thy prayers burlesqued—thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood ;

And see the strong man bow ;

With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,

And cold and livid brow ;

Go, catch his wandering glance, and see

There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard,—

The sobs of sad despair,

As memory feeling's fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to thy mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer,—
Thine own deep anguish hide,—
Wipe from her cheek the tear.
Mark her dimmed eye,—her furrowed brow,—
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,—
Her toil-worn frame,—her trembling limb,—
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth ;
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup ;
And let her down, from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there, 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing,—a drunkard's wife !
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blig'ht,—a drunkard's child.

Go, hear and see, and feel and know,
All that my soul hath felt or known ;
Then look within the wine-cup's glow,—
See if its brightness can atone ;
Think if its flavor you would try,
If all proclaimed, 'tis drink and die.

Tell me I hate the bowl, —
 Hate is a feeble word, —
 I loathe. — abhor, — my very soul
 By strong disgust is stirred
 Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
 Of that dark beverage of hell.

THE GREAT NATIONAL EVIL.

Intemperance is a great National Evil. Its desolating effects have been frequently pourtrayed, and are visible everywhere; but the half has not been told; and the half cannot be told, till we shall have read the records both of earth and heaven. But enough is seen and known and felt to authorize us to denominate intemperance the *scourge of the land*. Upon our national wealth it eats like a canker; upon the heart-strings and the life-blood of our citizens it preys like a vulture; it breaks up the very foundations of immortal intellect; it matures depravity into open and fearful crime; and it buries the deathless soul in the depths of eternal woe. And this evil is, every year, growing upon us as a people. It outstrips even the swelling tide of our population. It has already become so formidable as to menace our political institutions. If it is unchecked, it will overspread and desolate this land. We have heard many prophecies of ruin to this country, from the operation of one political or moral cause and another; and doubtless many of them are the mere dreams of imagination; but,

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depend upon it, that this people cannot continue to be free, if the waves of intemperance are not stayed by a decisive spirit, and rolled back by a mighty hand. A nation of drunkards cannot exist. Intemperance would forge chains strong and heavy enough to hold in bondage a nation of giants. Let this evil diffuse itself through the family circle,—let it prevail at the polls of your elections,—let the drunkard be honoured with a seat in Parliament, and reel into the senate-chamber,—and nod on the bench, and in the jury-box, and liberty is at an end. I tremble for the fate of my country when I reflect upon the prevailing intemperance of the present day in connection with the freedom of our institutions and the expression of the elective franchise. If liberty shall here find her grave, that grave will be dug by drunkards' hands. If the knell of departed freedom should here toll, it will toll amidst the revels of national intoxication. If the march of intellect, in this western hemisphere, shall be arrested, it will be arrested by the swollen torrent of intemperance; and, then, these heavens will be hung with mourning, and this earth will be wet with tears. Should ignorance and despotism and all their attendant evils, here prevail, they will prevail through the influence of ardent spirits; and then this air that is full of songs will whisper only in sighs. The fairest hope of a world in bondage would be extinguished by this foe of God and happiness. The last star of promise to the nations would be shaken down from its sphere by this blighting curse, and sink in the ocean of darkness forever. But while this ruin is hanging over us, how many appear indisposed to take the

alarm ! The nation is slumbering with a living viper in its bosom. Do you ask where the danger is ? I answer, it is everywhere. In every city, and through all the country, ardent spirits are filling the channels of death to overflowing. This is the master sin—the giant evil—the burning curse. It is not enough to say that intemperance is greater than this or that individual calamity. It is probably not too much to say, that this single evil is inflicting more injury upon the physical, intellectual, moral, and eternal interests of our country, than all those evils which are ordinarily deemed special calamities combined together. Yes, marshal in one dread army, under one bloody flag, all the judgments that ever desolate this devoted world of sin and death,—blasting, mildew, hail-storms, tornadoes, earthquakes, epidemics, famine, war, conflagrations, shipwrecks, rapine, murder ; blow the trumpet long and loud, and call them to one combined, universal, dreadful onset ; let them bear down, with fell purpose and with unwonted wrath, upon this terrestrial citadel of man, and strew their path with ruin as they pursue their onward march ; and here is one MONSTER—one plague of plagues—one scorpion of scorpions—one curse of curses, that can, single-handed, outdo them all. His name is LEGION. His spirit is fierce as a wounded tiger, uncontrollable as a famished wolf, and malignant as a desolating fiend. His footsteps must be arrested, or the nation is undone.

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THE CADETS AND THEIR COMPANIONS.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO CADETS AND TWO OLD
COMPANIONS.

First Companion.—Good morning, friend Carpenter ; I understand you are aiming at West Point, and design to be a military man.

First Cadet.—How so ; what would you be at ?

First Comp.—Why I heard you had become a Cadet ; so I was expecting to see you with a cap and cockade, and a dirk at your side. I hardly expected you would speak to an old friend.

First Cadet.—I have enlisted for fight, but not with such weapons as you imagine. We have enlisted in a war against King Alcohol ; and if he has the size of Goliath, and we are only Davids with our sling and stone, we will soon lay him in the dust.

Second Comp.—Pray who is this great enemy, against whom you are directing your lance ?

First Cadet.—One, I suspect, in whose service you are ; for I saw you both last evening paying him homage.

Second Comp.—I paying him homage ; what do you mean ? I pay homage to none.

First Cadet.—To none ? Did I not see you last evening, as I passed Mr. Wilson's saloon, paying a tax there which he had levied upon you ; and then drinking his health and prosperity ?

Second Comp.—I pay homage to none ; I was only pursuing my own pleasure.

Second Cadet.—That is the way, my friend, that he keeps you in bondage. He makes you believe that you

are your own master ; and when he brings you to this, he has you in his power. If you saw that you were in bondage to your worst enemy, there would be some hope of your deliverance. We were once just where you are ; we saw how he was dragging us down to death, and we waged war with the tyrant, and broke loose from him ; and now we have enlisted with the Cadets of Temperance, and we have resolved on giving him battle so that he shall be routed from the land, and never again gorge himself with his helpless victims.

