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CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

DEVOTED TO

Total Abstinence, Legal Prohibition, and Social Progress.

Vol. XX.]

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[No. 18.]

Caught by his Likeness, or a Drunkard's Daguerreotype.

BY AN ARTIST.

I know as good a temperance story as any body you will find after a short search, and if you will listen to it, kind reader, I shall take pleasure in relating it.

I have a cousin, who, three or four years ago, was a dashing young man of graceful form and handsome face, and who was as frank, good-natured and honest-hearted a companion as you could possibly desire. He had round, full features, large eyes and dark hair. He was a daguerrean artist by profession, and I venture to say that if you had seen the pictures in his show-case, you would have said his own fine face was the best looking of them all. At the time of the occurrence of the incident I am going to relate, he had just commenced business on his own responsibility, and was highly elated at the flattering prospects of more than expected success.

But Cousin Charlie—I think it is as beautiful a name for a man as Mary for a woman—had the common fault of sparkling joviality, that has become fashionably, though unfortunately prevalent. It was his custom to drink in company, and his misfortune thereby to lose frequently the equilibrium both of mind and body. Upon occasions of his returning home from these evening entertainments, it was not unusual for him to fall out with the lamp-post and fall in with the gutter, and be at the same time altogether unconscious of having committed any trespass upon the rights of either of these useful municipal institutions, until he by and by felt the greasy tide of the one gurgling by a swelled noise, occasioned by the other. His velvet vest with guilt buttons always suffered by these mishaps, and the profits of his newly established business were of necessity reduced to a trifle by the expenditure which alone enabled him to keep up a shiny appearance in the midst of such unfavourable circumstances.

I had then just learned the art, and been taken as an operator into his establishment. We had a great regard for each other, not only because we were relatives, but from a congeniality of dispositions and similarity of tastes; except in regard to the cup. We lived with our aunt, a maiden lady of the highest character and greatest amability (it is a remarkable thing, when I think of it, that she was allowed by the other—the gallant sex—to remain a maiden lady;) and she had a motherly affection for us, and filled our home with happiness. It was with great grief that she looked upon my cousin Charlie's weakness, but her most earnest expostulations were always in vain, for it was a noticeable fact, that whenever he promised her he would endeavour to keep right side up with care—never speak of a second

tion by any more descriptive phrase—he invariably would fall over from the perpendicular, and not care which side was up. She loved him tenderly, but almost despaired of reforming him: and Charlie, poor victim of easy temptation! quite as much despaired of ever reforming himself.

"What shall I do, Fred?" said he to me one morning, when he was seriously lamenting his failing.

"Why," said I, "Charlie," I spoke to him kindly, though with earnestness and emphasis, "be a man and sign the pledge."

"But," he replied, "if I do, I shall break it, and that will be worse than though I never signed it."

"If you take the pledge," I urged, "it will show that you have at least a desire to reform."

"But if I cannot keep it, it will prove that I have not strength to fulfil a solemn promise."

"Fuddling is a weakness," I said with a smile of sarcasm which I well remember was a counterfeit.

He turned away his head to hide from me the look of shame that overspread his face in consequence of my remark, and taking a seat upon a sofa in the gallery shielded himself from my sight behind the morning paper, which he spread out before him to a breadth altogether unnecessary for the mere purposes of reading, and evidently inconvenient and fatiguing for the arms.

It occurred to me as I noticed the humbling effect of what I had said, that it might perhaps be well to prove his weakness with a little sarcasm, and endeavour thus to shame him from his degrading practice. I waited another good opportunity.

There are but few vices that are of more rapid and vigorous growth than that which is hypocritically called moderate drinking, and this is especially true when it has taken root on such a temperament as my cousin Charles. He began to drink more and more every day, and to delight more than ever in champagne revels. He even did not confine these genteel carousals to the hour of evening, but often attended a "select party of choice spirits," which was the title he gave to them, during the day, to the serious neglect of his business. My cousin always emphasised the *select party*, though, it is perhaps needless to say, he could not have had any real idea of the truth, to have laid the stress on the *spirits*.

The saloon he most frequented was in the basement of the building of which the gallery was the upper floor. It is a pity that it was so convenient, for I think if it had been farther off he would not have gone there so often; it would have been harder to get back.

One day, on a clear and bright day, so auspicious to the practice of the art, Charlie shunned himself into a sound sleep of intoxication before the noon had passed, and fell all alone snugly in the corner of a stall in the saloon

with his head hanging down in his cap. One class of his choice spirits, had dishonorably left him, while the other, even more dishonorably, continued to stay with him. I went with Alick, the boy who polished plates for us, to take him up stairs and lay him away more comfortably in a little room off the gallery where we kept boxes and other rubbish, that he might not be seen in his degradation by unkind eyes.

An idea struck me that I would like if possible to get a picture of him while he was drunk. If I could get him up stairs without so startling him as that he might know what I was doing and where he was, I thought I could succeed. I resolved, however, to try. Accordingly, I tied my handkerchief softly down over his eyes, so that if he opened them he could not see light, and Alick and I carried him out through the back door of the saloon into the yard, thence to go up an iron stair-case on the outside of the building which led to a rear door that opened into a room of the gallery.

By the time, however, we were on the first step, he began to mumble some thing to signify that he was discontented with his situation. We stopped a moment to lull him to sleep again, and then went on carefully. I went up backwards, pulling him by the shoulders, while Alick followed with his feet. We unavoidably half awakened him, and he considerably amused us by his equally incoherent and unconscious remarks. When we were on the top flight he began to sing "Such a gittin up stairs," which, perhaps, gentle reader, you may have sung yourself, though, I hope, not in a like situation.

I was surprised to find my aunt in the room when we entered with our jolly load. As soon as she saw him she started up and exclaimed: "Oh, Charles! Charles! you will break my heart," and as she saw the bandage around his head that I had put on to blindfold his eyes, she turned pale, and asked with terrible fearfulness of the answer—"Is he hurt?"

"Sh," said I, "Aunt Elsie. Don't be alarmed. Nothing's the matter more than common."

I briefly explained to her my purpose, and her excited feeling was considerably soothed, although the beastly condition of her noble nephew—she called him noble in spite of his great faults—filled her eyes with tears.

We carried him in and doubled him up on a sofa before the instrument.

"Watcher doon?" he asked, rolling over at the risk of falling off upon the floor.

"Go to sleep! go to sleep!" said I, holding down the bandage over his eyes. "This is a respectable time of night for you to come home after your spree—and besides you persist in keeping the rest of us awake by your confounded noise!"

"Eh? hic!" said he loudly with a wide gape.

"I've put out the light," said I, "now lie still."

"Ye-es—hic!" oozed out from his throat through his mouth in dwindling drawl, likeropy molasses from a spoon.

"I'll put you on the pillow first," said I accommodatingly.

"Thank you sir—hic! hic," said he with unavoidable emphasis on the first hic.

I pulled him up against the side of the sofa to expose his face to full view, shoved up his legs in as ludicrous a position as I could, braced him up tight and left him to get on and asleep before I took off the handkerchief. He soon reconciled himself with most delightful un-

consciousness to his situation, and became snoringly slumberous I then uncovered his eyes and prepared to take a picture of him.

I desired to exaggerate the circumstances as much as possible, so I disarranged his hair, endeavoring to give it a matted appearance, sprinkled some lamp-black on his face to resemble dirt, blooded one side of his forehead with a little red ink, crushed his collar, partially untied his cravat, wrinkled his shirt-bosom, and laid on his lap an old mashed braver hat, which I borrowed for the purpose from the black man who sawed wood for us.

My aunt had not ceased to weep meanwhile, and still sat in the corner of the room with her handkerchief to her eyes. I drew a chair to the head of the sofa, and asked her to sit there, that I might include her in the picture. She removed from her seat by the wall and bent down gently over him. A steady expression of grieved affection overspread her face, which I was desirous to catch in the daguerreotype.

I arranged the instrument at the proper focus, put in the plate, and calculated the time. The day was clear, and I gave it fifty-five seconds. He did not stir during the operation, nor did my aunt. It was as perfect a picture as I had ever taken. It lacked only a fine subject.

I "gilded" it (I presume you understand the technicality of the term,) with great care, and showed it to my aunt who inquired what I was going to do with it.

"I intend," said I, "to take out his portrait from the show-case and put this in its place, that he may see it and be ashamed of himself."

"No," said my aunt, "I cannot permit that his vice be so exposed. The picture will necessarily attract great attention."

I replied that I would put it in so that in the morning, when I supposed he would be sober, he might see it before the case was set out at the entrance. My aunt was willing that I should do this, and went herself to the desk, took out a sheet of paper, and began to write. When she had finished she folded it and handed it to me, saying, "Put that behind the plate in the case. He will take out the picture as soon as he sees it, and I want him to read this. I pray Heaven he may not disregard it. It reads thus:—"

MY DEAR NEPHEW.—How long will you persist in your self-degradation? You are breaking my heart. Once again, I pray you, become a sober man. Call upon God for help, and he will shield you from temptation. Sign the pledge that I have written below, and ask the blessing of Heaven upon your endeavor to abide by it. Give it to me when you have set your name to it; but if you never do I shall still love you and pray for you, though I cannot help grieving all my happiness away. Do this and receive the blessing of your aunt.

ELSIE.

The pledge, which was written on a separate side of the sheet, was in these words:

"I solemnly promise that from this day henceforth during the remainder of my life, I will entirely abstain from drinking all intoxicating liquors, and in the fulfilment of this obligation, I humbly and earnestly invoke the aid of Almighty God."

