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# JOURNAL OF TEMPERANCE.

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

POSTAGE FREE.]

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# JOURNAL OF TEMPERANCE.

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

## FIVE SHILLINGS AND COSTS.

It was about half-past ten o'clock one Monday morning, when Mr. Gregson, one of the partners in an extensive machine manufactory, was going his usual rounds over his establishment.

Mr. Gregson, we may just say, had risen from the ranks. He had entered the very establishment in which he was partner as an apprentice, some five or six and twenty years before the time of our narrative. His parents, honest and industrious people of the working class, struggled hard to keep him at school till he was somewhere about fourteen years of age; although had they followed the example of many of their neighbours, they would have sent him much earlier to earn his livelihood in one of the large cotton factories, where at that time children were suffered to work at a far earlier age than now. "No, no," said his father, who worked as an operative in one of the factories, "I should like him to have a better chance than I've had, and I'll keep him at school a bit longer: he'll repay me some day."

When young Gregson entered the workshop, he found in it many men who were addicted to intemperance. They earned large wages, and they spent a great part of them in drink. They would gladly have induced Gregson to follow their example, but his father, a truly pious man, had instilled into him a wholesome horror of drunkenness, and of everything that tended to it; and, in the midst of many temptations, he stood firm. He was a quick sort of lad, and, what was much better, he was endowed with a spirit of dogged persevering energy, and soon mastered the mechanical part of his business.

Availing himself of the advantages afforded to working men by a mechanics' institute, he acquired a considerable proficiency in mechanical drawing, and no mean acquaintance with the general principles of mechanics. By-and-by he became foreman, and in time he was admitted partner. His chief province was to take the general superintendence of the working department of the manufactory.

In the fulfilment of the duties which thus devolved upon him, he was now look-

ing round one of the workshops, when, coming to a vacant bench, he exclaimed, "Does any body know where Wilson is? I promised that this engine should be ready by the middle of the week, and here his part of the work is at a stand."

There was a dead silence; but a few of the men looked at each other very significantly. He repeated the question: but still there was no reply. Just at that time the foreman came up. "Edwards," said Mr. Gregson, "do you know why Wilson is not at his work?"

"Why, sir," said the foreman, evidently reluctant to tell the real state of the case, "I'm afraid he's got into a bit of a scrape."

"What's the matter now?" said Mr. Gregson, who knew very well poor Wilson's failing. "Has he been getting drunk again?"

"Why, yes, sir, and somewhat worse than that I'm afraid."

"Well, what is it?"

"It seems, sir, he went on Saturday night to the Machine-makers' Arms, along with a lot more: they got very drunk, and then there was a row and a fight. The police came up, and finding Wilson especially uproarious and quarrelsome, they carried him off to prison, and there he was all day yesterday. I believe he will be before the magistrates this morning."

"I'm sorry to hear it. He seems to be doing no better, notwithstanding all his promises. Will you call, Edwards, on your way to dinner, and say I expect him to be at his work without fail this afternoon, if he does not intend to lose it altogether."

Mr. Gregson was always kind and considerate in his dealings with his work-people; but he felt a special interest in Wilson, and a special reluctance to deal severely with him. They had been fellow-apprentices of the same standing; they had, besides, been scholars in the same Sunday-school. For a little time they had been companions; but Wilson giving way to temptation, young Gregson, after a good many kind and faithful remonstrances, felt himself compelled to give up his society. If it had not been for the former intimacy, and the interest which still existed in consequence of it in Mr. Gregson's mind on

behalf of Wilson, it is very likely he would have been dismissed long before.

An hour or so after the time of commencing work in the afternoon, Wilson stole into the shop, looking sadly ashamed, and bearing the unmistakable marks of his Saturday night's debauch and fray. A black eye and a swollen lip, and a plaster which covered a great gash on his cheek, told that whoever had been the victor, he had not much reason to boast.

He set to work with a trembling hand and a brain sadly confused. It did not tend greatly either to the steadiness of his hand or the composure of his mind, when, glancing up the shop, he saw his master a very short distance from him. He expected nothing less than a public rebuke. To his great relief, after Mr. Gregson had stood near his bench for a moment or two, he simply and quietly said, "Wilson, I will wait for you in the office after the manufactory closes."

When the evening came, Wilson knocked at the door of the office. "Come in," said his master, kindly.

"Take a seat, Wilson," Mr. Gregson added, as Wilson stood before him downcast and ashamed; "I want to talk to you a little."

The man somewhat reluctantly complied. He could stand, he said, very well; but his master insisted on his taking the proffered seat.

"Well, Wilson," began Mr. G—, "I was very sorry to hear of this affair of Saturday night, and sorry to see you in the plight you are in now."

"Yes, sir," said Wilson, "and I'm sorry too; I never did anything so bad as that before, and I hope I shall never do so again. I hope you'll look over it this time."

"What did the magistrates say to you this morning?" said Mr. G—, apparently not noticing the concluding sentence.

Wilson hung down his head. They had said some very plain things to him, which, though he knew they were deserved, he did not much care to repeat.

"Well, never mind what they said: tell me what they did."

"Why, sir, to say the truth for that matter, I have not much reason to complain. They let me off very easily: they

said, as I had been in prison two nights and a day they would only fine me five shillings."

"Five shillings! was that all?"

"No, there were the costs."

"The costs! and how much were they?"

"Why, sir, they were more than the fine,—seven and sixpence. I don't know how they made it out to be so much as that. It's rather hard to tax a poor working man in that fashion."

"Five shillings and seven and sixpence, that makes twelve and sixpence. Was that all?"

"No, sir, not exactly; in the midst of the row, either I or somebody else smashed two of the large panes in the draper's window. They said I did it, though I have no remembrance whatever of having done anything of the kind; however, they made me pay ten shillings for that."

"Ten shillings and twelve and sixpence,—that's twenty-two and sixpence. Rather a costly affair, Wilson."

"It's very true, sir; but there's plenty of work, and I get good wages. I'll soon make it up."

"But we have not got all the costs reckoned yet. How much do you lose to-day from not being at your work till between two and three in the afternoon, instead of six o'clock in the morning? Three and sixpence would be a low figure, wouldn't it?"

"I dare say it would, sir."

"Then how much did you spend on the drink that made you so disorderly?"

Wilson was silent. To say the truth, he had not a very definite idea. He did remember, however, that he had received for wages on Saturday night two pounds five shillings; and that when the fine and the costs were deducted on Monday morning, he had not more than a few shillings left. He had, it is true, discharged a score which he had run up during the week; but then that was for drink, and so it did not greatly matter whether it was actually spent on Saturday night or before.

"Well, well," said Mr. Gregson, "I have no doubt it took a good part of your wages. Now then, do you think we have got the whole of it reckoned?"

"Pretty nearly, I think, sir."

"I don't think we have, Wilson," said his master; "let us look a little further. That sad affair on Saturday night was only one of a good many things of the sort, none of them so bad as this, but all tending in the same direction, and all costing money. I've more than once remonstrated with you, for being absent from your work, either actually drinking, or paying the penalty of it, in a state of health which unfitted you for work. Now tell me honestly, has there been a night during the last year or two, in which you did not go and spend more or less money in the public-house?"

"Well, you see, sir, sometimes I'm obliged to go on account of my club."

"It's a great pity your club is held at the public-house. However, that need not take you there more than once a week, or a fortnight, perhaps seldom. That leaves

the other nights of the week, or fortnight, as the case may be, altogether unaccounted for. Now, you can't have spent, in one way or other, much less than half your wages, and that would amount in the year to somewhere about fifty pounds. You talked a little while ago, of the heavy tax the magistrates imposed on you in making you pay that seven and sixpence for costs. I wonder who has taxed you most heavily, yourself or they. Depend upon it, the working-man's self-imposed taxes are commonly the heaviest."

Wilson was astounded to think that he had spent anything like such a sum, and yet he could not deny that the calculation was substantially correct.

"Suppose you had put half that sum into the Savings' Bank, for the last two years," continued his master, "what a nice little fortune you would have had now! And then, if you had spent the other half in feeding, and clothing, and educating your children, as you should have done, in how much better plight they would have been than they are now! The fact is, Wilson, only a part of the 'costs' have fallen on yourself. Your poor wife and children have had to pay no small share of them, in the lack, not only of the comforts, but of the very necessities of life."

"I'm sure, sir," said Wilson, a little roused by the last remarks, "there's nobody loves his wife and children better than I do."

"I dare say you have some sort of love for them; but you must excuse my telling you, that I've no great idea of any man's love for his wife and children, when I know that for the sake of drink and his drunken companions, he'll suffer them to go in want and rags."

This was a very sore point with Wilson, and the more so because he felt there was only too much truth in what his master said. When he married his wife, there was not a handsomer, tidier girl in the town. She had done her best, poor creature, to keep her home comfortable, and to provide her children with what her thoughtless husband allowed her of his wages; but of late her health had sadly failed—the bloom had gone from her cheek, and altogether she had evidently lost heart. The poor children had many a time been only half fed, and their clothing was meagre and ragged. Sorely against her will, she had been compelled to allow the two elder ones, though only ten and eleven years of age, to go to work in a factory. All this Mr. Gregson knew very well. Wilson was silenced.

"Now there are some other things," continued Mr. G—, "which we must look at in reckoning up the costs. Your health is giving way. You know very well you're not the man you were. Worse than that, you're losing your character, and with that your self-respect. Then, to return to the costs you are making other people pay: you are depriving your children of the benefit of a good example, which you ought to set them, and setting them one which, if they follow it, will be a curse to them for ever."

Here was another point, on which Wilson's conscience had, now and then at least, rebuked him severely. His wife had tried as well as she could to keep his drunkenness from his children, by getting them off to bed before he came home at night, but she could not do that always; and it had now become a recognised fact that "father got drunk."

It was late on the Saturday evening to which our narrative refers, when a friend called to tell Mrs. Wilson what had become of her husband. Poor creature! she passed a sleepless night, and in the morning the children saw that something more than usual was the matter. They asked where their father was. At first the question was evaded, but by-and-by the whole truth came out, much to their distress. But everybody knows that even children become in process of time habituated to that which at first distresses them, and that it is one of the commonest things in the world, for the children of the drunkard first to grieve over his conduct, and then to follow his example.

"There's another thing still, Wilson," said Mr. Gregson; "that Bible which you and I read together so many years ago in the same class at the Sunday-school, warns us against the consequences of all sin, and especially tells us that the drunkard can have no part in the kingdom of God and Christ. My dear fellow, you are ruining yourself for ever. The cost of this sinful indulgence of yours will certainly be, unless you repent and forsake it, the loss of your immortal soul."

"You're very kind, sir. It's all true; but what shall I do? To tell you the truth, I have many a time resolved to give it up; but when I've done my work it seems quite natural for me, a sort of habit at least, to go to the public-house. And then my companions would jeer me so if I were to leave them and go home."

"Never mind that. They'll not jeer you long; and if they do what matter? My advice to you is to abstain from intoxicating drink altogether: you may do very well without it. You know I have done so for years, and I never was in better health than I am just now. Resolve that you will never enter a public-house again. But more than that, in what you have done, you have sinned against God. Ask his forgiveness through Jesus Christ, and as you do so, implore his grace that you may rise superior to your besetting sin. I tell you candidly, I shall have no real hope for you, till I see you with your heart changed by the power of the Holy Spirit. God is ready both to pardon you and to give you all needful strength. Let it be your earnest prayer that he would give you both."

"I'll think about all you have said, sir, and try to do it."

"Do, Wilson; you'll never regret it."

Both Wilson and his family had abundant reason to be deeply thankful for the kindly expostulations of his master. From that time he became a sober man. It cost him many a hard struggle, but he stood fast against all temptation to recur to his old habits. He and his family were thence-

forward seen on a Sunday, wending their way together to the house of God, and there were reasons to hope that they were not "hearers only," but "doers" of God's Word.—*Tract Magazine.*

NEW WAY OF CATCHING A THIEF.

A man had been in the habit of stealing corn from his neighbour, who was a member of the Society of Friends. Every night he would go softly to the crib, and fill his bag with the ears which the good old Friend's toil had placed there. Every morning the old gentleman observed a diminution of his corn pile. This was very annoying, and must be stopped—but how? One said, "Take a gun, conceal yourself, wait till he comes, and fire." Others said, "Catch the villain, and have him sent to jail."

But the Friend was not prepared to enter into such measures. He wanted to punish the offender, and at the same time to bring about his reformation, if possible, so he fixed a trap close to the hole through which the man would thrust his arm in getting the corn.

The neighbour proceeded on his thieving mission at the hour of midnight, bag in hand. Unsuspectingly he thrust his hand into the crib to seize some corn, when lo! he found himself unable to withdraw it. In vain he tugged, and pulled, and sweated, and alternately cried and cursed. His hands were fast, and every effort to release it only made it more secure. After a time the tumult in his breast measurably subsided. He gave over his useless struggles, and began to look around him. All was silence and repose. Good men were sleeping comfortably in their beds, while he was compelled to keep a dreary, disagreeable watch through the remainder of that long and tedious night, his hand in constant pain from the pressure of the clamp which held it. His tired limbs, compelled to sustain his weary body, would fain have sunk beneath him, and his heavy eyes would have closed in slumber, but lo! there was no rest, no sleep for him. There he must stand and watch the progress of night, and at once desire and dread the return of morning. Morning came at last, and the Friend looked out of his window and found he had "caught his man."

What was to be done! Some would say, "Go out and give him a good horse-whipping, just as he stands, and then release him; that will cure him." But not so said the Friend. Such a course would have sent the man away embittered, and muttering curses of revenge. The good old man hurried on his clothes, and started to the relief and punishment of his prisoner.

"How does thou do?" said he, as he came within speaking distance. The poor culprit made no answer, but burst into tears.

"O, friend!" said the friend, as he proceeded to release him, "I am sorry that thou hast got thy hand fast. Thou hast

put it into the wrong place or it would not have been so."

The man looked crest-fallen, and begging forgiveness, hastily turned to make retreat.

"Stay, friend, thy bag is not filled.—Thou needs corn, or thou would not have taken so much pains to get it. Come let me fill it," said the Friend.

The poor fellow was obliged to stand and hold the bag, while the old man filled it, interspersing the exercise with the pleasantest conversation imaginable, all of which was like duggers in the heart of his mortified victim.