First Comp.—Why you talk wild ; a little Quixotic, I suspect. We see no such terrible foe binding us in chains.

First Cadet.—Did you never see a poor drunkard lying in the street, unable to rise or walk ? Did you never see a raging maniac, with the delirium tremens upon him, and hear him cry for HELP, HELP ? That is the way he may bind you before you are aware. Do you know what he puts into your cup ?

First Comp.—What ! I guess we do. Do you think we do not know what pure wine, and good brandy, and wholesome ale and beer are ?

Second Cadet.—If you will bring me a glass of pure wine, I will give you a handsome sum for it ; and as for brandy, that, in these days, is out of the question. Whiskey is turned into brandy by means of sulphuric acid, nitric acid, prussic acid, and fusel oil. Would you take any of those things into your mouths under their proper names ?

Second Comp.—We cannot believe you.

Second Cadet.—We do not ask you to believe us ;

but we ask you to believe the best medical authorities in the land; and we bid you beware. The Cadets of Temperance are engaged in a war without end against Alcohol and all his helpers. We have many thousands enlisted; and when we bring our forces and march through the streets, we shake his capitol to its foundation, for he knows we shall soon be men, and never flinch from the conflict.

First Comp.—We surely admire your valour, and think, if what you say is true, we shall no longer be held in bondage.

ONLY A LITTLE WINE.

Characters.—CHARLES, WALTER, EUGENE.

Charles.—Now, Walter, you're joking. You don't *really* believe that a glass of wine now and then will do any harm; of course, it is wrong to drink whiskey and brandy and such stuff, but only a little wine,—*that* will hurt nobody.

Walter.—I *do* really believe that there is just as much danger of one's becoming a drunkard by using wine, as by using any other liquor. Mother was telling me this morning of several persons of her acquaintance, who, but a few years ago, began by drinking "a little wine," and now some of them are lying in drunkard's graves, and some are miserable sots.

Charles.—But these are only a few exceptions. You must not judge all by these weak ones. I know a dozen people that drink wine, and I am positively sure and certain *they* will never be drunkards.

Walter.—Mention three or four of them.

Charles.—Well, there's Uncle Simon for one; he takes it three times a day; father takes a glass whenever he dines with those who have it on their tables, which is quite often, as he has some relatives in Parliament, and also some very intimate friends; Mrs. Thompson, our next neighbour, keeps a bottle of Port wine in her house constantly, and thinks it is very strengthening; Bert Stacy and Mr. Grey and John Rogers take a glass whenever it is offered, and so do I.

Walter.—I remember well that, six months ago, your Uncle Simon only took *one* glass a day for his health, he said. Now, he must have three, and I expect he will continue to increase the quantity. Mrs. Thompson had never tasted wine two months ago, for I heard her tell sister May, that she sipped a little for the first time at Miss Evans' party, and she liked it so well that she has taken it very often since that time. As for your father, yourself, and the others you have mentioned— [*Enter Eugene.*]

Eugene.—How are you, boys? What great question are you discussing so solemnly? You look as wise as owls.

Charles.—The same old subject,—wine-drinking; and, as usual, Walter is prophesying the drunkard's fate for all who indulge in this harmless beverage.

Eugene.—Oh! Walter always *was* an old fogey. Of course there is not the slightest danger in a glass of wine occasionally. Don't lawyers and doctors, judges and members of parliament, and even ministers and church-members drink wine? Why, my mother has just made

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a splendid lot of blackberry wine. I helped her to bottle it, and put it away, and got a glass of it, as a reward for my valuable assistance. I can taste it yet. (*Smacks his lips.*)

Walter.—I am sorry you love the taste of wine so well, Genie. You and Charlie are my friends and school-mates; we have studied the same books, and recited side by side in the same classes for two years, and this question of total abstinence is the only one on which we have any serious difference of opinion. To-morrow, as you are aware, I leave home to attend my uncle's school in Boston. I shall think of you very often, but it will grieve me to think that my school-mates are in the ranks of the moderate drinkers.

Eugene.—See here, Walt, you ought to be a minister. Where did you learn such grand talk, anyhow?

Walter.—It is not "grand talk," Eugene, only simple, plain truth. Some of it I learned from my parents, some from what I see passing around me every day, and much from the "Youth's Temperance Banner," which I have persuaded you to read, in vain.

Charles.—Well, I'm sure, Gene and I are grateful for the interest you take in our welfare, but we don't like to be preached at continually, as though we were the biggest sinners in town, and all because we sometimes drink a glass of wine. Now, Walter, we wouldn't take it from anybody else; but you are such a fine, good fellow, that we can't help liking you in spite of your sermons.

Eugene.—That's so; and I think I know a plan that will console him a little. While he is gone, we will

watch some of our acquaintances who drink wine, and if we see any bad results at the end of a year, then we'll play the teetotal game. Will you agree to that, Charlie?

Charles.—Yes, I guess so; but I must have very strong proof to convince *me* that wine is dangerous.

Walter.—Well, boys, I wish I could persuade you to become teetotalers right away; but I suppose I must be satisfied with your plan. Still, I entreat you to watch *yourselves* as closely as you watch others. I will see you this evening for a short time, so good-by, till then.

Charles and Eugene.—Good-by.

Scene II.—Same as first. Charles reading. Eugene enters.

Charles.—[*Closing his book, and placing a chair.*] Take a seat, Eugene; you're the very one I want to see. Walter Gray has returned, and I hear that he is coming over this morning about ten,—it's near that now,—and we can both see him at the same time. Now, Gene, you know very well what subject he will bring up, before he has been in the house ten minutes, and I should like to know what we're to say in regard to it?

Eugene.—[*Surprised.*] Walter coming! then I must get away from here, for he is the last person I wish to meet; in fact, I wouldn't see him for anything. [*Rises.*]

Charles.—[*Rising.*] Eugene! what are you thinking of?—not wish to see our old school-mate after his long absence? Why is this? [*Goes nearer.*] Ah! that strong smell of brandy on your breath answers the question. You've been drinking again.

Eugene.—Well, there's no use denying it; but what of it? I take a glass of brandy quite often; but as

long as I keep sober and behave myself nobody ought to say anything against it. But Walter is so queer about such things, you know.