I procured a carriage and conveyed my cousin home. He was put to bed where he remained until

next morning, when sleep had completely worn away his fit of drunkenness. At an early hour he came to the gallery—shortly after I had arrived there myself. I was anxious to note the effect that the picture which I had arranged as I intended, would have upon him. As he entered the room in which the case was standing, I pretended to be going out, but as he passed me saying "Good morning, Fred," in his hearty, good-humored way, I stepped, unperceived by him, behind a screen, and eyed him through a small slit that had been accidentally made in the cloth. The picture soon caught his eye, and he stood before it for a few moments as though he had been mesmerized to the floor. His astonishment gave way, I could distinctly notice, to a transient gleam of mirth and a slight emotion of anger; but these hasty and varied emotions soon settled down into a deep and mortifying feeling of shame.

"How could it have been done?" said he, half-aloud, but the truth flashed upon his mind in a moment, and he proceeded to take out the picture. His face was burning red, for his shame was hot. It was a moment of intense anxiety with me. I prayed with an agony of earnestness that he might yield. The paper fell out when the picture was removed. He set down the one and picked up the other. His hand trembled as he seemed to fear to unfold it. After a few moments, however, he read it, and read it again.

He was agitated in the extreme. He stood a minute as though undecided, but he suddenly lifted up his hands, while a large tear burst from each eye, and he exclaimed.

"God heave me! I will!"

He walked to the desk and signed the pledge with the same pen with which it had been written.

I took him by the hand, told him that I honored him, and that I knew he would act the manly part. We went immediately home. He presented the paper to aunt Elsie, who kissed him with ineffable tenderness and wept upon his shoulder. She felt with joyfully overwhelming consciousness, that Charlie had been suddenly seized from ruin, and her most earnest prayer abundantly answered.

You may perhaps be glad to hear that Charlie kept his pledge as sacredly as my aunt keeps the sheet on which it was inscribed. The picture, too, is kept, and the story is often told, though by no one except himself.

An Affectionate Address to Religious Professors,

ON BEHALF OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE FROM INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

By the Rev. JOSHUA PRIESTLY, Wesleyan Minister.

The evils resulting from the use of intoxicating liquors as beverages, have long been acknowledged and lamented. Up to a very recent period, however, no effectual effort has been made for their extinction. In the year 1833, a movement was originated for that purpose, the results of which have excited the gratitude of thousands, and the surprise of not a few. When we consider the ignorance which prevailed fifteen years ago, respecting the properties of these drinks—the strong prejudice which universally prevailed in their favor—and the amount of capital embarked in their manufacture and merchandise, and contemplate the

wide-spread prevalence of our principles, we may well exclaim—"What hath God wrought?"

There is one fact, however, dear brethren, forcing itself on public attention, which we deeply deplore. It is this: that the great majority of religious professors stand aloof from this movement. We have felt it laid upon our conscience, therefore, to address you. We do not sit in judgment upon you. We wish, however, to open to you our hearts, and hope you will receive in the spirit of love, what in that spirit, we assure you, we utter. If we should speak more strongly than your judgment approves, pardon us: attribute it solely to the force of our convictions.

We are not insensible to the fact that there has been much said and done by some of the friends of this cause, which, in your judgment, has not been judicious—to say the least. In this we fully concur. While we frankly admit the fact, however, we feel it right to ask: Ought this to excite our surprise? Does the pen of history record any great movement, where there has been the absence of all indiscretion and wrong-doing on the part of all its chief actors? Would it be reasonable to expect this? And are there not, moreover, peculiarly palliative circumstances in this movement? Was the man who was doomed by a father's intemperance to be the victim of ignorance, cradled and nursed and trained in the school of vice, whose only unflinching companion, for many successive years, was wretchedness—was such a man, after having proved the practicability of total abstinence, and experienced the personal and domestic comforts, the physical and moral benefits, of which it has made him the rich possessor—to be expected to speak in any other language than such as must be characterized by some degree of extravagance?

If, however, the evils of intemperance, and the benefits resulting from its extinction, have been greatly over-rated, yet there is such a vast and palpable amount of the former still existing, and of the latter already effected, as to claim, not our sympathy merely in behalf of the cause, but our avowed and devoted patronage of it.

It is our firm conviction, that your sympathy and patronage ought not any longer to be withheld; that it cannot any longer be withheld innocently. The mischiefs and miseries caused by intoxicating liquors, meet us everywhere; it is undeniable that they are the certain and inevitable results of using these liquors as a beverage; and that the only way of exterminating them is to banish these liquors from our tables. Science has now demonstrated that we may do so with safety; that they are not only unnecessary, but essentially injurious to the system of healthy persons. In an able article in a recent No. of the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, entitled "An Inquiry into the Effects of Alcoholic Drinks on the Human System in Health and Disease," the writer sums up the results of his reasonings in these words:—"On the whole, the abstinent system is preferable, on physical grounds alone, to the most moderate habitual use of fermented liquors." No fewer than 1600 medical men, many of whom are of high, and some of the highest, reputation, have attached their names to the following declaration:—

"We the undersigned are of opinion—

1. That a very large proportion of human misery, including poverty, disease, and crime, is induced by the use of alcoholic or fermented liquors as beverages.
2. That the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence from all such intoxicating beverages, whether in

the form of ardent spirits, or as wine, beer, ale, porter, cider, &c.

3. That persons accustomed to such drinks may, with perfect safety, discontinue them entirely, either at once, or gradually, after a short time.

4. That total and universal abstinence from alcoholic liquors and intoxicating beverages of all sorts, would greatly contribute to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race."

When it is added that at least seven or eight millions of persons of all ages, stations, temperaments, vocations, and climes, are practical abstainers, many of whom have been so for a succession of years, is anything more needed to convince any impartial inquirer of the perfect practicability of total abstinence?

Dear brethren, it appears to us that we are no longer at liberty to regard Total Abstinence as a mere experiment. Experience, we believe, has hewn out for us a pathway to this eminence, which science has made impregnable, that it is the duty of every Christian professor personally to abstain from intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and to exert his influence for the universal prevalence of the principle of abstinence.

1. It appears to us that the principles of our Christianity require us to do it. No one can read the Bible, especially the New Testament, so carelessly as not to observe the benevolent character of its principles—that they require us to aim, in every lawful way,—even at the cost of ease, gratification, and temporal benefit,—at the overthrow of all evil, and the prevalence of all good. The exhortation: "As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men;" the statement: "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin;" and the precept implied in that solemn appeal: "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold we know it not, doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works?"—are only the embodiment of the principles lying at the basis of the whole Christian system. Our divine statute book teaches us that all the sacrifice of comfort, and endurance of toil and reproach and persecution, exhibited by the Apostles: that the noble declaration of Paul—"For though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all, that I might gain the more. To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak: I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some,"—is nothing more than the practical expression of the love of Christ—in other words, of Christianity. Nay, it teaches that with the saving truth of Christ, is at the same time infallibly received into the heart, the spirit of Christ—and that he who does not exemplify the same spirit of self-denying devotedness to the diffusion of good in the world, stands exhibited to the world a practical denier of the truth and excellence of his professed principles. Our very principles as Christians, it plainly appears to us, require us to help forward this benevolent movement to the utmost of our ability.

Dear brethren, you will know that one of the most effective agencies which Satan is at this moment employing for the maintenance of his kingdom, is intoxicating liquor. It is destroying health, character, morals, for the very soul itself, on a scale fearful to contemplate. O this agency facts assure us, can be de-

prived. Without a tittle of the sacrifice or labor of a Paul, we can utterly and speedily deprive him of it. We ask, then, shall this be done? We point you to Paul, to Christ, to your own chosen principles, and ask, shall this be done? Is there a Christian professor in the possession of health that can practically say, No! without standing convicted of inconsistency?

2. It appears to us, that a due regard for the honor of Christianity requires us to co-operate in this movement. Co-operation cannot be refused, we are persuaded, without actually exposing Christianity to reproach. It is now almost universally admitted that total abstinence is "a good thing;" it is universally admitted that the drunkard ought to become an entire abstainer; and it requires scarcely a moment's reflection to see, that if he be reformed, it must be by the agency of others,—and they must be persons who are themselves abstainers. Now, when ungodly men see the professed followers of Him "who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich," standing aloof from a cause which they admit to be good, which has undeniably effected immense good, and is capable of effecting immensely more—needs only the help of the Christian Church in order to effect immensely more almost instantly—will not those who call themselves patriots and philanthropists be staggered at this? And will not the unreflecting portion of them cast approbrium on the system professed by these people?

Let this spectacle be exhibited to the world—perhaps it actually is—that in some town or village there is a Total Abstinence Society, which, by its vigorous efforts, has reclaimed some scores of drunkards, and almost banished the vice of drunkenness from the entire neighborhood, in which society, however, not one Christian professor is to be found, and its most active agents are men of sceptical principles; what opinion will a large mass of our fellow men form respecting such a fact? Will they not blame Christians and praise infidels? And will not their blame and praise be, sooner or later, transferred from the men to their principles—and thus Christianity be reproached and Infidelity approved by what appear to be their fruits?

Again. Let all, except professing Christians, become total abstainers: would intemperance then have received its death-blow? Would its mighty train of appalling evils have become extinct? By no means. The world would then witness at least from ten to twenty thousand persons passing annually from the communion-table to the ranks of the drunkard: and thus the church would be the source whence sprang one of the deadliest streams of pollution which ever flowed into our world.

Let a fact be stated. A person who had been reclaimed from intemperance, was visiting a Christian friend, and was prevailed upon by him to take a glass of wine—one glass only, it was stated. His pledge, of course, was broken; his desire for the stimulating liquor was excited; he yielded to its gratification; and, to the grief of his friends, became a degraded drunkard again. And—tell it not in Gath!—Christianity was thus exhibited to the world as the antagonist of Philanthropy.