The bag was filled, the string tied, and the sufferer hoped to be soon out of the presence of his tormentor. But again his purpose was thwarted.

"Stay!" said the Friend, as the man was about to hurry off, having uttered once more his apologies and his thanks. "Stay, Ruth has breakfast ready ere this; thou must not think of going without breakfast. Come, Ruth is calling."

This was almost unendurable. This was "hooping coals," with a vengeance! In vain the mortified neighbour begged to be excused, in vain he pleaded to be released from this so great a punishment. The Friend was immoveable, and he was obliged to yield.

Breakfast being over, "Now," said the old farmer, as he helped the victim to shoulder the bag, "if thou needs any more corn come in the daytime and thou shalt have it."

With what shame and remorse did the guilty man turn from the dwelling of the Friend! He never again troubled the Friend's corn crib. He at once repented and became a reformed man. He was afterwards heard to relate, in a meeting, the substance of this story, and he attributed his conversion, under God's blessing, to the course the Friend had so mercifully pursued to arrest him in his downward career.

[We saw a gentleman who had tried a somewhat similar plan with several convicted thieves, who are now respectable members of Society.]—*British Workman*

The Importance of a Right Selection of Branches of Study.

From the limited powers of the human mind, and the restricted time which is usually devoted to intellectual culture, it is important that a selection of objects should be judiciously made from the numerous pursuits of literature and of science. That such a selection should be made with a distinct reference to the engagements of future life, it is readily conceded; but with a view to ultimate success, those engagements should be, in the order of time, a secondary, and by no means a primary, object of attention. In a liberal education there is much which is preliminary. No superstructure should be attempted till the basis be rendered broad and firm. The first object of solicitude should be to give vigour and expansion to the faculties of the mind; and whatever pursuits are

best adapted to secure this end should be selected by the instructor, and by the learner should be regarded with interest and prosecuted with ardour. Let him not imagine they are of inferior importance because he cannot discern any direct connexion with the leading object of his professional career. Let him rather inquire into their tendency to subject his mind to a salutary discipline, and to form those habits of thought and study, by which his future progress may be directed and facilitated. The student in theology, for example, may perhaps entertain doubts with regard to the utility of studies in mathematics, or in the philosophy of the human mind; yet it is not difficult to exhibit the direct and powerful tendency of these pursuits to generate habits of incalculable value to those who, in the discharge of their professional engagements, will find occasion for the exercise of accurate discrimination, and the power of conclusive reasoning.— Could it even be shown that the researches of mathematical science, and of mental philosophy, would impart but little information of real value, still it might be contended, that the advantages accruing from the very efforts of intellectual energy which they call forth, must secure to the student an ample remuneration for his expenditure of time, and to the tutor a full justification of the course prescribed.

Such was the importance attached to mathematical studies by that able reasoner, the late Bishop Watson, that he regarded an initiation into the processes of geometrical demonstration as indispensably advantageous in promoting mental discipline. He stated it to be his deliberate opinion, that were the attention restricted even to the first book of Euclid's Elements, a familiar acquaintance with its reasoning could not fail to render substantial benefit to the mind of the learner.

In recommending a vigorous application of the mind to the solution of a question of difficulty in intellectual philosophy, the late distinguished professor of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh thus urged and encouraged the efforts of the students:—

"In some former *scenæ* discussions like the present, I endeavoured to extract for you some little consolation from that very torturing attention which the discussion required, pointing out to you the advantage of questions of this kind, in training the mind to those habits of serious thought and patient investigation, which, considered in their primary relation to the intellectual character, are of infinitely greater importance than the instruction which the question itself affords. *Generosus animus labor nutrit.* In the discipline of reason, as in the training of the Athlete, it is not for a single victory which it may give to the youthful champion that the combat is to be valued, but for that knitting of the joints, and hardening of the muscles, that quickness of eyes and collectedness of effort, which it is forwearing for the struggles of more illustrious fields."—*Burder's Mental Discipline.*

## THE BEREAVED INEBRIATE.

I'm thinking on thy smile, Mary—  
Thy bright and trusting smile—  
In the morning of your youth and love,  
Ere sorrow came, or—guile;  
When thine arms were tained about my  
neck.

And mine eyes looked into thine,  
And the heart that throbb'd for me alone,  
Was nestling close to mine!

I see full many a smile, Mary,  
On young lips beaming bright;  
And many an eye of light and love  
Is flashing in my sight:—  
But the smile is not for my poor heart,  
And the eye is strange to me,  
And a loneliness comes o'er my soul  
When its memory turns to thee!

I'm thinking on the night, Mary,  
The night of grief and shame,  
When, with drunken ravings, on my lips,  
To thee I homeward came:—  
O, the tear was in thine earnest eye,  
And thy bosom wildly heaved!  
Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,  
Though the heart was sorely grieved!

But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary,  
And thine eye grew dim and sad;  
For the tempter lured my steps from  
thee,

And the wine-cup drove me mad:  
From thy cheek the roses quickly fled,  
And thy ringing laugh was gone  
Yet thy heart still fondly clung to me,  
And still kept trusting on.

O, my words were harsh to thee, Mary,  
For the wine-cup made me wild;  
And I chid thee when thy eyes were sad,  
And I cursed thee when they smiled.  
God knows I lov'd thee even then,  
But the fire was in my brain,  
And the cure of drink was in my heart,  
To make my love a bane.

'Twas a pleasant home of ours, Mary,  
In the spring-time of our life,  
When I looked upon thy sunny face,  
And proudly called thee wife—  
And 'twas pleasant when our children  
played

Before our cottage door:—  
But the children sleep with thee, Mary,  
I ne'er shall see them more!

Thou'rt resting in the church-yard now,  
And no stone is at thy head;  
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife  
Sleeps in that lowly bed:—  
And he says the hand of God, Mary,  
Will fall with crushing weight  
On the wretch who brought thy gentle  
life  
To its untimely fate!

But he knows not of the broken heart  
I bear within my breast,  
Or the heavy load of vain remorse,  
That will not let me rest;  
He knows not of the sleepless nights,  
When, dreaming of thy love,  
I seem to see thy angel eyes  
Look coldly from above.

I have raised the wine-cup in my hand,  
And the wildest strain I've sung,  
'Till with the laugh of drunken mirth  
The echoing air has rung:—  
But a pale and sorrowing face look'd out  
From the gobletting cup on me,  
And a trembling whisper I have heard,  
That I fancied breath'd 'y thee:

Thou art slumbering in the peaceful grave,  
And thy sleep is troubleless now,  
But the pang of an undying grief  
Is on thy mourner's brow,  
And my heart is chill as thine, Mary  
For the joys of life have fled,  
And I long to lay my aching breast  
With the cold and silent dead!  
—*English Paper.*

## Literary Longevity.

Mrs. L. Sigourney, treating on literary longevity in her "Past Meridian," says:—  
"Premature death and mental declension are confined to no profession or condition of life. Too early or undue stress laid on the organs of the brain is doubtless fraught with disastrous consequences. Still their constant and even severe exercise, may comport both with physical welfare and longevity.

"It is indeed true that Swift 'expired a drivel and a show,' but not until he had passed seven years beyond the span allotted to human life; and the amiable author of the 'Task' closed his pilgrimage in a rayless cloud at sixty-six; and Walter Scott sank at sixty-one, under toils ambitiously pursued for the safe union of flesh with spirit; and Southey, whose reckless industry precluded needful rest, subsided ere sixty-eight into syncope and the shadow of darkness; and Henry Kirke White faded at twenty-one, in the fresh blossom of his young renown; and Byron at thirty-six rent the fiery armor of genius and passion, and fled from the conflict of life.

"Yet Goethe, unimpaired by the strong excitements of imagination, saw his eighty-second winter; and the sententious architect of the 'Night Thoughts' reached fourscore and-four; and Voltaire, at the same period, was still in love with the vanity of fame; and Corneille continued to enjoy his laurels till seventy-eight; and Crabbe, at an equal age, resigned the pen which had etched with daguerrotype minuteness the passing scene. Joseph Wharton, until his seventy-ninth year, made his mental riches and cheerful piety sources of delight to all around him; Charles Wesley, on the verge of eighty, called his wife to his dying pillow, and, with inexpressible smile, dictated his last metrical effusion; and Klopstock, the bard of the 'Messiah,' continued until the same period to cheer and delight his friends. Isaac Watts laid down his consecrated harp at seventy-four; and Trumbull, the author of 'McFingal,' preserved till eighty-two the bright, clear intellect, whose strains had animated both the camp and the cottage. The illustrious Metastasio detained the admiring ear of Italy until eighty-four; and Milton, at sixty-six, opened his long-eclipsed eyes on 'cloudless

light rescue,' leaving to the world the mournful memories of 'Paradise Lost,' with living strains of heroic and sublime counsel. Mason was seventy-two ere the 'holy earth,' where his 'dead Maria slumbered, admitted him to share her repose; and the tender Petrarch and the brave old John Dryden, told out fully their seventy-years.

"Those masters of the Grecian Lyre, Anacreon, the sweet Sophocles, and the fiery souled Pindar, felt no frost of intellect, but were transplanted as evergreens in the winter of fourscore; at the same advanced period, Wordsworth, in our own times, continued to mingle the music of his lay with the murmur of Rydal's falling water; and Joanna B. Illic, to fold around her the robe of tragic power, enjoying until her ninetieth year the friendship of the good, and the fruits of a fair renown; Montgomery, the religious poet, so long a cherished guest amid the romantic scenery of Shoffield, has just departed at the age of eighty-two; and Rogers, who gave us in early life the 'Pleasures of Memory,' now the most venerable poet in Europe, and probably in the world, is cheered at ninety-three with the love of all who ever came within the sphere of his amiable virtue."

## THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

BY MRS. BALFOUR.

Within a dreary, dreary room,  
A lonely mourner weeps;  
Through the long night, and cheerless gloom,  
Her wreny wail she keeps—  
Waiting in grief, and shame, and fear,  
Her husband's well-known step to hear,

An infant on her bosom lies,  
And in the wretched bed  
A pining prattler, restless, cries,  
'O mother, give me bread!  
While she—the wretched! breathes a prayer  
For strength, her mighty griefs to bear.

Oh! woman's heart! and woman's love!  
Must many trials know;  
But languish has no words to prove  
The wife's keen, bitter woe,  
When he, who made her earthly bliss,  
Sinks in the drunkard's foul abyss.

For him she changed her father's name  
And left her mother's care;  
With sweet, confiding fondness came,  
His varied lot to share:  
And warmly hop'd, on life's steep road,  
His love would lighten every load.

Those hopes were vain; and yet in woe  
Her love is still the same;  
No change her gentle heart can know,  
Through years of want and shame,  
That heart may break, but cannot chill—  
The wanderer is welcome still!

He comes at length—to mock the tear  
Upon her pallid cheek,  
To taunt with language stern, severe,  
The suffering and the meek.  
Heedless he hears his infant's moan—  
Intemperance turns the heart to stone!

Oh! widely spread the glorious plan,  
That heals a grief like this;  
That raises fall'n, degraded man,  
And seals domestic bliss;  
That bids intemperance vile depart,  
And pitying, binds the broken heart!

THE JAIL-BIRD

I pictured to myself groups of criminals, some breaking stones, some picking oakum, while others might perhaps be employed in menial offices for the "heads of the firm." I had before visited jails, and saw them thus engaged. Fancy the change that came over the spirit of my dream when told that the "silent system" had been introduced. It was the first time I had an opportunity of seeing the working of this much vaunted system, and I was anxious to judge for myself, and certainly my conductor afforded me every facility for so doing, for he never spoke except I asked him a question, and then only in monosyllables. The long corridors through which we passed re-echoed drearily to our steps, and I felt a sensation of release when we came to an open court. I heard the sharp sound of hammers against stones—I saw heaps of broken stones outside of doors which were numbered, I think, 5, 6, 7, and 8, but I saw the stone-breakers nowhere. My curiosity was soon satisfied: my conductor opened the door and showed me a cell about eight feet by four, at the top of which sat the stone breaker with a net wire fence before his eyes.—The light came from an iron-barred window over head, and after shaking my eyes for a moment, I saw the silent worker.—Any sentimental feelings I may have had from the moment I looked at him, vanished. A more ferocious countenance I never saw; it was what that witty divine, Sydney Smith, calls "a breach of the peace." I was glad when the turnkey turned round, and, locking the door, whispered in my ear:

"This is the sixth visit for that fellow. He has got ten years at Spike, and I don't think they'll try him with a ticket of leave this time."

"What was his last crime?"

"He killed Bumbleton, who kept the public-house at —."

"Oh! I remember now, it was in a drunken quarrel." After a pause I remarked, "If I remember the case properly, some of the newspapers stated that he was related to some persons of high rank."

I had scarcely finished this sentence when he put his finger to his lip, and added, with a mysterious nod of the head, "Mum's the word about that."

Of course I did not pursue the question, however surprising it might be to a jailor, whose world was a prison. I had known some of the lordliest nobles having relations sunk in the lowest pits of infamy.

As I had an introduction to the governor from our mutual friend, —, M.P., for Rumbleton, and as I had promised the public my second volume on prison discipline very soon, I was anxious to get all the information I could with regard to the working of a system which had now for a good while occupied the minds of men given to Reform. I was received very graciously by the governor, who introduced me to his wife and niece, the former a dignified lady-Macbeth sort of person, the latter about twenty years of age, wretched-

ly delicate. There was a long painful silence. Even here, I seemed to feel the effect of that silent system which I had been investigating for the last three or four hours. At last I broke it by asking was his opinion favourable to the system. I expected an answer in the affirmative, and was, therefore, much surprised when he said, very decidedly, "No. We had six cases of lunacy within the last twelve months, and though it would be unfair to refer each of them to this unnatural system, it would be folly not to trace its workings in them. Yesterday, a lad, not seventeen years of age, was taken dead out of his cell. It was a miserable sight!"

I knew that the governor was a young brother of Sir W. G—, who, having squandered a large patrimony on the turf, was very glad to accept this appointment of five hundred a-year. I did not expect him, therefore, to be one of those model governors who are quite enraptured with everybody. I remarked that number five did not seem to be much subdued by its severity.

