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# CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

DEVOTED TO

Total Abstinence, Legal Prohibition, and Social Progress.

Vol. XX.]

MONTREAL, JUNE 15, 1854.

[No. 12.]

## The Timely Warning.

A THRILLING STORY.

My father, after an absence of three years, returned to the house so dear to him. He had made his last voyage, and rejoiced to have reached a haven of rest from the perils of the sea. During his absence I had grown from a child and baby of my mother's (for I was her youngest,) into a rough, careless, and headstrong boy. Her gentle voice no longer restrained me; and I was often willful, and sometimes disobedient. I thought it indicated manly superiority to be independent of a woman's influence. My father's return was a fortunate circumstance for me. He soon perceived the spirit of insubordination stirred within me. I saw by his manner that it displeased him, although for a few days he said nothing to me about

It was an afternoon in October, bright and golden, that my father told me to get my hat, and take a walk with him. We turned down a narrow lane into a fine open field—a favorite play-ground for the children in the neighborhood. After talking cheerfully on different topics for a while, my father asked me if I observed that huge shadow, thrown by a mass of rocks that stood in the midst of the field. I replied that I did.

"My father owned this land," said he. "It was my play-ground when a boy. That rock stood there then. To me it is a beacon, and whenever I look at it I recall a dark spot in my life—an event so painful that I dwell upon that if it were not as a warning I should not speak of it. Listen then, my dear boy, and learn wisdom from your father's errors.

My father died when I was a mere child. I was his only son. My mother was a gentle, loving woman, devoted to her children, and beloved by everybody. I remember her pale, beautiful face—her sweet, affectionate smile—her kind and tender voice. My childhood I loved her intensely. I was never apart from her, and she, fearing that I was becoming too much of a baby, sent me to a high school in the village. After associating for a time with ruder boys, I lost, in a measure, my fondness for my home, and my reverence for my mother; and it became more and more difficult for her to restrain my impetuous nature. I thought it indicated a want of manliness to yield to her authority, or to appear penitent, although I knew that my conduct pained her. The epithet I most dreaded was *girl boy*. I could not bear to hear said by my companions that I was tied to my mother's apron strings. From a quiet, home-loving child, I soon became a wild, boisterous boy. My mother used every persuasion to induce me to

seek happiness within the precincts of home! She exerted herself to make our fireside attractive, and my sister, following her self-sacrificing example, sought to plan enticing games and diversions for my entertainment. I saw all this, but did not heed it.

It was an afternoon like this, as I was about leaving the dining-table, to spend my intermission between the morning and evening school in the street, and, as usual, my mother laid her hand upon my shoulder, and said, mildly, but firmly, 'My son, I want you to come with me, I would have rebelled, but there was something in her manner that awed me.' She put on her bonnet, and said to me, 'We will take a walk together. I followed her in silence; and as I was passing out of the door, I observed one of my rude companions, skulking about the house, and knew he was waiting for me. He sneered as I went past him. My pride was wounded to the quick. He was a very bad boy, but being several years older than myself, he exercised a great influence over me. I followed my mother sulkily, till we reached the spot where we now stand, beneath the shade of this huge rock. O, my boy, could that hour be blotted from my memory, which has cast a dark shadow over my whole life, gladly would I exchange all that the world can offer me, for the quiet peace of mind I should enjoy. But no! like this huge unsightly pile, stands the monument of my guilt forever.

My mother, being feeble in health, sat down and beckoned me to sit down beside her. Her look, so full of tender sorrow, is present to me now. I would not sit, but continued standing sullenly beside.

'Alfred, my son,' said she, 'have you lost all love for your mother?'

I did not reply.

'I fear you have,' she continued, 'and may God help you to see your own heart, and me to do my duty.'

She then talked to me of my misdeeds, of the dreadful consequence of the course I was pursuing. By tears, entreaties, and prayer, she tried to make an impression on me. She placed before me the lives and examples of great and good men; she sought to stimulate my ambition. I was moved, but too proud to show it, and remained in dogged silence beside her. I thought, 'what will my companions say, if after all my boasting, I yield at last, and submit to be led by a woman?'

What agony was visible on my mother's face, when she saw that all she had said and suffered failed to move me! She rose to go home, and I followed at a distance. She spoke no more to me till we reached our own door.

'It is school time now,' said she. 'Go, my son, and once more let me beseech you to think upon what I have said.'

'I will not,' said I, with a loud tone of defiance.

'One of these two things you must do, Alfred; either go to school this moment, or I will lock you in your room, and keep you there till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in future.'

'I dare you to do it, 'you can't get me up stairs.'

'Alfred, choose now,' said my mother, who laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently, and was deadly pale.

'If you touch me I'll kick you,' said I, in a terrible rage. God knows I knew not what I said.

'Will you go, Alfred?'

'No,' I replied, but quailed beneath her eye.

'Then follow me,' said she, as she grasped my arm firmly.

I raised my foot—O, my son, hear me!—I raised my foot and kicked her—my sainted mother! How my head reels as the torrent of memory rushes over me! She staggered back a few steps, and I saw her heart beat against her breast.

'O heavenly Father,' she cried, 'forgive him; for he knows not what he does!' The gardener just then passed the door, and seeing my mother pale and almost unable to support herself, he stopped; she beckoned him in. 'Take this boy up stairs and lock him in his room,' said she. Looking back, as she was entering her room, such a look—it will forever follow me. It was the last unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.

In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my room. I thought for a moment I could dash my brains out, but felt afraid to die. I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued, but my stubborn pride rose in an instant, and bade me not to yield. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on the bed, and fell asleep. I awoke at midnight, stiffened by the damp air, and terrified with frightful dreams. I would have sought my mother at the moment, for I trembled with fear; but my door was fast. With the daylight my fears were dissipated and I became bold in resisting all impulses. The servant brought my meals, but I did not taste them. I thought the day would never end. Just at twilight I heard a light foot approach the door; it was my sister, who called me by name.

'What may I tell mother from you?' she asked.

'Nothing,' I replied.

'O, Alfred, for my sake, for all our sakes say that you are sorry. She longs to forgive you.'

'I won't be driven to school against my will,' said I.

'But you will go if she wishes it, dear Alfred,' said my sister, pleadingly.

'No, I won't,' said I, 'and you needn't say any more about it.'

'Oh, brother, you will kill her! You will kill her, and then you will never have a happy moment.'

I made no reply to this. My feelings were touched, but still I resisted their influence. My sister called me, but I would not answer. I heard her footsteps retreating and again I flung myself on the bed, to pass another wretched and fearful night. O God, how wretched! how fearful I did not know.

Another footstep, slower and feebler than my sister's disturbed me. A voice called me by name. It was my mother's.

'Alfred, my son, shall I come? Are you sorry for what you have done?' she asked.

I cannot think what influence, operating at the moment, made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother, that thrilled through me, melted the ice of that obdurate heart, and I longed to throw myself on her neck, but did not. But the words gave the lie to my heart, when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw; I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, but I did not.

I was awakened from an uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood by my bedside.

'Get up, Alfred. O, don't wait a moment. Get up, and come with me. Mother is dying!'

I thought that I was dreaming, but I got up, melancholy, and followed my sister. On the bed, pale and cold as marble, lay my mother. She had not undressed. She had thrown herself on the bed to rest; arising to go again to me, she was seized with the palpitation of the heart, and borne senseless to her room.

I cannot tell you my agony as I looked upon her, my remorse was tenfold more bitter at the thought, she would never know it. I believed myself to be a murderer. I fell on the bed beside her. I could not weep. My heart burned in my bosom; my 'ain was all on fire. My sister threw her arms around me, and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a slight motion of mother's hand—her eyes unclosed. She had recovered consciousness, but not speech. She looked at me and moved her lips. I could not understand her words. 'Mother, mother,' I shrieked, 'say only that you forgive me.' She could not say it with her lips, but her hands pressed mine. She smiled upon me, and lifted her thin white hands, and clasped my own within and cast her eyes upward. She moved her lips in prayer, and thus died. I remained still kneeling beside that dear form, till my gentle sister removed me. She comforted me, for she knew the heavy load of sorrow at my heart; heavier than grief at the loss of a mother, for it was a load of sorrow for sin. The joy of youth had left me forever.

My son, the suffering such memories wake must continue as long as life. God is merciful; but remorse for past misdeeds is a canker-worm in the heart that preys upon it forever."

My father ceased speaking, and buried his face in his hands. He saw and felt the bearing his narrative had upon my character and conduct. I have never forgotten it. Boys who spurn a mother's control, who are ashamed to own that they are wrong, who think it manly to resist her authority and her influence, beware! Lay not up for yourselves bitter memories for future years.

#### Temperance Associations.

The influence of Temperance Associations upon the cause itself, cannot be fully shown in the limits assigned to a newspaper article. The glance at only a few points will be all we shall attempt.

The history of this movement strongly verifies the observation that in associated action there is power. In

this case it has been moral not physical power. Though something may have been accomplished by individual efforts previous to the general formation of societies—though here and there were found those who practiced and inculcated temperance, no great impression was made upon the public mind. True, some may have been induced to abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks, &c. was there no apparent diminution of those drinks in society; the effect of this conduct on the part of some of its scattered members was not felt by the mass of community. When, however, a combination of these individual forces was brought about, important results followed. The principle for which they had contended singly, now presented itself to others in a different aspect; it carried with it weight and power, and was more sensibly regarded; thus proving that the exertions and examples even of a few, when associated, are more available in the furtherance of an object than many acting disjointly. Before, they lacked sympathy and encouragement—now, they experience both; before, they felt themselves alone—now, they know that others are ready to countenance and assist; hence they become bold, and labor with a greater stimulus. Thus has it been in relation to this cause. The uniting of its friends into associations has been for its good; it has given it a name and a position which it could not have attained in any other way.

Still further. To dispense with a custom so general as was formerly, the use of ardent spirits—to go contrary to this essential part of good manners, required an effort of which those who have grown up under this temperance dispensation can have only an imperfect conception. To be regarded as mean, to be spoken of disrespectfully, to have one's motives impugned, would be the consequence, and who could abide it?—Though convinced of the injurious tendency of the custom—or, at any rate, of its uselessness—few would be willing to brave public opinion by renouncing it entirely. But when some dared to act out their convictions, resolving to be free from the thralldom of custom, and the more effectually to operate against it, formed associations of those friendly to such an object, then the vacillating and timid, seeing they would not be alone in singularity, united themselves with the movement, thereby not only receiving strength themselves, but imparting power to the cause.