Charles.—You are hardly sober now. I don't wonder that you want to get away before Walter comes. For shame, Eugene !

Eugene.—[*Angrily.*] You mind your own business and leave mine alone. You'd better stop drinking *yourself*, before you preach to me. You be hanged !—and Walter Gray, too, for all I care. [*Kicks a chair over, and goes out.*]

Charles.—I verily believe that Gene will go to destruction if he don't stop pretty soon. He said truly that I had better look to my own conduct,—though, thank goodness, I've never gone so far as he has.

[*Walter enters. Charles meets him, and they shake hands cordially.*]

Charles.—I'm so glad to see you, Walter.

Walter.—And I'm truly glad to meet *you* again, Charlie.

Charles.—Give me your hat. [*Places it on the table.*] Now, sit down, and we'll have a good, old-fashioned chat. [*Seat themselves.*] When did you get home ?

Walter.—At six, this morning. I was at a temperance meeting until quite late last evening, then travelled all night ; but, tired and sleepy as I was, I thought I must run over a few minutes, and have a little talk about things in general, and about *one* thing especially. You remember you and Gene Crossman could not be persuaded to become teetotalers, before I went away, but promised that if, after watching closely some of your

wine-drinking friends, you could be convinced that this habit were really dangerous, you would give it up.

Charles.—I'm afraid we have neither watched ourselves nor others. The fact is,—and I'm ashamed to own it,—that Eugene and I have been going it rather fast since you left. We have been invited to so many parties this winter, and at most of them wine, or egg-nog, and sometimes both, flowed freely. Of course, we had to drink as others did. Then Gene's father gave him a grand affair to celebrate his birthday, and there we had wine, peach brandy, and cordial, and some of us scarcely knew what we were about when we started home. Since then, I have touched nothing but wine, and that only three times.

I saw my Uncle Simon reeling into the house to-day. His three glasses a day have increased to an indefinite number. Mrs. Thompson and her husband live like cats and dogs; he drinks brandy, and she drinks wine, and both drink too much. The others are still going on in the same old track. As for poor Gene, I am sorry to say—

[Eugene enters staggering; his hat pushed back on his head, his coat buttoned crooked, and his cravat untied.]

Eugene.—Why, Walt,—hallo, old fellow! when did you land? Hang me, if I aint glad to see you! Give us your paw, old chap. *[Shakes his own left hand heartily.]*

Walter.—*[Rising.]* O Gene, my friend! I feared this, when, a year ago, you refused to give up your wine.

Eugene.—I *did* give up wine—left that for Charlie—'cause you know—he's temperance, you know. *[Winks at Charles.]* Anybody's temperance that don't get drunk,

you know. I drinks brandy, and Charlie, you know, he drinks wine—he's delicate—can't stand anything stronger. Say, Walt, don't you think Charlie's been lecturin' me for drinkin'? Aint that jolly, now? Ha! ha!

Charles.—Eugene, I have not touched wine for a week, and never intend to do so again. If I had seen nothing else to show me my danger, your condition to-day is enough. You and I both began a year ago, by drinking "only a little blackberry wine;" and now, you, a boy of sixteen, are a drunkard. It's awful, Gene; oh, stop at once!

Eugene.—Mind your business, Charlie Crown. [*Reels across the room.*] I'm no more drunk'ern you be. [*Tumbles heavily into a chair by the table, spreads his arms on it.*] I'm plaguy sleepy—kinder stupid, like—walkin' in wind, I guess—yes, that's it,—yes.—[*Drops his head on his hands still muttering.*]

Walter.—O Charlie! what a sad condition for poor Eugene! Until he gets sober we can do nothing, I suppose; but then we must do all we can to save him—poor fellow! I am so glad that *you* have been warned in time, Charles.

Charles.—I tell you, Walter, you don't know to what danger I have been exposed. I just begin to see it, myself. I thought I was safe as long as I drank "only a little wine;" but I see how easily that will lead to something stronger. I am a teetotaler from this day, and I only hope we may make one of Eugene.

Walter.—With our heavenly Father's help, we *will* make a teetotaler of him, and of others who are going the same way. We've got to *work*, Charles, and no mis-

take, and we'll commence from this day. What say you?

Charles.—I'm with you, heart and hand, my boy ; and I trust we may do much good among our friends and acquaintances.

Walter.—I say *amen* to that, with all my heart !

SHALL THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC BE PROTECTED ?

The evils of intemperance are in all respects so great and so far spread and spreading in the land ; the loss to the nation in its moral character and in its productive industry is so great ; the costs of prosecuting for crime committed under the influence of intoxicating drinks, and the taxes to support paupers made by intemperance, are so great ; the failure of the appeals made by argument and moral suasion are, in painful respects, so manifest ; the woes and lamentations caused by intemperance come up still so loud and so piercing from all parts of the land ; the ruin of the body and the soul of a human being is so dreadful ; and the fact that tens of thousands of our countrymen are annually sent to a dishonoured grave, as the result of the "drinking usages of society,"—these things are forcing the inquiry upon the public mind, whether it is, or is not, proper and practicable to prohibit the traffic altogether, and whether this is not the point which legislation must reach, and should reach, in regard to this great evil.

Should an evil like this be protected by law ; should it be assumed that it is to continue to exist ; should an attempt be made merely to regulate it ; should it have

the patronage of the State, and be made legal; should a virtuous community consent to be taxed to sustain it; should intelligent and pious men lend their countenance to it? Shall a man be restrained from setting up a slaughter-house, or a glue manufactory, or dye-works at my door, and allowed to open a fountain that is certainly destined to corrupt the morals and the peace of the neighbourhood,—that is, to multiply crime and pauperism, that will ruin the bodies and souls of men?

We shall be told, perhaps, that this is a free country, and that the proposed law is a restraint on freedom. Free it is; but not for everything. It is not free to sell lottery tickets, or to set up nuisances, or to counterfeit the coin, or to open houses avowedly of infamy.

We may be told that it is wrong to prevent men by law from drinking what they please. That is not the point; it is that the State shall not authorize them to *manufacture* and *sell* what they please.

