

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X



Devoted to the interests of the several Temperance organizations.

Vol. IX.

{ PUBLISHED AND PROPRIETOR,  
P. B. NEWBURY. }

Entertainment, Improvement, Progress, &c

{ OFFICE—41 YORK ST., TORONTO.  
NO. 500 P. O. }

No. 6.

One Dollar a Year.

TORONTO WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1865.

Four Cents per copy.

THE STORY OF  
A CITY ARAB.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOUGHTON GRANGE."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MY LIFE IS SAVED BY AN ENEMY

'HIGHER up, higher; 'tis the only chance we've got; give me your hand, my man, there that's hearty.'

We were in the rigging—Ned and I, for horror-struck with the scene I have just described, as well as driven to seek a respite, if even only of a few minutes, from what appeared to be certain destruction, we had left the deck and ascended the fore-shrouds, and my companion had reached the cross-trees.

'Higher up'—and Ned gave me a hand and plucked me beside him. On the rigging of the main-mast we could dimly see three others of the crew; the sea had swallowed up the rest.

'We must lash ourselves to the sticks somehow,' said Ned, when we had secured our footing, 'if we don't, we shan't be able to hold on; and he set to work, first securing me, and then himself, so that while our arms were at liberty it was impossible we could be dislodged from our refuge except by the entire breaking up of the ill-fated vessel.

Astonishment kept me silent; the man who, of all the crew, had had the cruellest designs towards me, seemed now to be as solicitous for my safety as for his own, and spoke to me with a tremulous kindness which contrasted strangely with his former brutal manner. Per-

haps the death of the captain, vile as he was, had cowed him. I supposed it might be so.

When securely tied, as I have described, I cast my eyes around and below, but no comfort or hope of escape could be obtained from the prospect. All around, as well as I could judge, was a raging, boiling sea, beneath us was the hull of the vessel, now completely submerged, and still, as Ned told me in a hoarse whisper, sinking, sinking deeper and deeper into the treacherous sand-bank—'sucked in, as the Good'n Sands always does—'a'ways,' he said.

It was something in our favour, he also told me, that in the way we had struck, the vessel was nearly in an upright position and was sinking so, there was not much danger of her heeling over, therefore, and if we could live through the night, and keep above water, we might be taken off in the morning. But he spoke as though there was not much hope. We should be froze to death long before daylight, he said. And he said it with reason. In a quarter of an hour, thus exposed to the bitter wind and the snow-storm, which had again set in with increased violence, I felt as though life was fast ebbing.

And let me say, though not boastingly, that I felt at that time no strong desire for life. Perhaps the troubles and hard struggles through which I had already passed in my short existence, and the small prospect I had of any softening of my condition in life, might have reconciled me to the thought of an early death. But was there not something else which at that time, calmed my mind, and enabled me to say, 'Into thy hand I commit my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth?' Yes, there was.

I was roused from these thoughts by the voice of my poor fellow sufferer, speaking low and quiveringly, and calling me by name.

'Roley, you are not gone off yet?'

'No, Ned.'

'Don't ye tumble to sleep, whatever ye do; if you do, you won't wake agin.'

'I'll try to keep awake,' I said. In truth, however, I found it would require an effort to do this. The cold had already numbed me and I had begun to feel drowsy.

'Roley, what was that you said to the skipper just now?' he asked, shuddering as he spoke, evidently at the recollection of the dreadful scene, and what did you mean?

What did I say, Ned? I asked, trying to rouse myself to speak.

'Don't you know? About Jesus Christ saving—'

Oh yes, Ned, I'll tell you what I said, Ned, because it is for you and me and everybody, and you ought to know it if you don't. He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him. That was just it, Ned, word for word.'

'Yes, that was it,' said he eagerly, 'but what does it mean?'

Mean! Didn't he know what it meant? I asked. Didn't he know the Lord Jesus Christ had come from heaven to die for sinners, and that he rose again from the dead and went to heaven to carry on there the work of salvation which he had begun on earth? All this and more, I said to Ned.

Well, to be sure, he had heard of Jesus Christ, there was once a man whom he had sailed with who had had something to say about Jesus Christ, but he (Ned) hadn't heeded.

'Tell me about it, Roley,' he went on.

As well as I could, I told him what I know of Christ and his salvation. I cannot recall now—and it does not much matter—the words that I used, I only remember that I spoke of his mercy and his power, his readiness to hear prayer, and his willingness to save.

It is too late now, I reckon,' groaned poor Ned. 'He wouldn't hear me now.'

'No, no, it isn't too late, Ned; there was the man who was crucified along with him;' and I told him of that instance of Divine love.

'Roley, can't you make a bit of a prayer for us both?' said he in a voice half choked with emotion. 'What was it you told the skipper to say?'

'Lord save me or I perish!' that was it, Ned."

Ned repeated the words after me again, and again, and again. Did he know to whom he spoke? What the words meant? Did he pray from the heart? I cannot tell.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hour after hour passed away, and we were still on our precarious refuge; but all bodily power had forsaken us, with almost all sense of pain; while the yet falling snow gathered around us, and, freezing as it fell, had stiffened not only our clothes about us, but our very limbs. And now I saw why Ned had so carefully and securely lashed me and himself to the rigging; one by one the three unfortunate men who had fled to the mainmast cross-trees, and who had not had presence of mind to secure themselves in like manner, fell from their unsteady footing into the raging water below, and were borne away almost without a struggle or a cry. Meanwhile, either the water had risen, or the vessel had continued sinking deeper into the sand, for the waves seemed to get nearer and nearer, and perpetually dashed over us, half blinding us with their icy spray.

'Roley, I am going, I can't hold on much longer,' he said.

'Try to keep up heart, Ned,' I whispered in reply. Our strongest voice was reduced to a whisper now, and even this was an exertion almost too great for us. It will be morning presently, and then, may be, we shall be seen.'