The moral power of these associations stopped not here. Inquiry was aroused, a desire created to know what these things meant, what these new notions were.—Hence, when meetings were called, many attended from mere curiosity, some of whom, from the words spoken, were convinced of their duty, and enrolled themselves in the ranks. The news of these combinations being disseminated, it led to similar movements elsewhere. In places at a considerable remove from the first effort, there were those who, on hearing of the same, said—we, too, will unite—we will have a society—and thus strive to do something for the benefit of our fellow-men. These things could not fail of attracting the observation of the traffickers in strong drink, some of whom were induced to reflection on the subject, and feeling the evil they were producing, renounced their business, and gave themselves to the cause, preferring poverty to unjust gold—hard labor, with an approving conscience, to ease and luxury with a disquieted mind.

Thus, by closing the avenues to intemperance the cause was advanced.

Numbers always impress the mind. When the people assemble in large bodies, in conventions, the influence of their numbers is always felt, and some who are ever desirous of being with the majority, persuaded by the force of the numbers alone, easily fall in with what appears to them to be the popular current. As has been said by a distinguished scholar, "Most men either cannot, or will not, reason at all. There are hundreds of thousands of well-meaning persons whose minds are so constructed that they are argument proof. The soundest and the clearest arguments have no more effect upon them than light upon the blind eye, or music upon the deaf ear. But though they are proof against argument, they cannot stand the moral force of a majority against their opinions; nay, even a local majority in the place where they are at the time, will sometimes convert them." Doubtless it has been thus in the temperance movement, and many may have become its friends solely from the reason that it appeared to them to be making progress, becoming popular; seeing their friends and neighbors connecting themselves with it, they followed also. As they have looked in upon the association, and noticed the members composing it, an influence has been produced sufficiently powerful to cause them to follow in the same course.

A brief observation as to the influence of Temperance Associations on public sentiment, must suffice. The importance of a sound public sentiment upon the temperance question, in order to its complete triumph, cannot be doubted. From the first, the friends of the movement have had to combat public opinion, and great and important changes have been brought about. In effecting this revolution in the sentiment of the people, not only as to the use, but in many places the traffic in intoxicating drinks, the part enacted by the associations has not been insignificant. In fact, it may be said with truth, that to them we are vastly indebted for the present healthy sentiment on the subject. If, then, we would keep firmly the position to which we have attained, we must not forget how great has been the service rendered by combination in the advancement of the cause. The sentiment of the people must not be disregarded, lest we lose the ground we have gained. With the friends united, with societies in every city, town, and hamlet, the friends all actuated by the same great purpose, of inflexible hostility to all that intoxicates, with a steady perseverance, a zeal which knows no flagging, and all is sure; the cause must and will prevail.

J. M. L.

#### Prohibition—Pro and Con.

While in our office this morning, an old acquaintance of ours, from a different part of the State, casually stepped in, and, after the natural inquiries respecting the leading events of the last twelve or eighteen years, he inquired of us what we were now "driving at." We replied, that we were, as usual, still prescribing for the bodies of our fellow men; and, in addition to that, were doing something in conjunction with our co-laborer (who was sitting by), in the great business of doctoring the social system—that is, we explained, we are editing a *Temperance Paper*. At the mention of this, he drew back, as though he had seen some reptile which was both dangerous and disgusting,

and immediately went off in a spasmodic effort to give vent to his feelings of dread and abhorrence of the cause of Prohibition. He is a man of an iron frame, and a cranium of sufficient dimensions to give indication of a large intellect, as well as powerful passions; its large lateral dimensions showed great firmness of purpose and fearlessness of consequences; and when, with knit brows, flashing eye, and compressed lip, he vowed that he would defend his rights with his own right arm and trusty gun, we thought that, if any one man could maintain an attitude against a whole community he could *most*, or, at least, would not be afraid to try. Now, as we knew he was a sober man, and a sensible man, and, we believe, an honest man, we were disposed to pay some deference to his feelings, and just quietly waited until he had spent the fierceness of his wrath, when we cautiously drew from him the cause of his opposition. And because we supposed their may be others in our land, equally honest in their prejudices against this, our favorite measure, and who predicate their opposition upon the same ground; we have concluded to give them a fair statement, and examine them by the 'lights that are before us.'

His first objection was, that it would deprive us of the *liberty* for which our "fathers fought, bled, and died." But we think that these venerable personages thought but very little about the privilege of drinking intoxicating beverages, when they left their families and marched to the tented field. We suppose the grand object of their enterprise was to secure to themselves and descendants, the privilege of making such laws as they, from time to time, might choose to enact for their own advantage; and, if their descendants choose to enact a law prohibiting the traffic in alcoholic liquors, why, then, *that* was one of the very things for which our fathers fought.

Objection second was, that money enough had been spent in fruitless legislation upon the liquor question, to educate all the children in the country. To this we would reply, that we wish to put a stop to this everlasting tinkering with the subject, and cut off the expense at once by passing a law which will forever cure the evil. We have been applying plasters, and every imaginable application to this *cancer*, and all without benefit; on the contrary, its virus has extended deeper, and its roots spread wider: and now, we see that nothing but the *knife* can save the body social from a miserable dissolution. We say then, *cut it out*, though it should occasion some pain and loss of blood, (treasure.) And it will be an easy matter to save money enough by stopping this drain of public and private wealth, of human strength and human life, to not only educate all the children, but build all the churches, and make all the railroads which could be desired.

The third objection was, that every attempt at restraining the use of intoxicating drinks, had resulted in an increase of its consumption. This position we are not prepared to controvert, and think that enough of experience has been had upon the subject of *regulating* the traffic in intoxicating drinks to convince any one that it is not an evil to be regulated, but suppressed; and, as all former efforts have had nothing higher in view than the mere restraining of the traffic, we think it is full time for us to try the virtue of *extermination*.

The fourth reason was, that it is degrading to human nature, as well as tyrannical, to coerce people to do right, rather than to set the right before them, and leave them free to choose good or evil. Here our friend became eloquent with regard to the power of the human will, and the ease with which temptations can be resisted; and wound up with his own experience which was, that for thirty years he had regularly taken his dram, and was never *tight* in his life. We give credit to his assertion; we have long known him as a sober man, but contend that he is "one of a thousand," and not a fair sample of his race; and it is unphilosophical to draw general conclusions from rare examples. The same indomitable firmness which would induce him to suffer martyrdom in defence of an error implanted in him by his Hard Shell fathers, would, no doubt, make it an easy task for him to set bounds to his appetites, and say "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther;" but, as well might he taunt the youths of our country with the want of his amount of physical strength, as to jeer them for not possessing his iron firmness of will—he may yet see the day when his descendants, to whom he has transmitted his passions and appetites, unaccompanied with his firmness, may become blighted examples of the necessity of a Prohibitory Law to protect the weak, by hedging out temptation.

His fifth objection was, that the people will never pass such a law. Well, we, of course will never have it then; for no one expects, or desires such a law, unless it is the wish of an overwhelming majority.

His sixth and last objection was, that he had a better plan to propose, by which intemperance may be totally routed out of the land; that is, every respectable man shall, without hesitation, or exception, expel from his house and from his employ, every man who shall drink *a little too much* of the *critter!* and that intoxication be declared by law, a sufficient cause for divorce; and that a fund be raised by taxation, to maintain the wife and educate the children of the divorced drunkard. But would it not look rather consistent for our friend of the iron nerves, to expel from his house the young man whom he had learned "to partake of this good creature of God with thankfulness," because he had become tight upon a "finger or two" less than he partakes of with sobriety.

We think it would be much less expensive, less annoying, and fully as consistent with the liberty that our fathers fought for, to do away with the accursed stuff at once, rather than sunder those whom "God hath joined together," and to alienate the children from the father.

We beg pardon for the tediousness of this article, and its lack of novelty, for we are well aware that these objections have been made and met a thousand times. Yet, as our friend is the only sensible man with whom we have conversed for many days back, who seemed to be honestly opposed to Prohibition, we really thought his objections should be considered of sufficient importance to elicit a serious reply. We will state that, through our importunity, he was induced to pocket two numbers of our paper for perusal. We hope they may prove as "bread cast upon the waters."—*Temperance Organ.*

**Pious and Patriotic Publicanism.**

That the traffickers in strong drink are more than uneasy at the turn which affairs are taking, is very evident. We have another proof of this in the case of the publicans of Arbroath. Joseph Hume has presented to the house of commons a petition signed by 193 of them in which we find the following piece of precious reasoning:—

‘Second.—That, with respect to the provision enforcing the closing of public houses on Sunday, your petitioners, while holding, and in all humanity they venture to affirm not less conscientiously than their fellow-citizens in other professions and trades, the duty incumbent upon all to observe divine ordinances, they at the same time fail to see how the enforcement of the clause in question will cause the Sunday to be better kept than under the existing system. On the contrary, your petitioners are convinced, and statistics could be adduced in support of their conviction, that matters may be made much worse by the complete shutting up of houses on Sunday. The case of Blackfriars’ Wynd, Edinburgh, where the Sunday closing experiment was tried, is a case in point. When the residents in that wynd and its vicinity found they could not get liquor on Sunday, they bought it on Saturday night, and carried it away in jugs to consume in their own houses on Sunday, thereby securing a larger quantity than the same money could have procured if consumed where purchased; the consequence, as a matter of course, being increased consumption. It is therefore, your petitioners respectfully maintain, perfectly apparent that drinking, instead of being diminished, is actually increased, the scene of consumption only being shifted—the private house being substituted for the public. Still farther upon the Sunday closing clause; your petitioners can perceive that pernicious consequences will result through driving people into private houses; your petitioners here, of course and of right, assuming that no Acts of Parliament can or will prevent persons drinking on Sunday, if so inclined, as on any other day. And these hurtful consequences are substantially that, while over a public place of resort official surveillance is exercised, rules and regulations laid down by local and district authorities must be observed, over a private house there is no such thing, no law to be observed save (where there happen to be drinking parties) that of uncontrolled licence; in brief, when without let or hindrance scenes of revelry may be enacted.’

