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# JOURNAL OF TEMPERANCE.

## A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

### BABY'S HOOD.

In a pleasant little town, the centre of a sweet rural district, there lived a fine tall young man, a clever mechanic, whose real name I was not allowed to tell you, so I shall call him William Thomas. The facts of his life are interesting to all working men and women, and his name is of no consequence. Well, this man began life prosperously. He had been brought up respectably, was skilful in his trade, and earned good wages. He married a young woman, whom he loved sincerely, and who was worthy of his love, and they

one bright summer's day the scene, so, when expected it, there came me. The foreman at William worked

at the publican's. Then came the late hours at night. Where was the time passed? It was spent at the publican's. Then, as matters soon grew worse, when William did get home, he was either cross or foolish. Not himself. His reason, like his money and his time, had been spent at the publican's.

My readers know what the end of this would be. In vain the wife wept, and put her baby in her husband's arms, to plead with its innocent looks. The promises of amendment made in the morning, were broken at night. The rent was in arrear, the respectable tradespeople were unpaid, and the honest wife shrank from asking credit, for she knew her husband's good name was gone; he was already spoken of as having "taken to drinking." Ruin and want came on the family with giant strides.

What a bitter winter followed! William was out of work, through the bad weather. The goods were seized for rent, and though

the hood, saying, "Well, it's certainly very pretty. It'll just do for my Alexander George. He's got suitable things as is proper to wear with it. That hood on a child as was shabby like, 'nd be redicklus. Lauk, it 'nd make 't poor brat look like a carrot half scrub." She laughed as she spoke, and taking 't slate, with a score on it, she began about the price, and what was 't of the backscore—pouring out while she talked, and handing He drank it feverishly, another. The hood, of 't the price drank.

That night, for 't William began b' the peace. He got lodged i' wife had to ply the r which

is very much to be desired. Some of the works often are landlords of (and low taverns), and he invited men to a supper at the opening of the same. At this supper there were plans proposed "for the good of the house," which he agreed to. It was a pity they did not do the good of their own houses, rather than the publican's; but it is a common thing for British Workmen, to pluck down the houses, in order to build up the same. William was too sensible a man to see any of these plans, but when he saw his companions were intent on having big meetings at their foreman's, which were called "The Labourer's Rest," he did not see 't out, lest he should thought mean, and besides, one of his neighbours whispered to him, "I'm a friend of the foreman." Now, in a little time, it was evident that if by drinking at his house William was to become the publican's friend, he would very soon become the enemy of his wife, and the ruin of his home. Mrs. Thomas did not at first see the change that was going on, for she had a new source of interest. She had become a mother, and her love for her baby was so strong, that it never entered into her mind to doubt that the father of that household treasure would cherish her all the more, because of God's living gift of love that had been bestowed upon them.

The nurse, indeed, had her suspicions that all was not right. But nothing was said. The first intimation Mrs. Thomas had of the change in her husband's habits, was on her recovery, when she discovered that bills were owing for provisions, which she had thought had been paid for, when her husband brought them home. Where was the money? Spent,

some friends were given to it, yet it was a miserable take as her abode was the cutting has ruined " A re' a dis for to file child box a it, there handkerchie it over the ho and round by Arrived there brought, and wife, who man: how, though he not look at ti away, as he off glimpse he ha vision, his own the snowy hood could not bear of "The Labour

little thing's features, she was suddenly struck with its dress. "Ah," she murmured, "I have a hood like that, in remembrance of my child." The nurse-girl was about to speak, but stopped suddenly, with a startled look. Mrs. Thomas hastened home with her friend, and on entering her desolate room, went to her box. My reader knows the hood was not there. In an instant the truth flashed into her mind. "And he could do this! Rob his own baby to clothe another. Rob his dying child." This was the final shock. She could forgive all that was done to herself, but this seemed so heartless, that when her relative urged her to leave the wretched place and return to her native home, she consented, for she was worn out with grief, and sought a place, as she thought, to die in peace.

Reader, eight years passed, and the wife and husband were as strangers.

