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TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

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

VOL. XIX.]

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 15, 1853.

[No. 20.]

Madalina; the Rag-Picker's Daughter.

(Concluded from our last.)

On they went down Anthony street, and we followed, determined to see the home of this portion of the city poor. It was but one block further—only one little space beyond this great, wide, open, railroad street, whose thoughtless thousands daily go up and down from homes of wealth to wealth-producing shops and stores, little thinking of the amount of human misery within a stone's throw of the rails on which they glide swiftly along.

One block further, and the street opens into a little half acre sort of triangular space, sometimes dignified with the name of "park," but why, those only who know can tell, for it has no fence, no grass, and but a dozen miserable trees; 'tis lumbered up with carts and piles of stones, and strings of drying clothes, and scores of unwashed specimens of young humanity, whose home is in the dirt, whether in the street or parent's domicile.

Here we stop. At the right, across the base of the "park," runs Little Water street, only one short block past the "Five Points House of Industry," or "Home" of the missionary, to Cross street, across which stands a substantial brick edifice on the site of the "Old Brewery." At the left, as though it were a continuation of Little Water street, lies that notorious Five Points collection of dens of misery, Cow Bay. It is a *cul-de-sac*, perhaps thirty feet wide at the mouth, narrowing, with crooked, uneven lines, back to a point about a hundred feet from the entrance. Into this court we tracked the kindling wood splitters, and treaded our way among the throng of carts and piles of steaming garbage, elbowing our way along the narrow side-walk, and up a short flight of broken, almost impassable steps, we reached the first floor hall of one of the houses just in time to see that great load of wood and its bearer toiling up a narrow, dark, broken stairway, which we assayed to climb, but just then, from the room on the left at the foot of the stairs, there came such a piercing, murder-telling, woman's shriek, that we started back, grasped our stout cane, determined to brave the worst for the rescue, made one step, pushed open the door, creaking with a horrid grating upon its rusty hinges, and stood in the presence of an Eve, before the fall, in point of clothing, but long, long after that in point of sin. As we entered the open door, she sprang towards it—her husband caught her by the hair and drew her back with no gentle hand or word. "Let me go, let me go, help; he wants to murder me; let me go; help, help, help." We did help, but it was help to the poor man, for she turned upon him with the fury of a tiger, scratching and tearing his face and clothes, and then settled with a grasp upon his throat which produced the death rattle of choking suffocation. A strong silk handkerchief served the handcuff's place, and to bind hands and feet together; after which she lay quietly upon a little straw and rags, in one corner, the only articles of furniture in the room, except a bottle, broken cup,

and something that looked as though it had once been female apparel.

"Is this your wife?"

"She was."

"What is she now?"

"The devil's fury. You saw what she is."

"Do you live with her?"

"I did for seven years."

"Did she drink then?"

"Sometimes—not so bad."

"Did you drink?"

"Well, none to hurt. I kept a coffee house."

"And made your wife a drunkard. How came she reduced to this dreadful condition? You are well dressed."

"I left her three months ago and went West to find a place to move to. She said if she could go where nobody knew her she would reform. I left her in a comfortable room, with good furniture and good clothes. Now where are they? All gone to the pawn-broker's; the money gone for rum—her virtue, shame, everything gone. How, what, and where do I find her? As you see, crazy, drunk, in this miserable hole, in Cow Bay. And my boy, starved, made drunk, and—"

"What, have you a child by her, then?"

"Yes, a sweet little boy, six years old. Oh, I wish he was awake, that you might see him."

And he stepped to the miserable bed and lifted the dirty rag of a quilt, looked a moment upon the pale boy, dropped upon his knees, raised him in his arms, looked again wildly, and fell back fainting as he exclaimed, "Great God, is he dead." What we could do, we did, and then followed strange footsteps up the rickety stairs. They were those of Tom and the Missionary, for here lived little Madalina.

The second floor was divided into three rooms. We looked in as we passed. The back room was 10 by 12 feet square, inhabited by two black men and their wives, and a white woman lodger, who "sometimes has company." Here they eat, drink and sleep,—cook, wash and iron. The latter operation is performed on the bottom of the wash-tub, for there is no table. The front room, 8 by 14 feet, contained five blacks, men and women. Each of these rooms rented for \$4 a month, *in advance*.

A dark center room, occupied by a white woman, was only 6 by 7 feet, for which she paid 50 cents a week. On the third floor, the dark center room, same size, was occupied by a real good looking, young, healthy German woman, with her husband, a great burly negro, as black as Africa's own son, and a fine looking little white boy, four years old, as a lodger. We found the door shut, and no ventilator bigger than the key-hole. There was a smell about the air.

In the back room, 10 by 12, we found the wood-splitters—the woman and her two boys, a negro and his wife, a woman lodger, and occasional company. The rent of this room is one dollar a week in advance. The total amount of furniture was not good security for one week's rent.

"Good woman, why do you bring all your great piles of wood up these steep, slippery stairs, to fill up your room?"

"Cot in himmel, vare vould I puts him? In te court? De peoples steal him all."

True, there was no place but in that one room to store up a supply, while the time of gleanings was good. Then it has to be carried down to the court to be split up into kindlings, and then again carried up for storage. How so many find room to live in such narrow space, if our readers would learn, let them go and make personal inquiry. They will find plenty of just such cases, with slight search.

Up, up again, one more flight of creaking stairs, without bannisters, the thin worn steps bending beneath our tread, and we are on the upper floor of this one of a hundred just alike "tenant houses." Along the dark narrow passage, opening that low door at the end, into a room under the roof, 10 by 15 feet, lighted by one dormer window, and we are in the home of Madalina, the rag-picker's daughter. Home! Can it be that holy name has been so desecrated—that this child, with sylph-like form and angel face, must call this room her home. 'Tis only for a little while. She will soon have another.

In one corner of the room stood two hand organs, such as we are daily tormented with, groaning out their horrid music under our window, while the grinder and his monkey look anxiously for falling pennies or pea-nuts. These stand a little way apart, with a couple of boards laid across the space. On these boards there had been an attempt to make a bed, of sundry old coats, a dirty blanket, and other vermin harbors.

On this bed lay the poor little sufferer. Not so very little either. In her own native Italy she had been counted almost a woman.

We have seen many, many beautiful faces, but never one like this—so angelic.

"It is a bad sign," said Tom, in answer to a remark upon the expression of her face; "it is a sign she will soon be among those she looks so much like. She never looked so before. She is a living angel now, she will soon be a real one."

"Madalina, my good child," said the Missionary, "how do you feel to-night?"

"The pain in my breast has been very bad, but it is easier now. It always goes away when you come. I am so glad you came to-night, for I want to thank you for a thousand good things you have done for me."

"Are you afraid you will not get well?"

"Oh no, I am not afraid; I know I shall not, but I am not afraid. I don't want to live, if I must live here; look around. It did not use to look as it does now to me, when I went out begging, and came home tired and cold and hungry, I could lay down with the monkeys on my mother's bag of nasty wet rags, and go to sleep directly. Now they worry me to death with their chattering. Do drive them down Tom, that is a dear good fellow."

It would evidently have been a source of great gratification to Tom, to have pitched five or six of them out of the window. But there were dark eyes scowling on him, out of a dozen sockets of men who came from the land of the stiletto, and looked now as though they could as readily use it as play the organ and lead the monkey.

We looked about and counted six men or stout boys and eight women and girls, besides several children, monkeys, tamborines and hand organs. In one corner was the rag-picker's store. This had been the bed of Madalina until this evening, she grew so much worse, that she was lifted up to the bed we have described. But here she had not escaped the torment of the monkeys. They had long been her companions and seemed determined to be so still. They were climbing up and down, or sitting chattering on her bed. Late as it was in the evening there were several fresh

arrivals of parties of musicians and rag-pickers from their distant walks. Several were at supper. A long, black table with a wooden bench on either side, was furnished with two wooden trays, which had seen long service and little soap. Into these was ladled from time to time, the savory contents of a large pot cimmering upon the stove. Each guest helped himself with fingers and spoon. Whether the stew was composed of monkey meat, or two days old veal, we cannot say. That onions formed a strong part of the ingredients, we had olfactory demonstration. Some of the party indulged in a bottle of wine, and we smelt something very much like bad rum or worse brandy, but generally speaking, this class of the city poor are not great drunkards. One end of the room was entirely occupied by a camp bed. That is, in that narrow space of ten feet, ten human beings, big and little of both sexes laid down side by side. The balance of the family lay round here and there; some on and some under the table, some on great black chests, of which each family had one, wherein they lock all their personal goods from their pilfering room mates. The stove and a few dishes finishes the catalogue of furniture. How many persons are, or can be stowed into this one room, is beyond our powers of computation.

Will some of our readers who faint at the smell of unsavory food, or who could not sleep but in fresh linen and well aired rooms, fancy what must be the feelings of poor Madalina, who had just begun to taste of the comforts of civilized life, now sick and dying in such a room, where the penny candle only served to make the thick clouds of tobacco smoke more visible and more suffocating.

One of the difficulties in all these close packed rooms is the necessity to keep the door always shut, to prevent pilfering, thus leaving the only chance for fresh air to enter, of foul air to escape, by the one small window in the roof.

Having given you a view of the room, and its inhabitants and furnishing, let us look again upon poor Madalina, as she lies panting for breath upon her hard pallet. Her face, naturally dark, has an unhealthy whiteness spread over it, and there is a small bright crimson spot upon one cheek—the other is hidden in the taper fingers of the hand upon which it rests. Such a pair of bright black eyes! Oh, how beautiful! Her way locks of jet are set off by a clean white handkerchief, just spread over the bundle of rags which forms her pillow, by one of the visitors. Now, in spite of pain, there is a smile lighting up her face, and showing such a set of teeth as a princess might covet. Whence this happy smile? Listen how cheaply it is brought upon the face of the suffering innocent. She had said, "I am so thirsty, and nothing to drink but nasty warm tea." Directly Tom was missing. Now he was back again, and there he stood with a nice white pitcher in one hand, full of ice water, and a glass tumbler in the other. Now he pours it full of sparkling nectar—now he drops upon one knee and carries it to those parched lips. Is it any wonder that that simple minded, good hearted boy, should look up to us as we stood looking over the kneeling Missionary, and say, "Don't she look like an angel, Sir?"

It was an angelic smile. It was a sight worth days and nights of earnest seeking, and yet, Oh, how cheaply purchased. Only one glass of cold water.

Would that we had some Raphealic power to transfer the picture of that scene to this page, for you to look upon as well as read of, for a sight of that face with its surroundings, would do you good. It would make you yearn after the blessed opportunity of holding the cup of cold water to other fevered lips, lighting up other angelic, happy, thankful smiles.

Vainly we pleaded with the mother of Madalina to carry her to a comfortable room—to our house—to any house—to the hospital—to get her a physician—a nurse—some one, at least, to give her a drink of cold water through the next

long, long day, when she would be left nearly alone—perhaps quite so—locked in this dreadful room—while men and monkeys, organs and tamborines, beggars and rag-pickers, were all away plying their trades in the streets of the city. It was no use; she was inexorable. The *padre* was a very good doctor—the *padre* was good for her soul—the *padre* would pray for her; and if she was to die, she should not die in the house of a heretic. So we parted. It was a hard parting, for she clung to each one as she said, “Good bye,” and said, “I wish I could go with you, but my mother—you have taught me to obey my mother, that all good children obey their mothers—so good-bye—good-bye, Tom. You will bring me another drink to-morrow—yes, I knew you would, if I asked you, you are so good to me.”