We may be told that it is impossible to carry the legislature for the passage of such a law. That will depend on the wishes of the State, for our legislators are the representatives of the people, and the people can do as they please.

We may be told that the people cannot be brought to such a state as to demand the passage of such a law. That remains to be seen. It is not absolutely certain what would be the effect of a popular vote on the subject to-morrow, if the question were submitted to the people. Besides, it is to be assumed in this country that the people can be induced to demand the passage of any reasonable and just law, and that they can be

prevailed on to send representatives that will do it. Moreover, it is supposed that there may be hundreds of intemperate men themselves who would vote for such a law,—men who see the evil of their course, and their danger; men who desire to reform, but who have not strength to resist temptation, but who would feel that the brighter days of their early years would revisit them again, if the temptation were removed forever from their reach.

We may be told that it would be impossible to execute such a law in our Province, and especially in our great cities. That *may be*; but it is never to be *assumed* in this country that a law deliberately passed by the representatives of the people, and after it has been fairly before the minds of the people, cannot be executed. What law is there that has not been executed? What law is there that cannot be? The remedy for obnoxious laws in this land is not *resistance* but *change*; and it is always to be assumed by our legislators, and by the people, too, that a law *can* be executed, and that it *will* be executed, until the contrary is proved.

But it may be asked still, what if we fail; fail in getting the law; fail in its execution? I answer in the words of Lady Macbeth, "We *fail*." So be it. We fail now. We fail in all our attempts to stop the progress of intemperance. We fail in moral suasion. We fail under the existing laws. We fail in all societies; by all appeals; by all arguments; by all methods of influencing the public mind; by all preaching and lecturing; by all parental counsel and by all the pouring of the wide-spread evils of intemperance. In all these things

we fail, while the law patronizes it ; while the State legalizes it ; while the statutes of the land authorize it, —and in such efforts we must always fail,—just as we would in banishing lotteries, or in closing gaming-houses that are sanctioned by law. But suppose we *do* fail. The evil cannot easily be worse, and we shall have made one more effort to remove that great curse that has settled down on our land. But there is a God in heaven, and men in a righteous cause, when they put their trust in him, *do not ultimately fail.*

TOBACCO.

Characters.—JOHN and THOMAS.

Thomas.—You have my best wishes, John ; but at present I cannot altogether agree with what you have been saying about smoking.

John.—Of course you have a perfect right to your own opinion ; but this is a question on which there cannot be two opinions, when the facts of the matter are fully understood.

Thomas.—Well, I must say that at present I can see no harm in a person enjoying his pipe of tobacco at his own fireside with his family.

John.—As far as the pipe itself is concerned, I have no objection to it ; but I believe it would be far better to suck an empty pipe than to imbibe into the system the smoke and poison of tobacco.

Thomas.—If tobacco be a poison, I should be of the same opinion myself.

John.—On that question there can be neither *ifs* nor *buts*; for we have it on the most reliable authority that the juice of tobacco is a certain poison; and if you are open to conviction I can soon satisfy you that such is the case.

Thomas.—There is an old saying that if you “convince a man against his will, he’s of the same opinion still;” but that will not be my case; and if you can make good your statement, you will find me a willing convert to your opinions.

John.—I am very glad to hear you say that; and I wish that every person would lay aside all prejudices, and approach this important question in such a sensible and unbiased manner.

Thomas.—I believe that poison *is* poison in whatever form it is administered; and a man who wilfully takes that into his system which he knows to be poisonous is nothing less than a self-murderer!

John.—You are quite right; and I will now show you that tobacco is, in itself, a most arrant poison. Like a snake in the grass, it does its work almost invisibly, but at the same time it poisons the fountain of health, and lays the human system open to a variety of diseases, which bring on premature old age, and hurry men to the grave.

Thomas.—You draw a fearful picture of the effects of smoking; but I should like to know something of the facts on which you build your conclusions; for if your foundation be not good, the structure may fall to the ground when the first gale blows upon it.

John.—Then we will at once examine the foundation,

and make ourselves sure of its safety. Tobacco is a plant that grows in great abundance in America and other parts of the world. At first the sight of a man smoking was so strange, that, when the servant of Sir Walter Raleigh beheld his master enveloped in a cloud of smoke, he thought he was on fire, and threw over him the tankard of ale he was bringing him to drink.

Thomas.—There is no danger of a wet jacket for the smoker nowadays!

John.—But he is exposed to dangers of a more serious character, although they are perhaps unknown to him. The tobacco-plant grows as high as six feet; it has large leaves of a pale green color; and when those leaves are dried, they are made into cigars, tobacco, and snuff.

Thomas.—I was not aware that snuff was made from the same article as tobacco.

John.—But such is the fact. Of course, in this enlightened age, the tobacco-leaf has been submitted to chemical investigation, and it has been found to contain poison in large quantities.

Thomas.—Indeed! What a pity that it is not generally known!

John.—The fact itself is known to the great majority of smokers; but they do not regard it, because it operates so slowly that they will point you to smokers who have lived to a great age.

Thomas.—That is one of the arguments used to justify the practice; but I do not think much of it myself, because the system becomes, by degrees, so accustomed to it, that in some cases persons may live to a great age, although they have been smokers for years.

John.—It is said that the exception proves the rule, and in that case I believe it is so. But the fact remains, that the oil which is extracted from tobacco is a most arrant poison. One single drop of it was given to a cat, and it immediately expired in convulsions. Not many years since, a little girl swallowed a portion of half-smoked tobacco which was taken from her father's pipe, and it caused her death!

Thomas.—Those are very serious statements, and I have no reason to doubt the truth of them. That will account for persons being sick when they first begin to smoke.

John.—Yes, that is nature protesting against it. You may have seen persons who smoke out of one pipe until it becomes as black as coal.

Thomas.—Yes, I believe that is very common, and old smokers are said to be fond of a well-seasoned pipe.

John.—Now, it is the poisonous oil of tobacco that causes the pipe to become black; and if that oil was not sucked in by the pipe, nothing could save the smoker from being poisoned.