The governor and his wife exchanged looks; neither made any reply to my remark. "What a ferocious-looking man he is."

"Do you think so?" was the only reply.

"You'll soon be getting rid of him at any rate."

"Yes."

I saw plainly enough that prison discipline was no favourite topic, so I took up a volume that lay on the table; it happened to be a book of poetry entitled "Prison Thoughts and Prison Hours," by "Janet Stains." I had read it before, and so enchanted had I been by the depth of thought and sweet musical rhythm, that I committed a great deal of it to memory.

"I wonder who the writer can be, for 'Janet Stains' is a *nomme de plume*? I would give much to know. The publisher refuses to give any information. Except Poe's 'Ulalume' I never read a more weird-like, sadly-written poem than that," I said, pointing to one that sleeping and waking haunted me.

"Do you like that the best?" said the niece, now joining in the conversation.

"O, yes, I replied, looking over to the window where she sat gazing at a box of flowers which were growing outside on the window stool.

"I quite agree with the *critique* in the *Athenæum*, which said that it is the production of a royal mind, but one that has known depths of bitterest sorrow." Again I look'd and big tears were dropping fast from the young lady's eyes. Her uncle walked over to her, and, kissing her like a child, said almost involuntarily, "so she has." Then turning to me he added, "niece but a few of our friends know that my dear niece has written these poems— it is one of those things that cannot remain secret long, so, I need have no hesitation in telling you."

When his wife and niece left the drawing-room, he sat down in a chair near the fire; and covering his face with his hand lest I might see his emotion, forced him-

self to mutter, "That ferocious man is her father—my brother."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "can that be true?"

"Too true." Both of us maintained silence for several minutes.

"He broke the heart of a fond devoted wife—in a moment of brutal drink-madness he threw his child down the stairs and broke her leg, and now he is under sentence of transportation for murder in a midnight brawl in a public-house." He covered his face with his hands and wept.—From "Sketches by the River," by S. J. B.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

"Go, ye who deal out the drunkard's dram for paltry gain, go where night is the blackest, and poor weary hearts are slowly breaking under their weight of woe, tell them you have joyous news. Tell them that, for all this bitter desolation; your palm is filled with gold: Tell the smitten victims of the household, that out of their mouths, off their backs; and from their blighted fields, you have gathered a harvest of gold. Tell the pale, wasting wife and mother that you have a paltry percentage of all that was noble in the husband or kind in the father in yellow gold. Tell the drunkard, as he dreams perchance that he can yet beat back the red billows which toss and consume him, that for his poor body's and soul's death you have gold. Stand at the threshold of the poorhouse and taunt the squalid, the deformed, and the idiotic, with the news that, out of all their ruin, you gathered gold. Tell the murderer that you made him a murderer for gold. Stand by the new graves of the last twelve months in our land, and whisper to the fifty thousand sleepers—victims of your 'regulated' traffic—that you slew them for gold. Enter the vestibule of perdition, and with Bible in hand, read that no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God, and as uncounted thousands charge you with their damnation, comfort them with the assurance that you did it for gold. Follow your slaughtered hosts to the judgment, and when He who called the first fratricide to account, shall call for your brother, answer, that you slew him for gold:—Am. Messenger.

WHAT A DRINK OF LIQUOR DID:

A young man in the army near Peterburg became very thoughtful upon the subject of religion; I found him one day sitting alone weeping, and asked the cause: He said he felt very badly; that *Chas*— a fellow-soldier—was a pious man; that he once had pious parents; that after his father died his mother used to pray in the family every morning; that some of his relatives were ministers, and that he ought to be a Christian himself. He said he had been a very wicked boy; that he had drank and sworn and practised many great sins; but he wanted to be a Christian, and would pray for him; that he had written

to speak to me upon the subject for many days.

I discovered that there was really a serious impression upon his mind, and believed he was not far from the kingdom of heaven. I prayed with him, and he prayed for himself that night; he ceased swearing, became quite cheerful and at ease in his mind, and for a week had some hope that he had found peace in believing. He said certainly he meant to be a Christian.

But alas, the tempter came with one of his most effectual means, and seized his victim while apparently at the gate of heaven. The temptation was thrown in his way, and he drank—not so as to become intoxicated; but that draught banished God, all serious thoughts, good purposes and desires from his heart, and filled him with infidelity, curses, and recklessness. It seemed as though the adversary entered with the draught. He indulged in profanity, denied that there is any hereafter, and said he had concluded to enjoy whatever he wanted to while he was in this world.

I do not despair of this young man's returning to God. But let all beware. The spirit of alcohol is a devilish spirit. It excites the basest and most wicked passions, the lowest and most vulgar sentiments. It leads the soul away from God downward to the vilest sphere of earth.—*Am. Messenger.*

#### A NEW ART

Photography has, in Paris, just given birth to what must be considered a new art. It is called by its inventor, M. Wilheme, *photosculpture*. It is a method of preparing, with the minute accuracy of photography, busts of living persons in plaster. Some specimens exhibited on Regent street, in this city, within the last few days have created quite a sensation.—M. Claudet the London agent, explains the process as follows: The person whose bust or statue is to be taken is placed in the centre of a circular apartment, forty feet in diameter, and twenty-four camera obscuræ are placed along the wall, at equal distances from him and from each other. By means of a latch, which raises and drops the slides simultaneously, twenty-four Photographs of the many-sided sitter are taken at once; there being six front, six back, and twelve side-views. The negative of one of the portraits is then placed in a magic-lantern, and the image it holds projected upon a large sheet of rough glass.—The block of clay is then placed on a revolving stand, the circumference of which is divided into twenty-four parts. A pantograph is then employed, by which the clay is cut exactly to represent the outline of the glass. When one photograph has been copied, the image of the next is placed in the lantern, and the clay is turned round one twenty-fourth of the circle. The result is that the block of clay exhibits twenty-four sides or facets, representing the twenty-four photographs. The bust then only needs a little finishing and polishing to be quite perfect.—*London Con. Broad Table.*

#### THE DAUGHTER'S STRATAGEM.

##### A FACT.

Judge Rose lived in Belleville, on the banks of a great river in the West. Every year he went to Washington, and his voice was often heard in the halls of Congress.—Yet though he was called great, he was not good, because he was very fond of drinking wine, brandy, etc., and frequented the gambling rooms so numerous in that city. These habits gained upon him daily, until they conquered all his moral strength. His townsmen refused to send him as their delegate any longer.

Judge Rose had an amiable wife and three pretty daughters. Mary, the eldest was his especial pet. He thought more of her than of himself, and no wish of hers went ungratified. She was of a sweet disposition, and so obedient and respectful to her parents, and kind to every one about her, that she was beloved by every body. And though her father's dwelling was the most elegant, and they had beautiful grounds, and servants, and horses, and carriages, and fine clothes, she never put on airs, as many do, but was modest and retiring.

Mr. Rose, and his wife and daughters were all members of a Christian church. He was often suspended from its fellowship and, on promises of repentance, received again. His influential position in society, and the pious conduct of his wife and daughters, caused much pity for them, and elicited much patience. They hoped by love and forbearance to restore him wholly. But all the love of his family and of the church could not stop this erring man in his downward course.

At last, so low did he fall as to lose all self-respect; and frequent the lowest whisky shops in the town. Daily he went out unshaved, unwashed, ragged, and almost naked, and when drunk would sing some low song, which would draw around him a crowd of boys to jeer, and laugh, and scorn the once dignified and respected judge. In personal appearance he was now the lowest of the low.

It is not to be supposed that Christians and temperance men allowed such a man to run himself with out efforts to save him.—Earnest and persevering endeavours were put forth, prayers were offered up, and his family left no avenue to his heart unentered. But all were alike useless and hopeless. His wife and daughters wept and prayed but despaired entirely.

Mary, his pet, often labored to save her father from open disgrace, if not from private sin. She became very sad, and refused to attend church or go into society. When her father was sober, he had sense enough to perceive the sorrowful change in his once happy Mary, and seemed to regret his course more for her sake than his own.

One morning he started as usual for the drinking shop. He was a horrible object, indecent to look at, as well as filthy. His wife tried to hold him back, and get him at least to put on some decent clothing, but he would not yield. Mary made her appearance by his side, clothed in rags, low at the neck, bare armed and bonnetless, with an old whisky bottle in her hand. Taking her father's arm, she said,

"Come, father, I'm going too."

"Going where?" said he, staring at her as if horror-struck.

"To the dram shop. What is good for you is good for me."

Then she began to flourish her bottle, and to sing one of the low songs she had heard him sing in the streets.

"Go back, girl, you are crazy. Mother, take her in."

"But I am going father, with you to ruin my soul and body. It is of no use for me to be good while you are going off to the bad place. You'll be lonely there without your Mary."

"Go away girl, you'll drive me mad."

"But you have been mad for a long time, and I am going mad too. What do I care? my father is only a poor old despised drunkard; his daughter may as well lie in the gutter too."

So Mary pulled away at her father's arm, and went on to open the gate. He drew back; still she dragged on and sung louder. A few boys began to run toward them, and then her father broke from her hold and went into the house. There he sat down, and, putting his face in his hands, wept and sobbed aloud. Still Mary stayed out.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Rose.

"Mary is crazy, and I have made her so. I wish I was dead. Do go and get her in. I won't go out to-day."

Mrs. Rose went out and told Mary what her father had said, and then she went in.—She sat down with her bottle in her hand, and all day she kept on the old rags. Mr. Rose was in a terrible state for want of his accustomed stimulus, and frequently would go to the door, but Mary was ready at his side on every occasion. Mrs. Rose prepared her meals with extra care, and gave her husband cups of good strong coffee, and the latter part of the day he laid down to sleep. When he woke up, Mary was still there in her rags, and her bottle by her side.

With much trembling and shaking he put on a new suit of clothes and asked his wife to send for a barber. Then, after tea, he said, "I am going out."

"Where?"

"To the Temperance Hall. Go with me and see if I do not go there."

So Mrs. Rose went with him to the door of the hall, Mary still saying; "I must follow, for I am afraid he'll go to the whisky shop without me."

But his wife saw him go up stairs and enter the meeting room, and the door closed upon him. Then she and Mary went home to rejoice with trembling at the success of the stratagem.

Surprise, joy, and some distrust, pervaded the minds of the assembly of temperance brothers when Mr. Rose walked in. He was invited forward and asked to speak whatever he wished.

He rose, and told the tale of the day; and added, "when I saw how my angel-daughter was transformed into a low, filthy creature; when I knew how much lower she would have to descend if she went with me, I abhorred myself. She vowed to go every-where I went, and do everything I did.—Could I see her do that. Her loveliness stained, her character ruined—she, pure as an angel! No, sir! if it kills me, I will leave off, and never touch, taste, or handle more, from this night henceforward and forever. And now, gentlemen, help me to be a man again."

The building vibrated with the cheering, stamping and clapping, and a gush of song rose from those manly hearts which might have been heard for miles. Oh! "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," and should there not be joy on earth?

We hope God converted the soul of Mr. Rose, for he became a good man, and his family were very happy. But we hope no other daughter will have to resort to so painful a remedy to save a father.—*Congregationalist.*

THE JUVENILE TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATIONS OF BRITAIN.

The Juvenile Temperance Associations already existing are mainly two—the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union for England, and the British League of Juvenile Abstainers for Scotland. The United Kingdom Band of Hope Union was formed in 1855. It has a large number of metropolitan and provincial associations affiliated to it, and possesses a fine series of dissolving views to illustrate popular lectures. The Band of Hope Record, (price ½d.) is its monthly organ. The constitution of a Band of Hope, with variations in details, is usually this—There is a Superintendent, Treasurer, and Secretary. Periodical meetings of children are held weekly, fortnightly, or monthly; members are enrolled, generally by the adoption of a pledge, or a promise which is equivalent to it, a card or medal being given on enrolment. It is usual to have a written declaration of the parents' consent before the child is admitted. "At all meetings the great object should be" "to instruct, interest, stimulate, and please. For the attainment of these ends, there are four things on which the chief reliance must be placed, viz., music, recitations, speeches, and lessons. It is recommended that, when the meetings are held weekly, one night in each month should be set apart for each of the four subjects." There are generally tea-parties and excursion trips held in the course of the year.

The Scottish League of Juvenile Abstainers is of earlier date. It was founded at Edinburgh in 1847, and owes much of its great success, as it owes, we believe, the whole of its funds, to the zeal of one individual, Mr. John Hope. From 1847 to the present time Mr. Hope's contributions to this one object have exceeded £20,000. The distinctive feature of the Scottish Society is that it admits of no pledge. Each Member of the Society is such while he abstains, and ceases to be a member when he ceases to abstain. The working of the Edinburgh movement is as follows:—The city is divided into districts of convenient size, and a meeting is held in each, weekly, under the charge of a paid agent. The meeting begins at 5.30, and closes at 6.30. It begins and ends with prayer and singing, a temperance lesson is read, and questions asked upon it; some short addresses are given by the children and superintendent, and new members are enrolled. There is a children's committee in each district, to visit absentees, distribute notices, and secure a good attendance. By arrangements with the directors and teachers of thirty-six schools, including some of the largest in the city, one hour each week, during the regular school-hours, has been granted to the temperance superintendent for the purpose of imparting temperance instruction, by readings, melodies, and suitable addresses. Meetings are held for young men and young women at a later hour in the evening, having evening schools connected with them, and forming connecting links between the

children's and adult meetings. The average attendance at each week's meetings is 6281.—*Tweedie's Temperance Almanac.*

"HOME! SWEET HOME!"