There were tears at parting, and they were not all tears of a sick child, or good boy, but strong men wept.

“Tom,” said the feeble, sobbing voice, after we had almost reached the door, over the careless sleepers on the floor, “Tom, come back a minute, I want to—want to—say—what if I should not see you again? I want to send something to Mrs. Pease; she was so kind to me; I wish I had something to send her to remember me by, but I have got nothing—nothing—yes, I will send her a—a little nearer—and she put her arms around his neck and imprinted a kiss upon his lips—there, I will send her that, it is all that I have—it will tell her I love her, for I never kiss any but those I love.”

Poor Madalina! Poor Tom! What must have been his feelings at that moment, with the kiss of that angelic dying girl burning upon his lips and running streams of lava down into his young heart, while those words, “I never kiss any but those I love,” are thrilling through his brain like words of fire.

What he felt we cannot tell. We will not tell what we felt, after the first flow of scalding tears had passed away, but we fear there was an unforgiving spirit in our heart; and if the foot which crushed that tender flower had been there then, it would have followed its moving power head-long down those long, steep and narrow stairs, to the pavement—less hard than its guiding heart. “We must not kill,” said Tom, as we reached the street.

Had he divined our thoughts, or was it the response to his own?

“We must not kill those who sell the rum, or kick little children to death, or make brutes of their mothers, but we will kill the business, or else we will prove that all are not good men in this world who pretend to be.”

“It is greatly changed,” we said to the missionary, as we came down upon the street, “since you have lived here; two years ago we should not like to walk alone through these streets at the midnight hour; now we have no fear. Good night.”

“It will be better two years hence, if you and I live. Good night.”

“Good night. Heaven protect you, and bless your labors. Good night, Tom.”

But Tom heard it not. “I never kiss any but those I love,” was ringing in his ears. He heard nothing—thought of nothing else. Poor Tom! He carried a heavy heart to a sleepless bed that night.

Back up Anthony to Centre, then up that one block, and we stood and contemplated that great somber gray stone building which fills a whole square, looking down gloomily upon the multitude who reek in misery on the opposite side of the street, or pursue their nefarious schemes of crime within the very shadow of “the Tombs.” Alas! prisons prevent not crimes, nor does incarceration work reformation upon such as dwell in such tenements as we have just visited.

“It is but a step from the palace to the tomb.”

True, and so it seemed this night; for ere we had fairly

realized the fact that we passed over the short step of two squares between the city prison—the Tombs—and Broadway, we stood looking into that great palace hall on the corner of Franklin street, known as Taylor’s Saloon.

Was ever eating and drinking temptation more gorgeously fitted up? How the gilt and carving, and elaborate skill of the painter’s art glitters in the more than sun-light splendor of a hundred sparkling gas burners. Are the windows open? No. The ten-feet long plates of glass are so clear from speck, it seems as though it were open space. Look in. It is midnight. Is all still? Do the tired servants sleep? No. They are sitting up and down with noiseless tread to furnish late suppers, and health-destroying luxuries to a host of men and gay dressed women. ’Tis the palace of luxury—’t is but a step beyond to the home of “the Rag Picker’s Daughter”—’t is here that the first step is taken which leads to infamy like that of that daughter’s mother. ’T is here that he, whose trade is seduction, walketh unshamed at noon-day, or prowls at midnight, to select his victims. ’T is here that mothers suffer young daughters to come at this untimely midnight hour to drink “light wines,” or eat ice cream, drugged with passion-exciting vanilla. “Ha, ha, ha!” laughed the fiend as we passed on, “rag-picking mothers are not the only ones who traffic away the virtue of young daughters in this rum flooded city.”

“What,” said we, as we passed on, if all the mis-spent shillings, worse than wasted in this palace, were dropt into the treasury of the House of Industry?”

“Cow Bay, Farlow’s Court, and Rotten Row, would be no more, and my occupation would be gone,” said the fiend, “It must not be. Dry up rum, and murder would cease and misery have no home here. It must not be. Our trade is in danger; I must alarm my friends!”

And he clattered his cloven foot down the steps of a near by cellar, where there were loud sounds of blasphemous words; the noise of jingling glasses, and much rattling.

Then we understood why he said “our trade,” for none but devils deal in it.

“It was late next morning,” said Mr. Pease, “when I woke up, and then I lay in a sort of dreamy reverie, thinking what a world of good I could do if I had plenty of means, until near ten o’clock. Finally I heard an uneasy step outside my door, and at length it seemed to venture to approach, and then their was a timid rap.”

“May I come in?”

“Yes Tom, come in. What is it Tom?”

“If you please, Sir, I want to go away to-day.”

“Oh no, Tom, don’t go away to-day, you remember what you promised to do for Madalina.”

“Yes Sir, and I am going to do it, I am going to see where they put her, and then I will plant a flower there, and I will water it too, and that is not all that I am going to do with water either, before I die. I am going to learn people to drink it and not drink rum.”

“Going to see where they put her?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Tom, do I understand you?”

“I don’t know Sir, she did.”

Tell me, my boy, what you mean. You seem a little wild, your eyes are very red. Did you sleep any last night?”

“Sleep! could you sleep, with those words ringing in your ears all night? Her last words—She never spoke again.”

By this time I reached the window. I looked out There was a “poor house hearse” in Cow Bay. A little coffin was brought down and put in, and it moved away. It carried “The Rag-Picker’s Daughter.”

To the People of Ireland.

There are ebbs and flows in the tide of all human affairs. The great Temperance movement is not exempted from this law of nature. It is the foremost wave of civilization in the present day. It bears on its bosom the hopes and happiness of the human race. Either it will ride triumphant; or man will remain in a low and degraded position, shorn of one half his honors by a mean though powerful enemy. As the tide of civilization is onward, we cannot doubt as to the side with which victory will ultimately rest. The drinking customs of society will yet give way before the awakened power of enlightened public opinion. The ardent friends of Teetotalism may at times feel discouraged by the many impediments they have to encounter; but when they reflect on the immense progress their principles have made within a comparatively short period of time, their discouragements disappear, and they press forward with renewed hope, under the conviction that their cause is a righteous cause, and that it has already effected the destinies of the human race to as great an extent as they could reasonably expect. The twenty years in which they have been at work—although a long period in the life of an individual—are but as a moment in the history of a mighty moral revolution, which has to contend against as powerful opponents, in the appetites and habits of mankind for ages, as any great and good principle had ever to encounter. So that our admiration ought rather to be excited by the success already achieved than our fears alarmed by any apparent want of success. In this United Kingdom a wonderful reformation in the drinking habits of multitudes has been effected. Joy lights up many a home in which sorrow had long an abiding place. Comfort surrounds many a family long accustomed to drink the bitter dregs of poverty. Virtue and happiness illumine many a hearth where gloomy vice and heartless profanity have reigned triumphant for many a day. These are some of the rich fruits of teetotalism at home—abroad, still more glowing results have followed in its train.

Law has come to the aid of moral force in America, and pronounced the sale of intoxicating drinks a crime. Queen Victoria has set her sign-manual to this most noble act of our fellow-subjects in New Brunswick—who, following the example of some of the United States, have pronounced, through their Legislature, the righteous decree that alcoholic liquors are no longer articles of merchandise, but that, like the wolf and hyena, they may be destroyed wherever they are offered to poison health and corrupt virtue.

Brother teetotalers, there is no need for discouragement; there is every ground for hope. The wedge of truth is inserted in this great root of error, and good and honest hearts will not be found wanting to drive it home, and shiver to atoms those drinking customs which are the relentless foes of the human race. Time—perhaps a long time—will be needed to usher in this glad victory; but the day will yet arrive, for truth is not accustomed to roll back before the might of error. Onwards! is her glorious motto. Teetotalism is destined to triumph. The men of Manchester and of Edinburgh are at work to obtain a prohibitory law for these kingdoms, and so noble a work, once begun, is not likely to fail for want of true men to support it. There will be ebbs as well as flows, but the tide will gain space, and the good ship Teetotal will yet ride secure at safe anchorage. The deceitful winds of moderation will impede her voyage, but cannot prevent her safe arrival in port; the voyage may be long and painful, but will be reached in the end. Let it be our aim to aid, by all means in our power, those who are labouring to bring it to a successful issue.

The teetotalers of Dublin had a glorious day yesterday, on Harold's Cross Green, where we assembled in thousands at the call of Father Spratt, to manifest our continued love for a cause which has already been productive of unspeakable blessings to so many of us and our countrymen.

Never since the commencement of the glorious movement have we had a better, or a more enthusiastic meeting—never one more calculated to cheer the hearts of all who are engaged in this great work of human improvement. If there were any doubters there—doubters as to the hearts of the people in favour of our principles—their doubts must have been removed.

It must have been evident to every thoughtful mind that the people who were there in great numbers, would sincerely rejoice at the overthrow of those drinking customs, which they well know are opposed to their best interests. The true basis of national prosperity, so deeply laid by Father Mathew, and so nobly upheld by Father Spratt, is fully acknowledged as the only secure foundation upon which they can build, by millions of Irishmen. Why then, it may be asked, is it that we have so much intemperance in our country to deplore? The answer is plain and simple. Human beings are weak; the appetite for strong drinks is strong; the drunkard-makers are active in their calling. Rivers of their poisons are copiously flowing from innumerable springs, and the happiness which God would build up in our midst is ruthlessly destroyed by vendors of alcoholic liquors and their respectable customers, who, under the name of moderate consumers, lure many to destruction. While the thoughtless and the careless are gratifying their appetite for intoxicating drinks, a countless throng of folly's votaries follow in their train; and thus the moan of the widow, the cry of the orphan, and the wail of the heart-broken wife continued to ring in our ears, and to cry to heaven for help. Would to God that the intelligent and the virtuous would awake to a just sense of their duties and their responsibilities in relation to this matter—for then, indeed, we would soon banish intemperance and its concomitant miseries.

The meeting at Harold's Cross, on Sunday, was feelingly addressed by Father Spratt and Town Marshal Reynolds. Some hundreds took the pledge on the occasion, and all manifested great earnestness and enthusiasm in favor of the good cause.

I detail these matters, my countrymen, for your rejoicing. There are good and honest hearts scattered over Ireland—aye, and England and Scotland too—who will read of our doings with pleasure; and, as "Iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend,"—our cause, the cause of civilization and human progress, will be benefited by their sympathy.—I remain, your faithful friend,

JAMES HAUGHTON.

35, Eccles-street, Dublin,
30th May, 1853.

"A Temporal Association for a Temporal Purpose."

This is a common objection to Temperance Societies; and the objector imagines, doubtless, that he has relieved himself of a load when he delivers himself of the pithy remark. And is it then of no consequence how the myriads of human beings live, so long as they are prepared to die? We always thought it a part of the Christian's duty to minister to the temporal wants of his fellow beings; to feed the poor, to clothe the naked, and in every way to alleviate the sorrow and improve the condition of all; and we can discover no warrant in Scripture for a contrary belief. On the contrary, we find the Saviour of mankind and his disciples setting us examples of benevolence—restoring the blind, curing the maimed, and pouring in the oil of gladness into many a bruised and wounded spirit. Jesus "went about doing good." He was emphatically the friend of the needy, a character opposite as light is to darkness to that self-righteousness and pride that is so aptly illustrated by the fable of the Priest who being asked for a penny tendered the suppliant his blessing.