Thomas.—Well, you have certainly made your statements good, and I am much obliged to you for the information. I never had any desire to be a smoker, but in future I will endeavor to shun it as an enemy and do what I can to persuade others to do the same.

John.—There are many other phases of the tobacco question, such as chewing and snuffing, and the expense, inconvenience, and vulgarity of smoking; but we will speak of these on some other occasion. What I want now is, you and all present to join our society, called "The Anti-Tobacco Association."

ARM FOR THE BATTLE.

Death ! death ! to the crested serpent !

War ! war ! on the curse of Rum !

From mountain to valley the watchword,

Repeat till our lips are dumb.

Follow the trail of the monster—

Track him to forest and glen,

Hunt him wherever he hideth—

Stab him to death in his den !

Hath he not murdered our mothers—

Brought their gray locks to the tomb ?

Hath he not murdered our brothers

Yet in their manhood's bloom ?

Hath he not coiled on our hearthstones,

Hissing with Upas breath ?

On ! on, to the warfare, brothers !

Nor cease till he writhes in death !

Arm ! arm for the battle of glory

Strike ! strike for the battle of Truth,

Fathers, with locks so hoary,

Sons in the bloom of youth !

Mothers, and sisters, and daughters,

With your prayers and blessings come.

Death ! death wherever he lurketh,

To the serpent whose name is Rum !

SUNDAY CLOSING OF PUBLIC HOUSES.

A DIALOGUE.

James.—I wish, Henry, to have a little conversation with you on a subject which at present engages much of the public attention : I allude to the Sunday Closing movement. Have you signed a petition in its favour ?

Henry.—No, I have not ; and if my present opinion on the subject remains unchanged, I shall not sign it. It does not agree with my views of liberty, to compel my fellow-creatures to become sober by act of parliament. Compulsion never yet made a sincere convert to any doctrine whatever. Let moral suasion exert its free and unfettered scope, and though the adherents to your principles may not be so numerous, yet, depend upon it, they will be genuine and sincere disciples to the principles you enunciate.

James.—Why, Henry, moral suasion has been practised now for more than thirty years, and yet it is a lamentable fact that drunkenness, and crime, and misery, and woe prevail to a greater extent than was ever before known.

Henry.—You will admit, however, that the population of this county increases to a great extent every year.

James.—Yes, I willingly admit that the population increases yearly ; but it does not follow that because the population increases, vice should likewise increase. But, will you be kind enough to tell me what designation you give those who keep spirit-vaults, taverns, or beer-houses ; are they tradesmen, shopkeepers, manufacturers, or what are they styled ?

Henry.—They are styled victuallers, which, I suppose, in plain English, means a shopkeeper.

James.—Well, so I should say. Now, if every shopkeeper in this town was to open his or her shop at one o'clock, keep it open till three, then close it till five; open it, and keep it open till ten or eleven, what would be the consequence?

Henry.—Why, I suppose the police would visit the keepers of the shops, and tell them that it was contrary to law to have their shops open on Sunday, and order them to be immediately closed.

James.—Exactly so. Now the legislature, or, as you say, the act of parliament, compels these honest traders, who vend useful and necessary articles, to close their establishments the whole of Sunday, whilst to the dishonest traders, who vend spurious and unnecessary articles, the act of parliament allows them to keep their establishments open for eight hours on the Sunday. Oh, it is an injustice, Henry, that ought to be speedily rectified.

Henry.—Well, if every one were like you and me, they would not keep their establishments open for any great length of time, either on Sunday or any other day.

James.—Ay, but all are not teetotalers, would that they were. Yet I feel ashamed of myself for having done so little in the cause of total abstinence; for I have often neglected to use my effort in persuading those with whom I have been in company to adopt the principles of total abstinence, and sign the pledge. How is it, Henry, that I never see you at our temperance meetings?

Henry.—The fact is, James, I do not feel interested in listening to the remarks of many of those who stand up to address the audience. I did attend a few meetings some years back, but from what I heard then, I have felt no desire to attend any more.

James.—Why, Henry, I must confess that I think you are somewhat lukewarm in the total abstinence cause. Your remarks with regard to the Sunday closing movement were, for a teetotaler, rather peculiar; and I wish, before we part, to have a little further conversation on the subject. Do you still teach that class of senior boys in your Sunday school?

Henry.—Oh, yes; I feel deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of those boys—but boys many of them are not, they are growing up steady young men; and I believe they are much attached to me.

James.—Well, Henry, suppose one or more of these young men should be persuaded by a companion or companions to enter a public-house on the Sunday evening, would not you feel greatly shocked and distressed when you heard that such had been the case?

Henry.—Indeed, I should; but I have reason to believe that not one of them would so far disgrace himself as to desecrate the Lord's day in such a manner.

James.—Then let me tell you, Henry, that your confidence in them has been much abused; for I know of a fact that three young men belonging to your class were seen, no later than Sunday evening last, coming out of a tavern, at nearly ten o'clock, with each one a cigar in his mouth, and apparently the worse for liquor.

Henry.—Oh, James, I cannot believe what you say;

who informed you of this? there must be some mistake.

James.—No, Henry, there is no mistake in the matter; I saw them with my own eyes. I had, after the close of the evening services on Sunday, gone in the company of Mr. Close, one of your superintendents, to visit a friend of yours, who has been some time confined by affliction; on our return to our separate homes, we passed together the Grapes inn; when passing the door, out stepped three young men, stumbling against us. Mr. C. and myself looked in the faces of the youths, and as soon as they recognized Mr. C. they slunk away, but in such a manner as plainly evinced that they had partaken freely of intoxicating liquor. In walking on, I said to Mr. C. those are three of your scholars; and he acknowledged, with a sigh, that they were, mentioning their names, and who was their teacher.

Henry.—Oh, James, your statement has distressed me more deeply than anything I have had to endure of late. But who were they; what were their names?

James.—I had rather not mention their names at present; probably you will hear more of it from Mr. Close. But, Henry, do you not, in your instructions, occasionally warn them against the evils of intemperance?

Henry.—I acknowledge with shame and confusion of face, up to this time, I have neglected this important portion of my instructions.