Dear brethren, Christianity is already exposed to reproach. A splendid opportunity was furnished by the origination of this movement, for exemplifying its self-denying principles. If, when the result of the experiment of abstinence had been doubtful, Christians had

rolled round its standard, and shown that their love to the besotted portion of their fellow-men would not allow them to wait for proof of the general practicability of this new system, what harrets would have been gratefully planted by the poor reasoned inebriates, and ten thousand others, around the brow of Christianity! But, alas! instead of laurels, are complaints and accusations, sneers and scoffs. The pen of history has to make the humiliating record, that fifteen years rolled away before the Church took any general part in the most philanthropic movement of the day! Fellow Christians, let not 'bad' be exchanged for 'worse.' Beware, we affectionately say, lest through your conduct toward the cause, the name of Philanthropist come to be more honored, and justly so, than that of Christian.

3. We venture yet further, and declare it to be our conviction that *the Church of Christ cannot refuse co-operation in this movement without incurring the displeasure of God.* In England alone about 50,000 drunkards, it is believed, have been already reclaimed by the agency of total abstinents, several thousands of whom have become members of Christian churches. But how shall it be ascertained how many have been prevented from becoming drunkards? How many Christian professors been prevented expulsion, not to say dishonoring their profession? All this, too, with the dissatisfied agency this cause has been furnished with! May we not well ask, If with such agency there have been such results, what would not those results have been if the agency had been thoroughly Christian? if the Church of Christ had brought the weight of its influence to bear upon the cause, and put forth earnest prayers for its prosperity? These facts teach a lesson, which the Church cannot wisely—may we not say, safely?—omit to learn. They loudly declare what *may* be done. If the Church throw its energy into this movement, twenty thousand drunkards will in all probability be reclaimed within the compass of one year, who else will sink into the drunkard's hell; twenty thousand at least will be preserved from intemperance, who else will pass over into its ranks. Can this energy be allowed to slumber, and no displeasure from on high be incurred? If the Church of Christ heartily espouse this cause, four thousand at least will be added to her numbers from the abandoned of our population in twelve months, and probably as many saved from gross backsliding. Can this espousal be refused, and no displeasure from on high be incurred? If the Church arise and gird herself for this enterprise, thousands of persons now busily engaged in propagating evil, will employ their energies for its suppression, and for the progress of truth and righteousness. Can she refuse, and no displeasure from on high be incurred? During the malting season, forty thousand persons are engaged at work on Sabbath day, in manufacturing malt, and three thousand excise officers are obliged to attend the malt-houses on that day. If this liquor be really needless, can this profanation of God's holy day be thus systematically made, and no displeasure from on high be incurred? The destruction of barley alone—to say nothing of oats, rye, carrots, apples, &c.—for malting and distilling, is at the rate of 8,748,000 quarters per annum. This contains nourishment equal to 6,105,021 quarters of wheat, and is nearly enough for the entire support of as many people. Nearly 200,000 more could be fed from the land devoted to the hop-plant. Can there be all this waste

—assuming that these liquors are, as science assures us, needless—of the good and urgently needed fruits of the earth, and no displeasure from on high be incurred? In the year 1845, a trifle more than half a million of money was raised in England for the conversion of the world,—an object the instrumental accomplishment of which its Redeemer has committed to the Church. Will it be believed that in the United Kingdom were spent that same year, sixty-five millions in intoxicating liquors; and that the Church herself annually spends at least five times as much in the purchase of these drinks, as in the employment of agencies for the accomplishment of this all-important object!!! Can these things be, and no displeasure from on high be incurred?

Dear brethren, we believe God has been testing us—been bringing out to public view, by this movement, how much love to souls we possessed—how much disposition to forego our own gratification for the good of others—how much of holy indignation against the dishonor and wrong done to Him by intemperance—how much of the disinterested, constraining love of Christ. And has He not seen comparatively little? Is not the languishing condition of our Zion to be attributed, in part at least, to His displeasure, at our conduct relative to the Temperance Reformation?

Allow us, before we conclude, to address a word specially to those of you who are parents. If nothing we have said is of force enough to induce you to practice abstinence personally, do be entreated to train up your children in its practice. Thousands of parents' hearts have been bowed down with grief—thousands have been broken, through the intemperate habits of their offspring. And if one of your children should be induced to love these stimulants, and ultimately become a drunkard, would not your self-upbraidings be most painful and severe? Do not, therefore, permit them to acquire a taste for these liquors, or if it be already acquired, do your utmost to correct it—encourage them to read suitable publications on the subject, and to identify themselves with the cause of Total Abstinence. God and man will henceforth join in lifting up a voice of strong condemnation against those parents who train their children to walk along the precipice, down which sixty thousand drunkards have long been annually plunging.

Dear brethren, if this cause be of God, (and who can doubt it?) it will continue; it will progress. You can aid or retard its progress materially, but you cannot prevent it. It has achieved too much, not to achieve much more. It has laid hold of heads and hearts that will not suffer it to die, or to fail of securing the triumph which they are confident awaits it. The decree has gone forth, that he whom strong drink has been drawing into a premature death, shall be delivered; that the cords by which men have been drawn into that way of death, shall be broken. By whom, and when? are the only questions now remaining to be answered. The work will be done—if not by the professedly godly, by the professedly ungodly—if not by one section of the Christian church, by another section. The work will be done. The Almighty One himself declares, 'It shall be done.' Christian professors by whom, and when? are questions which we now seriously propose to you.

The most difficult and unwelcome part of it is done already. All the reproach at first cast upon the cause is

now passed away. A decided and strong impression in its favor now exists almost universally. It is not so much labor that is now wanted, as entrance into the labor of others. Very little more remains to be done than to reap the harvest—to share the triumph of a universal victory. Christian professors! again we ask, by whom is this to be done? By you or others? By you or the world? When is this to be done? Now? or not till years hence? Now? or not till a few more thousand reputations have been sacrificed—a few more thousand hearts broken, houses desolated, and souls lost? Let conscience give the reply.

Sleeping in Church.

One of the old divines said,—“He that sleeps in the place of worship is no better for the time than a corpse, at whose funeral the minister is preaching.” And another of that worthy fraternity remarks, “that sleepers in religious assemblies are public nuisances, and ought to be driven from the place they so much disgrace.”

Several centuries ago, old Bishop Aylmer, seeing his congregation pretty generally asleep, took his Hebrew Bible from his pocket, and read a chapter, which roused attention, when the old minister sharply rebuked them for sleeping when they might have understood him, and listening when they knew not a word he said.

Of the witty Dr. Smith, it is said, that preaching before King Charles, he saw that potentate asleep; he stopped short, and in a loud and altered tone of voice, three times called out “Lord Lauderdale;” his Lordship stood up and looked at the preacher, who addressed him with great composure, “My Lord, I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but I must beg of you not to snore so loud, lest you should wake the king.”

A clergyman at Exeter, in England, named Nicoll, once saw several aldermen asleep, and sat down. The silence of the preacher and the movement among the hearers, woke the worshipful magistrates, and they stood up. The clergyman then rose and said, “The sermon is not yet finished, and now you are awake, I hope you will hearken more diligently.”

Stanzas.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words—as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope! Tho' clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face with scorn,
Chase thou the shadows from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith! Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's oisport—the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rules the hoets of heaven,
Th' inhabitants of earth.

Have Love! Not love alone for one,
But man as man, thy brother call—
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy Soul—
Hope, Faith and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength, when life's surges wild at roll—
Light, when thou else wert blind.

A Frightful Case of Delirium Tremens.

Suddenly Amos roused himself from one of his lethargic fits—“The demons are after me,” cried he. “There they are grinning, grinning at me, and gnashing their teeth. I see their eyes of fire, and their horrible looking visages. They seek to chastise me with their red hot iron scourges. Oh! how they scowl and hiss! while a stream of livid fire issues from their mouths! And now they rush towards me, Away! away! I will not be taken and thrown among the loathsome, venomous reptiles in that deep and dark pit!—Keep off! I will not go with you!”

Saying this and uttering screams of terror, this unhappy being, exerting a preternatural strength, burst from the bands which had held him during the night, and in spite of Sampson's exertions threw himself from his berth. He sprang to the forecuttle, and pushed the cook, who sought to prevent his leaving the forecastle, with violence against the bulkhead. He rushed up the ladder, and in a moment was on deck, fully impressed with the idea that a legion of devils were in close pursuit, bent upon torturing him to death!

His appearance at that moment was singularly wild and terrific—he was clad in no garment, excepting his shirt—his long black hair hung in elf-locks on his shoulders—his eyes were lighted up with the fires of insanity—his teeth were firmly set, and his lips apart, exhibiting a ghastly grin; his visage was haggard, bearing the stamp of unutterable woe—and his voice was clear and shrill, and unearthly as he cried out, “Oh, help me—for God's sake, help me. Save me from these devils who are clutching me. Away—away—away! Ah! they have got me now. I feel their burning breath on my shoulders. Oh mother—MOTHER—help your son! I feel their talons buried in my throat, and thus and thus I dash them to the earth!”

Here the hapless sailor escaped the hands of Mr. Culpepper and Ned Hopkins who had seized him as he was running aft, after having with almost incredible agility, leaped over the windlass and the fish-rail. He sprang upon the beak of the quarter-deck, and was instantly within the powerful grasp of Captain Branchbill, but notwithstanding his great strength, he was unable to arrest the career of the madman to destruction. Amos caught the Captain by the windpipe, and compressing it with all the fury of madness, threw him, as if he had been a dwarf, with tremendous force against the binnacle, and in a moment after, the maniac was standing alone on the taff rail, unencumbered and free. With one hand he pointed to the fathomless deep, which seemed to yawn beneath his feet, and he fiercely shook the other at his fancied pursuers, exclaiming in a hollow but exulting tone, “Accursed fiends! I have escaped from your withering grasp. I am now beyond your reach, and I defy you! Ha! ha! ha!”—and his maniac laugh swept over the face of the waters, and sent a chill to the bosom of his shipmates.