God evidently designed that his creatures should be happy

in this world. He placed them in an Eden of delights, and though they fell from their first estate and tasted of death, he gave them a law which was doubtless designed as well for the temporal welfare as for everlasting happiness.

Without the restraints of religion, man would be continually at war with his fellow man. Wrong and injustice would prevail over reason and right, and the weak would everywhere be subjected to the rule of the strong. A loose rein would be given to the animal passions and appetites, and men would care little for the feelings or the interests of others, so long as their own wants were satisfied. But the Christian religion teaches a different course of conduct.

To love God is the first great Commandment, to love your neighbour is the other, just because our whole duty is comprised and comprehended in the observance of our various responsibilities to God and man. And we cannot discharge this duty without doing what lies in our power to promote the happiness of our fellow men. Love to God involves in fact a love to man, and one cannot exist without the other. The very requirement of the former, therefore, seems to have been, in part, for the purpose of promoting the peace, harmony and happiness of the human family. We might point to various proofs of this. One must suffice;—Although the reason given in the word of God for the command to observe the Sabbath day and keep it holy, points to obligation to our Maker as the motive to obedience, there can be no doubt that the man's welfare was the object. How hard would be the lot of the toiling masses without this periodically recurring interval of relaxation! God saw that cupidity would task the laborer beyond his strength, and he designed an effectual check when he instituted the Sabbath. Common sense would teach us this, but we are not left for proof to the nature and reason of things alone. We have the express declaration of the Saviour of mankind himself—“The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.” Let us not be misunderstood. We do not design to detract from the glory of that holy day as a day of prayer and means of spiritual regeneration, but we do maintain that relaxation from mental and bodily labour was part of the plan.

The corollary we design to draw from the premises is, that it is not beneath the Christian, layman, or ecclesiastic to soothe the sorrows, alleviate the sufferings of his fellow men, and in every respect to perform the office of the good Samaritan. In fact we are strongly of opinion that he cannot be sincere in his professions, or at least, that he does not perform his whole duty, if he neglects to fill the place of a Brother to those who stand in need of help.

Now, while we are free to admit that the object of the Temperance movement is not, *primarily*, the spiritual regeneration of mankind, we claim for it the character of a Christian institution. It is, in so far as it goes, and as respects the motives of many who join it, a fruit of Christianity. It is based on the Scriptures and in fulfilment of the command—“Love thy neighbor as thyself.” What else could induce the thousands and tens of thousands of Temperance men who have no personal motive, no private interest to serve, to adopt and persevere in a course which severs attachments, alienates friends and even excludes them from the society of their intimates, to say nothing of the ridicule and displeasure to which it necessarily subjects all who adopt it?

Think you reader, they are impelled by any less potent influence than the fear of God? To be sure, there are a thousand reasons actuating the members of the different Temperance Societies, such as economy, self-preservation, and the like—all good and worthy in themselves; but the grand, ever active principle that binds the whole together, and which will carry it on to its consummation and triumph, is the spirit of Christian love. The Divine may stand back as he will; he may sneer at the Temperance advocates, and in his arrogance ask—“what is that to me? But let him beware lest he be left like the Anchorite, on some lofty emi-

nence, a victim of mistaken zeal. The world may not be improved in this respect, but they are beginning to throw off the shackles of superstition and to think and act for themselves, and to measure their spiritual instructors by their advisings and not their advisings by them. And we can tell these men what they possibly do not know—that while they fail to convince the abstainers, they lower themselves in the estimation of the rest of the community by their opposition to the Temperance movement; and when they fall in the respect which it is eminently desirable they should enjoy, it is needless to say that their influence is gone.—*Temperance Telegraph, St. John, N. B.*

The Bloody Sixpence.

On the first day of August, 1853, two men, brothers-in-law, and both in the vigor of their years, met for the purpose of adjusting the preliminaries of a fishing excursion, which, according to agreement, was to come off on the evening of the same day.

Arrangements all made, they were about to part, when it was suggested by the one, and acceded to by the other, that a little of the “O be joyful” would be necessary on the occasion. The day wore away. Nature had thrown on her dusky mantle, when the two friends left their quiet homes for the Mississippi, which in its majesty marches onward hard by our city. Meeting with better success than did the disciples of our Lord, these men filled their vessels before midnight. Wet from wading, and saturated with whisky, they hied homeward. Each man found his respective domicile. But, as is always the case with a drunken man, something went wrong. The innocent, inoffensive, much-abused wife, had done something amiss: at least so thought her whisky-pickled lord. He fell to abusing her without mercy. Thus matters went on till the cries of murder, from the beaten wife, reached the ear of her sleeping father, whose dwelling was distant but a few rods. The old man bounded from his bed, made to the house of his son-in-law, and rescued his weeping, trembling child from the grasp of a liquor-enraged demon. The son-in-law was made to know his place, and receiving a slap in the face from the hand of the father, retired into an adjoining room. A calm ensued, and the father was about leaving the house; but standing on the door-sill, had faced about to exchange a word with his daughter, when the husband issued from his bed-room, presented a pistol, and shot the father through the heart. The deed is done! Merciful heavens, what a scene of blood! The alarm is given. The citizens, aroused from slumber, are on the alert—but the murderer has fled. On the afternoon of the following day, the man was arrested and lodged in jail, there to await the decision that tells for life or death.

Suffer us to review for one moment this bare statement of facts, or linger for serious reflection.

What a change within a few short hours, has pervaded the relations and circumstances of this family. From a state of comparative prosperity and innocence, they have fallen beneath the threatenings of the darkest cloud of guilt, and grief, and sin. An old man, without a moment's warning, and, doubtless, far from the atmosphere of prayer, has been hurried into the presence of his Judge. A dependent, aged female, made a widow under awfully shocking circumstances; children robbed of a father, and a being half a man, has murdered that parent, the father of the companion of his bosom.

Once again: What caused the crime? Let the grief-stricken one who saw her father fall, answer this question. Listen, even in pity, to the wretch in his grated cell; let him speak, for truth from his lips, is truth still. The dust speaketh; the ground had a voice, and all—all testify that liquor nerved the arm and maddened the brain of him who elevated the weapon of death. Who makes this liquor and

who sells it? The *Law*. Who catches the criminal and chains him in the dungeon? The *Law*. Who provides for the payment of contingent expenses? The *Law*. Who pays these expenses? Ah, this is the question. Men who hate rum and its ruins, and the laws that provide for its existence. But what are taxes when noticed in connection with the sin and death consequent on the use of this poison. Let us be awake on behalf of its removal.—*North-Western Christian Advocate*.

Tobacco Users, Read, Learn and Inwardly Digest the following Facts.

A friend with whom we have been well acquainted from his boyhood, who was tolerably athletic and healthy in youth, but in middle life became feeble, and before he was fifty years old, was attacked by distressing and alarming fits—was very dyspeptic, and suffered more than tongue or pen can tell, from that nervous state of the system very appropriately denominated the "horrors," constantly sinking lower and lower, until it might be truly said he was a torment to himself and all around him. From a very amiable, affectionate, kind-hearted man, he became excessively irritable, *cross-grained* and troublesome, and a very serious trouble to his family. Of course the physician's aid was constantly invoked, but it was all of no avail, he gradually became more nervous, and less capable of self control. He was very poor, a mere shadow of his former self, and the personification of despondency and mental suffering. At length, although a thorough cold-water man, he had a fearful visitation of "snakes in his boots," an attack of delirium tremens. He was at this time about fifty-five years old. And here we will leave him as he was, and tell our readers what he is. We had not seen him for six or eight years, until he called upon us last week, but so changed that literally we could hardly believe it was the same individual—instead of the mere sallow, lantern-jawed shadow, we saw before us a healthy, robust and very cheerful, happy man. Instead of the skeleton of 110 or 115 pounds, we saw the smooth-faced, elderly gentleman, weighing from 140 to 150 pounds. Instead of being barely able to drag himself about, he was now able to perform the hardest labor.

And now our readers will ask, what has produced this wonderful and entire transformation? The answer is, he abjured tobacco, after having used it for forty years. His physicians assured him that medicine was of no avail—that snakes would never leave him while they could find a pipe or tobacco-box in which they could always find shelter.—This excited his ire at first, but he resolved to make the attempt. He did so—he resolved, and there was still enough of manhood that had not been smoked or spit out left, to enable him to keep his resolution—to save him from anticipating the torments of another world, and snatch him from a premature grave.

Let the hundreds of thousands who are pursuing the same suicidal course with our friend, reflect, and while there is yet hope, like him cast away the filthy, loathsome and poisonous weed, that if they must die prematurely, let them resolve it shall not be by suicide, nor by such a nauseous, disgusting instrumentality as the use of tobacco. And we do deliberately assert, that with thousands of facts like the above, although perhaps not so striking, constantly before them, those who do deliberately continue the use of this deadly narcotic, will be just as guilty of suicide as if they shortened their days by arsenic or poison hemlock.

MATERIALISM.—An infidel who had been attempting to prove that men have no souls, asked a lady with an air of triumph what she thought of his philosophy. "It appears to me," she replied, "that you have been employing a good deal of talent to prove yourself a beast."

King Cholera's Procession.

(From Punch.)

From Russian steppe, from Persian sand,
From pine-fringed Norway fiord,
From Elbe's and Eyder's peopled strand
I've skimmed the sea—I've swept the land—
Way for your lord!

Come deck my board—prepare my bed,
And let the trump of doom
Peal out a march, that as I tread
Above the dying and the dead
All may make room!

From far I snuff the odour sweet
That I do love the best;
And whereso'er I set my feet
Courtiers and liegemen flock to greet
Their King confest.

Well have you done your loyal part,
My subjects and my slaves—
In town and country, port and mart,
All's ready—after my own heart—
All to the graves!

What is my feast? These babes forpined?—
Men ere there prime made old—
These sots with strong drink bleared and blind—
These herds of unsexed womankind
Foul mouthed and bold—

These bodies stunted, shrivelled, seared
With the malaria's breath;
In foetid dens and workshops reared;
From reeking sewers, drains uncleared,
Drinking in death.

What is my court? These cellars piled
With filth of many a year—
These rooms with rotting damps defiled—
These alleys where the sun ne'er smiled,
Darkling and Drear!

These streets along the river's bank
Below the rise of tide;
These hovels, set in stifling rank,
Sapped by the earth-damps green and dank—
These cesspools wide.

These yards, whose heaps of dust and bone
Breathe the poison all around;
These styes, whose swinish tenants grown
Half human, with their masters own
A common ground.

What are my perfumes? Stink and stench
From slaughter-house and sewer;
The oozing gas from open trench,
The effluvia of the pools that drench
Court-yards impure.

What is my music! Hard wrung groans
From strong men stricken down;
Women's and children's feeble moans,
And the slow death-bell's muffled tones
In every town.

Who are my lieges? Those that rule
In Vestry and at Board;
The Town-hall's glib and giddy fool,
The mob's most abject slave and tool,
Though called its lord.