The publicans of Arbroath stand alongside of their worthy companion, Mr. Searle of Pietermaritzburg, in the *Natal Witness* of 4th November last, we have the following advertisement:—

‘Henry Searle seeing that, in consequence of the badness of the times, his old customers, and the public generally, cannot afford to imbibe such quantities of his good drinkables as formerly, and having moreover, observed with considerable grief that the public health has consequently declined, has now determined patriotically to make, solely on their account, a material reduction in his prices. There will be as follows for cash:—

	£	s.	d.
Good French Brandy, single bottle,	0	2	0
Hollands Gin,	0	1	9
Old Rye,	0	1	9
First-rate Sherry,	0	2	9
“ Port,	3s	and	0 3 8
Champagne,	3s	and	0 4 0

etc., etc., etc.

‘The above reduction, however, he seriously hopes will not have the effect of promoting intemperance.’

Now, as to the publicans at Arbroath, we have simply to say that we are very suspicious of any argument from such a quarter based upon moral or religious considerations. If it be the fact that the shuttings of the dram-shops upon Sabbath as in the case of Blackfriars’ Wynd leads us to increased drunkenness, because of increased consumption, we think they are the last to complain, as they will sell more liquor, and that without being required to labour upon the day of rest. If they get profit by the change, why grumble at it? But we forget that it is not from selfish but from pious motives that the argument is adduced. Would it not give these friends of religion in the North stronger claims still upon Parliament were they to propose that in all their establishments there should be upon the Sabbath prayer, praise and preaching during the ordinary hours of worship? That would be truly public religious services and might combine, in happy proportions, their ideas of ‘the observance of divine ordinances,’ and a modified indulgence in alcoholic potations. It is so far unfortunate for these simple but well meaning men that the Blackfriars’ Wynd case, upon which their argument is based, has never had any existence but in their own brain. No such experiment was ever made. To close the dram-shops in a single wynd would avail nothing while the adjacent streets were full of them. It is a general closing which can alone prove effectual; and we shall be more ready to grant the Arbroath publicans the soundness of their arguments, although not less dubious as to the purity of their motives in the event of the case being as they represent, after a twelve-month’s experiment of the New Public House Bill.—*Abstainer’s Journal*.

**Moral and Legal Suasion.**

It is not a little amusing to hear some people talk about the best way to promote the temperance cause.

Moral suasion, say they, is the great remedy—the true method, and any reliance upon legal enactment is a mistake. “You can’t make men Christians by law” said a man as he stopped us as we were entering our office the other day, and your Maine Law is an evil thing, because it excites the bad blood of the enemies of temperance.”

“Stuck to moral suasion”—“make appeals to the conscience”—“address arguments to the understanding”—“there is hope of a man when you have convinced him of his wrong.” Thus he run on with a string of pretty sayings, and much advice to us; but seeing doubtless the expression of unbelief in our countenance, he closed abruptly with “you don’t believe it, &c; but I tell you—that you can catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar.” Very likely we replied, but our business is not catching flies. We deal with men.

What a pity these wise reformers could not have the privilege of applying their own measures, their beautiful theory of moral suasion to all the criminals in society. Would it not be a good plan to open the prisons and jails, and let out all the villains there, incarcerated for their crimes, that these kind souls might have an opportunity to try their hand, and bring to the test their logic upon some of these hardened villains.

Let them have a fair chance to expend their sympathy in this direction.

We should think that they would seek the repeal of all criminal laws. There would be at least the merit of consistency in their course, if they were to adopt this policy. If under such a state of things they should become the prey of thieves, and scoundrels, we should commend to them their favorite remedy inasmuch as "legal enactments never make men Christians." But there is not a man of all these cronkers, who thinks of carrying out his doctrine in other directions. No, they are all sympathy for the rum-seller, and would not have him molested in his nefarious business by the power of a stringent law; for fear that he cannot be made a Christian; but let a thief steal a shilling from their well filled purse, and they will pounce upon him with the vengeance of a vulture.

And some of these loud mouthed moral suasionists, will declaim against the liquor law, and talk of the oppressive character of that statute, while at the same time, their sons are falling into habits of inebriety, and are fast becoming the victims of the liquor traffic. Nothing has surprised us more than this.

It is one of the strangest hallucinations into which poor human nature is betrayed. We know that avarice and appetite will lead men to disregard their dearest friends, and most precious interests. And we account for the conduct of some men among us, who have drunken sons in this way. It is safe to conclude that they love ruin themselves, or in some way have an interest in the trade.

But what are these men who claim to be temperance men *par excellence* doing to carry out their theory? nothing—absolutely nothing. How is it with the Maine Law men? have they been idle? no!—never in the history of the movement has there been so much moral suasion as now. The whole State has been canvassed, and from Kittery Point to the Aroostook, the evils of intemperance have been discussed, and the principles of teetotalism explained and inculcated. Over two hundred thousand tracts inculcating the virtue of temperance, besides large quantities of papers have been scattered over this commonwealth. Lectures have called out the people, and by the living voice have demonstrated the virtue of temperance principles and called the people to abstain from this hurtful beverage. The pulpit has not been silent, but everywhere it has lifted up its voice, and morally, and religiously persuaded the people to forego the cup.

In face and eyes of all these facts, and notwithstanding the activity and labour of the temperance men, there are those who have the *impudence* to say that we have abandoned moral suasion.

Who are the men that cry out against the present movement, as wanting in the element of moral suasion? They are the same men, who denounced Washingtonianism which was exclusively moral suasion as an infidel movement, and said, that men from the gutter were aspiring to displace the ministry. In short, there is no such thing as satisfying these men, and we know not which most to detest, their brazen impudence, or their knavery.—*Maine Temperance Journal*.

#### Legislation.

In an address recently delivered in this city, (Portland Me.) and published by request, entitled—"Rights and Duties of Society concerning Intemperance," the following language may be found:—

"Woman may very well thank God that she is no legislator;—but she will not thank *herself*, if, for want of her gentle but decided influence at home, such laws are not made and enforced, as shall protect her person and property from drunken violence, and save her children from the cupidity of those, who, for paltry gain, would gladly make drunkards, if not matricides of them."

But who are to make the legislators that will enact "such laws?" Plainly, they must be elected by somebody. How, then, shall it be done? By the only way pointed out in the Constitution of this State—by the *ballot*.

And when the legislators are elected, and such laws, as are indispensable to the overthrow of the traffic in intoxicating drinks, are enacted, it then remains that these laws be executed. And to this end executive officers must be chosen. But how shall this also be done? Manifestly, as before, by the *ballot*. There is no other way prescribed.

But since woman cannot, man, if anybody, must vote. And if it is the duty of any to vote, is it not equally the duty of all? Who may claim exemption? The humble man, whose influence is limited, or the exalted man—whether elevated by superior intellect or position—whose influence is extended?

Every man in this State, not interdicted by reason of crime, has the *right* to vote; and, beyond all peradventure, it is the *duty* of every man, whether belonging to the laity or the clergy; in certain cases, to exercise this right.

Of what value, then, as coming from himself, is the opinion of the man who enforces this duty with his lips, while he uniformly neglects it by his acts? What he utters is indeed true, and may do good; and, as did the great apostle to the Gentiles, so will we glory in the truth, though it be preached by contention, and if peradventure the preacher himself be a cast-away.

Clergymen might very well be excused from voting, when the question is one of a tariff or bank. But when the question involves all the consequences, which are so faithfully portrayed in the address from which we have quoted, then the duty to vote becomes imperative; and the neglect to do so is criminal in proportion to the power exhibited in the enforcement of the duty.

It is a source of gratification, however, that this plain duty has been so often recognised by many clergymen. Nor is the gratification diminished by observing of late that its obligation is increasingly felt and enforced. But there are not a few remaining clergymen, who still stultify themselves, and often render worse than nugatory their solemn advice to others, while they bring their own course among men of thought and consistent action into contempt, by neglecting to practice what they so plainly preach.

It were well if these few hints should suggest to such a speedy remedy. A.

#### "Fanatics."

This word is becoming quite popular again, with the "liberals." It has scared many a good man out of his propriety, and his love and zeal for the cause, before now; and they may hope to make it do good service to them in their present time of need. But the time has gone by when this word could be used as a stigma; people look at these things in a different light, now-days, from what they once did. There have been sana-



tics in all ages. The fanatic of to-day will be the "old fogie" to-morrow, if he chooses to live till that to-morrow comes, and does not grow with the growth of public opinion. The Temperance cause is an evidence of the fact. The first pledge—the old wine, beer and cider exempting pledge—was hailed as the offspring of the fanatical zeal of a few—wiser than their forefathers—who were not content with the old system, or willing to let "well enough" alone.

Those who advocated that pledge were the "fanatics" of those days. But public opinion, as the years rolled round, came up their standard—wine, beer and cider Temperance became popular. All were Temperance men who could forego the use of the stronger liquors and were able to live by drinking the three temperate liquors. But that kind of Temperance did not work. Wine-bibbing, cider-drinking and beer-bloat drunkards were quite as much a dishonor to society and to their kindred and friends as those who had not signed the pledge. Drunkenness was not stopped one jot or tittle. So the "fanatics" went to work, and they formed another pledge. Everything that could intoxicate was forbidden in it.—They who loved the "good creature of God"—as they called it; but as everybody can see, by its fruits, it is rather a "creature" of the devil—and were "as good Temperance men as anybody," received this as the master piece of fanaticism." The cause of Temperance was ruined!

Time rolled on. The last move of the fanatics became popular also. Soon the Maine Law agitation was commenced. The evils of intemperance were growing more and more alarming. The utter extirpation of a traffic productive of good to none, but a harbinger of ill to every person who came within its fatal snare was demanded—demanded, by petitions, in numbers mightier than any ever before poured in upon our lawmakers at Albany. But this mighty host are refused their prayer. So they use the only remedy in their power. They go to the ballot box—the fanatics—and express their wishes in an unmistakable manner.—Well, the result is they elect a Legislature that reflects their wishes and desires on this subject. They pass the law; but the Governor will not sign it. A wail of indignation goes through the State, succeeded by a howl of delight from the grog-shops of the land—from the rummies, from their presses, from the throats of those who love this "good creature"—of the devil. But their shouts cannot drown the cries of the masses against the act.