A rush was made by the crew to the stern of the ship, to save the unhappy man from the fate which he involuntarily seemed to covet. But ere a hand could be laid upon his person, he sprang high in the air, and alighted in the waters over which the ship had just passed. He disappeared for a moment beneath the surface, and then his head suddenly

rose high up above the waters. The poor fellow uttered a shrill and piercing shriek—a shriek which seemed to be the very embodiment of horror, and which rang in the ears of his shipmates for days, and months and years afterwards. He then sank beneath the waters, and was never seen again.

The main top-sail was laid aback—the quarter boat was lowered and manned. Mr. Ringbolt himself sprang into the stern seats and seized the tiller, and the boat was shoved off and pulled in the direction of the ship's wake where Amos was last seen—but no trace of this miserable *victim of intemperance* could be found. The waters which had parted to receive him, were now closed over him—and not a ripple remained to mark the spot.

Such was the fate of Amos Chauncey!

Wild Flowers.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

Beautiful children of woods and fields!
That bloom by mountain streamlets' mid the heather.
Or into clusters, 'neath the hazels' gather,
Or where by hoary rocks, you make your fields,
And sweetly flourish on through summer weather—
I love ye all!

Beautiful flowers! to me ye fresher seem.
From the Almighty hand that fashioned all,
Than those that flourish by a garden wall:
And I can imagine you as in a dream,
Fair, modest maidens nursed in hamlets small—
I love ye all!

Beautiful gems! that on the brow of earth
Are fixed, as in a queenly diadem:
Though lowly ye, and most without a name
Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,
As light erewhile into the world came—
I love ye all!

Beautiful things, ye are, where'er ye grow!
The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes—
Our own bluebell—the daisy, that doth rise
Where'er sunbeams fall or winds do blow;
And thousands more, of blessed forms and dyes—
I love ye all!

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew!
Fanned in your loveliness by every breeze,
And shaded o'er by green and arching trees:
I often wished that I were one of you,
Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas—
I love ye all!

Beautiful watchers! day and night ye wake!
The evening star grows dim and fades away,
And morning comes and goes, and then the day
Within the arms of night its rest doth take;
But ye are watchful wheresoever we stray—
I love ye all!

Beautiful objects of the wild bee's love!
The wild bird joys your opening bloom to see,
And in your native woods and wilds to be.
All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move;
Ye are so passing fair—so passing free—
I love ye all!

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—
The dingle deep—the moorland stretching wide,
And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side!
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell;
And though the worldling, scorning may deride—
I love ye all!

Why do I Drink?

You drink because your mind cannot
Upon itself rely;
Because you have not strength of will
The poison'd charin to fly;
O! man, thy God the impulse gave
Of good and ill to know;
And say, does peace and calm o'er come
Amid wine's sparkling flow?

You drink because you wish to drown
The thoughts that inward goad;
Because you'd fain destroy the thorns
That wound around life's road!
But are there not upon that path
Some sweet and lovely flowers,
Whose fragrance and whose loveliness
Might cheer your lonely hours?

Take heed, lest plucking out the thorns,
The rose be scattered too,
And crushing thus the beautiful,
Thy pains begin anew;
Are there no lies upon the earth,
Save those whose joy has fled,
To win from you the goblet's power,
And nobler feelings shed?

You drink because the revel's mirth
Imparts a social glow;
Because your mind can then forget
Its agony of woe!
Because you deem it brave to think
You thus control the strife,
The misery and the suffering
That ever haunts your life!

But in the watches of the night,
In silence and alone,
O! comes not memory then to fill
Her ever potent throne?
You cannot quench the burning flame,
That tortures then your heart,
It only burns more bright and fierce,
For being crush'd in part!

O! mortal, who would bravely stand,
To see your life blood gush,
Yet meekly bow your spirit's might,
Before the bowl's soft flush!
O! coward heart! gird up your strength,
Dash off this tyrant chain,
And by the conquest of yourself,
Be godlike once again!

You drink, because the glowing hopes
You built on woman's faith,
Have turned to ashes in your heart,
And darkness worse than death;
Because the altar of your love,
Is now no holy shrine;
But think you that its holiness
Can be restored by wine?

If she you loved be false and vain,
Will it not triumph be,
To see you on your downward course,
And watch your honor flee?
Will she not know she still can wield
Her power o'er your soul,
When e'en her image makes you seek
For comfort in the bowl?

And there are some upon the earth,
That o'er your weakness weep,
You have no right their lives to shade,
Their hearts in sorrow steep!
Take courage! never 'neath the storm,
Bow down your suffering head;
For though the clouds be thick and dark,
The sunlight is not fled!

BROKERS' CIRCULAR.

MONTRÉAL, September 8.

FLOUR.—The demand has not been active during the week, and the transactions comprise but small lots of Superfine for home trade at 42s. 6d. to 43s. 6d. For all this month's delivery, 33s. is offered, and 38s. 9d. asked. There are sellers for October at 37s. 6d., with no buyers over 37s. Extra Superfine on the spot is held at 45s.

WHEAT.—None offering. Good U. C. would command 8s. 6d. For October delivery, 7s. 3d. is offered and refused.

INDIAN CORN.—We are still without arrivals. Good samples would bring 4s. 6d. per 56 lbs. Nothing doing in other Grains.

PROVISIONS.—Beef and Pork continue in good demand, with sales of Mess Pork on the spot at \$19 and \$18½ to \$18¼ for October delivery.

ANIMALS.—A few sales of Pigs at 36s. 9d. to 36s. 6d. per cwt. for small bulks. Shipping parcels held firm at 37s. 3d. to 37s. 6d.

TEXAS, 12th Sept.

Flour slightly declined from preceding quotations; not much doing. Wheat small sale, 8s to 9s.

Obituary.

We are sorry to record the death of Isabella Sutherland, wife of Alex. Wood, of Lancaster, which took place on the 26th ult., aged 73 years.

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.

MONTRÉAL, SEPTEMBER 15, 1834.

Our next Volume.

The prospectus for another volume will appear in our next number. Let our friends be early in the field so that we may reach the 10,000 this time.

To Correspondents.

The letter from M. B. Jewell came too late for our present issue; it will appear in our next number. Other communications as well as some editorial matter must also be over.

Our Legislature.

Now that the friends of prohibitory legislation, on the subject of temperance, are active throughout the country, it is of the utmost importance that the minds of our Legislators should be awakened to the importance and necessity of such a measure as the "Maine Law" for Canada.—We know of no better way of doing this than by sending every member of the Assembly and Legislative Council a copy of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*. A friend has already sent us twelve dollars for this purpose, but this will not supply one-fourth of the members of both Houses.—What then is to be done? The object is a desirable one, and will, no doubt, result in good to the country, but who is to do it? We must leave the answer to our benevolent friends.

Can a Christian consistently traffic in Liquor?

To answer this question it is only necessary to ascertain what Christianity demands of its people, and then to compare these with the fruits of the traffic in strong drinks.

It requires no reasoning, indeed, on such a subject; and is and has been did not interpose, there would be a uniform and consistent practice. Every Christian man could abandon so bad a business. With the conscientious is allowed to act freely, and when its enlightening dictates are practically carried out, there will be nothing less than a thorough repudiation of the traffic, as inconsistent with Christianity. The *Prohibitionist* for September gives the subjoined fact, which affords a beautiful illustration of the principle involved in these remarks. The Editor says:—A gentleman, eminent as a merchant, and no less eminent for intelligence and Christian integrity, once deeply interested us by a relation of the incident which opened his eyes to the wickedness of liquor selling, and made him a practical and efficient friend of the temperance reform. He was doing a prosperous business, as a country grocer, in one of the inferior towns of Pennsylvania. Among other articles of traffic, he kept on hand an assortment of liquors, adapted to the tastes and purses of his customers, which he sold, with as little doubt of the propriety of doing so, as he felt in reference to the sale of any article in his store. Yet, all this time, he was not only a professor of religion, but distinguished above most men for enlightened zeal and Christian activity, being a leading member and a licensed minister in the church with which he was connected. One morning, at his family devotions, he was impressed in an unusual degree, with a desire for a greater measure of usefulness to his fellow-men. This was the burden of his prayer—that he might be made an instrument of good to others, and with much earnestness he supplicated for that measure of grace which would make him a minister of good to the world. In great peace of mind, he rose from his knees, and went to his place of business. Soon after one of his daily customers—an intemperate man—entered with his jug, and asked for his usual supply of whisky. The clerk was about attending to his request, when suddenly the prayer of the morning flashed upon the merchant's mind. He thought of his strong desire to do good, and he asked himself, 'Shall I benefit or injure this man, by ministering to his depraved appetite?' To ask such a question, in his then frame of mind, was to answer it. He knew that strong drink was the bane of his neighbor, and the curse of his family, and for the first time he recognized his own guilty agency in the wretchedness and worthlessness of the man. Turning to his clerk, he said, mildly, 'Give back the jug,—Mr. H. can get no whisky here.' The man looked up, inquiringly, and striking his hand upon his pocket, said, 'I'm able to pay you, sir.' 'But I am not able to sell to you,' was the reply; and then, in a kind and earnest manner, he gave him his reasons for the refusal. The man, disappointed and displeas'd, turned away to find some less scrupulous trafficker; but the merchant, changed at the moment from a liquor seller into a practical temperance man, said to his assistant, 'Roll all the liquor casks into the cellar, for from this hour I abandon the traffic, and wash my hands from all participation in diabolical-making. We need scarcely say that the pledge thus taken was sacredly kept, and from that day to this he has been among the most active, intelligent and efficient advocates of the temperance reformation.'

Temperance Soiree at Norval.