A sudden thought seemed to strike the sailor when I had said this—at least, he roused himself, and spoke with greater distinctness, and very earnestly.

If they take you off alive, Roley, don't ye go back to that place, if you can help it.'

'I won't, Ned,' said I, readily enough, for I guessed of what place he was thinking.

'They won't be looking after you now, be-

cause they'll think you are safe over the water, and if they hear of this wreck they'll think you are drowned, but if they should know of your being back again, you'll be done for. Oh, may I be forgiven for what I have had to do in that place! Oh, if I thought I would be forgiven!' the poor fellow groaned.

"He is able to save to the uttermost," Ned," I whispered.

'I donno—I hope so,' said he; 'it is very wonderful. But, Roley, you must forgive me too; for I was mixed up in the conspiracy against you.'

'I do forgive you, Ned: don't think any more about that matter but cry for mercy while you have the time.'

He did not reply audibly—indeed, I did not hear him speak another audible word. I heard mutterings, as though he was trying to speak, but presently even these ceased. I roused myself to call him, but no answer came. With the utmost difficulty I stretched out my hand and touched him, but he did not move. I remember little more, only that the noise of the wind and waves around me became more and more faint, and I think I recollect seeing but not noticing, a faint streak of light eastward; and then all was indistinctness and wandering of mind.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### RESCUE.

'SEEMS to be a spark of life in this poor lad;'—I heard the words with very little interest, and without attaching the meaning to them. I was too far gone for that.

'Ease him down gently, Steb,' were the next words, and I was made aware that I was being unlashd from the rigging and lowered. With a strong and painful effort I opened my eyes for an instant only, but sufficiently long to see that it was daylight, and that above me, on the cross-trees, was a stout seafaring man, holding to a rope with one hand, and with the other grasping my jacket, while below was another man, in whose arms I was resting. The sea I remember, was still very rough, but my senses were reeling, and I again closed my eyes in unconsciousness.

Presently I know or believed myself to be in a boat, and a friendly arm was supporting my head, while an equally friendly hand was pouring a cordial into my mouth. Then I heard voices again—the same that had before spoken.

Gently, Steb, you'll choke the poor chap,

don't ye see as how he can't swallow more nor a thimbleful at a time?"

It was true enough that the strong liquor which they had poured down my throat nearly took away the little breath that remained in me, but it had the effect of causing me again to open my eyes, and to look round—wildly, I have no doubt.

I was lying along the bottom of the boat, near the stern, wrapped round with a rough coat, and another thrown over me. Two men were at the oars, and another was tending me as I have described. Close beside me was my poor companion of the cross-trees, with his face uncovered. I roused myself, and faintly uttered his name—'Ned, Ned!'

'It's no use,' said my preserver, compassionately; 'he's gone, he is,' and he drew his rough hand across his face; 'he'll never see another Good'en wreck.'

It was what I expected, yet it shocked and distressed me. Roughly as I had been used by him, our night's community in suffering had drawn us together; and his apparent earnestness in seeking for mercy though at the eleventh hour, had left a vivid impression on my mind which still lingers with me.

I had not much consciousness left me. I only remember that the boat seemed to float over the rough sea like a cork; that my preserver was active in his endeavours to call back my flickering life, first by homœopathic doses of brandy from his flask, and then by gently chafing my half-frozen limbs, that the men at the oars pulled with a will; that presently I heard and felt the grating of the boat keel on the shingles; that I was lifted out of the boat and borne I know not whither, that I heard many pleasant and compassionate voices around me, that I felt my clothes removed, and, lastly, that the return of warmth to my body was accompanied by such agonies of pain, that I swooned.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

##### THE BOATMEN'S COLONY.

If my readers will bear in mind the excitement of mind and body through which I had recently passed, and the hardships to which I had been exposed in that dreadful night on the Goodwin Sands, they will not be astonished that for many days I was very near the grave. I was, as I afterwards learned, in a high fever, and, the greater part of that time, insensible. On recovering—waking, as it seemed to me,

out of a long, weary, troubled sleep—I was surprised to find how weak I had become, so that I could scarcely raise myself in bed. For I was in bed, which, though small, was a comfortable one. The room, too, was one of the smallest, not to be deemed a closet, and if I had not been convinced to the contrary by the immovableness, or rather the motionlessness and stability of the dwelling, whatever or wherever it might be, I could easily have imagined myself shut up in the cabin of a ship afloat.

Everything around me was 'ship-shape.' My bed-place was a sailor's berth, and the room was fitted up with lockers, thus economizing space. The walls declined from the perpendicular just as in a ship's cabin, and were hung with just the sort of articles for use or ornament that might be expected to be found there, and only there. The window, of four panes was composed of thick greenish glass, and had evidently, I thought, at some time done duty in another habitation. So had the door, and the paneled wainscoting, which, small as was the room, was composed of a variety of patterns and fashions; and so had the large and costly looking-glass, now disfigured with a crack, which was let into the wall, and formed one of the larger panels. Ship-like also was the strong smell of tar or pitch which pervaded the room; and ship-like the sound of murmuring waves, which reached me distinctly enough as I lay wondering for what further mysteries I was reserved.

There was not any mystery, however, in any of this. Simply, I had fallen into the hands of a kind, rough, benevolent, half amphibious being, who dwelt when on land—in a wooden tenement close upon the beach, and forming one of a little colony of boatmen's dwellings, having a bleak waste of sand behind and the ocean in front; but whose true home might be said to be on the sea.