James.—Ay, important indeed. I consider it the imperative duty of all Sunday school teachers, both male and female, to spend a small portion of their time every Sunday, in attempting to instil into the minds of their youthful charge the principles of total abstinence from

all intoxicating drinks. Have you a Band of Hope established in your Sunday school, Henry?

Henry.—No; a number of the teachers were anxious to establish one, and a meeting was called to discuss the subject; but the proposition for the formation of one was so strongly opposed by Mr. Close, one of the superintendents, and some of the teachers (myself, I regret to say, amongst the number), that the project was not carried out.

James.—It was very unwise of Mr. Close, yourself, and the other teachers to oppose such a proposition; for, you may rest assured that, next to the gospel, the spread of the principles of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors will be the greatest blessing that ever was conferred on fallen humanity. And where is the place so suitable for good results as the Sunday school? And what portion of the population so well adapted to receive impressions as the tender minds of the young? Oh, my friend, very probably if you had had a Band of Hope established in your Sunday school, I and Mr. Close would not have seen what we were sorry to see last Sunday evening.

Henry.—I acknowledge that I have been in error—that I have sadly neglected to fulfil my duty. But I am resolved that henceforth I will act a different part. I will throw all my energies into the Temperance movement; and, with God's help, I will use every effort to save my fellow-creatures, and especially the young, from a drunkard's grave.

James.—Now, Henry, you speak like a thorough teetotaler; and if your future actions be in accordance with

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your present words (and I trust and hope they will,) I shall greatly rejoice. You may rest assured that the open houses for selling intoxicating drinks on a Sunday have a serious and damaging effect upon the efforts put forth in Sunday schools; neutralize to a great extent the labours of the Christian ministry; are an insult to the Lord of the Sabbath; and are destructive to man's eternal happiness!

Henry.—I cheerfully endorse all you have said; and will now hasten to sign the petition in favour of closing the public houses during the whole of Sunday; and I fervently pray that an act may be speedily passed by both houses of parliament for this object, and become binding by the Queen's signature.

James.—Amen to those aspirations! Still there will be a hard fight before the victory is won; but won it will be. And then we will rejoice that another glaring iniquity has been swept from our land.

MORAL SUASION.

Much has been said and written, in the course of the temperance reform, about the power of moral suasion. There is a power in its tear and its tone. With kind words it appeals to the better nature, and essays to win back the fallen. With a gentle voice and look it knocks at the heart of the erring and points out a better way. It meets the prodigal with a tear and says, "go and sin no more. In a thousand forms it finds the human heart in its wanderings, and with a tear for its follies, points

with a smile of hope and forgiveness back to honour and truth. The proud spirit which would fling back with scorn the hatred of a world, would melt and sway like a summer leaf at the gentle whispering of words of kindness.

Moral suasion has accomplished much in winning men from their cups—more than the penal enactments which drag the drunkard from a *legalized hell*, to incarceration or fine. It has saved many from the fang which glitters in the bubbles on the breaker's brim. Even from the midst of deepest ruin, some word or kindly deed has brought back the erring to virtue and duty. It is doing much yet, and will never fail to do much while there are hearts to love the drunkard and weep over his ruin.

There are some of our friends who avow their readiness to rely solely upon the power of moral suasion for the removal of intemperance. It seems to us a strange infatuation. Prayers, and tears, and appealing words, against an evil impregnable in its citadels of legislation, and backed by the whole force of the government! Would the same friends content themselves with appealing to the incendiary and the murderer to spare their homes and their lives, and the torch and the knife at the same time commissioned to do the infernal work, and the hand that wielded them protected by law? What would the cold-blooded butcher care for the pleading of innocence or weakness, when licensed, *for a price*, to drench the very hearth in warm blood! And would the incendiary, empowered to burn, and sustained by the so-called respectable, in the light of the kindling

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flame, renounce the desolating business which he had purchased of government the right to engage in?

God never designed that a wicked world should be governed by moral suasion. He himself has put on record penal enactments against sin—against vice and crime. Until human nature is utterly changed, moral suasion, as a sole-restraining power, will be impotent. All the blessed influences of the Gospel, the influence of home, friends, virtuous teachings, and the hopes of happiness and heaven, as a motive power, will not restrain the vicious. All men are not susceptible of moral influences. If they were, the dust of oblivion might gather upon our statutes, and not a crime should mar the harmony of the universal brotherhood of man.

Dealers in intoxicating liquors are certainly the last class which should ever utter a word about moral suasion, and claim that the temperance reform should be carried forward upon that basis alone. We could smile at the coolness of the idea but for its insulting wickedness. It comes with a bad grace in the teeth of facts; upon a record of more than twenty-five years' duration. Here, as elsewhere, moral suasion has had its effect, and men, regardful of its influences, have yielded to the light of truth and abandoned a wickedness. And in the high noon of our reform, those who still persist, against reason, right, and revelation, in the business, ask the people to follow their direction, in the matter, and continue a course which up to this day they have utterly disregarded!

With legislation against it, it requires the whole power of the temperance reform to keep its giant antag-

onist at bay, while in security it revels upon all which come within its clutch. Moral suasion knows not a phase which it has not assumed in this great work. From broken altars where every domestic tie lay shivered, prayers have gone up where there was no hope but of Heaven. Gather them from the angels' record, and a tempest of prayers would swell its note of accusing thunder. An ocean of tears has dripped its bitter way over cheeks which bloom not again. Days and years have passed by, until ages of sorrow have accumulated in judgment. Wherever the victims of the wrong have loved, and suffered, and died—at home, in the almshouse, dungeon, or on the scaffold,—the sob, the sorrow, and the wail, have appealed to the authors of all the woe, vice and crime. Mutely, but ah! how eloquently, the cowering and ragged drunkard's child, and the pale-faced wife and mother, have presented to the dealer his cruel wickedness and their bitter wrongs!