A correspondent of the *Globe* says that a grand demonstration in favor of Total Abstinence principles took place at the Village of Norval, on the afternoon of Thursday, the 5th of August, in the shape of a Soiree, got up by the Sons of Temperance of that locality. A goodly number of both sexes, and of all ages, some in vehicles and some on foot, formed a procession and marched to the sound of instrumental music to the top of a neighbouring eminence, crowned with a beautiful grove of small pines, where "tables richly spread," and appropriate seats met the view. Here in succession, the Rev. Messrs. Clarke and Pickard, of the Baptist Church, Andrews of Georgetown, and Ainsworth of the Methodist Church, spoke to the gratification of all; while the Ladies of Norval, at the close of the orations, served out delicious Tea. The agreeable method of associating to partake of mental, as well as physical recreation, is deservedly becoming popular; and if both departments be always so well managed, as our friends at Norval took care that they should be, on this occasion, Soirees will always be sources of delight as well as of profit.

We must not neglect to make mention of the music, that subtle power, which exerts so wondrous an influence upon the human mind. This was poured forth, on this occasion, in excellent strains by the Stewarttown Brass Band. It is rejoicing to hear instrumental music used as an auxiliary in our efforts to promote the welfare of our fellow-creatures, instead of seeing it employed as the companion of folly and intemperance. That the addresses were of a high order, those who know the Rev. gentlemen, whose names we have given, need not be told. And we trust that their efforts did not result in merely delighting and exciting their hearers, but that more solid benefit has accrued; that those who have removed their feet from the path of drink, have been impressed with the momentous duty of continuing firm to their adopted principles; that some truths have been sown in youthful minds, which in the future stages of life, may serve as a preventative against the awful disease of intemperance; and that, perhaps, some of the infected have been made conscious of the deadliness, physically, morally, and spiritually, of this terrible plague, under whose premonitory symptoms they are laboring.

In conclusion, we have to say that much praise is due to the Ladies of Norval, for the taste displayed in getting up the Soiree, and for their untiring efforts to diffuse the blessings of temperance around.

Mr. Delavan Defended.

Deeming the Annual Report of the New York State Temperance Society a document of permanent value and importance, we inserted it entire in a recent number of the *Advocate*. We do not regret having done so, but we do regret that Mr. Delavan should have been assailed by a leading Temperance "Journal," as taking an opportunity in his official capacity of riding a favorite hobby. To our mind, his observations on the wine question were not susceptible of the interpretation given by one who may also have a hobby of his own. As we published the report in question, we shall justify our own editorial conduct by the following defence of Mr. Delavan, copied from the pages of the *Prohibitionist*.

The August number of the *Journal of the American Temperance Union* has an article under this head, which as it is predicated on a gross misapprehension, seems to require no other reply than a correction of the error upon which it is founded. The *Journal* says:—

"Great men, it is said, are apt more than others to have their hobbies. Mr. Delavan certainly has his, and probably will carry it to his grave; but we cannot think it right for him to thrust it upon the public in his official capacity, when he knows that a large portion of that public deem it an absurdity. In his late address at the opening of the State Society, he says:

'During the progress of this long-continued controversy, there have come up discussions in which the Society and individuals have become deeply involved. These side issues have often caused vast labor and expense.'

"Among these he enumerates as one—

4th. Whether the pure, unintoxicating wine of the Bible, the wine of the cluster, the press, and the vat, although probably containing a small amount of alcohol, but so small as not to be appreciable by the senses, should be classed with fully fermented wine, "wine the mocker," "wine that biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Assuming that Mr. Delavan avails himself of his position as President of the Society, to sustain the negative of this question, which Dr. Marsh denounces as a "false position," of "pernicious tendency," and "fraught with evil," the *Journal* says: "Yet this gentleman, now President of the New York State Temperance Society, improves the opportunity in his opening address, to palm it upon the community as one of the great victories of temperance, and one of its firmly settled and established principles." "Alcoholic liquor is in its nature intoxicating liquor. This we affirm. This every chemist in the world will affirm. Mr. Delavan denies and makes the State Society his endorser." "We think the State Society, if they assume this principle, will find themselves involved in no small difficulty." We have no desire for controversy with friends, but, as we said before, if the State Society and *Prohibitionist* are to sustain this principle, something must still be offered on the other side."

From these extracts, and much more of the same import, the public are to learn that Mr. Delavan, at the late annual meeting of the Society, availed himself of his position as President, to "palm upon the community" a principle which is "both false in itself and destructive in its tendencies." A very serious charge. Now let us see from what it is manufactured. In the address referred to Mr. Delavan said:

"During the progress of this long-continued controversy, there have come up discussions in which the Society and individuals have become deeply involved. These side issues have often caused vast labor and expense. They were.

1st. The wine question generally.

2d. As to the kind of wine proper for the communion, whether the "fruit of the vine," as found in the cluster, the press, or the vat, the unintoxicating wine of the Bible, or the intoxicating and mixed wine as described therein, as "wine the mocker;" "wine that biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

3d. Whether the moderate use of intoxicating drink caused an incipient disease of the stomach.

4th. Whether the pure unintoxicating wine of the Bible, the wine of the cluster, the press, and the vat, although probably containing a small amount of alcohol, but so small as not to be appreciable by the senses, should be classed with fully fermented wine, "wine the mocker," "wine that biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

In the discussion of all these important questions, it was the rule, after they terminated, to print the whole on both sides and circulate the document freely. Near 7,000,000 in all were distributed on these various controversies."

This statement is simply historical. It contains no affirmation or denial of the propositions involved in the issues referred to. It gives no clue whatever to Mr. Delavan's position upon a single one of them. Yet it includes every word that Mr. Delavan uttered on that occasion, upon which the *Journal* could predicate its charges—in other words, those charges are utterly groundless. We do not readily see how Dr. Marsh could so entirely misapprehend the intent and scope of Mr. Delavan's statement. What he *did* say was historically true, and he aimed at nothing else. A more careful reading of his remarks would have saved nearly two columns of comment in the *Journal*, and, what is of more importance to Dr. Marsh, if not to Mr. Delavan, "an unjust and unnecessary assault upon a veteran advocate of our cause, whose principal 'hobby' is to ascertain just what the Bible and Science teach in reference to the use of alcoholic liquors, and to govern himself accordingly.

We have nothing more to say on this matter, and shall not be beguiled into a controversy on any issue foreign to the question of Prohibition.

The Saratoga Convention.

We learn from the *Prohibitionist* that the mass-temperance meeting held at Saratoga Springs, on the 17th ult., was a very satisfactory demonstration of the power and purpose of the advocates of prohibition in the Empire State. Seldom have we seen a more intelligent-looking audience convened; or one that gave indications of more enlightened zeal, or of more resolute purpose. The business was conducted with dignity, the speaking was characterised by freshness and earnestness, the resolutions were clear and pointed, and the general impression produced was a highly salutary one.

A Business Committee was appointed, who, in due time, reported, through their Chairman, the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, viz:—

Resolved,—That the great principles which have hitherto formed the basis of our action, as friends of prohibition, viz:—The right of the people to protect themselves from the evils incident to the liquor traffic, and the right of search, seizure and confiscation to render such legislation effective, still commend themselves to our judgment, and shall receive our earnest support till they find embodiment in the laws of the State.

Resolved,—That the enactment by the late Legislature of a statute prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating beverages, demands and receives our grateful recognition; while the veto of that beneficent act by the Executive of the State, deserves our earnest disapprobation, as opposed alike to the law of logic and the law of love, ignoring both well-settled principles of government, and the requirements of humanity, and finding exemption from the contempt which its sophistry deserves only through the tragical results which its conclusion involves.

Resolved,—That we have undiminished confidence in those Honorable Senators who so nobly sustained our cause during the last winter, as men who will fail us in no emergency; and we hereby pledge to them our most determined efforts to return an Assembly which shall place the principles of prohibition beyond the contingency of a veto; and an Executive, who, recognizing the great purpose of government, will interpose no barrier to its attainment through the enlightened legislation of the representatives of the people.

Resolved,—That an additional year's experience of the crimes, shames, brutalities and miseries consequent upon the rum traffic, afforded us by the Governor's veto, but deepens our abhorrence of, and intensifies our opposition to, that traffic; and whatever the obstacles that selfishness or ignorance or appetite may place in our way, we will not rest short of the entire suppression of that traffic, and the

inauguration of the prohibitory principle as a part of the settled policy of this Commonwealth.

Resolved,—That till this work is accomplished, all other political issues shall be subordinate to this; all other public interests be held secondary to this; and our suffrages shall be sacredly pledged to such men, and such only, for executive and legislative officers, as are pledged beyond all peradventure, by word and act, to this great issue, and whose influence and habits, private and official, may be relied upon as actively in favor of a prohibitory law.

Resolved,—That if to carry out this purpose, independent nominations are necessary, then independent nominations will become a duty, and a duty that shall be performed with alacrity, whatever our party predilections or attachments may have hitherto been.

Resolved,—That we cordially approve of the call of a State Temperance Convention at Auburn, on the 27th of September, to take into consideration the political duties demanded of us by the crisis, and we earnestly recommend the early appointment of delegates from every Assembly District to attend that Convention.

It will be seen that the meeting did not recommend independent nominations for State Officers, as the telegraph incorrectly reported, an error which has obtained general currency through the newspaper press. No such proposition was entertained, or even suggested.

Wesleyan Conference in England.

During the assembly, in the last month, of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference at Birmingham, the general council of the United Kingdom Alliance embraced the opportunity of forwarding the following address to the President of the Conference. It is worthy to receive a careful reading by all the Methodists of Canada:—

The general council of the Alliance take this opportunity to bring before the attention of your influential denomination the following brief statement as to the principles and objects of the Alliance, and most respectfully to solicit your prayerful consideration of the same, and such public official expression thereon as the Conference may deem due to the claims of the movement, and besitting their own responsible position as ministers of the Gospel.