Partly fishermen, partly smugglers, I am afraid—I may say this now, for the cottages have disappeared, and the colony has long since dispersed—my rescuer and his companions picked up a scanty, or at least a precarious addition to their 'ways and means,' by salvage from the Goodwin Sands, or as they termed this grave of many a noble wreck, 'the Good 'ens'; but, unlike the wreckers of more inhospitable coasts, they were never known to lose an opportunity of saving life when it was in their power to do so, though to the certain diminution of their gains. Thus, though the

wreck of the General Washington offered, in its breaking up, a tempting prize to Steb or Stephen Bourne, and his two fellow boatmen and partners, and though other boats were hastening to the sands to pick up its waifs and strays, humanity had impelled them to neglect their own interest in saving me, and in attempting to save my poor companion from perishing in the rigging. And when they found that I was rapidly sinking from the effects of cold and exposure to the storm, Stephen Bourne had taken me to his own cottage, and brought back the flickering spark of life.

All this I learned afterwards; but before I had so far progressed as to be able to crawl out to the beach, I asked what had become of poor Ned, and learned that he had vainly battled with his last storm. He, and two or three bodies which had been washed on shore the next day, had been buried in one common grave.

I might dwell long on the homely hospitality I received from my preservers; I could tell how the women of the little colony vied with each other in their kindness to the shipwrecked youth, and how the children of all ages—for almost every cottage had its fair allowance of these—tempted me daily to play with them on the beach. I could say something, too, of the habits of the boatmen themselves—how they lounged about in calm sunshiny weather, smoking their short pipes on the beach, or seated in their boats, drawn up high and dry on the strand, as though neither sea nor boat, nor life itself, was much concern of theirs; but how, in rough and threatening weather, when other folk are glad of a roof to cover them, they were on the alert, and their boats manned in readiness for service, if not already miles out on the boiling waves. I could tell something too, of mysterious trips on dark nights, when their success in fishing was too small, I fear, to account for the exultation expressed on their safe return; and I could repeat the stories I heard of dangers braved and escaped in their hazardous calling, as well as mournful histories of former companions who had perished in it. There was, indeed, as far as I could learn or can remember, scarcely a family in the whole colony of which some member had not, at one time or other, and even recently, been lost at sea; and it seemed to be looked upon almost as a matter of course, that but few of the male inhabitants of the place would die either of old age or on their beds. Yet they did not seem unhappy at the thought. Habit, perhaps, had bred indifference, and the constant

sight of danger, and contact with it had deprived it of its terrors. All this, as I have said, I could enlarge upon, but I must hasten on my narrative.

I had been three or four weeks the guest of my preserver, and had almost recovered my lost strength, when a weekly newspaper, which, after doing duty in the publichouse of the neighbouring town, was circulated among those of the boatmen who could read, was lent to me. And there I saw, in the shipping intelligence, that the 'General Washington,' an outward-bound American barque, had been wrecked on the Goodwin Sands, and 'all lives lost.' That this was incorrect in its last clause, my readers know; but I was not sorry that the error had crept into public print. I had been painfully debating in my mind what course to take for the future; and though no other resource seemed open to me but to return to London, I could foresee the dangers which would beset me there, if it were known that I had escaped from the wreck. Now, however, those who were so concerned in my expatriation would in all probability have obtained the intelligence which had accidentally met my eye, and, believing that I was drowned, would give themselves no further concern about me. It was true that accident might also reveal to them that I had escaped; and I well know that if any of the iniquitous gang of Thiovo's Castle were to light upon me, intelligence would be conveyed to the unhappy man who called himself my father; but this danger would not perhaps be greater in London than in the country; and all events, trusting to the Divine Providence which had, as I firmly believed, watched over me up to that period, I determined to return to the only refuge I had, and the only mart for my future industry, praying that I might be lost in the crowd, and thus delivered from the unprovoked enmity and persecution of unreasonable men.

Perhaps there were other motives which urged me to venture so near the lion's den. Many years had passed away since I saw the last of my kind and motherly protectress, but her image had not faded from my memory, nor affection towards her from my heart; and though all the efforts I had since made had been ineffectual in discovering her retreat, I did not yet despair of finding poor Peggy Magrath, but to attempt this, it was needful for me to be in London, for where else could she have taken refuge?

And then, my interest had not quite faded away as regarded my former little teacher and

friend. I may even say that it had revived. I wanted some one to whom I could confide all the secrets of my past trials, my hopes and my fears, and who would sympathize with and advise me. Who so likely to do this as Fanny Grey? I wished, too, to tell her that I had found the heavenly Friend of whom she had told me, and to make her heart glad with the tidings that I was no longer a rebel against a kind and gracious Father in heaven and a loving Saviour. Yes, I would find out where Fanny was and tell her what great things God had done for me, in putting his grace and fear into my soul.

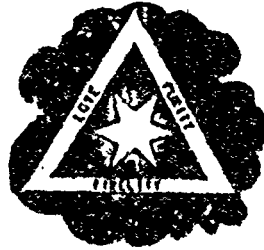
I have since thought it strange that it did not once enter my thoughts, or my plans to reveal to the police of those days the mysteries of the place which I have called Theives' Castle so far as I knew them. And yet it is not so strange, when it is remembered that in doing so I would have given evidence against my own father; and, that, if he had been brought to justice I should have had to appear against him as his accuser. Besides, what had I to reveal? I had been conveyed to a secret assembly of rogues, and thence conveyed to a yet more secret stronghold. I had there heard and witnessed much which had assured me that it was a den of villany; and, refusing to cast in my lot with those who lived by dishonesty, I had narrowly escaped being murdered, and had more narrowly still escaped from the hands and designs—whatever those designs were—of hardened kidnapers. All this I could have told; but what evidence could I have adduced in proof of my assertions? Where was this secret midnight resort? where the more secret stronghold? I could not tell. Then who could vouch for my respectability and truthfulness? No one besides an old ostler, of no unimpeachable character himself, and a drunken tailor. Added to this, I had had my own experience of police courts, and I did not want any further acquaintance with them. But I have wandered somewhat from my story; let me return.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Punch gives some advice to women in looking out for suitable husbands. Among other things he says:—

The man who don't take tea, illtreats the cat, takes snuff, and stands with his back to the fire, is a brute whom I would not advise you to marry on any consideration, either for love or money, but decidedly not for love.—But the

man who when tea is over is discovered to have none, is very sure to make the best husband. Patience like his deserves being rewarded with the best of wives and the best of mother-in-laws. My dears, when you meet with such a man, do your utmost to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed first.