The rumseller is not ignorant or deaf. He knows the sweep of the engine in his hands. He sees its effects, and while his own neighbours, and kindred even, are demonized and imbruted by the drug from his hand, he sends them home to wound the innocent and the helpless. Every coin he drops into his drawer, is the price of the hunger, nakedness and degradation of those who never wronged him or his. He knows the enslaved appetite cannot turn away, and he feeds it to the death. He deliberately manufactures a kind husband and father into a devil, and a happy home into a hell, where the victim can torment his own wife and children! Intrenched with legislation and leagued with unscrupulous

demagogues, they have continued this fearful work against all the efforts of the tongue and pen. Their victims have suffered, and wept, and died, in vain. Human and divine laws have alike been trampled upon; and to-day, while preaching moral suasion, they are banding to sustain the system of cruelty and wrong at every hazard.

Who, in the face of such facts, will talk of *moral suasion* alone?

PLAYING NEW SETTLEMENT.

Characters.—JAMES, GEORGE, WILLIAM, DICK, TOM, FRANK, SAM, and TIM.

James.—Now school is out, let us play “Going out West and starting a new settlement.” I will be the oldest man, and what they call a pioneer, and I will ask you all the questions, because we want none but good and useful people out there. Now, George, what will you be?

George.—I will be a farmer.

James.—That is tip-top to start with; we couldn't get along without grass and grain. We want bread and potatoes, and beef and mutton, and butter and cheese; so you are one of the most important men we can select for our settlement. Bill, what will you be?

William.—Well, I guess I will be a carpenter.

James.—That comes just right, for we must have houses for ourselves, stables for our horses, and barns for our cows; besides, there will be gates and fences to make and mend. Dick, will you go out West with us?

Dick.—Yes, James, I will go and be a hunter.

James.—Well, you can shoot prairie chickens and wild ducks. Take one of Parker's shot-guns, and a fishing-rod, and a trap and a net, and you can supply us with game while we wait for George's corn and potatoes to grow. We will live like aldermen, but without their wine and brandy sauce and champagne suppers. Tom, what will you do?

Tom.—I wanted to be a hunter, but Dick has taken my place, so I guess I'll stay at home out there and be a shoemaker.

James.—Good! We shall want boots and shoes. I shouldn't like to go barefooted out there in the long, wild grass: the snakes might bite my bare feet. You must make temperance boots. You know drunken Jack Meyers has snakes in his boots. I guess the reason was that his mouth, not the leather, was waterproof. Frank, you will go with us, won't you?

Frank.—Certainly, and I will be a tailor, next door to Tom, the shoemaker.

James.—As we are all teetotalers, we can afford to wear good clothes, and pay for them. What will you be, Sam?

Sam.—I guess I will follow my father's trade, and be a blacksmith.

James.—We want you to shoe our horses and mend our ploughs and threshing-machines. What will you be, Tim?

Tim.—I will keep tavern.

James.—Will you keep a temperance tavern?

Tim.—No, sir.

James.—Then you can't go with us, for we don't want any liquor sold in our new settlement.

Tim.—Why not?

James.—Because, if we have a rum-tavern we shall soon want a poor-house and a hospital and a jail; besides, your business will make the new settlers lazy and quarrelsome. If George drinks, he won't plough, and sow, and reap; if Bill drinks, he won't build our houses for us; if Dick drinks, he won't catch fish for us,—he will be a "sucker" himself; if Tom drinks, he won't make boots,—if he does, the snakes will get into them; if Frank drinks, he won't make good clothes,—his own *habits* will be bad; if Sam drinks, he won't do much blacksmithing. We want some of the girls to go with us, to teach school and keep house, and they won't go if we take a rumseller along with us. Boys, let us put it to vote. All in favor of having a rum-shop in our new settlement, say "Ay." [*All shout "No."*] There, Tim, did you hear that? You can't go with us, unless you choose a better calling, because it will be there just as it is out in Slabtown. There all the farmers and mechanics who go to the tavern are poor, and the tavern-keeper alone is rich. His wife and children dress well, and all their neighbours are in rags; but I heard the landlord say he would give all he is worth if his boys did not drink so hard.

WHERE DOES THE BLAME LIE?

A DIALOGUE.

Samuel.—Well, Richard, I am glad to see you ; come, sit down, and let us have a little chat together. Why, you appear out of sorts to-night ; what's the matter ? Now, if I am not intruding, tell me your grievance, and if I cannot remove it, I will help you to bear it, and sympathize with you.

Richard.—The fact is, Samuel, I *am* out of sorts to-night. I have been sitting at home for about an hour in deep study. I have brought before my mind's-eye a variety of unpleasant subjects, which have perplexed and harassed my mind to such a degree that I put on my hat and came over to you, to see if you could give me any relief.

Samuel.—Come, then, Richard, open your wallet, pull out your first grievance, and let us analyze it.

Richard.—Why, the first subject that engaged my thoughts was the low state which the temperance cause appears to be sinking into in our town ; there seems to be very little life or energy in many of our members ; and the meetings are so thinly attended, that I think it would be the wisest plan that could be adopted, to give them up altogether.

Samuel.—Now, Richard, I do not agree with you in your last remark ; I think it would not be wise, but very foolish to give them up altogether. I agree with you that they are not so well attended as I should wish to see them ; but still there is much good done by our weekly meeting together, and spreading our principles

among those who do attend. By-the-by, Richard, I do not remember to have seen you there of late ; perhaps I overlooked you.

Richard.—Nay, Samuel, I have not been at a meeting these six or seven weeks ; for the last time I was there, there were so few ; and the addresses were so void of interest, that I felt no great relish for them ; and besides I have generally some other business to attend to on meeting night.

Samuel.—Richard, I make it a point of duty to attend every meeting if in health, and if I have not some engagement that I cannot possibly avoid ; and I also make it a point of duty to try to persuade as many others—teetotalers as well as non-teetotalers, to go likewise. Do you, Richard, try to persuade others to attend the meetings ?

Richard.—Why, no, I have not tried to do this of late. I did, some time back, try to persuade some of my shopmates to attend, but they laughed at me.