Few words, we venture to say, are in such common use as this word—home—from our cradle right through life to our grave. The little child but dimly understands, and I certainly could not explain in words, the sweet sense of security which is ever about him, and which makes him feel so safe and happy in the place that he calls home. A tiny girl whom it does our heart good often to pet and make much of, on being asked what home was, answered directly, "It is our house on Sundays when Pa comes home to dinner!" Happy little creature to have learnt early that in both worlds it is just the father's presence which turns what would otherwise be only a lodging for a season into a true and blessed home! Perhaps some of us have not yet forgotten when a new signification of the term was first unfolded to us, when we first said, and with an emphasis of interest, "my home," not home in the general any longer. The time when a man first bars the door of his own dwelling, to which he has brought "a nearer one still and a dearer one yet than all others," for the old, beautiful, simple, Scripture reason "he loved her"—that is an experience which comes but once. Outside is the world, cold, hard, stern, inflexible, where the bread-winning must go on day by day, but inside is all that makes the battle of life precious even in its sharpest struggles. "'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark our coming, and grow brighter when we come.'" However tenderly a man may cling to the home of his boyhood, whatever may have been the pangs he endured when by reason of death it has been broken up, and the memory of what once was in its fulness of blessing alone remains to cheer him in his hours of loneliness, as a ray of light from the last little cottage of some hamlet seems to contend with the darkness, and feebly indicate to the traveller his path over the dreary moor,—yet we say again, not until a man has won for himself a local habitation and a name which another is willing to share with him, and wear for him, does he fully and rightly estimate all the love of which he was the recipient in the days when he thought as a child and spoke as a child, or awake to all of pleasant duty and blessed responsibility which is wrapped up in that divinely sacred institution, home, sweet home!—Every house is not a home, any more than every married man is worth calling a husband, or every married woman deserves to be dignified with the title of wife. Four walls alone will not make a home, though they may enclose the richest furniture that any upholsterer could possibly supply; and the somebody who pays for it is not by any means necessarily the "house-bond"—guiding and controlling all by the strong power of a wise love. Is home a material thing of bricks and

mortar fitted up after a fashion more or less ornate, according to the good or bad taste and the long or slender purse of its occupant? We might venture to quote from the Church Catechism, and say that what meets our eye is or should be only the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace—and it is not truly home, where that grace, so difficult to express in prosaic speech, but so beautiful and real to one's apprehension, is wanting. Something besides four hundred or four thousand pounds a year is required to produce it—even a mutual confidence which no accident of time can destroy, and a holy love which shall be stronger than death. We were much struck not long ago with the wise words of a preacher on this subject. In referring to the power which unquestionably a woman has of making or marring home life, he spoke of "the possibility of daily drudgery becoming a daily devotion, and weekly worries a weekly worship. Some husbands would give much if their wives could but learn that secret. Most of us have known what it is to stoop down and look into the sepulchre, as well as to visit our Cana of Galilee where there was a marriage. If, as we have said, there is one season of joy upon earth that never has a repetition—so deep, so sacred, so full of retrospect and promise, there is also one time of sorrow which has a peculiar and poignant pang. The night which shrouds all in darkness, as it has done since the days of our childhood, but which finds a place darker and more silent than itself in our home. The stars keeping their watch like sentinels as of old are twinkling "up above the world so high" as when we first used to lisp our nursery rhyme. But there are tears now where the smiles shone then. No one can forget the first visit of Death to his dwelling, when the spirit that has departed, and the form in which it dwelt, belonged to him—were his own.—and not, as in the case of removals at an earlier period of his life, but to which he belonged. Therein lies all the difference. In the latter it is sad enough, but we are so often told that our loss is according to the course of nature, with other stock consolations, and we find so soon that the world will go on as usual, and we must go on with it too, that at length we find tears are inconvenient, and vacant places get very speedily tenanted afresh. But the experience is widely altered when it is our own fireside which is invaded, and an empty chair or a little pair of unworn blue shoes testifies to the loneliness that has come into both heart and home. No second bereavement, we venture to say, has that peculiar sting; and the form of shrouds and funerals becomes strangely familiar after the first has been gone through. Our musings have brought us back to the sepulchre with which we started, and we do not care to pursue such a train of thought very far. We think of the one family in heaven and earth, and while life is beginning with some and ending with others, hope that to all of us the life eternal will be "Home, sweet home."—*Nonconformist.*

## TERMS

of the "Journal of Temperance:"—

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## TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

PRESCOTT, O.W., JANUARY 1st, 1864.

## NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.

At the recent Annual Meeting of the Press Association, held in Belleville, "it was resolved to petition Parliament again to abolish the postage on newspapers, or else to impose postage on all alike, including those exclusively devoted to Temperance, Agriculture, and Religion, which are now allowed to pass free." The italics are ours, and we italicise for the purpose of calling attention to the nature of the resolution.

We do not belong to the Press Association. We do not know even if by its constitution we are entitled to belong to such an honourable body. We are not aware of the reasons that led that assembly to adopt that resolution, but we are a little surprised that a gathering of such clear-headed men as the conductors of our provincial press, should have committed such a blunder; and we notice it because such periodicals as ours are referred to, and their interest threatened.

Now on what conceivable satisfactory ground can the Press Association ask Parliament to abolish postage on all newspapers? We suppose on the general plea that they conduce to the social improvement of the people, and inasmuch as postage is calculated to curtail their circulation, and therefore their usefulness, postage ought not to be imposed. If that were their position, they would find that the majority of the public would support their petition; but if they deceive themselves into the belief that they will be believed by the members of our Legislature, they are mistaken.

A few years ago a noted Millerite was "holding forth" in a school-house in one of the townships in Canada West. He had a large and attentive audience, whom he was trying to convince that the world would come to an end in six weeks. After he was done, an old man, well known and respected in the neighbourhood stood up,

and addressing the audience, said, "You have heard what this man has had to say. Now, my advice to you is not to believe a word of it, for he does not believe it himself." The orator rose in excitement, and said, "I do believe it; I do believe it." "Judge for yourself. This man stayed at my house last night, and he was very anxious to trade with me for a brood mare, which I had to raise colts. Now how many colts could be raised in six weeks." The tables were turned against him. Now, if the Press Association use the reason above referred to, they will furnish in their own resolution that they do not believe in it themselves. For if it be a public good for all the papers to go postage free, it must be a public good for some of them. Now, papers devoted to Temperance, and Education, and Agriculture, have as much claim to the title of public benefactors as newspapers chiefly devoted to intelligence and party politics. If so, the Press Association, by demanding that if postage is not remitted from their papers, it must be imposed on those few periodicals that now go post free, show intense selfishness. This is so apparent, that we are surprised that it should have been expressed even by a member of the Association.

We are as much in favour of the postage being taken off all papers as any one can be. We believe it would be for the public advantage. We are also in favour of treating all papers alike; but if the Government cannot afford to lose the revenue that now results from postage, a more equitable basis than the postage regulations would be found in the taxation of advertisements. Then large, prosperous papers, full of advertisements, some of which do harm to the community, would not be transmitted through the country at the same rate as smaller, and purer and worthier publications.

If the Press Association present their petition in the form in which we understand they intend, we trust that every right influence will be exerted that their prayer be not granted.

## ASKING QUESTIONS.

This extract, relative to the Journal of Temperance, we copy from a cotemporary:

"Two questions we would like answered by its editor, as by reading its editorial remarks we were thrown into a state of ignorance. First, Will he please state the names of the different organs of the Sons, the British Templars, and the Independent Templars, as we believe neither of these orders have any organs. Second, How is it

that the Journal of Temperance is the only paper devoted to the interests of all the organizations?"

We wish to be courteous to our cotemporary, and therefore refer to his questions, but we respectfully decline giving him an answer. As a rule, we do not answer questions, for the obvious reason, that any fool may ask questions that even a wise man cannot satisfactorily answer. And when we make an exception to our rule, it is when there is an obvious propriety and justice in the question. In the above questions there is neither propriety nor justice. We know of no statement in any of our editorials that justifies such liberty, but if there be any thing that does not appear to be in accordance with fact, let it be impugned and we will defend ourselves.

The terms of our Editorial could certainly not be very clear, when the reading of it had the effect of throwing our cotemporary into "a state of ignorance."

## MR. DUNKIN'S BILL.

We intended writing an article on Mr. Dunkin's Bill, for the present issue of the Journal of Temperance; but while thinking over the matter, we found the following address in the *Oshawa Vindicator*, which will suit our readers, perhaps, better than anything we could write:—

## ADDRESS

TO THE MUNICIPAL ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF ONTARIO.

GENTLEMEN,—

By direction of a Convention of Magistrates, Clergymen, and Delegates from the Temperance Societies representing all sections of our fine County, held at Prince Albert on Friday, the 2nd inst, it is our duty to address you in reference to the importance of making a combined effort to secure for our County the benefits to be derived from the Temperance Act of 1864, by the passage of a Bye-Law for its enforcement, at the January Session of the County Council.

After thoroughly examining the Act and discussing the bearing of its several provisions, the Convention came unanimously to the opinion that the adoption of the Act by the County Council, and its vigorous enforcement in every Municipality, would be conducive, in a most incalculable degree, to the moral, physical, pecuniary and spiritual well-being of the people, and that no other question would be likely to present itself at any of the forthcoming Municipal elections of anything like equal importance to that of getting men elected to office, pledged to give the measure a fair trial.

We freely admit, at the outset, that the Temperance Act of 1864 is not a perfect measure—is not what it ought to be, and is not what it would have been, had it not been subjected to hostile influences in its passage through the Legislative Council, after its adoption by the Assembly. Nevertheless, as it stands, it is a very great step in advance of

anything we have ever had placed on our Statute Book before, conferring as it does, the power upon County and other smaller Municipal Councils, in addition to their other powers, of totally prohibiting the issue of Licenses for the sale of liquor in their respective jurisdictions; and in addition to this, giving the Electors the privilege not only of bringing the question to a vote on a Requisition signed by thirty of their number, but of deciding by a simple majority of their votes whether the traffic shall continue or cease.

As perhaps the most practical method of placing the whole subject clearly before your minds, we shall now proceed to quote and reply to some of the arguments depended upon by those whose interests are supposed to be opposed to the passing of such a Bye-Law.

**OBJECTION 1ST.**—*The Temperance Act is only a half way measure, as it prohibits only the retail traffic.*

This is quite true. The intention of its author was to provide for total prohibition by vote of the people; but in the Upper House, clauses were added providing that brewers, distillers and storekeepers might sell in quantities not less than five gallons or a dozen bottles, to be wholly removed from the premises before being drunk. This provision ought to commend the measure to those who profess to be fearful that the total prohibition of the trade would be productive of ruinous consequences to some individuals who "cannot live without their glass." "A half loaf is better than no bread," and if we show by our actions (which are said to "speak louder than words,") that we appreciate the moiety given us, we shall undoubtedly be able to get the other half by asking for it.— But on the other hand, if we make no use of what has been given us, it is quite unlikely that Parliament will take the trouble, for many years to come of giving us more.

**OBJECTION 2ND.**—*More liquor will be sold than before, because those who now buy by the glass and the quart, will be forced to purchase five gallons or a dozen bottles at a time. Those who cannot afford so much at a time will club with their neighbours, and drinking will be transferred from the tavern to the family.*

The statement that more liquor will be sold when it can be procured only in large quantities wholly removed from the premises before consumption, than when it can be had in all conceivable amounts from the value of three cents upward, at every corner, to be drunk as soon as poured out or otherwise, is so manifestly absurd, and so contrary to all experience in other articles of commerce, that it scarce seems necessary to spend time in controverting it. "The greater the facilities for obtaining any commodity, the greater the quantity of it that is sold, and the greater the number of people induced to purchase.— Hundreds of people in this County, who love to drink, often find themselves with a few cents in their pockets when approaching places where they can procure a glass, and cannot resist the temptation to take a drink, who would not very often have the price of five gallons on hand, or the means of conveying it home. Hundreds more, who have ample means, only take a social glass at the bar, and would not otherwise drink. They are the people from whom drunkards are manufactured, and without whom, drunkenness would soon almost disappear. They never take a drop of liquor home to their families, and many of them would as soon carry a live serpent to their households as a five gallon can of grog. But even admitting that many people who now purchase by the

glass will, on the stoppage of the retail traffic, carry it home by the keg, and the dozen bottles, what more danger to life and limb, injury to reputation or risk of eternal woe, will such a course be likely to produce than to have men drinking at public houses, and staggering home from time to time, through storm and cold, until they reach there alive for the last time, and are borne away to drunkards' graves. Oh! Fellow citizens, pause here a moment and think how many of your neighbours and friends have thus, or in a more horrible manner, passed away from your sight during the past ten, twenty or thirty years, through the *Return Gateway*, and then say if you do not seriously think it worth your while trying the experiment (if you cannot regard it in any more sacred light) of doing away with the sale by the quart and glass.

**OBJECTION 3RD.**—*The Act is very imperfect, and ought to be amended before being put in force.*

It is very true that the measure is not a perfect one, but who ever knew a common statute law that was perfect, even after being repeatedly amended? No law was ever enacted that gave perfect satisfaction to everybody. Every law affects somebody's interests unpleasantly, and if temperance men wait until the Legislature gives them a law which the anti-temperance community will be pleased with they will have to wait a long time, to say the least. The Temperance Act of 1864, if adopted and put in force in even a few Counties, cannot but be productive of very much good. After it has been thoroughly tried, we can go to our legislators with a much better prospect of having our petitions answered than if we make no use of what they have already given us. If the effect of the law should unfortunately prove to be that "more liquor would be sold than ever," as its enemies allege, then would the friends of temperance have a strong case with which to appeal to Parliament for an Amendment of the Act.

**OBJECTION 4TH.**—*The clause requiring all proceedings to be taken before two magistrates, will defeat the object of the law.*

Such might be the effect in other portions of Canada, but assuredly not in Ontario County, where so large a proportion of the Justices are temperance men. With a majority of each Municipal Council for 1865 elected on the temperance ticket, Reeves can be appointed who will have no difficulty in finding other magistrates to assist them in putting the law into prompt execution wherever violated.

**OBJECTION 5TH.**—*I go for prohibition over the whole Province, but don't believe in stopping the sale in one County or Village while it is carried on in neighbouring places.*

We are in favour of universal prohibition of the traffic by every nation and province but believing it wrong for the Government of Canada to allow it, we also believe it wrong for the County Council and other Municipal Councils to allow it, when they have the power of putting an end to it, as they now have. If it is right to sell liquor by the glass to all comers then it is wrong to prohibit it anywhere; but if the traffic is evil, then it ought to be stopped everywhere. It ought to be stopped by the County Council, but if that Council neglects to do its duty, that forms no excuse for Whitby, Oshawa, and the Townships neglecting theirs, for with the power to prohibit, their duty is plain, whatever others may do or not do. The Legislature has placed the responsibility of the traffic upon the shoulders of a majority of the Elec-

tors in each municipality. If the liquor sellers can carry the elections their own way in Whitby, for instance, or in any one or more townships, that should make it all the more the duty of the people of Oshawa and of the townships, to put the nucleus and unholy thing out of their borders. If the Town of Whitby should get a little trade that would otherwise go to Oshawa it must be borne in mind that *no money made from, or through, the liquor traffic, ever was a blessing to the man who procured it.* The curse of the Almighty, as we learn from the Book of books, is upon the unholy traffic, and examples of its operation are to be seen on every hand. The people of each municipality are accountable for their own actions, or opportunities for action, and not for those of a neighbouring Town or Township.