## The Weekly Visitor.

VOLUME IX.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 8, 1865.

— We observe by the *Oshawa Vindicator* that Mr. Verey with his splendid Zoographicon is to be at Duffin's Creek this week, after which he is coming westward. Should he again visit Toronto we hope he will receive the patronage of the whole community.

— The vote on Dunkin's Bill is to be taken in the township of Southwold on the 13th. We hope every friend of temperance will poll his vote on the occasion.

To the Editor of the *Weekly Visitor*.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—The following Officers of Nova Britannia Lodge, No. 374, were duly installed on the evening of Thursday, Nov. 2 by M. H. Fieldhorse, P. D., assisted by the Grand Marshal, Bro. Josiah Blount.

Bro. James H. Skinkle.....	W C T
Sister Anna Osterhout....	W V T
Bro. Robert White.....	W C
" Wm. R. Losie.....	W T
" Josiah Blount.....	W S
" Court L. Losie.....	W T
" George Skinkle.....	W M
Sister S. A. Copperthwait	W I G
Bro. John Skinkle.....	W O G
" William Sykes.....	W A S
Sister E. Bailey.....	W R H S

## SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The Coldstream Division, S. of T., having lately made some alterations in their Hall at some considerable expense, have decided to hold a Social Tea Meeting on Friday evening, Nov. 17, for the purpose of increasing their funds. The Rev. Mr. Stevenson has kindly consented to deliver a short but interesting address, after which a Musical Entertainment will take place. Tea will be served from 7.15 to 8.20 p. m. Tickets are placed at the low rate of 25cents each, and may be obtained at this office.

## TEMPERANCE.

It must be gratifying to the friends of Temperance to witness the unmistakable evidences of zeal and energy on the part of the members of the British Order of Good Templars, and the increasing interest of the public generally in the cause of Temperance.

During the past few years very little interest has been manifested in the cause. Temperance men (a large proportion of them) appeared to be dead, or at least *idle spectators* of the onward march of intemperance. Many noble champions who, in years that are past and gone—years that will long be remembered by every true Temperance man—fought valiantly in the ranks of the Sons of Temperance and kindred associations, have, of late, laid aside their armour, some thinking that they had done their duty and that the younger members should take their place and fight out the battle; while others have turned their backs to the foe and run like cowards from the field, leaving the Order to take care of itself. This is to be regretted; for the Sons of Temperance have done a noble work in this province; and many who have been reclaimed through its instrumentality can bear witness to the fact. We regret that this Order which has done so much to reclaim fallen humanity, and is still calculated to do good, is passing through a trying ordeal. The defeat of Prohibition shattered its ranks, and this coupled with the heartlessness of would-be friends—friends in prosperity, but worse than foes in adversity, who have used the Order as a means of self-aggrandizement—have reduced this once strong and popular Association to a mere skeleton. But we trust the worst is past. The Temperance ball is once more in motion; thanks to the introduction of British

Templarism, and the untiring zeal and indefatigable efforts of its members.

The Templars have diffused new life and vigor into the Temperance Army, and notwithstanding the croakings of the few enemies of the Order, it has leavened the entire British American Provinces with true temperance principles. All that is now required in order to win a lasting and glorious victory is unity of action; Temperance associations should work together in harmony, each striving to vie with the other in their efforts to reclaim the drunkard, and spread the principles of Temperance. Then—

Onward! onward! Templars, onward!

Till you've gained the victory!

Onward, till 'neath England's Standard

Every drunkard shall be free.

—Monitor, St. John, N. D.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE PIC-NIC.

To the Editor of Ross's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—Knowing you are a warm supporter of the cause "the cause of mankind," I take the liberty of sending for publication, a brief notice of a Temperance Pic-nic, held by the members of the "Flower of the Forest" Division, and their friends. According to appointment quite a number of the members of the said Division, with their friends, met at the Temperance Hall, on Monday, the 25th Sept., and after some little time spent in preparation, proceeded on their way down to Mr. Jenkin's farm at Bay Fortune, where they had previously agreed to spend the day.—The morning was dull, the clouds threatening, the road was somewhat muddy, but nothing daunted, the cold water band drove on towards the place of entertainment, cringing by the ringing laugh, and merry joke, that a few clouds and a little mud were not going to upset or even mar their enjoyment. About 11 a. m. the party arrived safely at their destination. After driving down to the beach, and taking a short survey of the beautiful scenery of that truly beautiful settlement; the rain beginning to fall it was concluded to seek shelter. Driving up to the yard the party was cordially met by Mr. Jenkins, who generously invited all to use his very commodious dwelling house for the occasion, which offer was gratefully accepted.—Scarcely were all sheltered ere the rain descended copiously, but all appeared to be only the signal for an outburst of merriment within. Joke after joke

was freely passed around, in which our good Bro. W. H. Hunt, Bible Christian Minister, joined, plainly showing that he did not consider that any time for a long face or sombre aspect. Dinner was served up by fair Lady Visitors of the F. of F. in their usual happy style. The inner man being thus replenished the evening was enlivened by the social chat, and the cherry song, the general burden of the latter seeming to be that "It would never do to give it up so" from which we may safely infer that, this is only the beginning of good things here in the shape of Pic-nics and that fresh, and more violent attacks are still to be made on the strongholds of King Alcohol in this part of Kings County. The commissariat department having been well attended to by those having charge of the same, at half-past four all sat down to an excellent tea, after which the rain having ceased, preparations were made for a return, and the cry soon passed round "homeward bound." I am happy to state that all did arrive safely at their respective homes, well pleased with the day's entertainment, and satisfied that the S. of T. have a way of being merry without any danger of "Bloody noses or cracked crowns." Dundas, Sept. 26, 1865.