Prominent among the denunciations hurled against the offending heads of the partizans of the Maine Law, we recognize that of an old acquaintance. They ring the changes on "fanatics" as readily and as easily, as they used to do in days gone by. We have reached the height of *fanaticism*.

We have some persons in our midst who still cling to the old fashioned pledge, but they are few and scarce; we have many, very many moral suasion Temperance men; they are the "old fogies," if the Maine Law men are the "fanatics," of this reform. They are behind the times, and they deprecate all moves onward towards anything like legal suasion. Carrying Temperance into politics is their especial aversion.

As it stands now a Temperance "fanatic" is one who acts up fully to the times, goes for the Maine Law with all his heart, soul and might, and labors therefore

in all consistent ways. The appellation is not one to be scorned, nor to be ashamed of. If laboring for a great right principle against a giant wrong is to be fanatical then there is glory and honor in the name.—*Teetotaler*.

### Demoralizing the Barbarians.

Mr. Calvert, of the British Wesleyan Missionary Society, whose field of labor is among the natives of the Feejee Islands of the Pacific Ocean, says:

"The sale of spirits in Feejee has greatly interfered with our labour among the white residents. Providence has been very signally against the attempts to get gain by such injurious traffic. Two vessels which brought considerable supplies have been wrecked, and the owners of a large establishment have failed. Captain Magruder much opposed the sale of spirits in Feejee, contrary to the regulations made in Feejee by the United States Exploring Expedition, and wrote to the Governor of Sydney, complaining of a Sydney trader. Many of the chiefs and the white men will be ruined, should spirits be obtainable in the islands. These islands are now attracting increased attention. I fear the cheapness of spirits in the colonies, which are brought free of duty for sea, and the desire for them in Feejee, will induce those who come here from Sydney to bring the destructive article."

Does not this statement say to all unprejudiced readers that the Maine Law is wanted in Feejee, and not only there, but in every island in the South Seas? Under the efforts of the self-denying men who labor there—men who are not ashamed to give up those ensnaring beverages—the law has been in practical operation at many of the Mission Stations of the Pacific, both of the Wesleyan and London Societies. O that this subject received the attention it deserves from those at home, who, while they support these missions, encourage the means of their desolation and ruin!—*London Nat. Temp. Chron.*

### "Work while it is Day."

Work while it is day!

Wait no coming morrow,  
Sloth will eat all heart away;  
Idle hands bring sorrow.

Though to fresh young eyes,  
Gazing through life's portal,  
Robed in light the future lies,  
Radiantly immortal;

Mirage like it may  
Mock thee with its seeming,  
Fruit-crown'd shade, and flow'ry way,  
Bloom but in thy dreaming.

Waste not youth's rich dower,  
Far-off bliss pursuing;  
While the glorious present hour,  
At thy side stands wooing.

While the sun is high,  
Work with brave endeavour;  
Ere on Night's cold breast thou lie,  
With clasp'd hands for ever.

Toilers in life's field!  
Seed now sown in sorrow,  
Glorious fruitage yet shall yield,  
Through an endless morrow.

—*Abstainer's Journal*:



# Moonlight Chorus.

MARSTOSO.

1. Hail to the queen of the silent night, Shine clear, shine bright, Yield thy passive light; Blithely we'll dance in thy

2. Dart thy pure beams from thy throne on high, Beam on thro' sky, Rob'd in azure dye; laugh and we'll sport while the  
We'll

sil-ver ray, Hap-pi-ly pass ing the hours a-way. Must we not love the stil-ly night, In her robes of blue and white  
Dress'd

night bird sings, Flapping the dew from his sa-ble wings: Spirits love to sport in the still moonlight, pearls of shadowy night  
Play with the

RITARD.

Heaven's arches ring, Stars wink & sing, ' silent night' Fairy moonlight, fairy moonlight, fairy, fairy, fairy moonlight.

Then let us sing, 'Time's on the wing, Hail, silent night! Fairy moonlight, fairy moonlight, fairy moon light.

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

## Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, JUNE 16, 1854.

### Is the Conflict Over? Is the City Free?

The reader will perhaps wonder at the strange interrogations above proposed. Naturally, because of our known opinions, and the aim of our paper, the mind will revert to the traffic, and, it will be taken for granted, that it is to the liquor business we are looking. At once, the answer is given, whether from resident or stranger, The conflict is not over—the city is in bondage!—Drunkenness abounds—the liquor business is flourishing—the large importations of the season are being diffused through the city and country. The great fountains of damnation—the wholesale houses—are quite active. Wrath and wretchedness are bubbling up at every street corner. The devil is in high glee, and all pandemonium dances awkwardly in burning chains at the prospect of protracting the reign of their terrific master, Beelzebub. Milton says some thing about “devil with devil, damned firm concord holds.” If there be concord in the pit, it is when the miserable dwellers in darkness consult on the best measures to be pursued, in order to hinder the progress of Christianity, and agree heartily that the liquor business is just the very thing, so then they hoist the black flag of hostility to the Maine Law, plot mischief against any independent man or minister who may stand forth as a leader of the temperance host, and hope, by intrigue, cajollery, promises, threats, smiles, frowns, or any other dishonest means, to hinder the advancement of a good cause. Perhaps we do injustice to these evil spirits, attributing to their agency that which may originate without external prompting in the perverted judgments of rumsellers, for it is certainly true that the liquor traffic hardens the heart, pollutes the imagination, stifles generous emotion, and corrupts the moral taste. With the present amount of light shining from the sun of truth into the very eyes of all men, so that the blindest blink before the brightness of its light, we confess to the fact, that there are very few drinksellers for whom we have the least particle of mercy, or for whom we dare offer the least extenuating excuse for their enormous crimes against God and human society. Citizens of Montreal—People of Canada—look once more at the effects of the traffic;—consider the ruin and desolation it produces, and then say whether it should be sustained by any body having the smallest regard for the honor of God or the welfare of man.

When we wrote the question above, we had before our mind certain facts and imaginings which have not yet found utterance. We are coming at them. *Is the City free?* We ask the question with comic-tragic seriousness. In Montreal we have a press speaking aggregately. The press gives news, circulates opinions, tells what is doing or suffering in our courts of law and justice. Useful is the press; is mighty is the press. Aye—when it is honest and truth-speaking—not when it is truculent and time-serving; not when it justifies the wicked and condemns the righte-

ous. Not then is the press mighty—when it hides crime and abets the cause of profligacy and misery—not when, at the bidding of the rum power, it suppresses all reports of the effects of rum-selling.

Our readers will probably remember that, at the beginning of the business season, some of our big brothers of the daily press burnished up their ideas, and projected schemes of improvement in their sheets for the benefit and entertainment of their neighbors. A new feature of attraction is presented. Reports of proceedings in the Recorder's Court, and before the Police Magistrates are given. Not being able to attend these places ourselves, we were glad of an opportunity of getting at a class of facts calculated to elucidate our theories of temperance and intemperance. In a recent article we made good use of the report from the Recorder's Court. There stood the evidence of evil resulting from the traffic—men and women—*drunk—drunk—DRUNK!*—night and day—and every day, without interruption, the police busy picking up drunkards—the city taxed heavily to sustain rum-sellers as a privileged order. Justice standing in the vestibule of the Court weeping, because, in the madness of human jurisprudence, the victim of perfidy and avarice is punished with fine and imprisonment, when the victimizer ought to wear the chain, and bear the woe, and drink the gall of his own wrong doing.

But, says the gentle reader, why do you ask, *Is the City free?* We answer, because the reports from the Court of the Recorder have suddenly disappeared. The daily press suppresses them. The Court may be extinct—the Recorder's occupation gone for aught the public knows. One paper throws ridicule on the reports, and, with design, points his irony against the exposure of the City's shame. Enough—Prosto—Change—Bow the knee to the golden image of moral despotism or to the leaden image of a great distillery. It would not do to advertise large puncheons of liquor in one column, and, in another, to exhibit proof that the puncheons contained poison. Yes, poison, for it is the poison only, and always, that makes people drunk. The inconsistency is patent to everybody. We held up the mirror, and it proved to be a looking-glass for rum-sellers. They could not help seeing their natural face in the glass, but the features were not pleasing—the reflections were not comforting—they resent the view as if it were a distortion. It won't pay to hurt the nerves of rum-sellers—poor things they have need of sedatives to quiet their guilty consciences. Let them alone—the business pays—it is enough—the balance sheet is good. The religion and morals of the wholesale dealer is simply on the balance sheet. Does it pay? The business is good that pays—the business is bad that don't pay. They don't wish to peep into the Recorder's Court. Oh, no—that is the business of fanatics. But, alas, the City is in bondage—the conflict is not over. The Recorder's Court is open—victims appear there every day—the dailies give no report, because the pacification of the rum-sellers is a matter of infinite moment!