It is not, we are assured, necessary that any elaborate arguments or statistics should be here adduced to impress upon the Conference the evils of Intemperance. It is now admitted on all hands to be our greatest social curse, our English vice and opprobrium. In 1834 a select committee of the House of Commons probed deeply the extent, causes, and consequences of this national vice; and during the last and present session of parliament another select committee have sat, and received voluminous evidence on the system of public-house licenses and its connection with intemperance and crime, and those other social evils which all earnest reformers and Christian men cannot but lament.

Great and very successful exertions have been put forth during the last quarter of a century by the temperance reformers, aided by many Christian ministers of all denominations, to induce individuals to adopt the system of voluntary abstinence, and by this means put a check to the frightful mischiefs of the drinking system; but notwithstanding that several millions of the people have been induced to take the abstinence pledge, and many thousands of the most wretched victims of the drinking usages of society have been reclaimed to sober habits and social usefulness, the evil is still destructively predominant.

In view of the magnitude and fearful prevalence of this great social curse, the promoters of the Alliance, encouraged by the earnest and successful efforts of the friends of temperance in America, have initiated their special movement, and in support of which they especially desire and solicit the sympathy and co-operation of your Conference, and of all other Christian denominations throughout the land. The Alliance does not aim to regulate and limit the traffic in intoxicating liquors, but seeks to prohibit, by law, their sale altogether for purposes of common beverage. All previous legislation in this country, in regard to the traffic, has proceeded upon the assumption that it is an evil to be tolerated under certain restrictions, which is the theory of the license system. The Alliance proceeds upon the principle that it is an evil which should be suppressed or removed altogether.

It is very generally admitted that the present license system is ineffective, at least for good, and has proved to be a failure. The *London Times* says, "It is a dead letter, as far as public morality and order are concerned." The *Non-conformist* says, "It is no longer a question of morality, but of revenue." The *Morning Chronicle* says, "It is fundamentally vicious." A peer of the realm, in a public meeting at Exeter Hall a short time since, said, "He believed that if Beelzebub himself had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, he could not have devised any means more calculated to destroy the bodies and souls of men than the licensing system." But not only have the press and the more intelligent portion of the public condemned the license system; many of the magistrates, to whom its administration has been committed, have also denounced it. This was especially the case at Liverpool, where the entire bench of magistrates was so impressed with the enormity and complication of mischiefs growing out of the license system, that a committee of the House of Commons was suggested, and through Mr. Brown obtained, for inquiring into the evil, and the devising of a remedy. The result of the labors of that committee has been to confirm the opinion so widely entertained as to the ineffectiveness and injurious character of the discretionary issue of public-house licenses; but, not being prepared to adopt, in the present state of public opinion, the prohibitory principle, the parliamentary report recommends that the magistrates should be entirely relieved from the responsibility of exercising any discretion as to the number and situation of places licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquors, certain other definite checks and restrictions being imposed on the traffickers. Should this recommendation be adopted, we feel assured that, whatever modification of feature the evil may present, it will still exist, and permeate society with a frightful leaven of corruption.

We are persuaded that nothing short of legal prohibition can ever accomplish the end we seek, and that the removal of the snares and temptations to drinking can alone secure a sober population. If we are to have any legislation on this question, we believe ours is the only safe, thorough, and equitable principle on which to base it. Nor is this a mere matter of speculation and theory. In America the Maine Law has now been in operation for several years, and has not only realized the expectation of its friends, but most signally falsified the predictions of its enemies.

Ample evidence has been produced to prove the following points:—That the law is popular with the large majority of

the people; that the longer and more stringently it is enforced, the less prospect there is of any repeal; that wherever it has been adopted and put in force, it has proved a very great blessing to the community, lessening the amount of intemperance to a wonderful degree, diminishing two-thirds of the pauperism and crime, curtailing the expenses of society, and greatly promoting the general order, thrift, and good morals of the people.

We speak as unto wise, God-fearing and patriotic men; and if we have succeeded in gaining the attention of the Conference to the momentous questions and interests involved in the subject, we are not doubtful as to the issue of the deliberations on which they may enter, and the response they will feel it their duty to accord.

In conclusion, we may be permitted to remind a Wesleyan Conference that their world-revered founder, JOHN WESLEY a century ago, saw very clearly, and denounced most emphatically, the essential immorality of the traffic in alcoholic beverages; and in his writings and public addresses, boldly appealed to the legislature to stop distillation by prohibitory enactment. Nor were his noble exertions fruitless in his own day, as on several occasions, in times of scarceness, the legislature did prohibit all distillation from grain, thus preventing the food of the people from being converted into poison, and made the means of their temptation, impoverishment, and ruin.

Commending this great question to the solemn consideration of the Conference, and earnestly praying that all their deliberations and resolves may be dictated and guided by the spirit of truth, we remain, esteemed and reverend sir, on behalf and by order of the General Council of the United Kingdom Alliance, yours most respectfully and fraternally,

WM. HARVEY, Chairman.

41, John Dalton Street, Manchester, Aug. 2, 1864.

Non-Committal Answer of the Conference.

The Secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance received the following letter in acknowledgment of the above address forwarded to the President and Minister of the Wesleyan Conference:

"Wesleyan Conference, Birmingham, Aug. 11.

"Sir, Your communication, addressed to the Rev. Dr. Hannah, the secretary of the conference, was duly received; and in acknowledging the receipt of it I am instructed to express the sense which the conference entertains of the kindly and respectful manner in which you have brought before it a subject confessedly very difficult and of great importance.—I am, sir, yours respectfully.

J. BEDFORD."

EVERYWHERE THE SAME.—"Wine is a mocker," not in this circle or that, in this country or the other, merely—but among all classes, in every country, and in all generations. We have been much interested in listening to the relation of facts, gathered by Mr. Delavan, during his European tour, illustrative of this. Here is one: he was informed by the Duke of Orleans, then commander-in-chief of the army of France, that the regulation of the army was one bottle of wine per diem, to each soldier—making 400,000 bottles daily, and 146,000,000 bottles yearly. The drinking of this, he added, caused a desire for more, and most of their pay was expended in procuring additional quantities, from the influence of which originated most of the insubordination of the army.—*Prohibitionist*.

How IT WILL WORK.—Laws predicated upon sound moral principles must gradually work out desirable results. Let the public mind settle down in the conviction that making and vending of intoxicating drinks is an immorality, and it will not be long before all men with consciences, who wish to preserve an honorable standing in community, will abandon the business; more especially will they do so, when the law makes the traffic an offence, to be visited with penalties. When all such men get out of the traffic, it will be left in the hands of the reckless and unprincipled. Their hand will be against the law, and against their neighbor's rights: the good and law-abiding will be against them and their wicked traffic. How long, then, can it stand?—*It.*

Original Correspondence.

The Cause in N. and S. Dorchester.

Some of the friends of temperance in this locality, while the cause they espoused was, comparatively speaking, but yet, in its infancy, with that ardent, patriotic and benevolent zeal for the diffusion of their principles that characterises all the true friends of the glorious cause, and that desire which always exists in a benevolent heart, after coming to the knowledge of some good—to wit, that all should be partakers of it, the better to wield the influence they might be able to exert over the community, organized themselves into a society under the name of the "North and South Dorchester Total Abstinence Society."

This Society had stated meetings at which its supporters endeavored to have some men of talent and standing to address the numbers that flocked to them, either to approve or find fault, or with better motives. The laudable and judicious efforts thus put forth by the pioneers of the cause here, amidst disadvantages and discouragements of which no one can form an idea except such as experienced them, were not without their effect. For, independent of the knowledge diffused, and the correct ideas suggested, and the influence for good that talent employed in this way, cannot fail to exert over so many as come within its sphere. Independent, too, of the odious light in which the traffic in intoxicating liquors was made to appear, the Society, so small at first, increased in a short time to over one hundred staunch members, among whom were the most influential and respectable in the community, all ready, hand and heart, to do all they could for temperance. But in consequence of the difficulty of procuring men regularly that could keep up an interest at such meetings, which is so necessary to insure their success, and the lukewarmness of some of those engaged in its management, the Society, once so prosperous, began to languish, and at last was totally neglected.

But, while it is to be deplored that such a noble enterprise should fail, merely for want of energy and steady perseverance in its supporters, we are not to infer that the laudable attempt was productive of no good. The fact is, that it is almost impossible to estimate what it has been the means of doing. It might have been the means of rescuing many men, not only from the odium of being called "drunkards," but also from the very jaws of hell itself.—Without surmising, however, what it has done in this respect, we pass on to remark the effect it had on a part of the

rising generation—the hops and promises of our country—those on whom the duties of life are soon to be devolved—those who are to be our future councillors, assessors, wardens, and members of Parliament; those, too, who shall be the teachers of another generation yet unborn, and who shall carry civilization to an extent it has never reached before. We see, then, the young men in this neighborhood are such as have imbibed the principles of temperance from their worthy sires, and to whom these principles are now part and parcel of their nature, yea, as much so as their knowing right from wrong, falsehood and fraud from truth and justice, and to whose nature it is as foreign to engage in anything connected with the sale of liquors as in any other business that is now universally looked on as base and unprincipled.

Among such a class of youth as this, then, it is evident that they only required some individuals of maturer years once more to take the lead, when they were ready, to an individual, to stand forth in the ranks of total abstinence, arrayed, united, and determined against the enemy, armed with true benevolence and love. All that is necessary to add now, is, that these young men got leaders—leaders, too, worthy of the name; that the Society is once more started; that the field is now before us, and that the Society is putting forth efforts stronger still than its predecessor; and it is hoped that it shall continue to bear an honorable hand in the great warfare now carried on against the most flagrant of evils and the most pregnant of the causes of crime.