EFFECTS OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

BY EDWARD BAINES, ESQ., M. P., ENGLAND.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—Prov. xx. 1.

ONE distinct personal testimony to a matter of fact and experience often produces a stronger impression than many arguments. It cannot be wrong for an individual to publish his personal experience, if he believes that in so doing he might influence others to adopt a course favourable to their health, virtue, usefulness, and happiness. In this hope I feel it my duty, having abstained from intoxicating liquors for fifteen years, to state, that during that whole time I have enjoyed good and vigorous health, with scarcely a day's interruption; that I have never for an hour felt any need of such liquors; and that I believe I have done more work, have had better spirits, have eaten my food with greater relish, and have slept more tranquilly, than I should have done if I had habitually taken wine or beer.

To boast of health would be impious, and to presume on its continuance would be irrational. What God has graciously bestowed, He may at any moment take away. I only speak of

the past and present, which I do with humble thankfulness; and my reason for speaking at all is a conviction, that an incalculable amount of evil, as offensive in the sight of God as ruinous to man, would be prevented by the general discontinuance of the use of intoxicating drinks, but that men decline to abstain from them, under the notion that they are necessary to health, or at all events not injurious, while they believe them to be conducive to personal enjoyment. Convinced that these notions, the latter as well as the former, are erroneous, I offer my own experience to show that they are so; and with the same view I add a few particulars.

I did not adopt total abstinence owing to any illness or tendency to disease, nor because liquor was any considerable temptation to me. I had always used it moderately. My sole object was a desire to induce some whom I knew, by example, to abandon an indulgence which was leading them to ruin. And it occurred to me, that if I could do without strong drink, other persons in ordinary health might do the same: because my constitution is not robust; on the contrary, I have from childhood been rather pale and thin. Therefore the experiment of total abstinence seemed in me a very fair one. I was an average subject; many of my friends even thought that I needed a little wine; dissuaded me from giving it up, and mourned over my unwise persistence: I myself had the prejudice that it helped digestion. Well, I tried the experiment—first for a month, then for another month, till at length I learned to laugh at the prejudices of myself and my friends, and in the consciousness of firm health and good spirits, I have continued the practice to the present day.

Within fifteen years of life one passes through various circumstances, which would be likely to try the merits of any regimen. But I have never felt as strong drink would help me in any of these circumstances;—certainly not in the protracted study; as certainly not in the prolonged and exciting public meeting; not in active business, however pressing; not in travelling, by night or by day; not in pedestrian rambles on the mountains of Cumberland or Wales; not in the cold of winter; not in the heat of summer, not in the raw damp of intermediate season; not in the morning, not at noon, nor yet at night; not in anxiety and trouble; not in joy and social intercourse. I need it in none of these circumstances; it would do me mischief in many. It might cloud my intellect, or excite my brain,

or disorder my stomach, or cause local inflammation more or less serious. There are those who think that wine or beer is needful whenever they feel fatigued or exhausted. But surely nature provides her own restorative at a much easier and cheaper rate. He who is tired should rest, he who is weary should sleep, he who is exhausted should take wholesome food or innocent beverages, he who is closely confined should take air and exercise. I repeat, that in my case alcoholic drinks are never necessary, and would never do me good.

I claim no merit for total abstinence—1st, Because it is no privation: a total abstainer does not care or think about liquor, at least after the first few days or weeks, he forgets it, 2ndly, Because I am firmly convinced that a total abstainer has more physical comfort, and even more gratification for his palate, than he who takes liquors, the digestive organs being generally in a healthier state, he enjoys food and innocent beverages with greater relish, if he loses the pungency of strong drink, he also escapes its painful consequences, 3rdly, Because abstinence from liquor is no mean saving of money, which may be so much better applied, 4thly, Because it is a still more important saving of precious time, and 5thly, Because it obviously keeps men out of many dangers and temptations. Therefore in my judgment, enlightened self-interest, nay, an enlightened regard for mere physical enjoyment, might make a man give up strong drink. \* \* \* \*

My belief is, that, to most persons in ordinary health, alcoholic drinks are not needful. And I take the liberty of just glancing at a few facts, which seem to prove this beyond all reasonable question.

First, I will speak of cases within my own personal knowledge. I know, and could name, many of the hardest working men, who for years have not tasted drink, and who declare themselves far better without than with it,—glass-blowers, forgo-men, and others, who work in front of the hottest furnaces,—pressers in dry-houses,—farmers working out of doors in summer's heat and winter's frost, printers working at the press, joiners, bricklayers, masons, &c. I know coachmen, exposed to all weathers, one of whom drove the night-mail over the hills of Scotland, I know medical men in large practice, driving about all day, and often disturbed in the night, I know ministers of religion and lecturers, among the most animated and laborious in the country, in the habit of speaking at great length in crowded meetings,

and often out of doors, I know missionaries labouring in tropical countries, I know merchants, tradesmen, clerks, &c., of the greatest activity, I know literary men and editors of very sedentary habits, I know members of Parliament and ministers of state, among the most constant in their attendance on the duties of Parliament or of office, I know old men of near four-score, children and young persons of all ages, nursing mothers, servants, in short, persons of almost every class that can be mentioned. I know persons under all these varied circumstances, who act on the system of total abstinence, enjoying health and vigour, and believing that they are better without intoxicating liquor than they would be with it.