He who with prate of vested rights
Old form of wrong defends;
Who for pound-foolishness still fights,
Wisdom, save penny-wisdom, slights:—
These are my friends.

Miscellaneous Table Talk Topics.

DEATH AND DRINKING.—Life is God's gift. It is a great gift. We value it above all riches. In case of danger all that a man hath will he give for his life. It is the period measured by Providence, during which all the pleasures and happiness of humanity are to be enjoyed, and all its duties to be performed. Oh what folly to be constantly tasking, mutilating, and destroying that most precious of all jewels! Ninety-nine out of every hundred die sooner than they would, by violating the laws of health and longevity, and a vast proportion do not live out half their days. Every unnatural stimulant helps to bring them nearer to the grave. Of all the other causes the use of intoxicating liquors is the most powerful. Drinkers destroy the pleasures of life; nay, they cut off a great portion of it as effectually as if they laid their necks upon the block, and struck the fatal blow with their own hands. Nature truly bears up under a great deal of torture from strong drink, but at last it gives way and often suddenly. Could we examine the progress of disease internally, we should be able to trace its insidious progress in every one who drinks strong drink even moderately. Indeed, an occasional spree of drunkenness does not harass the system near so much as the daily or frequent drinking of a few glasses in moderation.

A RUMSELLER CAUGHT.—A Temperance lecturer at a meeting in Jersey City, came down with a heavy hand on the rumrunner, when a man rose up and said: "I am one of the trustees of this church, and you call me a murderer. You can't have this church to lecture in any more. I appeal to those around me to say if I am a murderer." A woman instantly arose and cried out:—"Yes, you are a murderer—you murdered my husband by giving him rum." Another woman exclaimed:—"Yes, and you murdered mine!" His feelings could not have been of the most pleasant kind.

THE LEAF ON THE STREAM.

I.

At noontide I mused by a stream, reclining,
That peacefully strayed the willows along,
And watched how it bore on its waters shining
The leaves with a dulcet song.—
Thus be it my fate, like leaflets lightly,
Mid sunshine and song forever to glide:
Let life's tranquil current but wait me brightly,
I care not how swift its tide.

II.

A summer breeze came o'er the waters creeping,
A cloud cast its gloom the shining waters o'er,
And dark rolled the ripples adown its sweeping—
The leaves sank to rise no more!—
Ah! such is too oft the fate before us,
While heedless and gay we sport on life's wave;
Disaster and sorrow sweep darkly o'er us,
And hurry us on to the grave.

—Dublin University Magazine.

THE IDIOT AND HIS MOTHER.—There resides in Castlewellan, in the county Down, a poor idiot, whose mother died, and was buried, about five weeks ago, in Bryansford church-yard. The helpless lad was evidently deeply affected by the loss he had sustained, and, last week, conceiving that his fond parent had not been interred as she ought to have been, and that her body was floating in water under the soil, he proceeded with wheelbarrow and spade to the grave, disinterred the remains, and carried them away. The operation was witnessed by several neighbors, who, when they attempted to interfere, were obliged to withdraw, the idiot threatening their lives, imagining, it is believed, that they had some interest in the body, and were resolved at all hazards to obtain it. The parties in question, finding they were unable to restrain him, gave immediate information to the police, and in a short time the unfortunate idiot, who had

the coffin placed on a wheelbarrow, and was on his way with it to the mountains, was arrested, and was obliged to return. He was subsequently allowed to carry off his wonderful burden, and it is stated, that during three days and nights he proceeded, in the manner described, among and over the mountains in the neighborhood; that he dug three graves, which did not seem to satisfy him; and that eventually, exhausted by fatigue, he reached Rostrevor, where he had the remains carefully interred.

THE OTTER IN INDIA.—We passed, to my surprise a row of no less than nine or ten large and very beautiful otters, tethered with straw collars and long strings, to bamboo stakes on the bank. Some were lying half in and half out of the water; others were uttering a shrill whistling noise as if in play. I was told that most of the fishermen in this neighborhood kept one or more of these animals, who were almost as tame as dogs, and of great use in fishing, sometimes driving the shoals into the nets, sometimes bringing out the larger fish with their teeth. I was much pleased and interested with the sight.—*Herbert's Journal.*

SENSIBLE REMARKS.—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in his remarks at the anniversary of the Five Points Mission, said:—"When Christ went where there were sick, He healed them; when there was actual want he created bread, and came down to their physical condition. Take the gospel to the miserable outcasts of our city, and no man can preach it unless he does more. It is as though he made a mark in the sand, and the first tide washed it away. Preach the gospel, and the hunger of the man makes him forget it. There is a great deal more gospel in a loaf of bread, sometimes, than in an old dry sermon. If I go to a man and bring to him in his want ever so much philosophy, he will not hear it; if I come down and bring him bread and clothes and medicine, this will give him a correct idea of the gospel, one which he can appreciate and understand."

THE STING OF A BEE.—Concerning the sting of bees, wasps, hornets, and such insects, which are to some people excessively painful and troublesome, the *British Banner* says:—"In most cases the person stung can instantaneously obtain relief by pressing upon the point stung with the tube of a key. This will extract the sting and relieve the pain, and the application of *agua ammonia* (common spirits of harts-horn) will immediately remove it. The poison being of an acid nature, is at once naturalized by an application of this penetrating, volatile alkali. A small quantity introduced into the wound on the point of a needle or fine nibbed pen, and applied as soon as possible, will scarcely ever fail.

FEEDING APPLES TO CATTLE.—That refuse apples are valuable as food for stock, has long been known; but as my manner of feeding differs from that generally practiced, permit me to state it for the benefit of others; and it is simply this—to let the cattle feed themselves. After gathering what is wanted for family use the cattle are turned into the orchard and allowed to remain for the first two or three days, 15 minutes each day—then 20 and 25 minutes, until at the end of six or seven days they are permitted to remain half an hour each day, and so on through the season. If managed in this way no danger need be apprehended from their eating to excess, even if there are hundreds of bushels on the ground. This method saves the labor of carrying into the cellar and feeding out—also the loss from decay; and we think that cows fed in this manner will make as much butter in the month commencing the 5th of October, as in any other of the year.

SINGING OLD HUNDRED.—Not long since a man of violent passions became enraged with a pair of cattle he was driving on his farm. He plied the whip without mercy, and the oaths he uttered were fearful. Finding his efforts useless, he concluded to stop short and sing Old Hundred. He then took up his whip and went to work without the least trouble, and his cattle were charmed into perfect submission.

It would save many a tumult in hearts, households, and nations, if men and women of like passions would pause, and sing five minutes.—*Independent*.

— A young man, 19 years of age, the son of parents residing in Philadelphia, was lately taken to the hospital in Cincinnati, raving with delirium tremens. His fond mother, two weeks before, remitted him \$500, which, instead of being put to good uses, as intended, was spent in dissipation. The suffering of that mother's heart is such as thousands of mothers all over the land have experienced, and are now, from a like cause, superinduced by the polluting influence of the drinking usages of society. What manly heart can refrain from seconding, by example and precept, every effort to correct the false sentiment which sustains such pernicious customs?

THISTLES OF THE HEART.—Bad habits, says the Boys' Own Guide, "are the thistles of the heart, from which will spring up a new crop of new weeds. A few years ago, a little boy told his first falsehood. It was a little, solitary thistle seed, and no eye but God's saw him, he planted it in the mellow soil of his heart. But it sprang up, Oh, how quickly! and in a little time another, and another, and yet another seed dropped from it into the ground, each in its turn bearing more thistles and more seeds. And now his heart is all overgrown with this bad habit; he is a confirmed liar, and it would be as difficult for him to cease entirely from falsehood, as it would be for a gardener to clear his land of the noxious thistle after it has gained a footing in the soil."

A DESCRIPTION OF THOSE WHO LIVE BY THE LAW.—A grasshopper, filled with dew, was merrily singing under a shade; a whangam, that eats grasshoppers, had marked it for its prey, and was just stretching forth to devour it; a serpent, that had for a long time fed only on whangams, was coiled up to fasten on the serpent; a yellow bird was just upon the wing to dart upon the serpent; a hawk had just stooped from above to seize the yellow bird; all were intent on their prey, and unmindful of their danger. So the whangam eat the grasshopper, the serpent eat the whangam, the yellow bird the serpent, and the hawk the yellow bird; when, sousing from on high, a vulture gobbled up the hawk, grasshopper, whangam, and all in a moment.—*Goldsmith*.

— An author may write by the yard and think by the inch; or write by the inch and think by the yard.

— A word spoken pleasantly is a larger spot of sunshine on the sad heart—and, who has not seen its effects? A smile is like the bursting out of the sun from behind a cloud, to him who thinks he has no friend in the wide world.

— Make your company a rarity, and people will value it. Men despise what they can easily have.

— In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence, last thoughts are best.

— It is a base temper in mankind that they will not take the smallest slight at the hand of those who have done them the greatest kindness.

— When a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.

— There would be few dinner parties if the rule were once made only to invite those to dinner who really were in want of one!

— Patience is the balm of suffering;—while you, therefore, bear with firmness what you cannot avoid, submit with resignation to the will of the Almighty, who is just and merciful.

— All the virtues are in peril, when filial piety gives way.

Sabbath Meditations.

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able."—*Luke xiii. 24.*

—"Christ here gives an implied answer to the preceding question—'are there few that be saved?'—for as there are few who strive

to enter in at the strait gate, it follows, that few are saved. Men may make devotion as easy as they please, they may restrict the meaning of the precept, they may realize the threatening, they may denounce the way of faith as unreasonable, and the power of Godliness as enthusiastical; they may widen the gate of heaven so as to admit the drunkard in his debauch, the miser with his bags, and the proud in all their imaginary greatness; but they cannot change the appointments of God, nor revoke the sayings of Christ. Salvation is neither for the slothful and idle, who will not strive, nor for the self-willed and self-sufficient, who presume upon their own strength, and rely on their own righteousness for acceptance with God. Barely seeking will not avail; we must strive as in an agony; and even agonising will not avail after the door is shut. We must therefore strive by faith, prayer, holiness, and patience, now; otherwise we shall be left standing without them. God respects none but the lowly, and He has allotted to each a season of grace which we by no means let slip. To live as the generality of men do is not to take the kingdom of heaven by violence. He who teacheth that the gate and way to life are wide and broad, when Jesus Christ declares that they are strait and narrow, is a deceiver; a wolf in sheep's clothing, who deludes that he may destroy. Few find the way to heaven; fewer walk in this way, and fewer still, abide in it and persevere unto the end."