I might have particularly referred to the great good this Society has done already, in reclaiming many on the road to ruin and dishonor, but enough of your valuable space is occupied already. I may write again.

F. C.

Another Standard-Bearer Fallen.

Died, on the 5th August, in the city of Hamilton, Mr. John Scholesfield, one of the firmest friends of the Temperance cause, and an eloquent advocate of its claims. He was a useful and shining ornament of the church of which he was a member and local preacher. Brother S. was the first W. P. of Victoria Division, in which he was honored with office (which he always magnified) up to the time he left for the city of Hamilton. His duties were firmly and ably discharged; and he was also a member of the Grand Division of Canada East. Among his brethren his name is as ointment poured forth, and will long be remembered by those who admired his talents and virtues, and were benefited by his counsels. His urbanity and gentlemanly bearing was an example of love, purity, and fidelity, worthy of imitation.

T. W. C.

[Being personally acquainted with the deceased, we cannot allow this notice of his death to go to press without adding our tribute of affectionate esteem. Our dear Brother Scholesfield was all our correspondent describes him to have been, and we deeply sympathize with his surviving friends in their irreparable loss. The ways of God are mysterious, but they are also gracious; we bow before the Supreme in a submissive spirit, but mourn that so good a man is called away in the prime of life, and in the midst of a career of godly zeal and usefulness.—Ed. C. T. A.]

Editorial Scrap-Book.

A HOME IN THE EVENING.—One of the grossest neglects of youth, producing incalculable mischief and ruin, is the spending of his evenings. Darkness is temptation to misconduct; suffering the young to be out when the light of day does not restrain them from misconduct, is training them to it. We have already an abundant harvest of this succeeding. Riots, mobs, crimes, giving fearful forebodings, are the result of youth becoming fit agents of outrage, by running uncared for in the evening. What we see in these respects is deplorable enough, but what is this compared with what we do not see—multitudes making themselves miserable and noxious to the world, and what is that to come to? Parents should look at the truth that pleasures and recreations are daily purchased—the price of their own impaired comfort, and the blighted prospects of their offspring. It must be obvious that in this matter there can be no prescribed rule. There can be no interior of all the evening recreation and employments, yet there is an evil not only destructive to youth, but planting thorns in many paths, and covering many lives with desolation. The information demanded must proceed from judgement and conscience—must be enlightened. Heads of families must learn that the place on earth best adapted to blessing, is home; and by example and wholesome restraint, they must teach this truth to all under them.

INFLUENCE OF THE MIND UPON THE BODY.—A lady arrived at her home soon after her husband had suddenly died, in consequence of profuse hæmoptysis from a tuberculated lung. An intense and protracted rigor was the first perceptible effect of the shock, and this was followed by a variety of abnormal sensations, especially in the uterine region. I instantly imparted to others my extreme fear that the impulse of thought would be centred on that organ so intimately associated with her deepest sympathies; and the prophecy was true! The child was born a cretin.

A mother was standing by her child when its clothes caught fire, but was so perfectly paralyzed, that the child was buried to death, although there was a tub of water within the mother's reach.

Two conscript brothers were fighting side by side, when one was killed; the other, on the instant, became an idiot; and the third brother, on the first interview with the idiot, was instantly struck with fatuity, and the two became permanent inmates in the Bicêtre.

The last sufferer of death for forgery was thus laid prostrate by his sentence, and never rallied. Omichund, on learning the cheat of Lord Clive, became at once an idiot, and died imbecile. A girl was condemned to death by Lord Kenyon, and although the sentence was only recorded, she fell lifeless in the dock. Brichteau relates the case of a young officer, who, on the reception of a slight blow, died instantly convulsed; and when Philip V. received the report of the defeat of his army, he sickened and suddenly died.

A few years ago, just previous to the death of Sir Astley Cooper, he was called in to reconcile the difference of opinion between another surgeon and myself regarding the propriety of operating on the scirrhous breast of a lady,

who came from the country, not to consult me, but to request me to operate on her at once. Her expressions were most cheerful, and she was evidently buoyed up by a confident hope of speedy relief from the operation. On Sir Astley's announcing, somewhat abruptly, his disapproval of the operation, the lady almost started from her seat, and soon after fainted. From the moment of the return of consciousness, despondency took possession of her thought, and gradually declining, she died in three weeks from the delivery of the verdict.—*Monsere in Winslow's Journal.*

MARRIAGE.—Marriage should be emblematic of the union of mind to mind, and heart to heart. It is well to build matrimonial happiness on physical sympathy of heart responding to heart; but the mental adaption, and a similarity of views relative to the grand principles of action and the events of society, should also be taken into consideration; for the bodily perfections must fade, the ardor of affection may cool or be diverted into another channel, but the mind's fixity of purpose is more to be depended upon, its energies diminishing but slowly with increasing years. A marriage founded upon this mutual understanding has little chance of being wretched. Both parties ever finding the self-same mental beauty they once admired, and constantly deriving from each other the benefit of mutual interchange of thought, they live together as monitors; their two beings become indissolubly chained by habit; and they really form but one personality, though having, it is true, a masculine and a feminine side.—*Dr. Tilt.*

“**I'LL DO IT WELL.**”—There lives in New England a gentleman who gave me the following interesting account of his own life. He was an apprentice in the tin manufactory. When twenty-one years old he had lost his health, so that he was entirely unable to work at his trade. Wholly destitute of means, he was thrown out upon the world to seek any employment for which he had strength. He said he went to find employment; with the determination that whatever he did he would do it well. The first and the only thing that he found he could do, was to black boots and scour knives in an hotel. Though the business was low and servile, he did not lay aside his self respect, or allow himself to be made mean by his business. The respect and confidence of his employers were soon secured, and he was advanced to a more lucrative and less laborious position. At length his health was restored, and he returned to his legitimate business, which he now carries on extensively.—He has accumulated an ample fortune, and is training an interesting family by giving them the best advantages for moral and mental cultivation. He holds an elevated place in the community where he lives. Young men who may chance to read the above statement of facts, should mark the secret of success. The man's whole character, of whom I have spoken, was formed and directed by the determination to do whatever he did, well. Do the thing you are doing so well that you will be respected in your place, and you may be sure it will be said to you, “Go up higher.”

PERSONAL DUTIES OF CHURCH MEMBERS.—It seems to us a prevalent fault of the times, that Christians entertain such a feeble sense of their individual responsibilities to each other and to the world. A brother begins to swerve from the right way, or is exposed to some strong temptation, it is

known to one or more of those who have covenanted to watch over and pray for him. These will talk to each other, and express their concern about it, but say nothing to him. Each excuses himself from the unpleasant duty, in one way or another. No one is willing to admit that he is his brother's keeper. All with one consent begin to make excuses.—None will admit his responsibility to warn and to assist the faltering brother. Others are, but he is not; and so the case is neglected, becomes public, the church is obliged to take it up, and to go through with all the painful steps of discipline, simply for the lack of individual fidelity. The duty of personal Christian labor is not confined within the pale of the Church. Others besides the members are to be cared for, and, if possible, to be plucked as brands from butting. Impenitent children, friends, neighbors, and acquaintances, are on every side, claiming the attention of the Christian. God regards us as their keepers, just in proportion to the power we have to restrain or reform them. A parent may not excuse himself by pleading inability to convert his children. It is true, he cannot save them; but there are many things he can do, to restrain and bring them to the knowledge of the truth; and for the faithful discharge of all his duties in this respect, God will undoubtedly hold him responsible. A professing Christian may wonder how he can be made to answer for the incorrigible impenitence of his neighbors. He is sure he is not their keeper. But he is their keeper; he is answerable, just so far as his advantages and opportunities for influencing them extend. How does he know but that God has brought them within the reach of his influence, on purpose to save them, through his instrumentality? Though they be strangers and foreigners, and not fellow-citizens of the household of God, they are brethren of the same common stock; and he has this for his encouragement to be faithful, that 'he that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.' What a gain of individual holiness and peace, and of Church power, would there be, if every professor of religion should understand the nature and extent of his obligations, both to the Church, and to those who are without! It is high time for every one to dismiss the excusatory inquiry, 'Am I my brother's keeper;' and to ask in earnest, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me do?'

PROPAGATION OF THOUGHT.—Who shall say at what point in the stream of time the personal character of any individual now on the earth shall cease to influence? A sentiment, a habit of feeling once communicated to another mind is gone; it is beyond recall; it bore the stamp of virtue; it is blessing man, and owned by Heaven; its character was evil; vain the remorse that would revoke it, vain the gnawing anxiety that would compute its mischief; its immediate, and to us visible, effect may soon be spent; its remote one, who shall calculate? The oak which waves in our forest to-day, owes its form, its species, and its tint to the acorn which dropped from its ancestor, under whose shade Druids worshipped. "Human life extends beyond the threescore years and ten which bound its visible existence here." The spirit is removed into another region, the body is crumbling into dust, the very name is forgotten upon earth; but living and working still is the influence generated by the moral features of him who has so long since passed away. The characters of the dead are wrought into those of the living;

the generation below the sod formed that which now dwells and acts upon the earth, the existing generation is moulding that which will succeed it, and distant posterity shall inherit the characteristics which we infuse into our children to-day.—*The Parents' High Commission.*

HENRY WARD BEECHER thus refers in the *Independent* to the *Tribune's* suggestion that he be sent to Congress:—*"Equivocal Honor Declined.*—The *Tribune* last Saturday, in reply to a private letter asking the advice on the matter, recommends that we be nominated for Congress, elected and sent; and when that shall be done that we go. It may not be modest for us to decline before we are really asked. But such efforts will certainly be love's labor lost. If the people wish us to be the President of these United States, we should be disposed to accept that. And we fancy that there would be new times in Washington City after our inauguration shall have been pronounced. Had the proposal to go to Congress proceeded from the American Board of Missions, there would have been grave reasons for considering it. We doubt whether they have a harder field in all Heathendom; nor yet a field where the Gospel is more needed. But, for mere political reasons, to backslide from the pulpit into Congress, is a little too long a slide for the first venture. We beg to decline in advance."