Beyond my personal knowledge, instances without end might be adduced from unquestionable authority, but it may suffice to mention a few class of cases. For example, the governor of York Castle told me that he never knew a single instance of the health of a prisoner suffering from his being at once deprived of intoxicating liquor. It is notorious that there are soldiers who go through their arduous exercises, and whole crews of sailors and fishermen exposed to all weathers, in all seas, practising abstinence with advantage. \* \* \* \*

Captain Kennedy, of the Prince Albert exploring expedition, who last winter performed a journey of twelve hundred miles over ice and snow, along the most rugged coasts of the Arctic regions, with the thermometer far below the freezing point of mercury, without seeing the sun for months, ascribed in his official despatch the health of his crew to their having all strictly acted on the total abstinence principle. It is stated that the Duke of Wellington, who lived to the age of eighty-three, in his long defensive warfare against death, abstained from wine. So did the old Marquis of Winchester, who died in the reign of Elizabeth at the age of ninety-seven. Millions of the Irish nation, under the influence of Father Matthew, abandoned drink. In some of the States of America total abstinence has actually become the law; and through a great part of the United States it would be considered a shame for the ministers of religion to taste wine. The strongest man of whom we have any record never touched wine; the wisest man that ever lived emphatically condemned it. Finally, two thousand medical men in Britain, including those of the very first rank for science and practice, signed the following certificate —

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 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 beverages of all sorts would greatly conduce to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race."

Is there, then, sufficient motive for relinquishing strong drink ?

In my judgment there are two motives, either of which justifies, and even demands 1st, a man's own safety and advantage, and 2d, the influence of his example, in inducing others to avoid the most fruitful of all causes of vice and misery.

The peculiar danger of intoxicating drinks is in their extreme seductiveness, and in the all but unconquerable strength of the drinking habit when once formed, and their peculiar malignity is in their being the parent or nurse of every kind of crime, wickedness, and suffering.

I say boldly that no man living, who uses intoxicating drinks, is free from the danger of at least occasional, and, if of occasional, ultimately of habitual excess. I have myself known such frightful instances of persons brought into captivity to the habit, that there seems to be no character, position, or circumstances that free men from the danger. I have known many young men of the finest promise, led by the drinking habit into vice, ruin, and early death. I have known such become virtual parricides. I have known many tradesmen whom it has made bankrupt. I have known Sabbath scholars whom it has led to prison. I have known teachers, and even superintendents, whom it has dragged down to profligacy. I have known ministers of religion, in and out of the Establishment, of high academic honours, of splendid eloquence, nay of vast usefulness, whom it has fascinated, and hurried over the precipice of public infamy, with their eyes open, and gazing with horror on their fate. I have known men of the strongest and clearest intellect, and of vigorous resolution, whom it has made weaker than children and fools. I have known gentlemen of refinement and taste whom it has de-

based into brutes. I have known poets of high genius whom it has bound in a bondage worse than the galleys, and ultimately cut short their days. I have known statesmen, lawyers, and judges whom it has killed. I have known kind husbands and fathers whom it has turned into monsters. I have known honest men whom it has made villains.

Is it not notorious that, under the ravages of drunkenness the land mourns?—that it is this which—I may say almost exclusively—fills our prisons, our workhouses, our lunatic asylums, our dens of pollution, and our hospitals;—which causes most of the shipwrecks, fires, fatal accidents, crimes, outrages, and suicides, that load the columns of our newspapers,—which robs numberless wives of a husband's affection, and numberless children of a parent's fondness; which strips thousands of homes of every comfort, deprives scores of thousands of children of education, and almost of bread, and turns them on the streets;—which leaves so many places of worship almost empty, and so many mechanics' institutes languishing, whilst the pot-houses are crowded;—which brings down (it is estimated) sixty thousand of our population every year to a drunkard's grave?

And of all the victims of intemperance, be it remembered there is NOT ONE who did not begin by moderate drinking, or who had the remotest idea, when he began, that he should be led into excess.

Such, then, being the peculiar seductiveness and danger of the practice of taking intoxicating liquors, and such the enormous malignity of its consequences, is there not a strong, and even a restless ground for appealing to good men, to patriots, to philanthropists, above all to Christians, and to Christian ministers, if not for their own sake, yet for the sake of others, whom they see gliding down by scores of thousands, as on a slope of ice, to the gulf of temporal and eternal ruin, to take their stand on the safe platform of total abstinence?

#### A NOBLE BOY.

The following anecdote (clipped from a late English paper) is related by James Haughter, Esq., one of Her Majesty's Justices of the peace in Dublin. Several years ago an English gentleman of literary eminence, Mr. S. C. Hall, visited among many other places of interest in Ireland the far famed Glendalough or Seven Churches. On his entrance into the Glen he was met by a young lad who offered himself as his

guide. The boy proved to be an exceeding intelligent companion. While rambling about Mr. Hall produced a flask of whiskey, and offered his guide a dram but he refused it, and said he was a teetotaler. Mr. Hall appeared incredulous, and in order to test the lad's sincerity, he offered him money to tempt him to violate his pledge; five shillings were offered, but without effect, the bribe was increased by degrees to a sovereign—the boy's frame throbbing, and his eyes flashing with indignation. At length he stood forward in attitude of manly firmness, and with much dignity of manner he exclaimed—"Sir, you know not the mischief you are attempting to do, young as I am I have been a drunkard; many is the good half crown I have earned in this place, and then spent it on whiskey. The gentlemen used to give me a dram out of their bottles, just as you have offered me now, and I was then but too willing to accept it. After getting the taste of it I would go to the public house, and there spend on drink all I had earned during the day. But sir, that was not the worst of it; I am the only support of my mother—she is a widow—and while I was drinking she was left to starve. Think of her misery, and of my selfishness. But the times are changed with me, I have been for some time a teetotaler. I took the pledge from Father Matthew, and with the help of God, I'll keep it while I live. When you engaged me to-day as your guide, I wanted you to allow me time to put on my Sunday clothes, for although I am not ill dressed now, I have a much better suit for Sundays and holidays, none of which was I in possession of when I was in the habit of going to the public house. And besides this my Mother has now every comfort she can desire. All this happiness you are endeavouring to destroy; you tempt me to break my pledge, to become false to my vow, made before God and man. Oh sir, you do not know what you are doing; I would not break my pledge for all you are worth in the world." The boy's eloquence and earnestness made a deep impression upon Mr. Hall who saw that he was in the presence of a hero. After a moment's reflection his determination was fixed, he decided on becoming himself a teetotaler; and in order to prove his sincerity to his guide, he flung his flask of whiskey high over his head into the Lake, in whose deep bosom it now lies buried. The joy and excitement of the boy were intense; he danced about in wild exuberance of delight. It was a scene not soon to be forgotten by either

of the actors in it. Boys of England and Ireland, imitate this noble conduct of the young guide at Glendalough.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some years after this scene, I met Mr. Hall in the great Exhibition in London, and I recalled it to his memory. He then told me that he had continued to be a teetotaler, and that he believes he could not have done all the literary labour he had accomplished in the interim if he had not adopted the practice of Total Abstinence from alcoholic liquors so beautifully impressed upon his mind by the noble boy at the Seven Churches.  
Dublin, August, 1865.