**OBJECTION 6TH.**—*If the tavern keepers are deprived of the revenue they get from liquor, they will be unable to provide accommodation for travellers.*

This is an argument often used, and as often shown to be worthless. The fact is that even at the present rate of charges at liquor hotels, scores of temperance houses are kept up in Canada and the United States. At the same time that the hotel keepers will have to stop selling liquor, they will be relieved from paying a license fee of from \$40 to \$80 per annum. But, if the present tariff for meals, lodging and hostelry is not a paying one in itself let it be raised to a paying point, and thus make the persons who require hotel accommodation pay for it, instead of, as at present, forcing the hotel keeper to get a portion of its cost from the pocket of poor inebriates and young men of dissolute habits. With the retail traffic generally abolished there will be more travelling because more persons will have the means to spare.— There will be more labour performed, less loss of time through dissipation and sickness, less failures in business, fewer bad debts, less taxes to pay for punishment of criminals, and greater prosperity and wealth in the County, after a few years, than could have been the case were the unrestricted sale of liquor at every corner, almost, to continue as at present.

FELLOW ELECTORS OF ONTARIO COUNTY.— It having been decided at the Convention above referred to, to make a united effort to secure the passage of the Temperance Act by the County Council at its January session we appeal to you to see to it that none out men pledged to vote for the measure and to give it a fair trial, shall go to the County Council for 1865. In order to do this, it is indispensably necessary that at least a majority of the men you elect to your local Councils should be pledged to that course of action. We advise that you procure copies of the Act yourselves, and become thoroughly acquainted with its provisions. Call meetings in every school section for its discussion prior to the 1st of January. At all such meetings, let petitions to the County Council praying for the passage of the Act, be circulated for the signature of Electors, and appoint committees to carry them to every Elector in the section—for their signatures.— Petitions in favour of the measure, coming from a majority of the Electors, will so strengthen the hands of the County Council, that when passing the bye-law they will not feel it necessary to incur the expense of a vote to ascertain the wishes of the people. *Petition! Petition! Petition!* Let there not be a school section in the County from which petitions shall not make their appearance on the Council Board on the third Tuesday in January next, praying for the

passage of the bye-law. The following form of petition will answer every purpose:—

To the Municipal Council of the County of Ontario:—

We the undersigned ratepayers of (name the municipality) respectfully pray you to pass a bye-law to restrain the sale of Intoxicating Drinks in this County in terms of the Temperance Act of 1864.

And as in duty bound we will ever pray, &c.

When you have obtained all the signatures you can, hand the petition to your **Reeve** or **Deputy Reeve**, or forward it direct, by post to the **Clerk**. Let the work be undertaken at once, for there is no time to spare. Now is the time to labor and to sacrifice for the good of our fellow men—those who oppose as well as those who assist in our benevolent work. The Legislature having given us the power to stop the retail traffic, we can but be considered recreant to our duty if we do not make an earnest and persevering effort to use that power for the good of society at large.—Let us be united in sentiment on this question and go forth in the strength of the God of Battles, and success can not but reward our toil.

Signed on behalf of the Executive Committee of the Ontario County Temperance Convention,

E. FIELDING,  
Secretary.

B. ROGERS,  
Chairman.

### THE VULGAR VICE.

The North American Review, referring to the vulgarity of the common sin of profanity, truly says, "There are among us not a few who feel that a simple assertion or plain statement of obvious facts will pass for nothing unless they swear to its truth by all the names of the Deity, and blister their lips with every variety of hot and sulphurous oaths. If we observe such persons closely, we shall generally find that the fierceness of their profanity is in inverse ratio to the affluence of their ideas. We venture to affirm that the profane men within the circle of your knowledge are all afflicted with a chronic weakness of intellect. The utterance of an oath, though it may prevent a vacuum in sound, is no indication of sense. It requires no genius to 'swear.' The reckless taking of sacred names in vain is as little characteristic of true independence of thought as it is of high moral culture."

### TIME.

The best way to improve time is to do everything in order. He who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries on a thread which will guide him through the labyrinth of the most busy life, but where no plan is laid, all things lie huddled together in one chaos, which admits neither of distribution nor review. The bulk of men profess highly to value time as the measure of their continuance on earth, and yet with respect to separate parcels they squander it away. But he who is orderly in the distribution of his time, may be justly said to redeem it, and in one sense to prolong it, as he lives much in a short space.—*Dr. Blair.*

### "We are Seven."

A POEM BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A simple child  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:  
She was eight years old, she said;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad,  
Her eyes were fair and very fair;—  
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many are you?"  
"How many? Seven in all," she said,  
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell;"  
She answered, "Seven are we;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
My sister and my brother;  
And in the churchyard cottage I  
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet ye are seven;—I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,  
"Seven boys and girls are we;  
Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about my little maid,  
Your limbs they are alive;  
If two are in the churchyard laid,  
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green—they may be  
seen,"

The little maid replied,  
"Twelve steps or more from mother's door,  
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem;  
And there upon the ground I sit,  
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,  
When it is light and fair  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane.  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain;  
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid,  
And when the grass was dry,  
Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And helies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,  
"If they two are in heaven?"  
Quick was the little maid's reply,  
"Oh, master! we are seven,"

"But they are dead, those two are dead;  
Their spirits are in heaven;"  
"Twas thro' wing words away, for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

### Sobriety of the Jews.

(From Good Words for November.)

As a nation, the Jews may be quoted as a singularly sober people. Dr. Asher, the medical officer of the Jewish board of guardians in Devonshire Square, a gentleman on whose experience and veracity the most perfect reliance may be placed, told us that in the whole course of his practice, which was most extensive, he had never met with a case of delirium tremens among the low Jews.

This qualification of extreme sobriety tells to the advantage of the poorer Jews in more ways than that of their immediate family connections. It is from that we may possibly trace their comparative immunity from insanity; this terrible malady, the most lamentable possibly which can affect humanity, is far rarer among them than among the poorer class of Christians. Again, the benefit is felt to a great extent on their health. The poor Jews have a far more delicate constitution than our working classes generally, and the squalid and densely crowded localities they live in tend to make them still more liable to sickness; yet, on the authority of Dr. Asher, there is far less difficulty in bringing them through serious cases of sickness or accident than the poorer Christians whom he is called upon to attend, and this he attributes principally to their sobriety. His statement is also borne out by the records of the London Hospital. In that institution, more than one large ward is appropriated solely for the benefit of Jewish patients, and they notoriously recover more rapidly from the effects of serious operations than the Christian patients generally.

Another fruit of this extraordinary sobriety on the part of the Jews remains to be mentioned. For some time past, the richer Jews have been attempting to persuade their poor to employ themselves in handicraft work, instead of perpetually attempting to gain a living by traffic. To a great extent they have succeeded, but the Jewish workman, as well as the street merchant, is placed at a great disadvantage when opposed to Christians.—They have two Sabbaths in the week to keep instead of one, besides a considerable portion of the Friday; consequently, the result of their earnings every week must be considerably lessened, and yet their natural sobriety compensates to a great extent for the loss which the practice of their religion imposes on them.

### Australian Babes in the Wood.

From the Times Melbourne correspondent.

A very remarkable incident which I must shortly relate, if only for the interest it must necessarily have for scientific and medical men, lately occurred here. Discussions have frequently arisen as to how long human creatures can exist without nourishment, and the fact to which I proceed to refer throws light on such an investigation. Some weeks back, at the station of Mr. Dougald Smith at Harsham, two boys and a girl, aged respectively the eldest boy nine, the girl seven, and the youngest boy five, the children of a carpenter

James Duff, wandered by themselves into the bush and were lost. They had been sent out by their mother, as they had often gone out on the same errand before, to gather broom, and not returning before dark the parents became alarmed, and a search commenced. — The father, assisted by friends and neighbours in large numbers, scoured the country in every direction for nights and days in vain. At length, in despair, the assistance of some aboriginal blacks was obtained, these people possessing an almost bloodhound instinct in following up the very faint tracks. The blacks soon came upon the traces of the little wanderers, exulting, as these trackers always do, at every bent twig, or flattened tuft of grass, on the apparent acumen of the objects of their search. 'Here, little one tired; sit down. Big one kneel down, entry him along. Here travel all night; dark; not see that bush; fall on him.' Further on, and more observations. 'Here little one tired again; big one kneel down; no able to rise; fall flat on his face.' The accuracy of these readings of the blacks was afterwards curiously corroborated by the children themselves. — On the eighth day after they were lost, and long after the extinction of the faintest hope of their ever being again seen alive, the searching party came on them. They are described as having been found lying all in a row on a clump of broom among some trees, the youngest in the middle, carefully wrapped in his sister's frock. They appeared to be in a deep and not unpleasant sleep. On being awoken the eldest tried to sit up, but fell back. His face was so emaciated that his lips would not cover his teeth, and he could only just feebly groan. 'Father.' The youngest, who had suffered least, woke up as from a dream, childlike demanding, 'Father, why di'n't you come for us sooner? we were crying for you.' The sister, who was almost quite gone, when lifted up could only murmur, 'Cold, cold.' No wonder, as the little creature had stripped herself of her frock, as the elder boy said, 'to cover Frank, for he was crying with cold.' The children have not since done well, and are rapidly recovering. They were without food, and, by their own account, had only one drink of water during the whole time they were out, and his was from the Friday of one week until the Saturday of the next week; in all, nine days and eight nights. — The pathetic points about this little history are so obvious that you will feel no surprise in being told that it has produced a marvellous sensation throughout the colony. I only wish popular sympathy had eschewed and commanded some less coarse and more satisfactory appreciation of little Jane Duff's conduct than collecting money for her. This however, is the form the popular demonstration has taken, and the "Jane Duff Fund" already amounts to several hundreds.

**RAGE.**—Rage is essentially vulgar, and never vulgarer than when it proceeds from mortified pride, disappointed ambition, or thwarted wilfulness. A baffled despot is the vulgarist of dirty wretches, no matter whether he be the despot of a nation, vindicating its rights, or of a donkey sinking under its load.—*Hartley Coleridge.*

**GENIUS.**—I never knew a poet, except myself, who was punctual in anything, or to be depended upon for the due discharge of any duty, except what he owed to the Muses. — The moment a man takes it into his foolish head that he is what the world calls genius, he gives himself a discharge from the servile drudgery of all friendly offices, and becomes good for nothing, except in the pursuit of his favourite employment.—*Cowper.*

THE DOOMED YOUNG MAN.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

Coming through New York on several occasions at midnight, from railway stations, I have always found the drinking saloons and dance-houses in full blaze, and troops of young men about their floors at that dark, dangerous hour. This is the devil's harvest-hour. While good people are asleep, the devil is awake and at work. — How many of these thousands of young men have praying parents? How many of them will ever be saved from the doom of the drunkard, or the gambler, or the libertine? What can be done to save them?

These are practical questions for city pastors and city Christians. And they are full of warning too to the hundreds of youth who are rushing from country homes into the Maelstrom of city life. Do young men from Christian homes always realize their tremendous peril, and brace themselves against the first assaults of temptation? Do they really know the terrible damnation that lurks beneath the first glass, the first game at fate, the first evening in a brothel? When they step on Satan's trap-doors do they dream of the pit that yawns beneath them. An incident that now occurs to me will illustrate their own peril and their own duty to beware of first steps in sin.

Several years ago, an eminent city clergyman observed among his auditors a young man whose appearance excited in him an unusual interest. He took pains to learn the youthful stranger's history. He found that he was a child of pious parents, and had been trained to respect the ordinances of religion.

By-and-by the young man was missed from his accustomed place in the sanctuary. The eye of the pastor sought him in vain. He had met with a company of lively and engaging skeptics, who had persuaded him to abandon the house of God for the more "manly" entertainments of their infidel club. Scuffling and sensuality went hand in hand in that club-room. When his conscience stung him, the opiate of the bottle soon drowned the troublesome monitor. He became an apothecary in the ways of sin. No young man commonly descends so rapidly into the abyss of dissipation as he who has plunged in from the high stand-point of a quiet, moral, country life. This young man went fast through the several stages of scoffing, drinking, brotelling, drunkenness; and his brief career of sin soon did its work of ruin on his slight, delicate frame. He had not long to learn the terrible truth of those lines which a half-drunken genius once wrote about his drinking-cup:

"Upon this foam Destruction rides,  
And in this tide does Ruin swim,  
Perdition at the bottom hides,  
And Death is dancing round the brim!"

At length the pastor was one day startled by a summons to visit the unhappy young man's dying-bed. He found him sinking fast, and sinking without hope. As the man of God approached the bedside, the

youth hid his face in the clothes, and refused to speak to him. Finding it impossible to draw a word from the wretched victim of remorse, who was thus entering eternity in sullen despair; the pastor offered a fervent prayer, and turned away. He re-locked the door. His hand was upon the latch, when the young man suddenly rose on the bed, and beckoned him to return. He went back, and leaned his head over the bed. The young man threw his arms about him, and drawing his head close to his lips, whispered in convulsive accents; "I'M DAMNED!" and then sunk back silent on the pillow. No further efforts or entreaties could rouse him. Having pronounced his own awful doom, his lips refused to speak again; and before midnight his wretched soul had flown into another world!

Here is a solemn sermon for city pastors and for pious parents in the country. It is an admonition to the one to watch well over the tempted youth in our great Sodom; it is a warning to the other against sending their sons too eagerly and hastily into the fiery furnace of city temptations. A young man in New York, without a parent to watch him, or God's grace to keep him, lives on the dizzy edge of the pit.