### The Scottish Temperance League.

For years past it has afforded us peculiar gratification to watch the rise, and chronicle the progress of that noble institution in Scotland, which has for nine years past taken

a leading part in temperance reform and social progress. By the arrival of the *Commonwealth*, (Glasgow) of May 20, with a Supplement, we are in possession of ample reports of the ninth Anniversary Meetings of the League, which took place during the week ending May 20. The whole have been deeply interesting. "The proceedings," says the *Commonwealth*, "were inaugurated by the delivery of twenty-five sermons on Sabbath, eleven of which were preached in Edinburgh, and fourteen in Glasgow. Nearly all the preachers had numerous congregations. The average exceeded 800, so that upwards of 20,000 persons in the two cities listened on Sunday last to an exposition of the principles of the League." It will be observed from the texts that the mode of treatment was exceedingly varied, and we give them to show how rich the Bible is in appropriate subjects:—

In Glasgow, at St. Stephen's Church, the Rev. T. C. Wilson, parish minister of Dunkeld, preached in this church, at eleven o'clock forenoon, from Job vii. 9: "Who knoweth not in all that the hand of the Lord had done this?"—At St. Andrew's Church, Mr. Wilson gave a discourse in this church, at two o'clock afternoon, from Matt. xxii. 39: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."—At Argyle Free Church (Gaelic), the Rev. Robert Rose, of Inverary, preached in the forenoon (Gaelic language) from the text, Exodus xx. 13: "Thou shalt not kill."—At Shamrock Street U. P. Church, the Rev. Mr. N. Gould, of Dumfries, preached at the forenoon service from Isaiah xxvii. 1: "Woe to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower."—At Campbell Street U. P. Church, Mr. Gould occupied the Rev. Mr. Ker's pulpit in the afternoon, and preached from Romans xiv. 21: "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."—At West Campbell Street Reformed Presbyterian Church, the Rev. William Anderson, of Loanhead, preached in the afternoon. The text was, 2 Cor. v. 14: "For the love of Christ constraineth us," taken in connection with the words which follow, "Because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again."—At Great Hamilton Street Reformed Presbyterian Church, in the evening Mr. Anderson preached in Symington's church, the text was, Heb. xii. 4, "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin."—At Nile Street Congregational Chapel, in the forenoon, the Rev. G. D. Macgregor, of Portobello, expounded John xxi. 15-17; dwelling, in conclusion, upon the command thrice addressed to the apostle—"Feed my sheep."—At West Gore Street Congregational Chapel, in the evening Mr. Macgregor preached Col. i. 10, "Being fruitful in every good work."—At East Regent Street Congregational Chapel, the Rev. Joseph Boyle, of the Evangelical Union Church, Leith, preached in the forenoon from Isaiah v. 11, 12, "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink, &c."—At Hope Street Baptist Chapel, the Rev. Dr. Paterson preached at eleven forenoon, from the text, Philipians ii. 4, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."—At Baptist Church--Trades' Hall, the Rev. John Williams preached at two o'clock afternoon, from 1 Corintiains vi. 12: "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient."

In Edinburgh, at New Greyfriars' Church, the pulpit was occupied in the afternoon by the Rev. Charles Stuart Maclean, of St. Luke's, Glasgow, who preached from Heb. xu. 1, "Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us."—At Canon-gate Parish Church, the Rev. Charles Stuart Maclean, of St. Luke's Glasgow, preached at half-past six P.M., and

choose for his text James iv. 17, "Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."—At Free St. Mary's the Rev. Mr. Burns of Kilsyth, preached in the forenoon from Prov. xi. 1, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—At Lothian Road U. P. Church, the Rev. Dr. McKerrow, of Manchester, preached in the afternoon. He choose for his text Matt. xvi. 24: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself."—At the Music Hall, George Street, Dr. McKerrow preached in the evening in the Music Hall, to an immense auditory. He resumed the subject of self-denial.—At Potter Row U. P. Church, the Rev. Alex. Hannay, of Dundee, preached in the forenoon, choosing for his text, Acts xxii. 1, "Men, brethren, and fathers, hear ye my defence which now I make unto you."—At Richmond Place Congregational Chapel, Mr. Hannay preached in this chapel in the afternoon. The discourse was devoted to a consideration of the Scripture argument, and showed, in the absence of express scriptural injunction, that the duty of abstinence from the alcoholic drinks in current use in this country is a fair practical inference from the general duties which the Scriptures inculcate upon men, whether in relation to their own interests, or to the claims of their fellow-men.—At Brighton Street Congregational Chapel the Rev. John Guthrie, of Greenock, preached in the forenoon from Leviticus xviii. 30:—"Therefore shall ye keep mine ordinance, that ye commit not any one of these abominable customs, which were committed before you, and that ye defile not yourselves therein. I am the Lord your God."—At the Waterloo Rooms Baptist Church the Rev. Francis Johnstone preached on Sabbath forenoon. The text was, Psalm xciv. 20, "Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee, which frameth mischief by law?"

The Edinburgh Music-Hall meeting of the members of the Scottish Temperance League, was held on Monday night, in the Music-Hall, which was full to overflowing. There was a trifling charge for admission. In the absence of R. Smith, Esq., president of the association, from whom a letter of apology was read, John Mc'Gavin, Esq., chairman of the Board of Directors, presided. He was accompanied to the platform by a large number of clergymen and other gentlemen.

Prayer having been offered up by the Rev. P. Mc'Dowall of Alloa, the assemblage joined in singing the following temperance anthem, written expressly for the occasion, by Thomas Knox, Esq.:—

God make the truth supreme,  
Be it our constant theme—  
God speed our cause!  
Now let thy blessing come,  
Aid us to rescue some,  
Till every foe be dumb;  
God speed our cause!

Scotland, thy weal we seek,  
Hope in thine ear we speak—  
God speed our cause!  
Fain would we heal thy pains—  
Wipe away all thy stains;  
Over thy hills and plains,  
God speed our cause!

Then shall each hardy son  
Crown'd be with honour won—  
God speed our cause!  
Vice then shall meet its doom,  
Homes then shall lose their gloom,  
Fairer the land shall bloom—  
God speed our cause!

Bright dawn that happy time  
When earth shall rise from crime—  
God speed our cause!  
Man shall not then employ  
Aught that can man destroy,  
Life shall be peace and joy—  
God speed our cause!

The fine organ accompanied the singing of this anthem; and, as the whole audience joined with great heartiness, the effect was truly fine.

The Chairman then rose, and referred to the origin and progress of the Scottish Temperance League, founded for the purpose of organizing societies, and of consolidating the temperance cause throughout the Kingdom at large. It was early felt that such an association was required, one that would bring the strength of the temperance cause to bear upon all parts of the country, the strong thus assisting the weaker, and by combination giving a more potent force to whatever of the temperance element was floating among the people.

The League's bond of union is what is generally known as the long pledge, that is, that its members neither take nor give intoxicating drinks. It is composed of individuals who have accepted this bond, and who contribute to its fund not less than 2s 6d annually, and of temperance societies which contribute 10s yearly.

Our object is the entire overthrow of our drinking usages. Our weapons are appeals through the pulpit, the platform, and the press.

The League has grown with each year, and I am happy to say that our present position is the most satisfactory we have yet occupied. In point of numbers, of agency, of publications, and of finance, we are now stronger than we ever were before.

There are a great many societies in the country which are not yet connected with the League; and, as to our individual members, we have only one here and there out of the many thousands who are not consistent abstainers.

Then, as to our agency, we have had on the field, during the year, from five to seven lecturers, each giving four to five lectures every week, visiting societies from the south to the extreme north; forming societies where they did not exist, and stimulating those which had been previously formed.

Respecting our publication department during last year, it has far exceeded that of any former period. Our average issue during the five years preceding July 1852, was five millions of pages of letter-press; from July 1852, to our last annual meeting in April, our issue was six millions and eleven thousand pages, being at the rate of seven-and-a-half millions of pages per annum; whilst during the past year we have thrown off rather over nine and a-half millions of pages. Our three periodicals, *The Scottish Review*, *The Abstainers' Journal*, and *The Adviser*, are all in a healthy state; and our tracts and other publications have been well supported. I would call the attention of the meeting to these publications; if any cause is to succeed in our country it must have a literature; must wield the press; and I think I may say that the publications of the League are generally worthy of public support.

Lastly, as to finance, our income last year has been over our expectations.

At last annual meeting we reported an income for nine and a-half months of	£1840
Leaving a balance against us of about	£10
This year our income (including a legacy from our late president, Mr. Kettle) has been	£3087
Leaving the balance in our favour of	£106

We have thus, said the chairman, to return thanks to our friends for their support during the past year, and doubt not but the same support will be tendered during the year to come. We have made arrangements, indeed, for greater things for the time to come.

Mr. Tweedie, honorary secretary of the London Temperance League, said he could not begin his address without complimenting the executive of the Scottish Temperance League for the very admirable report which had been laid before the meeting that evening. They did everything so well that they carried Scotland, from John O'Grat's to Maiden Kirk, right along with them; and the London Temperance League should follow in their wake. In his remarks, he confined himself to a few facts which he had col-

lected to bring under notice to show how the temperance movement was progressing throughout the United Kingdom. The literature of the temperance movement had been referred to by the Chairman, more especially the publications of the Scottish Temperance League. He (Mr Tweedie) was happy to say, as far as his knowledge extended, that the literature of the temperance movement was never in so good a condition as at the present moment. He believed that at least £500 a-month was spent by the teetotalers of the United Kingdom on their literature.

Mr. Raper, one of the directors of the British Association for the Promotion of Temperance, next addressed the meeting. After referring to the fraternal feeling which existed between the different temperance organizations throughout the country, one manifestation of which was the appearance of the representatives of our League at the anniversary meetings of another, and stating that this accounted for his appearance amongst them that evening, Mr. Raper said that he would say a word or two as to the character of the constituency he represented. The body on whose behalf he appeared was, he believed, about the oldest organization of temperance societies in existence. Their next conference, which was to be held at Hull, would be their twentieth annual meeting. Their constitution was very much like that of the Scottish Temperance League, and possibly the organization of the Scottish Temperance League might have been benefited by, or some ideas might have been borrowed from, the British Temperance Association in its commencement; but whether that were true or not, the British Association had borrowed from them. They had been lowering their terms of membership. To show what they had done, he would mention a few of their societies. They had affiliated societies at Leeds, York, Hull, Manchester, Birmingham, Stockport, Bolton, and other places. The British Temperance Association had the same object in view as the Scottish Temperance League—the entire eradication of the drinking customs and usages from their end of the island—and they used precisely the same agency. He was not sure that he could say that they had made as good a use of the pen as the Scottish Temperance League, as they were indebted to the publications of the latter for many things connected with their publications. They had four lecturers, who were delivering at the rate of 1000 lectures per annum, besides preaching very frequently on Sundays. They had a number of district unions connected with them, besides the affiliated societies, and they were in the habit of supplying them with agents. They had some of these at Bristol, Lincolnshire, North Wales, and other places. That was pretty much like an outline of the constituency which he represented; but he would not dwell further on these details, as they must be dry to the great mass of the meeting. Mr. Raper made other very valuable remarks, and was followed by, Mr. Gough. "Allow me to say," he began "that it is most pleasing for me to stand, as I do, along with the representative of the London Temperance League, and under the auspices of the Scottish Temperance League. It seems to my mind appropriate that I should be present on such an occasion as the present; for I cannot forget that the Scottish Temperance League and the association represented by Mr. Tweedie, were the first societies on this side the Atlantic which honoured me with an invitation to come to Great Britain for the purpose of advocating the temperance cause. I repeat, therefore, that to me it is a source of exceeding great joy that I should stand here in the position which I occupy to night." He continued to say, that after his long and exciting labours in London, which only concluded last Thursday evening, and the long journey from the metropolis, he hardly felt in right trim for attempting to interest an audience. The gentleman who last addressed the meeting spoke of the progress of the temperance enterprise. It was, indeed, a progressive work. That speaker had said that he could remember well when they were fighting the first battle; he (Mr. Gough) could not remember when the movement first began in the United States of America, but he remembered reading the constitution of the first temperance society, which was formed there in 1809. It was a strange