#### A GOOD WORD FOR THE MASTER.

The winter wind was blowing in its might, and I was hastening home from a little pilgrimage to a friend who was ill.

As I passed a house by the roadside, two men came from it. The door closed after them, and the click of the latch was scarcely heard before the door opened again, and the voice of a woman was calling, 'Jamie, you'll speak a word for the Master.'

'Indeed I will,' heartily responded the man; and the two went on their way, while I lingered a moment, thinking of the words of the woman. I had heard of the occupants of the house as honest and nobly poor, and yielding to the impulse of the instant, I stepped to the door and knocked.

Before it was opened, I heard these words.—

'You know Jessie, we must never hide anything, and when we have got a kindness from any one we ought to tell of it.'

The wild winter wind followed me on through the cracks and crevices, but within I met cheering warmth and brightness.—The first words of welcome the woman gave were, 'Come in, see how warm we can make you by the coals the master sent on Christmas.'

'And who is the master?' I asked.

'Mr. Church at the mill. You see the men are uneasy, and somebody is putting them up to strike for more wages; and to night the men are to have a meeting, and I've sent my Jamie to tell how good the master is when we are sick or the work stops. I thought that, may be, if he spoke a good word for him 'twould stop the strike.'

On my way homeward the words of the woman, spoke in such simple verity, were echoing in my mind.

Why should we not speak a good word for



the Master? Because he is our master; because he has taken us in his vineyard and given to us so royally for our labor, and because that by so doing we might win others to join the same service.

They who come now and then and lean upon the wall and look in upon the laborers, fain would join the number, but are kept back because it seems so hard. Let us then, by word and action, 'speak a good word for our master.' Let us turn our bright face to the world, glowing with the light which cometh from above sun or sky.

Christian, you and I know that the velvet of God's love is so thick and enduring that not one of this world's thorns can pierce it, that there is not one care given to mortals which the mantle of his love does not encompass; that we never had one sorrow that was not more than one joy! Then let us 'speak a good word for the Master!' Wherever we go, let our lips and lives tell of his goodness and love.

ON THE DERIVATION OF THE WORD "NEWS."

The word explains itself without the Muse, And the four letters speak whence come the news; From North, East, West, South, the solution's made, Each quarter gives account of war and trade.

Be sure not to tell a first falsehood, and you needn't fear being detected in any subsequent ones.

The Japanese say, 'The tongue of women is her sword, and she never lets it grow rusty for want of using it.'

BRITISH ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS

CITY OF TORONTO.

The Toronto City Lodge will, until further notice, meet in the basement of the Evangelical Union Church, Albert Street, every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock p.m.

J ROBERTSON, Provincial Deputy.

The Queen City Lodge will, for the present, meet on Tuesday Evenings at 8 p. m., in the basement of the Evangelical Union Church, Albert Street.

W. A. POOLE, Provincial Deputy.

The Jean Kerwin Lodge meets as usual on Friday evening, at 7-30 p m in the Coldstream Hall, Brook Street.

J J. WILLIAMS, Provincial Deputy.

The Queens Lodge meets in the Missionary Church, Elizabeth Street, every Tuesday evening, at 8 p. m.

P. STEWART, Provincial Deputy.

Agents for The Weekly Visitor.

- Mr. P. STEWART, City and General Agent
THOMAS YELLOWHEAD, Beamanville
SAMUEL JAMES, Bruden Mine
CHAS. FARMER, Rockwood
J. CHAPMAN, Brighton P. O., Northumberland
MA. B. BAIRD, Brighton P. O., C. W.
GEORGE MASSFIELD, Postmaster, Cashmere
MISS MARIA KOTAVIA, Clinton P. O.
CAPT. GEO. FRENCH, P. O. W. F., B. O. G. T., Columbus, P. C.
JOHN W. MOORE, Darlington-Bowmanville P. O.
DANIEL WILLIAMS, Hampton P. O.
S. H. WHITE, Erin P. O., Wellington
WM. ALLAN, Fullarton P. O., Perth
MRS. M. E. DEGEN, Greenbank P. O., Perth
W. WICKERS, Garsfrass
JOHN WILLIAMS, P. O. W. R., B. O. G. T., Hamilton
JOHN CAMPBELL, Staffs P. O., Hilder
CHAS. K. MOIR, Kirkfield P. O.
MATHEW EAST, Kilsburg
REV. N. W. FULLER, Lechnow P. O., Bruce
R. S. DENROE, Madawaska P. O., Lennox
JOHN COLMAN, Michener P. O., York
DANIEL BISHOP, Morpeth P. O., Kent
JOHN COOK, Dep. Registrar, Newmarket
JAMES NEALAND, Normanton, Co. Bruce
J. B. KIDDIE, Ottawa
JOHN BOHANNAN, Opeongo P. O., Tp. of Erie
EDWARD VINCENT, Orono P. O.
WILLIAM WADON, Raglan P. O., Township of Whithby
A. H. JACQUES, Malvern P. O., Scarboro
T. G. PORTER, Smithville P. O.
REV. T. WILKINSON, Lunenburg P. O.
T. P. THOMPSON, St. Catharines
JAS. LEWIS, O. W. O. U., H. A. O. G. I., Stratford and Arvinton
MRS. T. H. NEVE, Selkirk, P. O., Co. Haliburton
MISS MARTHA STACY, St. Thomas
M. D. WATSON, Trenton and Wooler
JOHN P. DAVIES, Thamesville
JAMES BISHOP, Tyrone P. O., Darlington
M. H. FIELDS, Walkworth, P. O.
REV. MR. HAVAGE, S. G. W. S. B., O. G. T., Berlin P. O., Waterloo
REV. JAS. SCOTT, S. G. W. S. B., O. G. T., Watford P. O.
A. M. PHILLIPS, Wooler and Frankford, C. Northumberland
JOHN DEUCAN, York Mills
BENJ. HEWSON, News Agent, Yorkville