Young men! as you read that poor profligate's doom, be careful lest it be your own. His history may be yours. If you have forsaken God's house for the house of debauchery, or the haunts of the scoffer — if your evenings are spent in the theater, the drinking-circle, or at the card-table — you have good reason to tremble. Stop short, or you are lost. You are on Satan's trap-door. Beneath you are the damned! While you have a conscience left you hear it, and obey it. That conscience bids you to flee for your life, and flee to the pardoning grace and strong arm of God.—*Independent.*

DRUNKENNESS.

I knew a man whose ships floated on every sea; every thing he touched turned to gold; throughout his whole mercantile career he never failed, never suspended, never asked an extension. A large family of children survived him: they were said to be the most beautiful in one of the largest cities of the nation. He himself was the handsomest of men; commending in his appearance, courteous in his manner, affectionate in his domestic relations, indulgent to his children, devoted to his wife. During his life he furnished money in the most lavish profusion for family expenditure, never making inquiry as to its disposal. At his death he provided for his wife a magnificent income, and left every child rich. In the settlement of his estate, scarcely a dollar was lost. He never was involved in a lawsuit, and had but one partner in business, whom he left his sole executor. He had three drawbacks: he was a gourmand; he was never drunk, but was always full of liquor; he habitually made a butt of religion and its ministers. He died before he reached three-score years of age, of chronic diarrhoea (as most persons do who habitually

indulge in highly seasoned food and the finest wines and brandies,) about seven months before the time he had fixed on for retiring from business. The subsequent history of that large family of highly favored children is suggestive. The eldest daughter, of queenly presence and beauty, died in exile from her father's house. Four others died on the very threshold of beautiful womanhood; one them in madness; a fifth, by reason of bodily infirmity, is dead to the world; and a son has long been in an asylum, a hopeless idiot. Another survives, a bankrupt, having no business capacity whatever. Another lives, of no promise, and the mother is dead. The lesson here taught, so terrible, is simply this: that the man who makes every day a feast of fit things, and sustains himself in this by never allowing the alcohol to die out of him, except for a few hours in the after-part of the night, must perish prematurely, and can not beget healthy children.—Every child this man had was born with a rotten constitution, except the first two, when it may be reasonably supposed he had not completely fallen under the dominion of high-living. It may be remembered here that four fifths of the idiotic children, in a well-conducted asylum for such, were known to be the children of parents one or both of whom indulged in liquor-drinking. I saw a man in a lunatic asylum, an inmate for thirty years, the eldest son of one of the greatest men of our generation, who, up to the time of his marriage, and for a year or two after, indulged freely in whisky-drinking.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

### THE BEGGAR GIRL.

A few winters ago a little girl was picked up on one of the most opulent streets in the city of New York, frozen to death. She was about ten years old, and aside from the wasted form and tattered habiliments, as pretty a child as we ever looked upon.

All ragged stands she on the street,  
Her wants need not be told,  
Her little hands and naked feet  
Are numb and blue with cold.  
She shrieks with fear as the heartless jest  
Comes from the passer by  
And rising hopes within her breast  
Are chilled by mockery.

"Oh! please sir, something give I pray,  
My mother's very ill,  
We had no food all yesterday,  
To-day we hunger still."  
"Begone, you little brat, I'll kick  
You if you ask me more—  
I've heard that tale of mother's sick  
A hundred times before."

From alabaster girandoles  
The light steals softly forth,  
And on her ear sweet music rolls,  
And sounds of joy and mirth:  
Ah surely 'mid the glad ones there  
Are hearts that feel for woe,  
If that we shivering thing did dare  
Up to the door to go.

She does—the marble steps she mounts,  
And trembling rings the bell  
The menial comes, but to pronounce  
To her last hope its knell;  
He slams the door too in her face  
And with a feeble moan,  
She strives to quit the gilded place  
Where all seems made of stuns,

She sinks upon the icy ground,  
Too weak and worn to weep,  
And soon the revelers gather round  
The form that seems to sleep;  
They bear her to the bright fire-side  
And strive to rouse in vain—  
She's gone where mercy's not denied,  
She'll never beg again.

### DO NOT READ THEM.

Books which dispute the meaning of God's word, shut them as you would the coil of a deadly serpent. Not long since a friend brought me a book, with a request that I would read it. Thinking he would be displeased at a refusal, I half assented. It was ably written, the logic was clear, and the arguments very plausible. I read for a while, interested in the startling views and questions proposed; but when the authority of the word of God was disputed, even set at naught, and human doctrine substituted, it was enough. I saw my danger, and closed the book, never again to be opened. How many souls, precious in the sight of God, have been launched into that broad way whose end is eternal death by infidel writers, seeking for their own popularity the overthrow of the gospel.—*Am. Messenger.*

### MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

Mountain scenery, especially to those of us who visit it only occasionally, has a rare power of moral purification. It reveals the more trashy part of ourselves to ourselves with impressive distinctness.—We know of nothing, save death, perhaps, which reads us such a stern lesson against every variety of snobbery. It soon levels us to our true dimensions, and takes the starch out of our pride. We should like to see the man who can feel great in presence of a majestic mountain pile. To us, moreover, as we suppose, to most men, there is behind all mountain scenery a sort of dimly disclosed revelation of the Infinite Mind. The Majesty in the Heavens seems by this medium to approach us more closely, more visibly, and to make a more effective appeal to our reverence. We cannot easily shake off the sense of His almightiness, nor put ourselves in thought beyond His reach. Our miserable puny conceptions of Him immensely expand, and the illustrations of His power interblend with illustrations of His love. Mountains have a rudimentary gospel to preach to us, and they who have listened to it are all the better qualified to receive that higher Gospel which God has expressed to us in a human life and career. So that in another sense than the more obvious one, the saying of our Redeemer is true, "God is able even of these stones to raise up children to Abraham." There is no form of matter so gross or so inert that He cannot make subservient to high spiritual ends, whensoever it may please Him.—*Nonconformist.*

SWIMMING TO SCHOOL.—At Pipiriki, in New Zealand, it is a common sight to see the children swimming to school. If the school bell rings; and there is not a canoe at hand, they tie their clothes in bundles, put them on their heads, and swim across the river. Others descend a mountain upwards of 3,000 feet, every morning, and are at school soon after six o'clock. Do they not set English children a good example of being in time for school!

### THE GAS METER.

"Turn on the gas" is a remark daily heard in many shops and homes. The moment this is done, the delicate pointers of the dials on the meter are set in motion, and (if in proper order) will minutely register the quantity of gas that is consumed. When the day of reckoning arrives, the consumer has to pay for the privilege of the light thus afforded, according to the record of these dials.

May I not learn a lesson even from a gas meter? Time—precious time—is freely supplied to me; but it is registered. The time of reckoning will come. Mercies are hourly poured out for me in the pathway of life, but I shall surely have to give an account for them. Let me ever bear in mind that life is constantly flowing onwards, and the day of death and of judgment is, every moment, approaching nearer and nearer.—*British Workman.*

### ODE TO TEMPERANCE.

BY J. PIERPONT.

Lift up, lift up the standard;  
And plant it near the well;  
And gathered underneath its folds,  
A choral anthem swell.  
The anthem that is set in praise  
Of brooks and cisterns sing!  
Give one strain to the rain,  
Give another to the spring—  
Yea, give a chorus loud and long,  
To aqueduct and spring.

Green hills and smiling valleys  
Ye once were red with gore,  
When Freedom's thunders o'er you rolled,  
And broke along our shore.  
The holy skies have poured their rains,  
And sifted down their snows,  
Till the stain of the slain  
That beneath your turf repose,  
Is washed away, and the sods are clean  
Where the martyr'd brave repose.

Er'n so will ice and water  
Make clean our living clay;  
Then let them grace our festive board  
On independence day:—  
The day that tells us of the blood  
That was, like water, poured  
From their veins on the plains,  
Where our fathers grasped the sword,  
Where the cumbersome sheath was thrown away,  
And flashed the freeman's sword.

Ye heroes of the bottle,  
Who "bumper!" every toast,  
Who keep your wine in cobwebs wrapped,  
And make its age your boast,  
The oldest wine your vaults have known;  
From press or vat to flow,  
Is now to the dew,  
That six thousand years ago  
Came down to fill our cups, one night,  
Six thousand years ago.

Ye champions of cold water,  
Who quaff that drink divine,  
Who've given your rum and brandy o'er;  
And bid adieu to wine,  
The bottles that ye crack to-day,  
By God's own hand are given:—  
Some in earth have their birth,  
And some are made in heaven.  
The granite rock and spring are those;  
And these the clouds of heaven.

Then er the Temperance standard!  
And plant it by the well,  
And shaded by its waving folds;  
A choral anthem swell!  
The anthem that is set to chime  
With babbling waters sing,  
Give one strain to the rain,  
Give another to the spring,  
Yea, give a chorus loud and long,  
To aqueduct and spring!

• Who numbereth the clouds in wisdom?  
And who poureth out the bottles of heaven?

Job, xxxviii: 37.

**BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES.**

*A Temperance Tale, by J. W. Kirkton.—  
Versified by John Stroud.*

'Twas a scorching day—about July  
When Lewis, the carpenter, feeling dry,  
Took out three pennies, and, looking at me,  
'Tis just the price of a pint,' said he:  
To the 'Golden Eagle,' over the way,  
I'll go and have a glass to-day.'—  
Upon the counter, near him stood  
A plate of cherries ripe and good,  
At sight of which, what did he do  
But reach his hand to take a few.  
The landlady's voice thrilled through his head,  
'You touch them if you dare!' she said,  
'I should indeed much like to know  
Why in the world you are acting so.  
A pretty liberty, sir, to take!  
I hope some apology you will make.'  
'Well, Missus!—all I have to say,  
I'm very thirsty this sultry day,  
And I was thinking as how you see,  
I'd wet my whistle with two or three.'  
'I tell you, you'd better not try it on!  
'Oh, surely you'll give me a few,' said John,  
For, though she greatly in anger spoke,  
He thought, my landlady's, sure, in joke.  
'I bought them, sir, for my children's treat,  
They're not for such as you to eat.'  
'You'll let me take just one, I know,'  
'No,' savagely she answered, 'No!  
And she said with a look that pierced him through,  
'Buy your own cherries, and eat them too!'  
John did not wait to be told so twice;  
'Missus, I'll take your good advice.  
I thought to have had a pint to-day,  
But I'll save my money, and go my way.'  
He left the bar, and nodded his head,  
'I'll go and buy some cherries instead.'  
Mrs. Boniface followed on his track,  
And loudly called John to come back:  
I've made, thought she, a great mistake,  
I wish I'd let him the cherries take.  
How stupid, a cherry to refuse!  
I fear I shall a good customer lose.  
She loudly called but he hastened on,  
'I'm going to buy my own cherries,' said John,  
The landlady's face grew flushed and red,  
'Well, well, I've done it this time,' she said.  
'But I must not lose John Lewis so;  
For he always pays his score, I know.  
I must coax him back again, if I can,  
For he's really a very good sort of man.'  
Meantime, John hurried down the street,  
Viewing the shops so trim and neat,  
With their tempting wares exposed for sale,  
But John wanted cherries instead of ale.  
So, passing all others, at length he stopped  
At a greengrocer's shop, and in he popped;  
'Threepenn'orth of them nice cherries,' said he,  
'Yes, sir,' said the man, with courtesy,  
This is the sort your taste to suit;  
And he weighed a pound of the luscious fruit.  
To the workshop John returned again  
To share the cherries with the men,  
The words still sounding in his head,—  
'Oh yes! I'll buy my own cherries!' he said.  
His mates came round, and asked him why  
Such beautiful cherries he came to buy,  
And he told them all that had taken place,  
The landlady's words, with the fiery face.  
'But I won't go again to the 'Eagle,' I know,  
Excepting to pay the 'score' I owe;  
And, driving a nail right home to the head,  
'In future—I'll buy my own cherries,' he said.  
The words kept haunting him all the day,  
They were still in his thoughts as he worked away,  
And, whether he used the saw or the plane,  
They seemed to echo the words again.  
'I've long bought cherries for her,' said he,  
'I'll buy 'em now for myself, you'll see.'  
The bell soon rung at the close of day:  
John went to the 'office' to take his pay;  
His wages amounted to one pound ten,  
And he said as he took it—to one of the men—  
'To the 'Golden Eagle,' no more I'll go,  
Excepting to pay my score, I know.  
'I won't spend my money in drinking, Fred,  
I'm going to buy my own cherries' instead.'