"And it shall come to pass in that day, I will hear, saith the Lord, I will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth; and the earth shall hear the corn, and the wine, and the oil; and they shall hear Jezreel." *Ios. ii. 21. 22.*—"Jezreel signifies the 'seed,' or the 'scattered of the Lord.' The name involves a prediction: Israel must be scattered for their idolatry; but it is here intimated, that such of them that cried unto the Lord, might be remembered, as seed under the clod; and should by genial influences from heaven above and the earth beneath, be revived and gathered. While we are at enmity with God the stars of Heaven and the stones of the field are ready to fight against us, as He may give them commission: but when betrothed to Him in righteousness all creatures, from the highest to the lowest, are forward to serve us. Be the chain of second causes never so long, God holds the first link in his own hand; and His power rules and guides all the others, even to their remotest effects. We ought to have respect to second causes, in the way of improving them; but it will be our sin and folly if we rest in them. Their efficiency is of God; and it depends on our friendship with Him, whether they shall aid, or resist, save or destroy us, except when sin mars their order, there is a sweet harmony among the creatures in producing gracious results; like the human frame they are fitly joined together, and compacted by that which each supplieth, for the honour of their common Maker, and the happiness of His praying people. God hears the heavens, and the heavens hear the earth, and the earth hear the corn and the wine and the oil, and they hear Jezreel. God is the giver of plenty, and all good things are given for His people's sake. Were it not for them the earth would soon become a desert, or a babel. It is comely and of great utility, when the due order of secondary agent is maintained; whether in nature, in civil society, or in the church. The meanest in the place may be useful, and the greatest out of his place is sure to do injury. If the creatures work so graciously and so harmoniously for us, under the direction of their and our Lord, how diligently and kindly ought we work for Him, and for one another? Shall the cold earth hear, and the high heavens hear, when called upon to do us good? And, shall we be deaf, or disobedient, when God calls for our help to feed His poor, and to sustain His cause; to convert the Jew, and to evangelise the heathen?"

Madalina.

(From N. Y. Tribune.)

Wandering, so pale and weary,
Through the busy crowded way,
Treading through the alleys dreary
All the long, long summer day,
With no loving hand to guide her,
Went the little Madalina.

She is glad the day is closing,
Yet dreading night the more.

For there comes no sweet reposing
 When the weary day is o'er—
 For the hearts that should protect her
 Never loved their Madalina.

Now in by-ways dark and olden,
 Now along the brilliant street
 Glittering in its splendor golden,
 Press her weary little feet.
 Light, gay steps are passing by her—
 Tired and lonely Madalina.

Now she stops to gaze and listen,
 Mirth and music fill the air,
 Where the sparkling goblets glisten,
 Gay, fair forms are moving there,
 Scorning in their finer garments
 Thy torn dress, poor Madalina.

Drearer grows each coming morrow,
 Heavier droops her mournful eyes,
 In her home of want and sorrow
 Little Madalina lies,
 Where no loving arms enclasp her,
 Sweet, uncared-for Madalina.

From that restless fever-dreaming
 Once more wakes the dying child,
 And her eyes with joy are beaming,
 And the red lips sweetly smile—
 Kinder hearts have come to find her,
 Those who love sweet Madalina.

Farewell—happy in her dying—
 There are angels waiting near—
 Leaving all her grief and sighing,
 Going from her sorrows here,
 To their love we gladly yield her,
 Happy, dying Madalina.

Laurel Book, N. H., Sept. 16, 1853.

JULIET.

Ottawa, he cannot fail to notice—some sixteen miles below Bytown, on the south side of the river—a stone church, beautifully situated near the margin of the stream, apparently in solemn contemplation over the busy scene presented on the waters of this thoroughfare. This is Carmel Church, (Scotch Presbyterian), the name being suggested by a hill of considerable elevation in rear of the structure. Within this building, kindly allowed by the Trustees, the Festival was held. Thither, from all directions, and some distance, collected cheerful groups, of all ages, to spend the day. The fairer portion of creation, in great numbers, were there. Aylmer sent its Sons, men valiant in battle. Lochaber's clans, headed by chieftain Campbell, ready to do or die, swarmed forth. The Clarence veterans, too, flocked to the gathering. But where were the Bytown brethren—men of might are they—but they keep only the city, and go not forth to war. Yet would we, in all kindness, remind them how the strong ought to help the weak, and how their country friends annually throng their festivals, but find not reciprocity recognized by the denizens of the city of the woods. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Being duly assembled, and a blessing asked, the important matter of eating and drinking commenced in right earnest. The Cumberland Sons waited on their guests most attentively, and supplied their wants with things good and abundant. This portion of business dispatched, the tug of war began, and poor alcohol met no quarter from the different combatants, and one unanimous shout ran through the ranks, "The Maine Law, nothing else, and it we must and shall have."

Mr. Fraser, of Cumberland Division, very creditably filled the chair, and led on the attack gallantly. The platform was occupied by Messrs. Hulbert, Hotten, John Edwards, Wilson, and M'Ewen, ministers, and Messrs. N. Campbell, Holmes, and W. Edwards, laymen. The clerical gentlemen made eloquent and earnest addresses; telling facts, solemn appeals, and thrilling incidents, gave interest and variety to their matter. Their aids, as best they could, with good will, lent their assistance in warmly recommending the cause and denouncing the tyrant rule of Alcohol.

Mr. Sheriffs, and choir, sung several appropriate pieces at intervals, and added materially to the pleasure of the meeting. At the close, all separated, much delighted with the services of the day, and assured that temperance had made a happy and successful advance in Cumberland.

[For the above particulars, we thank our attentive correspondent.]

Darlington Prohibitory Liquor Law League.

At a public meeting of the inhabitants of Darlington, convened at Hampton, on Monday, the 26th current, Mr. John M'Laughlin in the chair, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Moved by the Rev. George M'Ritchie, and seconded by Mr. John Rusk:—

That the liquor traffic is sinful, and exceedingly injurious to the best interests of society.

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 15, 1853.

Temperance Festival in Cumberland.

On Wednesday, 31st of September last, the Sons in Cumberland held a Temperance Festival, which passed off with great satisfaction and much promise to the good of our cause in this interesting Township, a brief account of which may not be unwelcome to the readers of the *Advocate*.

Cumberland is the senior Township of the County of Russell, and contains about one thousand inhabitants. Within its precincts Alcohol has reigned, with slight opposition, and the usual effects have followed. The influence of the leading men has generally been adverse to the only remedy, and thus reformation has lagged behind many other localities in the country. Fortunately, last year, a small band of Sons was organized here, who have applied themselves most assiduously to the task of reform, and, in the face of every species of discouragement, have manfully, and, in a measure, successfully battled on.

This Festival was the first ever held in the place, and the experiment was somewhat calculated to excite doubts, but a triumphant result has encouraged the hearts of these moral heroes, and made a very favorable impression on behalf of temperance, and the methods of promoting it in the surrounding neighborhood. As the traveller passes along the noble

Moved by the Rev. A. Kennedy, and seconded by the Rev. J. Climie :—

That the franchise is an important trust ; and that the welfare of society, for time and eternity, very much depends on its proper exercise.

Moved by the Rev. J. Garnett, seconded by the Rev. P. Werry, and supported by Mr. S. Washington :—

That we will use all lawful efforts to abolish the liquor traffic in Canada, believing this to be a solemn duty which we owe to ourselves and to posterity, in the sight and in the service of a sin-avenging God.

Moved by the Rev. G. D. Fletcher, and seconded by the Rev. J. Smith :—

That as union is strength, co-operation in the Temperance cause is essential to success ; therefore, resolved, that we now form ourselves into an Association, to be called the "Darlington Branch" of the "Canadian Prohibitory Liquor Law League," and to be guided by its constitution.

The following persons were unanimously appointed a Committee to conduct the business of the League, with authority to add to their number :—

President, Rev. A. Kennedy, Hampton ; Vice-President, Rev. J. Garnett, Bowmanville ; Treasurer, Mr. L. Ormiston, Hampton ; Secretary, Mr. W. Williams, Hampton Committee.—Messrs. H. Elliott, P. Werry, W. Martin, T. Fowke, James Cryderman.

Further resolved :—

1. That the Committee now named be authorised to expend any portion of the funds necessary for forwarding the objects of the Association.

2. That the proceedings at this meeting be published in the *Bowmanville Messenger*, *Canada Temperance Advocate*, *Spirit of the Age*, and *Toronto Watchman*.

W. WILLIAMS, *Secretary*.

Hampton, Darlington, Sept. 29, 1853.

"Le Semeur Canadien."

This very valuable auxiliary to the spread of evangelical truth, which has hitherto been printed wholly in the French language, will hereafter be published half in the French and the other half in the English language. We are glad to hear of this change, as we are satisfied it will have a beneficial tendency, not only in promoting the study of the languages severally,—but more particularly in promoting a religious union and a better state of feeling between the two races. The paper is published weekly, in Montreal, at 5s. per annum, and is ably conducted by the Rev. Mr. Cyr, a thoroughly educated French Protestant.

Sons of Temperance.

The following are the Officers of Jonadab Division, No. 12, Montreal, for the quarter from 1st October to 31st December, 1853, viz. :—

W.P., John Cooper ; W.A., Robert Moore ; Chap., Jas. Lewis ; R.S., John Ballard, P.W.P. ; A.R.S., William Levers ; F.S., P. Bawden, jun., P.W.P. ; T., Edwin S. Howell, P.W.P. ; C., John A. Watkins ; A.C., Thomas Robinson ; I.S., John S. Mearns ; O.S., Peter Williams.

On the 1st of November next, the Division will occupy a new Division Room, in Wolfe Street, near St. Mary Street, which has been built for the purpose, and leased from Mr. McNaughton.

Meeting of Grand Division, C.E.

The Annual Meeting of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, of Canada East, will take place on Wednesday, the 26th day of October, 1853, at 10 o'clock, A.M., at 22 Great St. James Street, Montreal ; when the Representatives are respectfully requested to attend, so that there may be as full a meeting as possible.

HENRY ROSS, *Grand Scribe*.

The Dispute at Pointe-a-Cavaignal.

To the Editor of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*.

Sir,—I perceive, by your last issue, that a "Son of Temperance," far from acknowledging his error, or being ashamed of the dishonorable part he has *volunteered* to take in vilifying parties with whom he is wholly unacquainted, indulges in another long rigmarole of empty words. In my letter to you of the 10th of August, over the signature, (in Greek), "A Son of Truth," I asked him as a man of honor to prove his statements. He shirks the subject, plainly, because he *cannot* prove what he knows he has falsely asserted. He insinuates in his last letter that I cannot produce the Resolution of the Temperance Association of this place to which I alluded in my former communication. I now, therefore, send it to you, duly certified by the well known and much respected President, P. H. DeLesderniers, Esq., and with it, I send also a declaration, signed by that gentleman and other respectable residents here—all *temperance men*—referring specially to myself.

With the good opinion of such gentlemen, to whom *I am known*, I can well despise the false statements and vain threats of your *worthy* correspondent. He ventures to give us in this quarter some good advice. In taking leave of him, I will return the kindness. Let him stick to the *quill*, and practise the very useful art of penmanship, of which, it is said, he is a professor. In following his lawful calling, he will be far more respected on earth, and far more likely to reach heaven, than by volunteering to speak evil of his neighbors, and thus, in truth, to be found "fighting against God and man." And when his sympathies are next enlisted on behalf of the persecuted, let him choose an object worthy of praise, and whose character for honesty is at least above suspicion.

With this letter, I shall bring my part of this correspondence to a close ; and though, for very obvious reasons, "A Son of Temperance" deems it prudent to conceal his name, no such concealment is necessary on my part, and I, therefore, beg to subscribe myself,

Yours truly,

JAMES PYKE.

Moved by H. Hutchins, and seconded by Andrew Yale :—

Whereas, a certain article has been published in the *Temperance Advocate* for the month of June, and printed in Montreal, declaring, among other things, that the cause of Temperance, and Temperance itself, is fast disappearing from this neighborhood ; therefore, be it resolved, by the members of this Society, that the said publication is both false and slanderous, so far as relates to this Society.