A SIMPLE FACT.—God works by means; and he sometimes employs very feeble ones to promote his high ends. A fact of this kind was related not long since, the substance of which is as follows:—"A little girl, some ten or eleven years of age, had her mind deeply impressed with the truth of God in the Sabbath school. Upon retiring to rest one night, she was in trouble about her soul; and at the midnight hour, her anxiety had so increased, that it waked up the servant girl, who was sleeping in the same apartment. Upon interrogation as to the cause of her trouble, the little girl replied that she felt that she was a great sinner—that she could not help herself, and that unless she obtained help, she must go down to hell. She then requested the servant girl to pray for her. But she replied that she was not a Christian—she could not pray. The little girl then sent for her father. Upon entering the room, she asked him to pray for her.—But he made the same reply that the servant girl had made; he was not a Christian, he could not pray. But sympathizing with his child's anxieties, he called her mother to the bedside. This good woman had often been to the throne of grace; but never on an occasion like this. She poured out her soul in prayer to God for her child. God heard and answered her. During the same night, in the same room, by witnessing the melting scene, the servant-girl was hopefully converted, and in a few days the father became a Christian. But the good work did not stop here. The little girl went from house to house, telling of what a precious Saviour she had found, and inviting others to seek him—and as a result of these labors, a glorious revival of religion, embracing the conversion of some forty souls, was attributable, under God, to her. Such facts speak for themselves; they need no comment."—*N. Y. Baptist Register.*

THE LITTLE COURTESIES OF LIFE.—The little things of life have far more effect upon character, reputation, friendship and fortune, than the heartless, and superficial are apt to imagine. They are few indeed, however rough by nature,

who are not touched and softened by kindness and courtesy. A civil word, a friendly remark, a generous compliment, an affable bow of recognition—all have an influence—while surliness, incivility, harshness and ill-temper, naturally enough, produce an effect exactly the reverse. The American people, as a whole, are perhaps not remarkable for courtesy. They are so actively employed in the bustle of life, in the onward movements of commerce and trade, that they have little leisure to cultivate and practise these polished refinements, which are the results of education, of travel, and of enlarged intercourse with society. Nevertheless, we are not a discourteous people, and in the great cities the proprieties of a manner, and the civilities of form are attended to with a commendable degree of exactness. Still, we are bound to confess that we are deficient in many of the little courtesies of life—courtesies that are admirably calculated to sweeten the intercourse of society, the interchange of friendly feeling, and the general communion that takes place from day to day, between neighbors and companions. The excuse with many is, that they have not time to practise the civilities to which we refer—that they are too much engaged in more important matters. Thus a friendly visit will not be repaid, a polite note will be left unanswered, a neighborly call will be disregarded, a pleasant smile will be met with a cold look of indifference, and a cordial grasp of the hand will be responded to with reluctance, if not surprise. All this may mean nothing, and yet the effect upon the mind and the heart is chilling and painful.—*Phila. Enquirer.*

POWER OF MUSIC.—One stormy night, a few weeks since we were wending our way homeward near midnight. The storm raged violently, and the streets were almost deserted. Occupied with our thoughts, we plodded on, when the sound of music from a brilliantly illuminated mansion, for a moment arrested our footsteps. A voice of surpassing sweetness and brilliancy commenced a well-known air.—We listened to a few strains, and were turning away when a roughly-dressed, miserable-looking man, brushed rudely past us.—But as the music reached his ears, he stopped and listened intently, as if drinking in the melody, and as the last sound died away burst into tears.

We inquired the cause of his grief.

For a moment, emotion forbade utterance, when he said :—

“Thirty years ago, my mother sang me to sleep with that song—she has long been dead, and I, once innocent and happy, am—an outcast—a drunkard——”

“I know it is unmanly,” he continued, after a pause, in which he endeavored to wipe away with his sleeve the fastly-gathering tears, “I know it is unmanly thus to give way, but that sweet tune brought back vividly the thought of childhood. Her form seemed once more before me—I—I can’t stand it—I——”

And before we could stop him, he rushed on, and entered a tavern near by, to drown remembrance in the intoxicating bowl. While filled with sorrow for the unfortunate man, we could not help reflecting upon the wonderful power of music. That simple strain, coming, perchance from some gipsy, thoughtless girl, and sung to others equally as thoughtless, still had its gentle mission, for it stirred up deep feelings in an outcast’s heart, bringing back happy hours long gone by.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

What is Life ?

(From the Herald and Journal.)

When I came and sported by my side,
A little child, with a winning grace;
Our eyes were full of innocence,
An angel’s look upon her face;
I asked her while she gaily smiled,
“O what is life, thou fairy child?”
Then soft and sweet her accents fell,
She answered me, “I cannot tell,
It seems to me a holiday
Which I must sing and sport away.”

A youthful maiden passed me by
With sunny brow and golden tress;
No shadowy sin nor guilty thought
Ere yet had stained her loveliness;
And thus I asked of her the while,
She answered with a joyous smile,
And raised her eyes so bright with bliss,
“’Tis but a scene of happiness,
All filled with sunshine and with song,
And thus I hope ’twill linger long.”

I met a mourner, lone and sad,
Her heart’s pure joy forever fled;
Gone was the brightness of her life,
Her hopes were buried with the dead:
I asked her ere I passed her by,
She answered with a bitter sigh,
“A few bright hours, yet these are brief,
And then long days of lonely grief;
They cheat who say that life is fair,
To me ’tis naught but dark despair.”

With faltering step another came,
In whom life’s pulse was beating low;
A slave was he—a gray haired man,
Careworn and bowed with toil and woe;
Ah! he was one of those who feel
The grinding of oppression’s heel,
Whose lives—whose very souls are bought
And sold as though they were but nought;
I asked him with a shrinking fear,
“A curse!” fell on my fastening ear.

I met with one whose eager eye
Told of a restless heart within;
And in his glance and on his brow
I read a tale of crime and sin;
No peaceful thought nor quiet rest
Could dwell within his guilty breast:
But yet I asked of him the same,
And trembled while his answer came:
He whispered as he hurried by,
“A dream, a fearful mockery.”

I saw, with awe, the dying year,
An old and feeble man come near;
And soon I knew the midnight bell
Would toll for him with solemn knell;
I asked of him, “O what is life?”
He answered, “’Tis a bitter strife
Between false hopes and maddening fears,
A time of sorrow and of tears;
’Tis filled with darkness and with gloom,
And ends but with the shadowy tomb.”

An angel came to me in dreams,
A beautiful angel, pure and bright;
She wore a crown of shining gold,
Her form was clothed in heavenly light;
And then in tones of melody
She spake sweet words of love to me,
And whispered, ere she took her flight
Back to that world of radiant light,
“Life is a space to mortals given,
To fit their souls for yon pure heaven.”



Life and Death.

"What is Life, father?" "A Battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail—
Where the wariest eye may be beguiled,
Where the stoutest heart may quail—
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not day or night;
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is Death, father?" "The Rest, my child,
When the strife and the toil are o'er—
The angel of God, who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more—
Who driveth away the demon band,
Bids the din of the battle cease,
Takes the banner and spear from our failing hand,
And proclaims an eternal peace."

"Let me die, father! I tremble, and fear
To fall in that terrible strife!"—
"The crown must be won for heaven, dear,
In the Battle field of life.
Courage! thy foes may be strong and tried,
But He loveth the weak and small;
The angels of heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all!"

A Country Home.

Oh! give me a home, in the country wide,
And a seat by the farmer's wood fireside,
Where the fire burns bright,
On a frosty night,
Where the jest, the song, and laugh are free—
Oh! the farmer's home is the home for me.

Oh! give me a home in the country wide,
When the earth comes out, as a blushing bride,
With her buds and flowers,
In the bright sun of noontide,
Her brooks are ringing, from fash-leaved trees,
And my body floats on the perfumed breeze.

In summer, a seat on a shady bank,
And close by the side of a cooling brook,
When the wild geese
Or the pale swamp rose
Fai ting and sick, 'neath the sun's scorching beam
Dips her fair petals in the cooling stream.

Oh! give me a home in the country wide,
In the golden days of a farmer's pride,
When his barns are filled
From the fields he's tilled,
And he feels that his greatly task is done,
Smiling at winter, he beckons him on.

—N. Y. Tribune.

MAINE LIQUOR LAW ENVELOPES.

THE above is a representation of a very neat and very expressive Envelope for the use of Temperance men, as well as all others, desirous of the passage of a Maine Law for Canada; the Subscriber has a large assortment printed on Buff and White Envelopes, which can be sent by Mail to any part of Canada for 2s. 6d. per 100, and 1s. 3d. for 50.

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J. C. BECKETT.

Montreal, Aug. 1854.

Grand Division, Canada East.

THE ANNUAL SESSION of this body will be held in MONTREAL, on WEDNESDAY, the EIGHTEENTH OCTOBER, at TEN o'clock, A.M. At this Session the Officers for the ensuing year are to be elected, and other important business transacted.

A full attendance of Representatives is requested.

J. S. HALL, G. S.

Sept. 1, 1854.

Grand Division Sons of Temperance, Canada West.

THE ANNUAL SESSION of this body will be held in BYTOWN, on WEDNESDAY, the TWENTY-FIFTH of OCTOBER; next, at ELEVEN o'clock A.M. At this Session, the Officers for the ensuing year are to be elected, and action taken upon the changes made by the N. D. Representatives are requested to attend.

By order,

E. STACEY, G. S.

September 1, 1854.

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WILLIAM S. LLOYD,

Great St. James Street, Montreal.

February 15.

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