True to his word, away he went  
To the place where his wages were often spent:  
The landlady put on her sweetest smile,  
Hoping John Lewis again to beguile.  
'We've tapped a cask of our best,' said she,  
'Come, take a glass, and drink health to me.'  
'No, thank ye, missus; just let me know  
My score this week—what do I owe,  
I'll pay it at once, and then I'll go.'  
'Come, come,' said Boniface, 'that's all stuff,  
Haven't you known me long enough?  
I'm sure if you don't, Mister John, you ought,—  
Come, take a glass of something short.'  
'No,—nothing at all, either short or long,  
I won't touch a drop either weak or strong.'  
'But—Smith and Bates will soon be here,  
You'll join with them in a pot of beer?'  
John, getting impatient, answered, 'No!  
I'll pay my score, and away I'll go.'  
'With what I said, are you angry then?  
Come—let us be good friends again.'  
'Not a dram will I touch, if I know it,' said John,  
'Let me pay what I owe—I want to be gone.'  
'Well, well,' she said, counting the P's and Q's,  
(Pints and Quarts, gentle reader), 'you shall do as  
you choose,  
But do taste the cherries, if not too late;  
And she went to the parlour and brought out the  
plate.  
'You see, I have kept them, and waited for you.'  
'No, no, my good woman, this dodge will not do;  
Not one will I touch, nor a drop, if I know,  
There's a sovereign! give me the change and I'll go.  
I've just been and done what you told me to do,  
I've bought my own cherries, and eaten them too.'  
John took up the change and moved to the door,  
And vowed in his heart he would enter no more.  
He went home at once, just in time for his tea,  
Mary looked in surprise, 'why how's this?' thought  
she,  
But she spake not a word—she wondered the more;  
He gave her the money; she looked at her store,  
There was more than usual—a shilling or two,  
But she feared to say ought, or to ask if he knew.  
'You'll want to go shopping soon, Mary, I guess.'  
She was so astonished—she merely said, 'Yes.'  
And, getting her bonnet and shawl in a trice,  
To make sure she counted her money out twice,  
'I wonder,' said Mary, 'if John really knows  
How much he has given to buy food and clothes.'  
But fearing to ask, and afraid to look back,  
Lest her husband was following close on her track,  
She bought what she wanted, and more than that  
too,  
For this week she purchased a comfort or two.  
Mary found on returning that father was out,  
'Ah, yea, looking after his wife I've no doubt.'  
However, by ten he came in to his bed,  
And looked at her purchase, but nothing was said:  
For drink breeds in families distance and strife,  
And mars all the comfort of husband and wife.  
The Sunday was spent in the usual way:  
Father went out for a walk half the day;  
Or, if it was rainy, why then he might choose  
To stay in all day and read over the news.  
Mary thought he was dull and more quiet to-day,  
Ane she mustered up courage sufficient to say,  
As she looked on her John with unusual delight,  
'Are you well, dear?'—'Yes, Mary; I'm feeling all  
right.'  
But she felt that his answer was short and unkind.  
And longed to know all that was then in his mind.  
When Monday came round, and the day's work  
was o'er,  
John determined 'I'll go to that 'Eagle' no more';  
And yet to go home he did not half care,  
For he knew how his wife and his children would  
stare,  
And he went—to the Temperance Hall, I declare!  
Some drunkards (now sober) here spoke with such  
power,  
That John with some more took the pledge from  
that hour.  
He resolved to attend the next lecture they gave,  
'Now, I'll buy my own cherries,' my beer-money I  
save.'  
When next Saturday came and his wages were paid,  
And thirty bright shillings in John's hand were laid,  
He was feeling more happy than mere words can say.  
At the thought—there was no 'Eagle' beer-score to  
pay;

He had made up his mind, and was resolute still,  
'I'll buy my own cherries!' I'm determined I will.'  
John hastened off home with a feeling of pride,  
Gave Mary a pound and ten shillings beside,  
Saying 'Soon you'll be wanting to market to go,  
For you like to finish off early I know.'  
Her heart was at first just ready to sink  
As she took the two pieces—beginning to think  
He had stopped what last week he gave in excess;  
But she looked—'twas all gold! 'Is it true?' thought  
she—'Yes!'  
And she said with surprise, and her eyes full of  
glee,  
'Dear John, do you really mean all this for me?'  
'Yes, Mary, of course,—now go, market your best,  
Buy all that you need, and then pat by the rest.'  
'But, John, may I ask, have you earned this all  
right?'  
If you have, it will fill my poor heart with delight.'  
'Right, Mary? why, yes, now to market let's go,  
And as we walk there I can tell you, you know.'  
Then giving strict orders to Sally and Tom  
To look to the others while they were from home,  
They went out together—a very rare thing,  
And John felt as happy and proud as a king,  
Narrating to Mary his faults without fail,  
And telling her too of the cherries and ale—  
That he wouldn't go more to the 'Eagle' at all,  
But had taken the pledge at the Temperance Hall.  
They soon reached the butcher's, and John, looking  
round  
Said, 'Governor! what is your mutton a pound?'  
'Eightpence, sir,' said the butcher,—'Then, pray  
may I beg  
You will just take the trouble to weigh me that leg?'  
'It weighs just eight pounds—five and fourpence,'  
said he;  
Mary handed the sovereign—'Take from this, sir,'  
said she.  
He half feared it was bad, held it up to the light,  
And bouncing it hard on the block, said 'All right!'  
'Don't take it, sir, pray;—for its weight will annoy,  
Allow me to send to your house by the boy.'  
Then off to the grocer's they hurried in haste,  
Resolving nor money nor time they would waste.  
Together they soon got their marketing through,  
Bought all that they wanted—and paid for it too!  
Meantime Sally and Tommy had plenty of talk,  
About father and mother going out for a walk.  
They were staggered to hear a sharp rap at the door,  
From the butcher and grocer, and one or two more;  
They scarce could believe what they heard and they  
saw.  
Said Sally 'Oh, my!—and said Tommy 'oh, law!  
'They can't be for us! but oh, what a sight,'  
Yet all said 'They're paid for—we're sure it's all  
right.'  
Then Sally determined to take in all that came,  
And Tommy laughed loud, and determined the  
same,  
'But I wonder,' said he, 'where this queer game  
will stop;  
We shall soon have enough, Sal, to open a shop.'  
The parents' return scarce Tom's laughter restrain-  
ed,  
But a very few words the whole matter explained;  
And the children were told if they'd only be good,  
They should all have a liberal share of the food.  
Tom could not help telling his brothers in bed,  
On what jolly fare they were going to be fed,  
And that mother had promised a pudding to make  
'em,  
They thought, what a time to eat all this 'twill take  
'em;  
The morrow came round, and dinner time too,  
And the pudding, though large, was eaten half  
through;  
But when mother brought out the cherries at last,  
Their bright long eyes on the cherries were cast;  
And Mary's fond heart too full, go contain,  
From venting her feelings she could not refrain—  
Drawing near to John, she said 'Husband, my pet,  
'Thank GOD for the pledge, we may happy be yet.'  
John soon got promoted; trustworthy and steady,  
Obliging and cheerful, quick, sober and ready,  
He never had need his employment to seek;  
As foreman he earned fifty shillings a week.  
Industrious and saving he soon gathered yelf,  
And before many years he was master himself.  
Working men! hear the moral, 'tis very soon told,

And this piece of advice may be worth more than gold;

Remember it, practise it, tell it your friend—  
*'Tis not what you earn, but it is what you spend.*  
*Shun drink, 'tis an enemy; spurn its control,*  
 Or be sure it will ruin you body and soul.  
 And now my dear friends I think you see why  
 I'm so anxious that each his own cherries should buy.

—Band of Hope Review.

### SKETCHES OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

In conclusion I will give two or three sketches of every-day life amongst us at this time.

A man who was living with a woman, not his wife, and was much given to drunkenness, was awakened. The first thing he did was to get properly married, and wholly to give up brandy; but he had been so long used to the stimulant that he had terrible physical suffering to endure from the sudden change, and was only supported by constant prayer. Upon the occasion of a visit that he paid to certain of his relatives, he met with a great deal of ridicule on account of his having grown pious and left off brandy, and at length, to show that he was a free agent, he consented to to drink a small quantity. At once the old temptation came upon him in full force, and he got drunk. I have scarcely ever seen a man so downcast and depressed as he was in consequence of this fall, and much time and tender consolation were needed to restore him. He now made a rule of putting by all the money that he would formerly have consumed in drink. At the end of a year he showed me, with much delight, the amount of his savings, and the new coat that he bought therewith was indeed a true robe of honour.

A woman, whose husband was in the habit of spending his week's wages, in gaming and drinking at the public-house, on Saturday evenings, led a very wretched and very quarrelsome married life. But sorrow and God's word together changed her heart; she grew gentle and patient, and bore her heavy cross in a strength not her own. While her husband was at the tavern, she would keep crying to God, who can turn the heart of man at his will. One evening her husband came back earlier than usual; he had got into a dispute with his companion about the game they were playing. From words they had come to blows, and he had been knocked down. His wife, received him most kindly, prepared him as good a supper as ever she could, and then took up Starke's prayer-book to read the evening benediction. Her husband listened and then went to bed, but there was no sleep for him that night. He woke his wife, saying, "Mother, I am too wretched, I can bear it no longer; I shall certainly be lost." The good woman began at once, in full confidence of faith, to return thanks to the hearer of prayer, while her husband went on imploring grace and forgiveness. With many tears he asked his wife's pardon for all the wrong he had done her, and went to kiss his sleeping children. His wife, on her part, confessed, with all humility that she had been equally to blame for her quarrelsome temper, and prayed him to forgive her. The next morning, at breakfast, he burnt his pack of cards. Great was the joy of the poor woman, who used often to declare that she had the best husband in all the world.

The son of a pious man enlisted in a regiment of the guards. His father accompanied him to his quarters, exhorted him to remember his daily prayers, and on parting from him, spoke as follows:—"My son, if our gracious God brings thy sins to remembrance

when thou art among strangers, stand still and take of thy hat, for the Lord is about to speak with thee." The young man entered the barracks with the best intentions; at first he was much ridiculed by his comrades on account of his habit of prayer, then he quite left it off and forgot all about it. The first time, however, that he mounted guard, and had to take off his helmet at evening prayer, his father's words returned to his mind; he prayed in very deed, and the Holy Spirit brought his sins to his remembrance. This was how the turning-point of his life came about, and the letter that he wrote on the subject to his father occasioned much joy and thankfulness in his old home.

On one occasion, it was past midnight when I returned from the district connected with the chapel of ease, where I had been administering the last Sacrament to a dying man.—My way lay near the churchyard; the moon was shining brightly. I climbed over the wall and stood for a while beside the grave of the dear child I had recently lost. All at once I heard the sighs and groans of great distress, and looking round, found they proceeded from a half-clothed woman, who lay upon one of the neighbouring graves. She was the wife of a drunkard, who had returned home late; she had quarrelled with him about it, upon which, he had dragged her out of bed and turned her out of doors. Her old and respectable father had over and over again warned her, but in vain. She took to evil courses, and finally married this confirmed toper. Now she lay there, crying, "O had I but listened to my old father, alas! alas! how much sorrow I gave him." In her agony of mind she sought for refuge on her father's grave. Our sins against those who loved us the most, bring misery in their train. What, then, must be the sufferings of lost souls who have neglected and despised all the patience, grace, and love of the Lord Jesus, who so often called them, and entreated them in vain! —*Doctor Buchsel.*

### HER LAST HALF CROWN.

Hugh Miller, the geologist, journalist, and man of genius, was sitting in his newspaper office late one dreary winter night. The clerks had all left, and he was preparing to go, when a quick rap came to the door. He said, "Come in," and, looking towards the entrance, saw a little ragged child all wet with sleet. "Are ye Hugh Miller?" "Yes."—"Mary Duff wants ye." "What does she want?" "She's deein'." Some misty recollections of the name made him at once set out, and with his well-known plaid and stick, he was soon striding after the child, who trotted through the now deserted High Street into the Canongate. By the time he got to the Old Playhouse Close, Hugh had revived his memory of Mary Duff; a lively girl who had been bred up beside him in Cromarty. The last time he had seen her was at a brother mason's marriage, where Mary was "best maid," and he "best man." He seemed still to see her bright, young, careless face, her tidy shortgown, and her dark eyes, and to hear her bantering, merry tongue.

Down the close went the ragged little woman, and up an outside stair, Hugh keeping near her with difficulty; in the passage she held out her hand and touched him; taking it in his great palm, he felt that she wanted a thumb. Finding her way like a cat through the darkness, she opened a door, and saying "That's her!" vanished. By the light of a dying fire he saw, lying in the corner of the large empty room, something like a woman's clothes, and on drawing nearer became aware

of a thin pale face and two dark eyes looking keenly but helplessly up at him. The eyes were plainly Mary's Duff's, though he could recognize no other feature. She wept silently, gazing steadily at him. "Are you Mary Duff?" "It's a' that's o' me, Hugh." She then tried to speak to him, something, plainly, of great urgency, but she couldn't; and seeing that she was very ill, and was making herself worse, he put half-a-crown into her feverish hand, and said he would call again in the morning. He could get no information about her from the neighbours; they were surly or asleep.

When he returned next morning, the little girl met him at the stair head, and said "She's deid." He went in, and found that it was true; there she lay, the fire out, her face placid, and the likeness to her maiden-self restored. Hugh thought he would have known her now, even with those bright black eyes closed, as they were, *in æternum.*

Seeking out a neighbour, he said he would like to bury Mary Duff and arranged for the funeral with an undertaker in the close. Little seemed to be known of the poor outcast, except that she was a "licht," or, as Solomon would have said, a "strange woman." "Did she drink?" "Whiles."

On the day of the funeral one or two residents in the close accompanied him to the Canongate Churchyard. He observed a decent-looking, little, old woman watching them, and following at a distance, though the day was wet and bitter. After the grave was filled, and he had taken off his hat, as the men finished their business by putting on and slapping the sod, he saw this old woman remaining; she came up, and, courtesying, said, "Ye wad ken that lass, sir?" "Yes; I knew her when she was young." The woman then burst into tears, and told Hugh that she "keepit a bit shop at the close-mouth, and Mary dealt wi' me, and aye paid reglar, and I was feared she was dead, for she had been a month awin' me half-a-crown;" and then, with a look and voice of awe, she told him how on the night he was sent for, and immediately after he had left, she had been awakened by some one in her room; and by her bright fire—for she was a *bein*, well-to-do body—she had seen the wasted, dying creature, who came forward and said, "Wasn't it half-a-crown?" "Yes." "There it is," and putting it under the bolster, vanished!

Poor Mary Duff! her life had been a sad one since the day when she had stood side by side with Hugh at the wedding of their friends. Her father died not long after, and her mother supplanted her in the affections of the man to whom she had given her heart. The shock made home intolerable. She fled from it blighted and embittered, and after a life of shame and misery, crept into the corner of her room to die alone.—*Dr. John Brown.*

### THE PUZZLE EXPLAINED.

"It puzzles me," said a gentleman to his friend, who was a member of the same congregation, "how you manage to give away so much as you do. You have not so large an income as I have; and yet, although I think that I give as much as I can, I frequently find that you give sovereigns where I give half-crowns, and five-pound notes where I give sovereigns. Tell me, how is it, for it puzzles me?"

"Come with me and I'll show you," was the reply. They walked into the dining-room, and opening a closet door, the friend pointed to the rows of empty bottles and decanters, and said, "I save it from the bottle."—*British Workman.*

DANIEL BRYAN'S OATH.

[Daniel Bryan, as appears by the context, had been a lawyer of eminence, but had fallen, through intoxication, to beggary and a dying condition. Bryan had married, in better days, the sister of Moses Felton.]

At length all hopes were given up. Week after week the fallen man would lie drunk on the floor, and not a day of real sobriety marked his course. I doubt if such another case was known. He was too low for conviviality; for those with whom he would have associated would not drink with him.

All alone in his office and chamber he still continued to drink, and even his very life seemed the off-spring of his jug.