CANADA EAST.

- L. O. McKEWEN, Barnston P. O., C. R.
FRANKMAN SMITH, Johnsville P. O.
JOHN PHILLIPS, Montreal
J. E. WATT, South Darham P. O.
C. H. ZAKER, Stanbridge East P. O.
HUGH ELDER, Stanstead
JAS. CHALMERS, South Granley O. Sheford
L. W. WINAN, Waterville P. O.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

- G. P. TANTON, Esq., Charlottetown P. O.
JOHN B. SCURMAN, Esq., North Head P. O.
H. C. CROMBIE, Esq., Centerville P. O., Bedouque

NEW BRUNSWICK.

- JAMES McNICOLL, Esq., St. John.
CAPT. A. SIMPSON, Shediac.

BRITISH ORDER GOOD TEMPLARS.

SUPREME GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

- REV. WM. SAYAGE, Berlin, O. W. Chief
R. McNeill, Esq., Charlottetown, P. E. I., Lecturer
J. Ryan, Esq., Sussex, N. R., Counsellor
REV. S. N. JACKSON, Montreal, C. E., Chaplain
JAS. McNICOLL, Esq., St. John, N. R., Vice
REV. JAMES SCOTT, Watford, O. W., Secretary
— MACK, Esq., —, N. S., Treasurer
H. B. MITCHELL, Esq., Chester, N. S., Financier
J. A. McCOLL, Esq., Wooler, C. W., Recorder
P. H. STEWART, Esq., Toronto, O. W., Marshal
MRS. G. P. TANTON, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Dep. Marshl
— CHANDLER, Esq., Windsor, N. S., Inner Guard
A. M. PHILLIPS, Esq., Murray, C. W., Outer Guard
CAPT. N. MATHESON, —, P. E. I., Past Chief

BRITISH ORDER GOOD TEMPLARS.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS OF CANADA WEST.

- REV. DAVID CANTLON, Peterboro', Oblif
Wallace Millichamp, Esq., Lecturer
Miss M. J. TRIST, Counsellor
REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG, Chaplain
Miss O. A. LEECH, Vice
J. J. ROBERTSON, Esq., Toronto, Secretary
J. J. WILLIAMS, Esq., Treasurer
Captain GEORGE PRENUP, Financier
John Wilkins, Esq., Recorder
Josiah Blount, Esq., Marshal
Miss Annie Rodgers, Dep. Marshal
Jas. Ioman, Esq., Inner Guard
— Atkinson, Esq., Outer Guard
Rev. William Savago, Past Chief

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

- REV. WM. RYAN, Pownal, Oblif
James W. Falconer, Esq., Lecturer
Angus B. McKenzie, Esq., Counsellor
REV. ALEX. McLEAN, A. M., Chaplain
Geo. P. Tanton, Esq., Vice
FREDERICK STRONG, Esq., Cornwall, Secretary
T. B. Hall, Esq., Treasurer
C. S. Lane, Esq., Financier
— Recorder
J. O. Gidley, Esq., Marshal
Miss Martha Gay, Dep. Marshal
Joseph Wise, Esq., Inner Guard
Alexander Campbell, Esq., Outer Guard
J. W. Colts, Esq., Past Chief

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

- JAMES McNICOLL, Esq., St. John, Oblif
R. Gross, Esq., M. D., Sussex, Lecturer
Hon. J. Ryan, Mill Stream, Counsellor
REV. D. I. WETMORE, M. A., Clifton, Chaplain
Thaddeus Scott, Esq., M. D., Kingston, Vice
E. N. SHARP, Esq., A. B., Apohaqui, Secretary
J. S. Wetmore, Esq., J. P., Clifton, Treasurer
T. P. Dixon, Esq., Nauwigowauk, Financier
W. S. Peakles, Esq., Portage Sussex, Recorder
Robert McColls, Esq., J. P., Sussex, Marshal
Jos. Stewart, Esq., Osokeag, Dep. Marshal
Alfred Ogden, Esq., St. John, Inner Guard
John English, Esq., Hampton, Outer Guard
Capt. A. Simpson, Shediac, Past Chief

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

- J. N. FREEMAN, Esq., High Sheriff for the County of Queen's, Liverpool P. O., Oblif
Rev. Joshua Jordan, Truro, Lecturer
Elthu Woodworth, Esq., Lower Horton, Counsellor
REV. J. G. ANGWIN, Dartmouth, Chaplain
Mrs. Charlotte B. Mitchell, Chester, Vice
FREDERICK A. LAWRENCE, Esq., Truro, Secretary
Charles A. Masters, Esq., J. P., Kentville, Treasurer
John F. Chandler, Esq., Windsor, Financier
Stephen Sheffield, Esq., Canning, Recorder
Nelson Hardenbrock, Esq., Wolfville, Marshal
Miss Sarah Michener, Canning, Dep. Marshal
Miss Gould, Wolfville, Inner Guard
Henry Mitchell, Esq., Kentville, Outer Guard
John Murray, Esq., Windsor, Past Chief