sort of society that; it was a very temperate temperance society. One of the regulations was to the effect that every person who should be convicted of intoxication should be fined a quarter of a dollar, unless such act of intoxication should be committed on the 4th of July, or any regularly appointed military muster. Now, in 1854, opponents smiled with contempt upon the movement which then was but small: but it was a movement in advance of public sentiment, and though it had encountered the fires of persecution, its advocates and supporters were still resolved to persevere in the face of difficulties. Really, after all, the greatest opposition they had to contend with was that which they could not take hold of. He had often been in houses in Edinburgh where wine was used, but he had never been in one where an apology was not made for its use. They met with but very few arguments, but plenty of sneers and ridicule, which did not hurt them much. They were ready, however, to meet arguments, sophistry, and logic, for all the facts were on the side of total abstinence. There was no middle way betwixt intemperance and the adoption of that principle; those who were not for them must be against them. The evil of intemperance was produced directly by the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and the adoption of the simple principle of total abstinence was the only thing that would effectually roll back drunkenness for ever from the land. All the positive opposition with which they had to contend was little to be feared; it was the apathy and indifference of the people which they sought to remove. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "for something to stir up the dead, dull, stagnant pool of indifference with regard to the evil of intemperance. Drunkenness! It is a word easily spoken; what does it mean? Think of it, dream of it, look upon it in the light of eternity. What is it? God made man upright and in his own image; what is it which mars that image, and stamps it with the counterpart die of the devil? It is drunkenness; it is the drink that will do it. Man can stand erect and lift his forehead to the stars; God has given him a crown and authority, given him dominion over the beasts of the field, and crowned him lord of creation; what tears that crown from his brow and grinds it before him in the dust? What hangs yon trembling wretch upon the gallows, fills our jails with prisoners, and our work-houses with poor? It is the drink. What be-clouds the glorious mind of man, and then renders him the vile creature of his mad passions? It is the drink throughout the length and breadth of the land; it is the drink that emaciates man's body, which is fearfully and wonderfully made, robbing it of its breath, and making it so foul a carcass that a demon would scorn to inhabit it, and the shivering soul flies from it in disgust. Sometimes it seems to me as if it were necessary to call into court all the victims of this vice to testify against the terrible evil, yet men fold their arms, and stand in mute indifference, while the tide of burning desolation is rolling by. Oh! the drink, the drink. I myself, though I have only been in your country nine months, have seen enough that is fitted to lift the skin from the scalp to the ankles, and make every hair stand on end. To see a man lying upon a bed of straw, and that his death-bed, who had but a few years before moved in a good circle of society, and who, when asked the cause of all this, replies in a faltering voice, with the death-rattle in his throat, at the same time raising his skinny emaciated arms, bringing his bony fingers together, and drawing his thin lips tight across his teeth—The bottle did it, the bottle, the cursed bottle. The bottle is the end of thousands in this country of Great Britain, who are dying from its effects every day. Let our men, brethren and friends, who have hands to work, heads to plan, and hearts to feel, rise up and do battle against this damning vice, that is sweeping thousands into the drunkard's grave and the drunkard's doom, and with burning foot-prints marching over this fair domain of heaven—glorious, free, Great Britain. Many people opposed the movement because they did not understand the subject; some said the total abstinence principle had a tendency to engender and promote infidelity—a charge which he indignantly threw back in the face of those who uttered it. He would defy any one to

point out a single individual who had been infidelized by the adoption of total abstinence principles. He would rather have a sober infidel than a drunken infidel, and, he begged to say, he would rather have a sober infidel than a drunkard professing Christian. The argument, that total abstinence scattered infidelity, and that some of its advocates were tainted with infidel principles, the lecturer combated at some length, and then asked the public not to look at the enterprise through the follies or failings of its advocates. He would to Heaven they could get more intellectual, more educated, more literary men to advocate this question than they had, and he would willingly leave the temperance platform for ever, and lie low in the dust at the feet of any who could occupy it with better effect, and promote the interests of the enterprise. He firmly believed, however, that there was more infidelity engendered and fostered, both in this country and in the United States, by the inconsistency of professing Christians than by all the teetotalism in the world. They did not wish to raise total abstinence into the place of the gospel, or make it a vehicle for introducing infidel principles into the community. In conclusion, Mr. Gough bespoke the influence and aid of the Church; if this cause was to be carried on successfully, he believed it must be through the influence and agency of the Church. This cause must be borne upon the shoulders of God's ministers and God's people, or it never would ascend. He was confident, however, that it would ultimately triumph in talking of the obstinate, indifferent people, Mr. Gough remarked that "they might sneer till their lips became stiff," before they could affect the truth of the temperance principle. Drunkenness he spoke of as a thing which stamped the human countenance with the counterfeiting die of the devil. He told an amusing story of a publican who had, to oblige an ecclesiastical friend, posted a bill in his shop, announcing that a new book, called "The Seven Plagues," was "for sale on the premises." One poor wretch, reduced by the liquor, came crawling into the groggery the morning after this announcement had been posted. His thirst was unbearable; he had no money; he was afraid the publican would not give him credit, and so he talked timidly, and held down his head. "Can you give me a glass of br—?" and, looking up, his eyes met the title of the divine's book, when he shrank back instinctively, and, muttering the "Seven Last Plagues," withdrew from the liquor-shop without waiting the chance of a refusal, or the pleasure of drinking the brandy. Cases of the same kind happened in the course of the same day; and the publican soon found that, if he meant to do any business, he must take down the bill. Painfully true was the picture which the orator drew of the respect which men pay to their dead fellows compared with the living. "You hear shrieks coming from some street, or lane, or dwelling," said he: "and, in reply to the anxious query, you are told, 'O, it's only a man beating his wife.' But if a man were to come up to you, and to cry out—'Come hère, come hère; here's a man beating and stamping upon a dead body,' then you would shrink with horror, and you would not know any punishment too bad for the man who had been abusing the lifeless mass of clay. Truly, we have more respect for the dead than for the living body." In the course of his address, Mr. Gough made a slight allusion to a subject which is at the present moment of some political interest. It appears that Lord Robert Grosvenor had presided, the other evening, at one of Mr. Gough's lectures in Exeter Hall. In the course of some observations, his lordship remarked that he had a great respect for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and admired the scheme which he had newly proposed for paying the expenses of the war. But if Mr. Gough's principles were to become universal, that plan of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's would be a decided failure; for a large proportion of the ten millions necessary was to be drawn from the duties on malt and spirits. Now, how was he to reconcile his respect for the Chancellor's plan and his admiration of the principles which Mr. Gough expounded? To this Mr. Gough replied, that if the people of this great country were to cease entirely the use of intoxicating

liquors, the sum saved from diminished poor's rate and empty prisons would far more than suffice to pay the expenses of the whole war.

After a vote of thanks to the chairman, on the motion of Mr. Knox, the assemblage separated.

A breakfast party of the members and friends of the League assembled in the Music Hall, on Tuesday morning, at eight o'clock. The gathering was the largest and most successful of the sort ever witnessed. The auspicious weather had drawn out many of the strangers at an early hour in the morning; and at eight o'clock precisely, the tables, which filled the entire area of the spacious hall, were surrounded by a company numbering upwards of six hundred—all of them ready to do justice to the good things provided by no stinted hand, and afterwards to enjoy the addresses of the delegates and others. Grace was said by the Rev. T. C. Wilson, parish minister of Dunkeld, and the Rev. Mr. Arthur returned thanks. William Menzies, Esq., M.D., of whom the chair was occupied, in a few introductory remarks, expressed his high sense of the honor which had been conferred upon him in asking him to preside on that occasion. He had intended to say a few words on the progress of the Scottish League; but, knowing that several gentlemen from a distance were present for the purpose of addressing the assembly, he thought he should best consult the feelings of his audience by calling upon them.

Mr. James Raper, of Bolton, the representative of the British Association for the Promotion of Temperance, was the first speaker called upon, he addressed the meeting at some length, and was followed by Mr. W. Tweedie, Honorary Secretary of the London Temperance League, Mr. Tweedie gave a rapid and succinct account of the origin and progress of the London League, which, originated in 1851 and successfully inaugurated in spite of the great difficulties which always attended a new organization in such a disconnected population as that of the metropolis, now occupied a most influential position. Its constitution, he said, they had taken almost word for word from that of the Scottish League. The first lecturer whom they engaged was Mr. Kellogg, of America; that gentleman was followed by Dr. Lees, whom they brought from Leeds to lecture to large audiences in Exeter Hall; he again, was succeeded by the Rev. Newman Hall, of Hull, now of Surrey Chapel, London; while a great impulse was given to the work by Mr. Sinclair, of Edinburgh, at the termination of whose labours a meeting of the juveniles to whom he had lectured was held in Exeter Hall, attended by nearly 7000 children, 6000 having been unable to obtain admission. The next event in the history of the League was the bazaar, which, the largest ever held in connection with the temperance movement, was visited in two days by 30,000 people. The engagement of Mr. Lomax tended to raise the tone of the advocacy; and that brought him to the greatest thing they had ever done yet, the bringing Mr. Gough to England. And that brought him to explain how they got Mr. Gough, when the Scottish Temperance League could not. It was through their devoted friend, Mr. Kellogg, who, receiving injunctions from them on his departure for America, gave Mr. Gough no peace until he promised that he would visit Britain during his holidays. That promise," said the speaker, "Mr. Gough faithfully fulfilled. Now that we have got him here, it is for you and for us to say when he shall get back again." Mr. Tweedie added some particulars as to the instructions they had given Mr. Kellogg, and remarked, that it was out of greater respect for the London Association or disrespect to the Scottish League, that Mr. Gough had refused the invitation of the one, and accepted that of the other. Mr. Tweedie said that the visit of Mr. Gough had given the most potent impulse to the temperance cause which had ever been communicated in the metropolis. In all movements there came a time of reaction. With them that time had come, when Mr. Gough opportunely arrived among them, kindling the indifferent, and rekindling the fires of their love. There were men in London for ten years at the head of the movement, but who had left