The question being put by the President after it was duly seconded, it was carried.

(A True Copy.)

P. H. DeLesderniers, Pres.
ANDREW YALE, Sec.

We, the undersigned, declare further, that the statements contained in the article above alluded to, if intended to apply to the incumbent of this parish, are false and unfounded.

Signed—P. H. DeLesderniers, Andrew Yale, Joseph Lancaster, William Davidson, John Kobold, Jacob LaGrange, J. W. Schneider, Atkinson Schneider, R. S. Robins, H. Hutchins, S. T. Stebbins, R. W. Shepherd.

We publish the above at the request of the reverend gentleman who has furnished them. There is evidently another side to the question, and it will be very strange to us if the whole truth lies in the above communications. We give them, however, regretting deeply that the space is not occupied with more important matter.

To the Editor of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*.

Martintown, 26th Sept., 1853.

Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure that I address you at this time to acquaint you with the proceedings of our last Temperance Demonstration, which took place on Friday, the 16th instant. Notwithstanding the torrent of rain which fell on the previous day, the meeting was largely attended. Between 250 and 300 sat down to dinner; after which a procession was formed, to a grove adjacent to this village, in which a hustings and seats were erected, and lectures were delivered by Rev. Brother McKillican, Brothers Bruce, Morgan, and Kearns, as also our old friend in the Temperance cause, Mr. McCallum. The day being fine, a number of the fair sex were in attendance. The brass band in connection with this Division enlivened the meeting with their melodious strains at the intervals between the lectures.

In the evening, the procession was again formed to the village when about 150 sat down to tea. The meeting did not break up until Phœbe began to cast her pale light around us. Every person present seemed highly delighted, and we are assured, that the day will not be forgotten until our next, which, we hope, will totally eclipse it. Much good, no doubt, will be the result of the powerful addresses made on the occasion, as the fruits are beginning already to show themselves in the manner of initiation and proposals for membership.

I am, dear Sir, yours, in the bonds of the Order,

WM. HAMILTON, R. S.,
Martintown Division, No. 62, S. of T.

Prohibitory Liquor Law Convention.

This Convention we believe was called a "Provincial" one, and might have been so, had it been thought of soon enough, or had parties at a distance been informed of it sooner. We received our first notice by mail two days before the Convention met. It was proper however to get up such a meeting at that time, and viewing it as a local effort to promote the general good, we are glad to chronicle its doings, in so far as they bear upon the prosperity of the great work in which we are engaged. From the *North American* we take the following particulars and resolutions:—

The members of the Convention and friends of the movement, met and organized at 3 o'clock, P.M., on Thursday, 6th instant, at the Court House, Hamilton, pursuant to adjournment.

Delegates and friends were present from Chatham, London, Brantford, Guelph, Smithville, Dundas, Barton, Mohawk, Toronto, Hamilton, Nova Scotia, &c. &c.

After S. Morrill, Esq., the chairman, had called the meeting to order and prayer had been offered by the Rev. Wm. McClure, the following resolutions were put and carried, the movers and seconders having spoken on the subject of each separate resolution:

Moved by A. Morse, Esq., of Smithville, seconded by W.S. Cameron, Esq., of Brantford.

That all persons present favorable to a Prohibitory Liquor Law, be considered members of this meeting, and are hereby invited to take a part in its proceedings.

Moved by Judge Marshall of Nova Scotia, seconded by the Rev. Wm. McClure of London,

Resolved,—That long and invariable experience in the carrying forward of the total abstinence reform, has made fully manifest, that no means nor remedies, except the entire prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating liquors will be available or sufficient for preventing the crimes, miseries and various other forms of individual and social evil and affliction, which in all countries and ages have resulted from the use of those pernicious and destructive liquors.

Moved by the Rev. Wm. Ryerson of Mohawk, seconded by the Rev. Mr. Ebbs of Hamilton,

Resolved,—That for the procuring of such legal prohibition of that ruinous traffic in the Province, this Convention recommends that renewed and most energetic and earnest applications be made to the Provincial Parliament at an early period of its ensuing session, by petitions to that effect from all the respective temperance organizations, as well as from all persons in the province desirous of the public prosperity and social welfare and happiness.

Moved by the Rev. Thos. L. Davidson, of Brantford, seconded by J. Pirie, Esq., of Guelph—

Whereas, in the opinion of this Convention, the Canadian Prohibitory Liquor Law League, having for its object the disseminating of information on the subject of such a Prohibitory Law, and the enlisting in favour of the same, parties who could not be induced to connect themselves with any of the previously existing temperance organizations, is eminently calculated to prepare the public mind for the adoption of such Law, and thus through extended influence in the community, in its favor, so to act upon our Legislature, as to ensure its speedy enactment, therefore,

Resolved,—That it is earnestly recommended to Sons of Temperance and members of other Temperance organizations, to give their hearty concurrence in, and support to the League, and to aid in forming Branches thereof, in every section of the Province.

What shall we do with it?

We commend to all, but especially to the citizens of Montreal, the observations following. They were written for another latitude, but had we found the article accidentally without any knowledge of its origin, we should have guessed it was designed for our own country or for this city. Will you read—mark—learn, you who know how the case stands here? We will not longer hinder you. The *Temperance Advocate*, of Providence, R. I., thus speaks:—

"Intemperance stalks abroad in our city. It is not confined to lanes and hovels. It is not confined anywhere. It goes out into the highways. It meets us at the corners. It stares us in the face, at every turn we may take. It takes up its abode in homes once happy, and destroys the hopes of men, once dwelling in the sunshine of prosperity. It assails rich and poor, the good and the bad, the learned and the unlearned, the youth in his vigor, and the old man in his decrepitude.

What shall we do with it? How shall we rid ourselves of it? These are grave questions. We have tried to answer them. We have spoken of the evil in plain words. We have besought the community to look at it, and to realize its existence and its magnitude. We have pointed to its origin—to that which creates and nourishes it. We have said, *Drive out the grog shops, kill the traffic*, if you would be rid of the poverty, the misery, the wretchedness, the degradation which flows from intemperance.

Some have listened. Nay, many, very many have listened. And the whole temperance community,—not all who practice total abstinence,—not all, perhaps, who really wish to be rid of the evil,—but the men and women who have struggled against the tide of drunkenness and rum selling, have joined with us in saying, Down with the grog-shops—close them up—drive them out—trample them in the dust. Yet the grogshops still live, and flourish. What shall we do?

We are told by interested politicians and do-nothings, that our *measures* are objectionable. They love our cause. It is a glorious old cause; and they dearly love it. But they cannot endorse our *measures*. These are not discreet, are not politic, are not wise, are not proper; they will ruin the cause.

It was ever so. Fifteen years ago, the same position was taken. The restrictive portions of the license law were objected to. The plain language of temperance men was objected to. The pledge was objected to, and was cursed and ridiculed at every corner. Then, as now, temperance was a good thing—a delightful thing. But its friends were ruining it. Three years later, it was a good thing—but its friends were insane. They were trying to reform drunkards, and the work was successful for a while; but it only strengthened the opposition of the rum-sellers. They got up rows; they insulted reformed men; they spoke of our lectures just as the *Providence Post* now speaks of them, as covered with the slime and filth of the gutter. They disturbed public meetings—they shut up school houses—they howled through the streets—they mobbed temperance men—they besmeared doors and windows—they burnt houses, barns, school houses, hay stacks—they girdled trees—they cut off horses' manes and tails—they even committed murder.

This was before the Maine Law was thought of. It was in the good old days of moral suasion—moral suasion to raise men up, and grog shops to pull them down again. Such as can remember those times, will justify us in saying that there was then the same opposition to our measures, that there now is. Everybody loved the cause, then, just as every body loves it now. In other and plainer terms, there were just as many dough-faced, slime-throated hypocrites then as there are now.

Shall we listen to the senseless jumble and jargon of these men? Shall we adopt their advice, or heed their caution? Or shall we go RIGHT ON? Have we not seen enough of the men who advise us to abandon our measures? Do we not know them—are they not everywhere known—as selfish political clamerers, and downright enemies of our cause?

But what can we do? How can we shut up the grog shops? We admit that it cannot be done in the city of Providence; but it can be done in most of the towns, and must be done where it can be. We are traitors to our cause, when we permit our existence of an evil, which is in our power to annihilate. We are false to ourselves, when we fold our arms over work that can be done. The sufferings of women and children are crying to us for effort. A cold winter is coming. The keen autumn air already creeps into the hovels of the poor.—There is wretchedness, not only in the city, but out of it—in the villages, in the country—everywhere. It is caused by the rum shops. And

these rum shops may be, and ought to be reached. Not tomorrow, but to-day, they should be closed up.

Friends of humanity, we should begin our work. It is not a time for words. Blows are wanted. Blows against the monster evil which assails us. Blows against the grog shops and their supporters. *Legal blows*, and blows that fall thick and fast and heavily, upon the enemies of Right. Shall we not hear from you? Shall not the word go out—the temperance men of Rhode Island are at work?"

Intemperance and the Epidemic.

Under this head the New Orleans *Organ*, of the 29th ult. contains an ably written article, from which we extract the following:—

"It would be untrue to state that intemperance was the cause of yellow fever; but it is a lamentable fact that the sick are increased and the dead multiplied by the habits of continued dissipation. The laboring population have hitherto been the greatest sufferers. During their working days they, with few exceptions, daily patronize the grog-shops—ever open for customers. On the Sabbath, a day mostly spent in recreation, they gather in crowds at these foci of ruin, and prepare themselves for the remorseless destroyer rioting in our midst.

We venture the assertion that of the 6000 dead now reposing in our cemeteries, one-third might have been saved but for the habitual use of ardent spirits. It is a common remark, when an inebriate, or even a moderate drinker, is taken, "His chance is slim." Fever riots in his veins with an awful violence, and when the paroxysm is over, the shadow of death settles down upon him. We know not, nor probably will it ever be revealed, how many are now victims, whom habits of the strictest temperance might have saved; but, when the day arrives when all things will be made known, we doubt not a fearful account of destruction of human life will be entered to the account of the grog-shops of our city.

Examine, for a moment, the statistics of the charity of New Orleans, and see at what an expense we maintain the license system. The city council have appropriated \$10,000; New York has sent \$20,000; Philadelphia donated \$10,000; Baltimore gave \$9,000; Savannah appropriated \$1,000; private citizens of this city at least \$15,000; and strangers or citizens in other places at least \$5,000; making in all now known to be given the astonishing amount of \$75,000. This is but a tythe of the charity in dollars and cents which is given or will be needed to mitigate the horrors of the present unexampled epidemic. Add to this the time of the heroic citizens, who, abandoning their business, go about, like angels of mercy, carrying blessings among the destitute—count the valuable lives lost in this labor of love—reflect upon the dreadful contagion which we all inhale with every breath; and the result of ruin is so astounding that imagination can scarcely grasp its amount.

But for the license system—destroying the constitution, depraving the habits, engendering utter recklessness and unnecessary exposure, making the attendants upon the sick less cautious and observant, seducing the convalescent into hasty indulgence, that ends in quick relapse and speedy death, thousands of the sick might be saved, and perhaps tens of thousands might escape an attack. But for the open grog-shops, the present scourge, so fearful in its results, would produce reflection and prudence instead of an excess, which, at times, seems almost blasphemy against high Heaven.