Samuel.—Now, Richard, I am about to speak plainly to you ; and I hope that what I say will be taken in the same spirit of kindness and affection with which it is given. You say that the temperance cause is in a low, sinking state ; that the meetings are thinly attended ; and that there is little or no interest in the addresses which are given from time to time. That there is some truth in one or two of your complaints I will admit ; but, Richard, *Where does the blame lie ?* Answer me that question.—What, no answer. Then I will answer it for you. That the temperance cause is in rather a feeble state in our town at present is attributable to you and

such as you manifesting such a spirit of apathy and indifference to the cause you have espoused. That the meetings being thinly attended is owing to you and such as you neglecting to fill up your places at those meetings, and refraining from striving to persuade others to attend. That the addresses are uninteresting, I deny ; but when a spirit of lukewarmness possesses the mind of any one in any cause whatever, it is impossible for that person to relish the intellectual food provided for him with such avidity as he did when he was zealous and ardent in the cause he had embraced. Now, Richard, I speak plainly but affectionately. Do not be offended. Rouse you ! Put on the zeal of your first love ! Let not the blame lie at your door ; and, depend upon it, that if you and such as you act your parts as you ought to do, this grievance will be removed ; and you will be amply compensated in the pleasure of feeling that you have done your duty.

Richard.—I believe, Samuel, you are right. I have shamefully neglected my duty ; and the blame rests chiefly upon myself and others like me ; but I will begin again, and throw all my energies into the temperance movement, and no longer be a stumbling-block in the way of its prosperity.

Samuel.—Now, "Richard's himself again !" as Shakespeare says. Carry out the resolution that you have now expressed ; and never let gloom and despondency get the mastery over you, and cause you to relax your energies, but boldly meet all difficulties, and be determined to battle with iniquity in whatever shape it may appear. But you have some other grievance, let us dissect the next, and see what it is composed of.

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Richard.—Why, Samuel, I feel some hesitation about stating what was the next subject that engaged my thoughts; for it bears a somewhat analogous feature to the other, and I believe the conclusion of your analyzation of it would be that you would fix the blame upon me and others like me, who neglect to fulfil those duties which are incumbent upon them, if they are sincere in their anxiety that the cause in which they are engaged should prosper and be successful. My musings were fixed for a time on the drooping and lethargic state of the Christian church of which both you and I are members.

Samuel.—Ay, Richard, in that grievance I sympathize with you. There is no doubt that the blame to a certain extent lies at the door of every individual member; we none of us act up to our profession; we cling to the world; we follow the maxims and customs of the world in fact, instead of being only in the world, we are of the world; and so long as this is the case, vital godliness can never flourish and bring forth fruits unto holiness. Another impediment to the prosperity of Christian churches, and a serious one in my opinion, is the temporising policy which is pursued in most of them with regard to the temperance movement. I have time after time openly denounced this policy, and declared, both in season and out of season, that the drinking customs of this country are a dead-weight and stumbling-block, which impede and neutralize the most energetic human efforts that can be made. But all that I have said appears to be in vain; and all that we can do now, Richard, is to hope and to pray that the churches will

awake, put on their strength, and cast this monstrous iniquity from our land. Was there any other matter, Richard, that troubled your mind, because if there was, let us see if we cannot fathom its deformities, and give it a more comely appearance.

Richard.—Alas! my friend, I feel pained at heart when, in walking along our streets, I see so many men and women, aye, and even boys, intoxicated. Surely, drunkenness must be greatly on the increase.

Samuel.—No, Richard, I feel certain that you are not correct in that statement. That intemperance does appear to be on the increase in most of the large towns, I admit; but there are many portions of our Dominion where the contrary is the case, and instead of intemperance being on the increase, it is decreasing materially. I am borne out in this assertion by the testimony of several gentlemen on whom I can rely, and by statistics which are published from time to time in the temperance publications. That it should be on the increase anywhere is greatly to be deplored; but, *Where does the blame lie?* It lies with our legislature, which propounded and perpetuates a system that demoralizes and destroys a large portion of the human family. It lies with that portion of the magistracy which from time to time increases the number of houses where intoxicating drinks are sold. It lies with those ministers of the gospel who neglect to denounce the drinking customs which prevail in this country. It lies with the great host of publicans and sinners who keep houses for the sale of that which destroys the souls and bodies of thousands of our fellow-creatures

every year. It lies with the multitude of weak and silly creatures who rush headlong to destruction, notwithstanding the friendly arms which are continually stretched out to stop them in their mad career. It lies with the total abstainer, when he neglects his duty, in not raising his voice and using his efforts to banish this monstrous iniquity from our land! Oh, Samuel, the blame lies in so many directions, that it would consume too much time to enumerate them. Suffice it for you and me to say, that the blame shall not be with us: let us gird on our armour, and battle manfully with the monster, Intemperance, while God gives us health and strength to do so.

Richard.—Again, Samuel, I pledge myself to do what I can to stem the torrent of iniquity which spreads over our land through the accursed liquor traffic. I will rededicate myself to the glorious enterprise of endeavouring to persuade men to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world. I thank you sincerely for the kind and affectionate way in which you have removed my despondency, and given me new life and energy; and I assure you I shall long remember our short but interesting conversation. But, I must now be going—good night to you, Richard!

Samuel.—Good night, Richard, and may God help the right.

LICENSE LAWS.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

“For so much gold we license thee;
(So say our laws,) a draught to sell

That bows the strong, enslaves the free,
 And opens wide the gate of hell ;
 For public good requires that some,
 Since many die, should live by rum."

Ye civil fathers ! while the foes
 Of this destroyer seize their swords,
 And heaven's own hail is in the blows ;
 They're dealing, will YE cut the cords
 That round the falling fiend they draw,
 And o'er him hold your shield of law ?

And will ye give to man a bill,
 Divorcing him from Heaven's high sway
 And while God says, "Thou shalt not kill,"
 Say ye, "for gold ye may—ye may !"
 Compare the body with the soul !
 Compare the bullet with the bowl !

In which is felt the fiercest blast
 Of the destroying angel's breath ?
 Which binds the victim the more fast ;
 Which kills him with the deadlier death ?
 Will ye the felon fox restrain
 And yet take off the tiger's chain.

O, holy God ! let light divine
 Break forth more broadly from above,
 Till we conform our laws to thine—
 The perfect law of truth and love.
 For truth and love alone can save
 The children from a hopeless grave.

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