the field to others, and left it, in many instances, to those to whom it ought not to have been left. They have come back, and were labouring side by side. If Mr. Gough had done nothing else but revived the old spirit of heroism in the old teetotallers, his visit to this country would not have been in vain. The most noticeable feature, perhaps, of the remainder of Mr. Tweedie's speech was a statement with regard to a temperance petition to Parliament which is being signed by the metropolitan ministers. This petition has been got up mainly with a view to the introduction of the temperance principle to these clergymen. It had been signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and all the leading Dissenters—a total of one hundred and sixty names having been appended before he left for Scotland. In addition to the gentlemen whom they employed to visit the clergy, they had engaged Dr. Henry Mudge, of Bodmin, Cornwall as a missionary among the medical profession, believing that the doctors needed enlightenment upon this subject as much as any other class of the community. Alluding to the temperance ships—one of the greatest facts in the modern history of the temperance movement—the speaker concluded by giving one word of advice, to the effect, that the teetotallers of Edinburgh and every where else should have faith in one another, enforcing the advice by a long quotation from an eloquent poem, by a gentleman on the platform, Mr. Knox, of Edinburgh.

Mr. Gough was the last speaker. On rising to address the audience, like the other speakers, from the chair in which he was seated, loud cries of "platform" greeted his appearance; and, as he seemed somewhat unwilling to accede to the request, a number of gentlemen rushed forward and bore him on their shoulders amid loud cheers to the more appropriate place assigned him by the unanimous voice of the assembly. He began by giving a graphic sketch of what had been accomplished in America, or in New England at least. They were very well aware that in Massachusetts there was a prohibitory law. But he would say something in reference to the movement long before the passage of that law. Mr. Gough continued his remarks with great eloquence and power, and thus concluded. Their brother Mr. Tweedie had said, let them have faith in one another; and it was with feelings of the most cordial kind that he re-echoed that sentiment, which they might perhaps permit him to enforce, as he was himself, in one sense, a fellow-citizen of theirs—(cheers)—having been born in England—(renewed cheers)—and having, by the committee of the Scottish Temperance League, been unanimously voted a native of Scotland. (Laughter and applause.) He concluded by calling upon them to be bound by the three-fold cord—love, truth, and fidelity; and all the hosts of hell could not prevail against them. "Let us," said he, "have faith in one another; faith in the truth of our principles, and faith, above all, in God. He is the author of all good. No blood has marked our track—no bitter tears of wailing have followed the work which we have wrought in the world—no curses from the lips of the poor dying drunkard have been levelled at our deeds. And let us patiently plant, and sow, and pray, although we never see one blade of green grass rising in the wilderness; for then we may stand on the shores of the blessed, and welcome our successors as they come laden with sheaves reaped from the field wherein we have laboured." (Long and prolonged applause.)

The proceedings then concluded at half-past ten o'clock.

The annual assembly of the members of the League, and of representatives from affiliated societies, was held in the Music Hall, on Tuesday forenoon, at eleven o'clock. Robert Smith, Esq., president of the institution, presided. Many members and representatives were present.

The annual report was read by the secretary, Mr. John S. Marr, an important document, which we shall publish in our next.

Most of the Resolutions offered, were of a business character, and the miscellaneous addresses appropriate thereto.

All was harmony and encouragement, and augurs well for the prosperity of the good cause in Scotland. Scotch caution was shown at one part of the meeting, and some felt afraid of committing themselves to the Maine Law, while all thought it desirable to create a public opinion, favourable to prohibition.

The Meetings in Glasgow were crowded, and so are our columns, as the Printer says, otherwise we might quote largely from various speeches. Mr. Gough was the chief speaker, and was equal to himself. He spoke again on a subsequent evening, and after being complimented acknowledged the vote saying, "that during the two months he some time ago spent in Scotland, he felt that he was gaining friends among the disciples of temperance; and it was with anticipations of the most agreeable kind that he looked forward to the time when he should have to return to them for six months. He had been told before he left his adopted country, America, that he must not go to Scotland, "for there," said his counsellors, "you must touch the hearts of the people through their heads. They are such an intelligent set of people that you need not think of getting them to accept of mere feeling." But personal experience had proved to him that those counsellors were mistaken; for he hoped he had decided that the Scotch had hearts which could be reached otherwise than through the brain. Indeed, his experience in this country only tended to confirm the more in his mind the sage remark of the old woman, who said that "There's a good deal of human nature in mankind." After a few further remarks, with respect to his determination to live and die in the temperance work, Mr. Gough bade his audience, in the meantime, farewell, and the meeting closed. Success to the good work in Scotland.

#### Neal Dow Division, Sons of Temperance, Montreal.

We are persuaded that the formation of an additional division of the "Sons" in Montreal, will be hailed with satisfaction by all true friends of the Order and of the cause we advocate. For some time past, efforts have been made to accomplish this desirable object by some of the oldest and best friends of the cause in this city; but they were impeded and embarrassed by a few *soi disant* friends of the Order, who seem to fancy themselves possessed of an uncommon share of wit and wisdom, but who, it is to be hoped, may live long enough to repent of their unaccountable opposition and unbrotherly conduct.

Neal Dow Division was, on the 10th instant, instituted with the usual preliminaries and formalities. D. G. W. P. Easton, after announcing the object of the meeting, and the authority with which he was invested, called on the Rev. W. Scott to engage in prayer. The Division being constituted, the officers were elected as below. The Worthy Patriarch made a speech to the Division on the moral greatness of the work in which we are engaged,—the self-denying diligence and perseverance with which it should be carried on, and the undoubted success which will follow our labours, sanctioned by God's blessing. It was unanimously agreed that the Division should always open with devotional exercises, i.e., reading the Holy Scriptures and prayer; and the brethren seemed resolved to begin and proceed in such

a way that the utmost harmony should, throughout, mark their proceedings. We heartily wish the Division success, and believe it eminently calculated, as it is designed to promote the efficiency of the Sons, and, therefore, advance the work of Temperance in our city. The following are the officers of Neal Dow Division:—

W. Scott, W.P.,	R. A. Becket, A.R.S.,
C. P. Watson, W.A.,	Wm. Easton, C.,
J. Struthers, T.,	S. White, A.C.,
G. B. Pearson, F.S.,	M. Hutchison, I.S.,
W. Hodgson, R.S.,	J. C. Becket, P.W.P.

#### Semi-Annual Meeting of the Grand Division, C. East.

As the Divisions are already informed, this meeting will take place on the morning of the 21st inst., at ten o'clock. We advert to it again for the purpose of impressing on sub-Divisions the importance of sending a full representation, and to say that those who may wish to pass through this city, can leave on the morning of that day at six o'clock, and be in time for the first session.

#### The Effects of the Veto of Gov. Seymour.

The Albany *Rechabite* says, "So far as the ultimate success of the Temperance cause is concerned, the effect of the veto might be represented arithmetically by cyphers, with nothing before them, and a figure 1 removed some distance after them, thus: ,000000000 1. It puts off another year the enactment of a prohibitory law, and that's all. But its effects on the statistics of intemperance during this year are painfully affecting to contemplate; and if the Governor does not avert his eyes from them with a shudder, and do his best not to see them, we are much mistaken. Had he signed the bill, the year beginning with next December would have witnessed the abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks of at least twenty thousand of his fellow citizens: his veto leaves these twenty thousand persons the victims of a destructive appetite. They can get rum and they will have it; and between five hundred and a thousand of them will die, before the year is out, of delirium tremens or some other disease made fatal by drinking, and go—where? Governor Seymour knows. By whom are they virtually murdered and sent thither forever and ever? The Governor had better not look at this; he might not sleep well the night after.

Again, these victims of their raging appetites, not improbably have, like other people, fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, brothers, children; and these,—the anguish of these, who can gauge it? If they were all standing in front of Governor Seymour's dwelling—if they could stand there—if indeed State street could hold them, spacious as it is, what a piteous spectacle would they present! enough to break any man's heart not made of granite. But the Governor comes out and says to them, "Good people, go away; I am not insensible to the evils of intemperance; but I am exceedingly conscientious; and I believe liquor-makers and liquor-dealers nearer right than you are. They are excellent citizens: obedient to the Constitution and friends of the largest liberty; you are not. Go away, and leave me alone. My veto ought to have made you sufficiently acquainted with my views, and if you have read my speech delivered on this very spot two or three weeks since, to the beer-makers, dram-sellers, and drunk-drinkers, you know very well, that I cannot do anything for



you. Go away, and don't come here again." And they do go away, to grow pale and wring their hands and beat their breasts, under the pressure of a mighty sorrow, too big for utterance, during another long—long year!

And how much brutality will be suffered—the consequence of strong drinks—how much property destroyed, and how many murders committed, under the influence of these drinks, and how much money taken from the pockets of honest and industrious men to support the paupers made by these drinks during the year—this long, bleak, black year—while virtue is wandering in the wilderness—of all this we have not the heart to speak except to ask in the name of Heaven, who is the author of it?—who next to liquor-makers and liquor dealers—if not first, must answer for it in the judgement of the great day? We submit the question!

## A Page for Young Folks at Home.

"Lead us not into Temptation."

Peruse the sacred pages of God's Holy Word, and you will find there recorded, as in lines of living light, a prayer, beautiful for its simplicity and meaning, uttered by Him, who "spoke as never man spake." As one by one we give utterance to its heaven-born petitions, let us pause awhile ere we pray, "Lead us not into temptation." Perhaps we are on bended knee, within the temple consecrated to Almighty God, where all the earth keep silence, and we unite our voice with that of the great congregation in prayer. Oft-times the words may fall from our lips, but can each one with sincerity and truth exclaim, "Father, lead us not into temptation?" Can he repeat in heartfelt accents these searching words, who strives daily and hourly to lure the young, the gifted and the fair, to sip the poisonous draft of sparkling wine? Can he pray thus who by every means within his power, places the temptation within his brother's reach? Can he who for gold would ruin both body and soul of his fellow-creatures, offer this prayer? Would he be free from the tempter's power, who counts it no sin to tempt others?