The graves are dug under the influence of intoxicating drinks. Funeral processions are at times converted into riotous assemblages, and cases have occurred where, before the open tomb, in presence of the unburied corpse, the attendants have, under the effects of rum, engaged in scandalous and heated strife.

We ask why, as a sanitary measure, the grog-shop is not closed? We put it to our citizens, are you willing that these now universally acknowledged fountains of death shall longer be tolerated? We are not fanatics. We speak words of sober truth.—Rum now digs the graves of thousands; it pollutes the air with still more fatal poison; it eats up our substance; destroys our commerce; depreciates the value of our property; stigmatizes our city as the grave-yard of the Union; and carries the seeds of pestilence into our families, taking away our wives, our husbands, our fathers, our stay and our relief, who are compelled to remain and breathe the exhalation of the sick and the dead.

Let sober reason for a moment sway your determination. In view of the universally acknowledged mortality among those who are inebriates or moderate drinkers, and the suffering and distress, pecuniary, social and commercial, let the resolve now be taken that hereafter, if Providence, or the carelessness of men, bring this scourge again upon this city, it shall come upon us guarded and fortified by temperate habits and a temperate population."

Repository of Contemporary Opinions.

We are glad to hear, from all parts of this country and from all parts of the old country, of the progress of opinion favorable to the cause of liquor prohibition. Those who think that partial prohibition might yet become effectual, will be good enough, before they make up their minds, to answer the questions contained in the next paragraph, taken from an exchange:—

"That every citizen has a right to claim protection from government, as being the object for which it is instituted, and for which we are called to yield to it our obedience, and render it our support, is a conceded point. This being true, is it not equally true that government must have the right to enforce its laws? I have a right to demand protection against the man who, with dirk or pistol, stands in an attitude of attack, and threatens me with vengeance, and I should not be satisfied with the answer to my demand for protection, that it would be infringing his liberty to take away his weapons, that I must therefore wait until the injury is inflicted.—Should I not, in such a case, tell them that protection after the threatened violence had been inflicted, especially where life was taken, would be of no value? That if there was the right to punish, there must be a right to prevent threatened injury? If we have a right to punish the drunkard, have we not a right to take the necessary precautionary steps to prevent his being made drunk? If to prevent drunkenness and its consequences we may say to ninety-nine in a hundred, that they shall not exercise their natural right to engage in the liquor traffic, may we not do the same to the hundredth man? We might go further, and ask, if the rights of all are naturally equal, by what authority do our legislators say to the ninety and nine that they shall be debarred the profits of the business? We should like to see some advocate for partial prohibition answer these questions."

We have much pleasure in copying the following article from our neighbor, *The Sun*. One plank of the platform set up by *The Sun* was the Maine Law. We were glad of it, but we are more glad to have it in our power to quote and circulate widely the excellent and sound remarks of our "bright and smart" contemporary:—

"We are sometimes told, with evident exultation, by those whose interest, appetite, or honest conviction leads them to oppose a prohibitory liquor law, that the impropriety of such a step is shewn by the fact that its advocates, notwithstanding all the energy and activity which they have

devoted to their cause, have hitherto failed to excite any wide-spread or enduring popular feeling in its favor. Then assuming this proposition as the basis of their argument, these persons come to the conclusion that to abolish intemperance and its host of attendant evils by compulsory measures, is to set at defiance the will of the masses; in other words, to subvert the democratic principle—the most cherished principle connected with the institutions of our land. Such in effect is the substance of a recent article on this subject to which our attention has been called, and which, appearing in a journal of respectable pretensions, would at first seem deserving of some consideration. But the purpose of the writer is sinister, and his reasoning beneath contempt. The affirmation that a particular law subverts, or is capable of subverting the rights of the people, can only be true when that law is found to proceed from a source wholly independent of their control. A prince may, perhaps, by his mere motion, annihilate the liberties of his subjects; or the votes of the latter, nominally free, may yield to some illegitimate influence—such as the fear of his displeasure or the hope of his favor. But, in these instances, the law which is passed is the off-spring of either despotism or corruption, and possesses nothing in common with that which is suggested by the people's knowledge of their own necessities, and which springs into existence at the bidding of their own untrammelled will. The danger which it is pretended to dread, can never come to pass in the case of the Maine Law; for if a tyrant were to adopt it, it would rank him among the benefactors of humanity. Its enactments stand on their absolute merits, suggested by the very enormity of an evil which is seen and felt, in a greater or less degree, among all classes of society, and in every quarter of the habitable globe. But those who advocate this measure make their appeal to no other authority than the popular mind. So far from seeking to coerce or override this, they uniformly assert their respect for its convictions, and confidence in its final favorable decision. The law must abide its time. It must wait till the festering social sore, of which it is the only certain cure, has been more deeply probed; it must wait till experience has proved the inefficacy of every other specific. It must abide its time; but, happily, that time is hastening on.

It is untrue that this law has made no progress. Its principles and objects, wherever they are understood, are every day acquiring new inherent forces, and strengthening numerically the body of its adherents. Its good name is no longer confined to Maine, nor even to America. It has called forth much discussion in Great Britain, and there are abundant indications of its future success in that country. And, surely, if compulsion is needed any where to enforce temperance, it is necessary there. Moral suasion has been long at work there, but the result which it aimed at remains about as distant as ever. The House of Commons, on the application of Mr. Hume, recently granted a return of the number of individuals apprehended for being drunk and disorderly in the streets of London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh respectively, for a series of years, extending to the close of 1851. By this return, it appears that during the year just named, 24,203 drunk and disorderly persons were arrested in London, the whole population of which was 2,526,693, i. e., about 1 in 106; 44,870 in Glasgow, with a population of 333,557, or 1 in 22; and 2,794 in Edinburgh, with a population of 166,000, or about 1 in 60. It is also shown, by other statistical tables, that there is no decrease in the quantity of ardent spirits consumed in Great Britain and Ireland. 1850 is the latest year, we believe, for which any return on this head has been published. During that year nearly 26,000,000 gallons of proof liquors were manufactured and used in these countries,—on which the amount of duties paid was £5,948,467. The amount of imported liquors, together with the duties thereon, was about as follows:—

8,000,000 gallons of spirits, of which 5,000,000 gallons were for home consumption; and 9,000,000 gallons of wine, of which 6,500,000 gallons were for home consumption:—in all, 31,000,000 gallons of spirits, and 6,500,000 gallons of imported wine for one year, the sum of the duties on which is accurately estimated at £15,000,000 sterling. During the same year there were 2,527 licensed brewers in Great Britain and Ireland, 88,400 licensed dealers in spirits, and 38,658 licensed beer vendors. These facts are certainly more powerful than the finest theories that can be offered in opposition to them. They speak volumes on the necessity of more energetic steps in the temperance movement than have yet been taken. As we have just observed, the subject has begun to engage the attention of British politicians of different classes, and there is at present every probability that their efforts, based as they are on the only reliable principle, will before very long be followed by the most satisfactory results. We gladly record this important progress—this which will annihilate at once and for ever that infamous traffic, by which no real interest, either of an individual or of a class, is ever promoted; while it robs the wealthy of their wealth, the happy of their happiness, the virtuous of their virtue—while it fosters ignorance, idleness and crime, and fills the poor-houses, gaols, penitentiaries, and penal colonies of the empire.”

To the above we not inappropriately add this from the *Albany Rechebite* :—

“Just as much liquor sold as before prohibition,” is still the cry, and we have no doubt is honestly believed by some, but as the sale and use of strong drinks produce drunkenness, and drunkenness produces crime, and crime furnishes tenants for our jails, we have honestly supposed that the number of such tenants was a pretty good criterion by which to judge of the effects of prohibition. In this we were the more fully confirmed by the fact that in our examination of 16 or 18 of our jails in Western New York, we found, as we have often stated, that the law of 1845 reduced the commitments in all of them considerably, in others one-half, and in a number of cases entirely emptied them, leaving them without a tenant for months—jails too, that had never before exhibited such a spectacle. And when we see the same thing said of the jails in Vermont, we suppose that the same cause is producing the same effect, and that where crime and intemperance are actually diminishing, there cannot be an increase in the use of strong drinks.

Some time since it was announced that the jail at Burlington was empty, and now the same is said of that at Chelsea, and we confidently anticipate that others, in the course of the year, will be added to the list.

And here we will make the remark in our paper, which we often made to individuals, that if we had the pecuniary means, we would, as the best possible thing to promote the passage of a Maine Law in this and in all other States where they are agitating it, take the most thorough measures to get the exact gauge of poverty and crime, as exhibited by the statistics of the jails and poor houses of the States where that law is now in operation. We can hardly find language to express our regret that it should not be done. *It might be done in two months.*

We see at this moment a letter in the *Western Christian Advocate*, dated at Portland, which after speaking of the amendment to their law, rendering it easier of execution, says :—

“There has never been a period of the same length, when there has been so little disturbance and crime, as for the last two months. I wish every man who doubts the good effect of this law could come and see for himself.”

The *Christian Guardian* of Toronto had a good leader on the Maine Law a few weeks ago. We make a short extract :—

Now, what is the real nature and design of a “prohibitory liquor law?” Are the principles which this measure involves in any respect different from those which sanction all other legal provisions for the protection of society? No person will pretend to dispute in this day, that the prevailing use of intoxicating drinks is the direct and most fruitful source of disorder and crime; and the evil which this article inflicts upon the community is admitted by the legal restrictions which Governments have found it necessary to impose upon its traffic. The very existence of the license system declares the fact, that the public safety requires the interference and supervision of the law. But experience has abundantly proved that all attempts to regulate the traffic in this article, short of absolute prohibition for common purposes, have failed to prevent the pernicious effects which invariably follow the use of intoxicating drinks. The license system so far from mitigating the evil, creates a privileged class of agents to supply the public demand; and these persons are protected from the consequences of their employment by the legal authority they possess. If they sell ardent spirits, and the unhappy victims of their traffic die, as the undeniable result; or commit injuries, and even murder, under the maddening influence of the “strong drink,” which it is the prerogative of the licensed agent to furnish all who can pay for it, their license affords them a perfect immunity from all legal responsibility for the crimes committed under an influence which their agency has been the means of creating. And yet the attempt to uproot this system of disorder and death is declared by the opponents of legal reform, to be an infringement of the “personal liberty of the subject. “Is such political philosophy applied to any other subject upon which prohibitory laws exist? Are not the statutes which render theft, forgery, robbery, licentiousness, murder, and a variety of other acts, “crimes to be punished by the judges, equally at variance with the “personal liberty of the subject?” And would it not stamp any person with the character of an abettor of crime, who should object to these laws on the ground that they interfere with the freedom of action to which human nature is disposed? And have the opponents of a prohibitory law any grounds of complaint when similar interferences are drawn from their opposition.

We conclude our Repository for this number with a brief extract from a long and sensible article on the main question, which we find in the *Guelph Herald* :—

After some twenty years’ consideration of the subject, we are persuaded that from the licensed public sale of intoxicating liquors nine-tenths of the evils of drunkenness arise, and until that almost irresistible temptation be removed, moral suasion has no fair field of action.