In early spring Moses Felton had a call to go to Ohio. Before he set out he visited his sister. He offered to take her with him but she would not go.

'But why stay here?' urged the brother. 'You are fading away and disease is upon you. Why should you live with such a brute!'

'Hush, Moses, speak not,' answered the wife, keeping back her tears. 'I will not leave him now, but he will soon leave me. He cannot live much longer.'

At that moment Daniel entered the apartment. He looked like a wanderer from the tomb. He had his hat on, and his jug in his hand.

'Ah, Moses, how are you?' he gasped, for he could not speak plainly.

The visitor looked at him a few moments in silence. Then, as his features assumed a cold, stern expression, he said in a strongly emphatic tone:

'Daniel Bryan, I have been your best friend but one. My sister is an angel, but matched with a demon. I have loved you Daniel, as I never loved man before; you were noble, generous and kind; but I hate you now, for you are a devil incarnate. Look at that woman. She is my sister—she might now live with me in comfort, only she will not do it while you are alive; yet when you die she will come to me. Thus do I pray that God will soon give her joys to my keeping. Now, Daniel, I do sincerely hope that the first intelligence that reaches me from my native place after I shall have reached my new home may be—that you—are dead!'

'Stop, Moses, I can reform.'

'You cannot. It is beyond your power. You have had inducements enough to have reformed half the sinners of creation, and yet you are lower than ever before. Go and die, sir, as soon as you can, for the moment that sees you thus shall not find me among the mourners.'

Bryan's eyes flashed, and he drew proudly up. 'Go,' he said with a tone of the old powerful sarcasm, 'go to Ohio, and I'll send you news. Go, sir, and watch the post. I will yet make you take back your words.'

'Never, Daniel Bryan, never.'

'You shall, I swear it!'

With these words Daniel Bryan hurled his jug into the fire-place, and while yet a

thousand fragments were flying over the floor, he strode from the house.

Mary sank fainting on the floor. Moses bore her to a bed, and then having called in a neighbor, he hurried away, for the stage was waiting.

For a month Daniel moved over the brink of the grave, but he did not die.

'One gill of brandy will save you,' said the doctor, who saw that the abrupt removal of stimulants from a system that for long years had almost subsisted on nothing else, was nearly sure to prove fatal. 'You can surely take a gill and not take more.'

'Aye,' gasped the poor man, 'take a gill and break my oath. Moses Felton shall never hear that brandy and ruin killed me! If the want of it can kill me, then let me die! But I won't die; I'll live till Moses Felton shall eat his words.'

He did live. An iron will conquered the messenger death sent—Daniel Bryan live! For one month he could not or walk alone—but he had help—Mary helped him.

A year passed away, and Moses Felton returned to Vermont. He entered the courthouse at Burlington, and Daniel Bryan was on the floor pleading for a young man who had been indicted of forgery. Felton was startled with surprise. Never before had such torrents of eloquence poured from his lips. The case was given to the jury, and the youth was acquitted. The successful counsel turned from the court-room and met Moses Felton.

'They shook hands but did not speak. When they reached a spot where none others could hear them, Bryan stopped.

'Moses,' he said, 'do you remember the words you spoke to me a year ago?'

'I do, Daniel.'

'Will you now take them back—unsay them forever?'

'Yes, with all my heart.'

'Then I am in part repaid.'

'And what must be the remainder of the payment?' asked Moses.

'I must die an honest, unperjured man! The oath that has bound me thus far was made for him.'

That evening Mary Bryan was among the happiest of the happy. No allusion was made to the scene of one year before, but Moses could read in both the countenances of his sister and her husband the deep gratitude they did not speak.

And Daniel Bryan yet lives, one of the most honored men of Vermont. Five times has he sat in the State Legislature, three in the Senate, and once in the National Congress.

TRUE POETRY, FROM THE PERSIAN.—

The heavens are a point from the pen of God's perfection; the world is a bud from the bower of His beauty; the sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom; and the sky is a bubble on the sea of His power. His beauty is free from the spot of sin, hidden in the thick vale of darkness; he made mirrors from the atoms of the world, and threw a reflection from his face on every atom.

HOPE FOR THE HOPELESS.

ADDRESSED TO THE INTEMPERATE.

At the Daily Prayer-Meeting, Fulton Street, New York, there has been of late a large increase in the attendance of young men.

On a late occasion a request for prayer was read which moved all hearts. It was understood to be from one there present, who represented his case to be hopeless to the last degree. He had become intemperate. His friends had given him up for lost. He had given himself over, and he seemed to be doomed to perish. No power but the power of God can quench this soul-destroying appetite for drink, by reason of which his very being was consumed. No tears, or prayers, or resolutions avail anything for a single moment.—'They are all broken through by this terrible thirst. "Will you pray for me to-day in the meeting," says the writer, "that I may be delivered from the power of the destroyer before my eternal doom is sealed, and I lie down in a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell?"'

Very earnest prayer followed the reading of this request, in which it was asked that God would give the power, through faith in Jesus, to this poor young man, and by simple reliance upon Him, to overcome and resist the temptation, and "bring his soul into a wealthy place."

After prayer, a young man arose and said, "I have been coming to these meetings about two weeks, and for the encouragement of the young man who makes this request for prayer, I ask your indulgence a few minutes to tell you how the Lord has dealt with me.—'They have been two weeks of the richest experience of the Divine goodness and grace."

"Two weeks ago I was a hopeless drunkard—a poor, lost man I was. My friends had made every effort to reclaim me, but with no avail. I had often resolved with many tears, to break away from the cruel bondage in which I was bound. I took upon myself the most solemn vows that I would reform.—What were resolutions and vows before such an inexorable enemy as mine! I could not stand to them a moment. At last I gave myself up to perish. There was no hope for me. I was given up, too, of all the world.—In this state of despair I went down to the fishing banks one day. There I was attracted by the very pleasing countenance of a young man. I knew he must be a poor man, and a fisherman by profession. He helped me to understand the art of fishing. There was a world of happiness in his face. I loved to look at it. At last out of gratitude for the little favours which he showed me, a perfect stranger, I took out my flask of liquor and offered him to drink. 'No,' he said, 'I never drink intoxicating drink, and I ask the Lord Jesus to help me never to touch it.' I looked at him with surprise, and inquired, 'Are you a Christian?' 'Yes, I trust I am,' he said. 'And does Jesus keep you from drinking intoxicating liquor?' 'He does; and I never wish to touch it.' That short answer set me to thinking. In it was revealed a new power. I went home that night, and said to myself as I went, How do I know but Christ would keep me from drinking if I would ask him? When I got to my room I thought over my whole case, and then I knelt down and told the Lord Jesus, just as I would tell you, what a poor, miserable wretch I was; how I had struggled against my appetite, and had always been overcome by it.—I told him if he would take that appetite away, I would give myself up to him, to be his forever, and I would forever love

and serve him. I told him I felt assured that he could help me, and that he would. Now I stand here, and I tell you all most solemnly that Jesus took me at my word. He did take away my appetite then and there, so that from that sacred moment of my casting myself on his help, I have not tasted a drop of liquor, nor desired to taste it. The old appetite is gone, and I tell you, moreover, that I gave myself to Jesus in that very hour, and I received him as a power in my soul against every enemy of my salvation, and he saves me in his infinite grace. I came at once to these meetings. I have been coming every day for two weeks, and oh, what happy weeks! I am delivered through the power of Jesus from the awful destruction which was before me. Such has been the method of my relief." The young man speaking was known to some in the meeting as belonging to a distinguished law-firm of New York.

Another gentleman immediately arose, and said he had a few words to say to the despairing young man in the meeting. "I have been two years living by the power of Jesus above the same evils with which he is beset, and by which I was once surrounded. No man has been nearer hell than I have, and yet escaped from it. Years and years I lay at the mouth of the awful pit. I was given over to destruction by my best friends and by myself. We said—'This trying to reform is of no use. It fails so often, that we must believe the failure final.' One day as I was working in the field to earn a little money to keep from starving, I took out my bottle, without which I thought I could not live, and I said to some one, 'For days I have not lived on anything only what I get out of this bottle. I cannot live so. I cannot live with this vile drink, and I cannot live without it, and what am I to do? I should like to know that. What is a poor wretch like me to do?' 'Why do you not ask help from God?' said some one. I had never thought of it.—It was like life from the dead to cast myself on the help of Jesus. I closed an agreement with him, by which he became mine and I became his. This was two years ago. What a glorious change for me! What happy years these have been for me! My family are happy—my business prospers. I am now a member of a Christian church. All my relations in life are changed, and all because I depend on Jesus. My love of liquor is gone; all is changed. For a time my old companions in drink tried to win me back; but they have long since given it up, and I have won some of them to Jesus. I cannot tell you how happy I am. All this comes of living by faith on Jesus." This gentleman's voice has been often heard in the prayer meeting, but until now he had never told the experience through which he had been called to pass, and the dreadful evils from which he had escaped.

The advantage of living does not consist in length of days, but in the right improvement of them. As many days as are spent without doing some good, are so many days entirely lost.

In narrative, as well as in description, objects ought to be painted so accurately, as to form, in the mind of the reader, distinct and lively images. Every useless circumstance ought to be suppressed, because every such circumstance loads the narration; but if a circumstance be necessary, however slight, it cannot be described too minutely.—*Kaimes.*

It were to be wished, as that which would make learning indeed solid and fruitful, that active men would or could become writers.—*Daton.*

## DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

### THE NATIONAL BALANCE-SHEET.

BY ALEXANDER THOMPSON, ESQ. OF BANCHORY.

A few words on the financial aspect of the question:—Chancellors of the Exchequer tell us they have a revenue of £21,000,000 sterling from drink, in one form and another.—Truly a noticeable sum, a mighty agent for good or for evil; and no wonder if chancellors are inclined to boast that it is raised in the least objectionable manner; that no man is obliged to contribute to this portion of the revenue unless he pleases; and that there can be no more legitimate object of taxation; it is the voluntary offering of the people. Now this sounds very plausible. But let us examine it—

The true question is this. what do we pay for it? It is no doubt a vast sum, and forms a large portion of our national revenue.—But what does it cost?

What would it profit me if any cause put £100 into one of my pockets, if the selfsame cause took £300 out of another of my pockets at the same moment? Is it not quite clear that though I kept the £100 safe and fast in my pocket, I should be precisely £200 poorer by the transaction? This is what we believe to be the result to the nation of the revenue raised from strong drink.

It receives, then, £21,000,000, and these twenty-one millions cost the country sixty-three millions!! Where is the gain of this transaction? Clearly the public has a very bad bargain of it; the balance of loss is forty-two millions?

Of course we make this statement on the principle that the money spent on strong drink is *wholly lost*, and *worse* than lost, to the individuals who spend it, and therefore to the nation of which they are a part.

Sixty-three millions a year is a large sum—rather beyond comprehension—which in expenditure must leave its marks either for good or for evil. Were it expended for the good of the public no one could find fault, but it is solely for evil. It is the producing cause of almost the whole of our crime, our pauperism, our lunacy, and it does good to no one. The figures in statistical tables are abundantly startling, and yet they are after all but a cold, heartless representation of the misery produced by strong drink. They tell nothing of the broken hearts, the miserable homes which drink produces; and they tell nothing of the drunkard's hereafter. But the friends of Temperance look beyond the dull statistical tables; they see the misery in ten thousand homes, and they will strain every nerve, in dependence on God's blessing, first to abate and then to abolish the monstrous evil.

AN UNPLEASANT TRUTH.—The editor of the Wisconsin Chief, having been asked why he could not visit divisions and Lodges without pay when he was employed as a lecturer by the G. L., replied in the following scathing and truthful language, which is applicable in other localities than Wisconsin:

This inquiry comes from a quarter where we have been denounced as mercenary because we would not lecture for nothing, spend three days' time, and pay *nine dollars' expenses out of our own pocket*, from a place where we lectured twice to very large meetings at such expense, and received a hat contribution of two dollars and twenty cents! Perhaps

this large class of *professors* will continue to inquire and revile because we will not leave our business and family, pay our expenses, and trust to the "tender mercies" of the hat. Will one of them spend a day or a dollar in such speculation? Not they!

In this connection we add: Inquiries are frequent, why we do not visit this or that section; we would be warmly received, great good be done, and "no doubt" some subscribers for the *Chief* secured. No doubt about the reception or the good, but great doubt about the subscribers. We are not sufficiently verdant to venture through the picker in lecturing for subscribers. We long since learned that temperance people, as a rule, are the last who take a temperance paper, and in lecturing never subject ourselves to the humiliation of urging such matter. For do not all temperance people take more papers than they can read? Are they not members of the Lodge? and do they not hear the paper read in the Lodge? Or are they not old temperance men and women?—What need of their taking such papers? Yet such people are weeping over the prevalence of intemperance!

Were we to tender our labors as speaker, twenty times in a place and the last evening solicit subscribers, not as many names would be given. The very introduction of the matter would disperse an audience like a case of small-pox.

These things are not pleasant to think of; not pleasant to say; unpleasant to hear, but must be said and listened to, nevertheless.—To enemies of our reform; to friends; to saint and sinner it has been our duty to say unpleasant things. We never expect to see a day, when we shall be relieved of such duty.

## THE ANGEL OF TEMPERANCE.

Now, inspired by her presence, the gifted look'd up.

The lowly threw down the insidious cup;  
The father grew blest in the love of his child,

The mother cast from her all things that defiled;

The dwelling, though poor, became quiet and clean,

And harmony reigned where disorder had been;

Home pleasures, home treasures, home duties, home rest,

Were found to be holiest, calmest, and best;  
The haunts of excitement grew empty and still,

Or peopled with souls of a healthier will;  
The craftsman in bearing grew sober and trim,

The peasant rejoiced in a sturdier limb;  
The tongues of the timid found words to de-claim

'Gainst the ills that oppressed them with sorrow and shame:

And a mission of brothers—Age, Manhood, and Youth—

Went out to instill the new essence of truth.  
The orator caught a new theme for his speech,

The pastor was glad the new doctrine to teach;

And the poet who stood in the van of the throng,

Found his spirit expanding with loftier song,  
And well might his soul to new triumphs aspire,

For the Angel of Temperance kindled his fire!

—J. O. PRINCE, in *Church of Eng. Mag.*