Glance for one moment at yonder marble palace, let us enter its princely apartment; luxury and splendor, and all that wealth can procure are here.

We will visit another abode, far down the dark alley, a different scene meets our view; instead of grandeur and splendor, we behold its opposite. We see vice and wretchedness in many forms, or find that crime and want are not unknown here. It is the dwelling-place of the fallen one. What a contrast between the home of the tempter and the tempted. Who has the greater sin, he who puts the bottle to his brother's lips, or he who yields to the tempting snare?

That day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, when both the tempter and the tempted shall stand side by side, the great Judge himself will pronounce, just sentence. Till that day may the earnest prayer ascend from many a sincere heart, that we be not led into temptation, and while we offer this petition, may we remember those who are already within the snares of the tempter.—*Maine Law Advocate.*

### What Poor Boys can do by Perseverance.

Two young men came to Lowell a few years ago, from New Hampshire, and went to work in a bobbin factory. After remaining there a while, they heard of the Teacher's Seminary in this town, and thought they would make the attempt to qualify themselves to teach, notwithstanding their indigence. They came here with a few hard-earned dollars in their pockets, saved from their small wages by the strict economy. Board in "Commons" at that time cost the students about 80 cents per week. This they thought

too expensive living for their limited means, and consequently they hired a room, bought a bag of Indian meal, and commenced boarding themselves. They made such rapid proficiency in their studies, that after spending two terms at the Institution, they went to New Jersey and taught the first winter. They continued to teach winters and attend school summers, until one of them became qualified to take charge of a High School in one of our cities, and continues its Principal at the present time, receiving a salary of one thousand dollars per year. He is, without doubt, one of the best teachers in the State, and is not only filling his purse, but has become so portly that he weighs 240 lbs.

The other brother prepared for college, entered the Theological Seminary in New Haven, spent three years and completed his course with distinguished honors. Besides sustaining himself through his collegiate and theological education, by his own exertions he laid up twelve hundred dollars. This was earned by being Tutor, and other fortunate perquisites. The surplus furnished the means for a tour over the European continent, fifteen hundred miles of which were travelled on foot. After his return to this country, he was offered a salary by one society of twenty-five hundred dollars, and by another, fifteen hundred dollars for one sermon a Sabbath, and a vacation of two months per year, at that. He has chosen to accept a Professorship in a Western College.—*Andover Advocate.*

### Bad Boys and Girls.

About the worst object in the world are bad boys and girls—who are disobedient to their parents. We never see such but with regret and pain, for a disobedient boy or girl is sure to grow up an inexorable man or woman. An exchange has the following very clever remarks:

"There is too little respect paid to parental authority at the present day. It is grievous to go into many families and hear the language daily used by the children. 'I will,' 'don't care,' 'It's none of your business,' 'I am old enough to know what is right,' and the like expressions are painfully common. Large boys and grown up girls, even do not hesitate to give their mother the lie, and break her express commands. They will do as they please, and go where they have a mind. We wish such children could only see how they appear in the eyes of their acquaintances, and if they have any shame, it must flush their cheeks. There is truth as well as rhyme in a couplet by Randolph—

'Whoever makes his parent's heart to bleed,  
Shall have a child who will revenge the deed.'

'Of one thing we are certain; an undutiful son and a disobedient daughter cannot long prosper. For a season they may appear well to the eye of the stranger, but their self-will and stubbornness are soon discovered, and they are despised. A child who disobey his parents will not hesitate to abuse anybody. Neither age nor talents receive respect from him.'

SIMPLICITY and PURITY are the two wings with which man soars above earth and all temporary nature. Simplicity is in the intention; purity is in the affection; simplicity turns to God; purity enjoys Him. No good action will be difficult and painful, if thou art free from inordinate affection; and this internal freedom thou wilt enjoy when it is the one simple intention of thy mind to obey the will of God, and do good to thy fellow creatures. If there be joy in this world, who possesses it more than the pure in heart? To a heart rightly disposed, every creature would be a book of Divine knowledge—a mirror of life, in which it may contemplate the eternal power and beneficence of the Author of Life. Such as is the frame of the spirit, such is its judgment of outward things.—As iron cast into fire is purified from its rust, and becomes bright as the fire itself; so the soul that in simplicity and purity adheres to God, is delivered from the corruption of animal nature, and changed into the "new man," formed "after the image of Him that created him."

## The Tree of Death.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Let the king of the grave be asked to tell  
 The plant that he loveth best,  
 And it will not be the cypress tree,  
 Though 'tis over the churchyard guest;  
 He will not mark the hemlock dark,  
 Nor stay where the nighshade spreads;  
 He will not say 'tis the sombre yew,  
 Though it springs o'er ske'eton heads;  
 He will not point to the willow branch,  
 Where breaking spirits pine beneath;  
 For a brighter leaf sheds deeper grief,  
 And a fairer tree is the tree of death.

But where the green rich stalks are seen,  
 Where ripe fruit gush and shine,  
 "This, this," cries he, "is the tree for me—  
 The vine, the beautiful vine!  
 I crouch among the emerald leaves,  
 Gemmed with the ruby grapes;  
 I dip my spear, in the poison here,  
 And he is strong that escapes.  
 Crowds dance around, with satyr bound,  
 'Till my dart is hurled from its traitor sheath,  
 When I shriek with gloe—no friend to me  
 Is so true as the vine, the tree of death."

Oh! the glossy vine has a serpent charm,  
 It bears an unblest fruit;  
 There's a taint about each tendriled arm,  
 And a cure upon its root  
 Its juice may flow to warm the brow,  
 And wildly lighten the eye,  
 But the phrenzied mirth of a revelling crew  
 Will make the wise man sigh:  
 For the maniac laugh, the trembling frame,  
 The idiot speech and pe-tulant breath,  
 The shattered mind the blast'd frame,  
 Are wrought by the vine, the tree of death

Fill all the glass, and let it pass;  
 But, ye who quaff! oh think  
 That even the heart that lov'ss must loathe  
 The lins that deeply drink  
 The breast may mourn, o'er a close link torn,  
 'And the scalding drops may roll;  
 But 'tis better to mourn o'er a pulseless form  
 Than the wreck of a living soul.  
 Then a health to the hemlock, the cypress and yew.  
 The worm-hiding grass, and the willow-wreath;  
 For, though shading the tomb, they fling not a gloom,  
 So dark as the vine, the tree of death.

## WANTED.

**T**WO active men as Ino Drivers; they must read and write  
 and understand the management of Horses. None but Teeto.  
 talers need apply. Very liberal wages will be given.

ALFRED SAVAGE &amp; Co.

## HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING, GLAZING, GRAINING, MARBLING, PAPER HANGING,

AND

## DISTERMPER COLORING

Executed in the most approved manner and mo'orn style  
 of the art.

**T**HE Subscriber, grateful for past favors, informs his Patrons  
 that he has secured the services of a number of Competent  
 Workmen, of sober and industrious habits, which will enable him  
 to carry out all orders in his line with punctuality and despatch.

WILLIAM LLOYD,

Great St. James Street, Montreal.

February 15.

## WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT,

(For the week ending Tuesday, June 13, 1854.)

**FLOUR.**—A steady business for present delivery during  
 the past week, at 39s. 6d. down to 39s. for Superfino;  
 40s. for Fancy and 42s. 6d. for Extra. For June there  
 have been sales at 39s., but for later delivery nothing has  
 this week been done. Since the *Pacific's* news, superfino  
 has declined to 38s. 6d., but higher grades maintain their  
 value.

**WHEAT.**—There have been sales at 9s. 6d. per 60 lbs.,  
 for Middling, and at 9s. 3d. for inferior; primo samples  
 would bring more money.

**INDIAN CORN.**—There have been sales to a consider-  
 able extent since our last, chiefly on the spot, at 2s. 9d.  
 per 56 lbs., and for early delivery at the same figure.

**OATS.**—We quote a sale at 3s. 1½d. per minim. In  
 other Grains nothing doing.

**PROVISIONS.**—Sales of Mess Pork at \$16½; Prime  
 Mess at \$14; Primo at \$12.

**ASSIES.**—Sales of Pots at 34s. 6d. a 35s., and Pearls at  
 31s. 3d. a 31s. 6d.; and a considerable business done dur-  
 ing the week. Since the *Arctic's* news they have been duller.

**FREIGHTS.**—We have nothing worth quoting. Ton-  
 nage abundant, but Flour is above the views of Shipper's,  
 no engagements are made.

**EXCHANGE.**—Bank rate 9½.

**STOCKS.**—Bank of Montreal, sales at 22½ per cent; City  
 Bank, sales 7½ per cent; Commercial Bank, we quote at  
 17½ per cent—none offering—in demand; Bank of British  
 North America, Bank du Peuple—no transactions.  
 Montreal Mining Company's Consols have declined to  
 42s 9d; in all other Mining Stocks there is nothing doing.  
 Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad—There have been  
 sales at 42½ per cent discount, but the latest transacton  
 was at 40 per cent. Grand Trunk Railway of Canada—  
 We have no recent sales to quote. Montreal Telegraph—  
 We quote a sale at par. In other Stocks nothing doing.

Sales of Imported Goods have, on account of the very  
 late arrival of the vessels, been unsatisfactory to importers,  
 both in point of amount and price. Considerable quanti-  
 ties of Dry Goods and Groceries have been forced off at  
 Auctions, which still continue.

## NEW STORE—NEW GOODS.

**M**CDUNNOUGH, MUIR & Co. have OPENED those  
 spacious Premises in Muir's Buildings, No. 141 Notre  
 Dame Street, with an Extensive Assortment of FANCY and  
 STAPLE DRY GOODS, SILKS, HABERDASHERY,  
 &c. &c.

June 1, 1854.

## LA SEMEUR CANADIEN.

N. CYR, EDITOR.

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Montreal, May, 1854.

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