Since the world began, no mere human institution has made the rapid progress that has attended the Temperance movement. A progress which in Canada is not to be measured merely by the thousands of signatures appended to the temperance pledge, or the tens of thousands affixed to petitions for a prohibitory liquor law, it has reached the heart-core of society. The evils of the present system are admitted, and the necessity for a radical reformation is asserted by thousands, who, although they may take no active part in agitating for the Maine Law, will never, under any circumstances, be found taking part with its opponents; nay, not a few parties largely engaged in the traffic have assured us of their desire to abandon it, but that they could not do so with safety to their pecuniary interests while their neighbors continued to sell, and several liquor dealers in this county have become members of “the League,” with the object and desire of putting a stop to the traffic.

Keep it before the people, and despite all the obstacles which may be thrown in the way by the advocates of avarice and appetite, we shall assuredly have a prohibitory li-

quor law in Canada with the sanction of the people, and which the people will enforce, ere the Province is many years older.

London Temperance League.

Annual Gathering of Teetotalers.—Enthusiastic Meeting.

It will be gratifying to all the true friends of Temperance in Canada, to read of this great assembly and its doings. Without further preface, we give the following from the *News and Chronicle*:—

Continental visitors are wont to say that popular holidays in England are as solemn as funerals. It may be that we do enter upon our festivities with a somewhat exaggerated estimate of the propriety of self-control and reserve, but as that happens to be the way by which we arrive at the greatest amount of pleasure, we shall be blockheads if we ever attempt to exhibit the exuberance characterising a more mercurial race. In our judgment, such recreation as that enjoyed by many thousands of Londoners, and others on Monday, thanks to the enterprise of the London Temperance League—recreation which was rational without being tedious; mirthful but not puerile, is more honorable to us as a people, as well as better fitted to our ethnological peculiarities, than any servile attempt at Belgian burlesque or French extravagance.

Processions through the streets of our cities are strictly speaking, illegal, but then our authorities are wise enough to look to the spirit rather than the letter. Besides, where is the patriotic statesman who would not be too glad to see such a line of good citizens as that which stretched from Lincoln's-inn-fields on Monday to Charing Cross, stretching from one end of the country to the other! We say patriotic statesmen, because the mere man of ambition would not be altogether pleased to see his craft reduced to such simple elements.

Monday, Sept. 10th, the reader must understand, was the day fixed for the third annual gathering, or merry-making of the London Temperance League. On the morning of that day the various societies in London met at Lincoln's-inn-fields, formed themselves into a procession, and marched to the Surrey Zoological Gardens, which beautiful place surrendered at discretion. Few could have witnessed the progress of those thousands of human beings through the densely-crowded streets without feeling an interest in their welfare and in the cause which banded them together in such firm and cordial union. The arrangements, too, added to the imposing effect always attaching to the tramp of great bodies of men, whatever their character. First came throngs of clean, rosy-cheeked children, who bear the title of "Bands of Hope," walking hand-in-hand four abreast. Then followed adults on horse and foot, one lady manifesting her zeal in the cause by riding the distance, to the delight of the curious; eighty or ninety vans, containing more children, headed by "the Morley Family's Juvenile Brass Band," members of households, and aged veterans. After carriages containing the leading members of the various societies, came the most taking feature of the whole procession, viz., the East India Company's Brass Band, consisting of twenty-two performers, who were seated in a handsome car, drawn by four horses. They are a fine looking body of men, and admirable musicians. The procession closed with carriages containing the committee and officers of the League, and a carriage and four, with Mr. and Mrs. Gough, and the President and Vice-Presidents of the League. This vast body proceeded through Great Queen Street, Long Acre, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross, Parliament Street, Bridge Street, Westminster Road, London Road, Walworth Road, and Manor Place, and so to the Gardens. Crowds were ranked along the pavements on the route, and the windows of the houses were occupied by admiring spectators. Very often a hearty cheer given by the lookers on, was taken up for half a mile in advance. The day was fine, and the devotees of St. Monday were in considerable force, but it is a significant fact, that from the moment of starting to the moment of arrival—the procession met with numerous signs of sympathy. The police were quite eager with their aid, and even omnibus drivers bore the brief obstruction, which usually excites the most unchristian feelings and irreverent remarks, with a positive good will. From first to last the assemblage met with a

positive welcome;—a truth they have every right to regard as in the highest degree encouraging.

It was eleven o'clock before the procession started, and two before the gardens were reached. Almost immediately after the grounds had been entered, a vast group gathered round the roofed building, from which "reserved" spectators view the fireworks, in anxiety to hear Mr. Gough. That gentleman was almost knocked up by the fatigue of the journey, but seeing the immoderation of the people, he came forward, and addressed them as follows:—

"An old, coloured man once stood up before his brethren, and said, 'I don't know my brethren that I can edify you much, having been eating chesnuts all the morning,—(laughter). Now I don't know that I can edify you much, as the time I have spent in the procession has entirely unfitted me for delivering any connected address. But I say to you, and you will all, I am sure, agree with me, that this has been a great day for Teetotalism and Teetotalers in the city of London—(hear, hear). We have passed through a great many difficulties in getting here, but none of us, so far as I can hear, have been injured, while our hearts have been gladdened by thousands of happy faces. One man that I saw, put his hand to his face, and, wiping the tears from his cheeks, exclaimed, 'Thank God, thank God. I have seen this day? I believe,' said he, 'that angels are carrying up the news to Heaven, that something is being done for the poor drunkard.' And when I noticed some miserable, boozed men who had the mark of the beast on their foreheads, their eyes glassy, and their features bereft of the human, I felt the wish that we could have a banner staring them in their faces, saying, 'you poor unfortunate sot, all this is for you; all this is to lift you up, God helping us, to your true position as a man?' When we consider the strength of the current set against us, the grossness of the evil we seek to remove, the apathy and indifference of so large a portion of the Christian world, and the occasional mistakes of our friends, we cannot but feel that if this cause was not of God it would have been dead twenty years ago—(cheers). We feel that our principles are based upon the broad platform of truth and righteousness. We have been accused, and in saying this, I do not refer particularly to late accusations,—of infidelity! Yes, it has been said that Teetotalism is infidelity! Had I the voice of a thousand thunders, I'd ring out through the length and breadth of the land—'No!'—(cheers). It is false. Teetotalism is not infidelity, and has never tended to it. We believe this,—that there is one great commandment 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart and might, and mind, and strength,' and a second like unto it, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' On these two, not on one or the other, hang all the law and the prophets—(cheers). My professions of love to God are not worth that (snapping his fingers), if it does not beget in me love to my neighbour. Who is my neighbour? The poor drunkard. God made of one blood all the nations of the earth, the black and the white, the drunkard and the sober. Each is my brother, and I am bound to love and to help him. The liquor-seller is my brother. The man who said he would cut my throat if it was twenty years before he did it, is my brother, and I am not a Christian if I do not love him as a brother. If there is any one man whom I pity more than another, it is the sot, and next to him I pity is the man who deals out drink to the sot for money. No, Teetotalism does not tend to infidelity, and I say I can pray to God to bless me in this movement, and I believe that he has and will bless us. Our cause rises before us in its grandeur, beauty, and glory, and with the seal of God's approbation stamped deep and broad upon it. Find me the man, take a candle and search for him through this great city, who has been injured in the remotest degree by the adoption of the principles of total abstinence. It does no man any harm, and we may say that it is permitted us by the Bible. Some of our opponents seem to think that we are bound to drink; that if we do not take a glass of rum, or gin, or brandy, we are committing a sin—(laughter). I, above all others then, am a sinner in this respect, for so help me God, not another drop will I drink while I can set my teeth against it, and have strength to beat back the accursed thing that made me the infidel I was—(loud cheers). Look at the man coming this way, with an open look, eye clear, step manly, and then say, there is a man who was once one of the worst drinkers in London; a man everybody was afraid of, who, in his moments of temporary madness, was almost a fiend. Now, he is a good father, a good husband, a

good neighbor, a good citizen and a good Christian. These are the results of this principle, God blessing it, and we cannot but believe that it is an instrument for good in His hands. God uses human instrumentality. If you wish to convert the Chinese, you must learn their language, and use, perhaps, the very dictionary which will assist some other man to spread opium and bowie-knives among them. You take, perhaps, the ship which carries in its hold the same agencies of evil, but the instrument you both employ, is good or evil as you choose to use it. You might as well stand upon yonder banks and preach in the Chinese to English sinners, as stand talk to the drunkard, mind beclouded, reason dethroned, intellect prostrate, his moral perfections stultified, and expect him to appreciate the gospel—(cheers). I believe Teetotalism has been a great instrument in God's hands for good. Sometimes, when sad and dispirited, I have felt as if I stood between two fires; men who hale the Bible and the Sabbath and religion, hissing at me for what I am doing against them, and professors of the religion I revere, pointing at me as an infidel. I feel for a time quite heart-sick; but then I look back upon the past, and call to mind the scenes which I have witnessed, and then I can lift up my heart, and ask my father in heaven to strengthen me in proclaiming the principles of Teetotalism to the poor and debased—in laboring for their salvation, and recommending the principle to other men who do not drink to excess, that they may influence others needing their example. I remember in Boston that I was once asked by Deacon Moses Grant to call upon two young ladies whose father was a drunkard. I found a young girl sitting in what we call a rocking-chair; the room, though neat, yet feeling chilly from the want of a fire. Addressing me, she said, 'It is a hard matter, sir, for a daughter to speak of her father's intemperance, but what can I do? My father is a good man, and every one loves him, except for the drink. What shall I do? My mother has been confined to the house for six months, and to her room for a fortnight; my sister has sprained her ankle, and I am left to act for all. I have sent for you, sir, as my last hope. My father is taking away the very necessaries of life, if it were not so, I would not have asked you to sit in this room to day without a fire.' I saw a pianoforte in the room, and could not help looking at it. She saw my glance in a moment, and told me that that was her father's early gift, that it was associated with her dearest recollections, entwined with her heart's strings, and that she would suffer much more than she had yet done, rather than sell it. I saw that father, and I rejoice to say that he was prevailed upon to take the pledge. As he did this, his daughter was watching him with feelings wrought to a pitch of intensity, and when he put the pen aside, she sprang into his arms and sobbed as if her heart would break. 'He is saved,' she cried, 'I know my father, sir, I know that he will never drink those hateful drinks again. Now I can part with my piano almost without a sigh.' Why was she so willing to part with what she had only just before prized so much? It was because the bright beaming star of hope had dawned upon her path, and bathed in its liquid light she would cheerfully give up everything she possessed—(cheers). I saw that girl die, and almost her last words were framed into a blessing upon the Temperance enterprise. As they propped up her wasted body, her eye gleamed with a beautiful lustre, and looking on her father, she said, 'Father, you will try and meet me there now? Now! Now?' Yes, now, because he had been snatched from a vice which was hurrying him to ruin. 'That girl is now in Heaven, and that father is a respectable member of a Christian Church. Prove that infidelity if you can, and we will throw the charge back with indignation—(loud cheers) We don't pretend to make men Christians by Teetotalism, to regenerate them, and take the work of the preacher out of his hands; all that we maintain is, that we put them into a better state of mind to be made susceptible of the influences of religion.' Mr. Gough concluded with a promise to speak in the course of an hour.

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