When she heard of William, it was that he continued a drunkard. Still clever as a workman, his earnings, when he worked, were large enough to buy him the means of making himself a terror and a bye-word. It was noticed, that whenever William met an infant child better dressed than usual, he would rush instantly to the public-house, and act like a madman. Ah, often in his dreams he saw one of the most pretty and innocent of all sights—a baby in a little white hood; that dream was to him the bitterest torment.

But, in the mercy of God, a change was to come. Many had blamed, lectured, and advised William. "Drink with judgment—drink in moderation," but no one had said, "Do without strong drink altogether. Away with it entirely." Such words were at last uttered. He listened, and Hope sprung up in his heart. "I'll try," said he; "Drink has been my tyrant many a year. It found me happy, and it has made me miserable. It found me a man, and has made me a demon. I'll try sobriety." He paused. He would for be

THE TWO BEARS.

I.

In an old country town dwelt a man and his wife, Who lived such a quarrelsome wrangling life, That the neighbours declared, to their shame and disgrace, There was not such another vile pair in the place.

II.

Like a cat and a dog they would snarl all day long, So cross was their temper and lawless their tongue; And louder and louder their voices were heard, As each madly struggled to have the last word.

III.

But lo, all at once they grew gentle and meek, Those tongues a new language have now learned to speak; The turbulent passions that rent them now cease, And their home is the picture of quiet and peace.

IV.

Of course all the neighbours were sorely perplexed At the strange alteration, and wondered what next? But none could account for the change that had come— So suddenly too—on the Snarls and their home.

V.

At last the strange fact was so bandied about, An old lady vowed she would ferret it out; And so our Miss Busy (by that name she went) Goes straight to the Snarls to know what it all meant.

VI.

'Good morning,' said she, 'Mrs. Snarl; how d'ye do? What a change has come over your husband and you! 'Tis the talk of the street, and I really must know, What strange thing has happened to alter you so.'

VII.

'I'm glad, Ma'am, you've come,' Mrs. Snarl said, 'to-day; There has been a change, I am happy to say: A change in ourselves, in our home, our affairs, And all brought about—pray don't laugh—by two bears.'

VIII.

'Two bears?' cried Miss Busy, half fainting with fright.

ar! he... you right? sit down; you have nothing to do here.

can you quiet

not? the pair. Bear and

are to say, wiser away:istians become, was felt in their

ey cost nothing

or asleep: bickerings cease, sweet concord and

obs. iv. 2.

AN APPEAL TO THE DRUNKARD.

WRITTEN BY A PUBLICAN'S DAUGHTER.

Will you suffer me to address to you a few earnest words of advice and exhortation? It is of the sin of drunkenness I would speak, and will what I am about to say have the less effect when I tell you that daily, and hourly, I see the misery caused by drinking? My father is a publican, and circumstances have obliged me to take a part in a business which my conscience condemns. Long have I prayed for opportunities of reclaiming the poor men and women who have become addicted to the dreadful vice of intemperance, but few have been granted me at present, and now it has occurred to me to write to you through the medium of the "British Workman." The hope that God put the thought into my heart has encouraged me, and most earnestly I pray that He will guide my pen and teach me to say to you such words as shall sink deep into your hearts. For some years now I have been an abstainer (and, my friends, I glory in the title), and each day do I feel more thankful to God for having convinced me that such a course was right; each day do I see more and more of the evil resulting from the liquor traffic. Oh, may the day come, and that speedily, when the gin-palaces and the public-houses shall be closed; then instead of seeing men staggering through the streets, swearing, fighting, and going home to abuse and beat their wives and children, all will be peace and happiness. Look at your own home; what is drink doing for you there? Does not your house look poor, cold, and comfortless? your wife unhappy, perhaps? do you know not how soon it may be? she has been driven to follow you, example, and to drown her sense of wretchedness again at your children's feet? Do you think

No; what is to hinder them; depraved and wretched, perhaps, most heinous crimes? Are you any own doing, they but follow your? Alas! my friends, these things ought to be thought of, and I tremble for you think—that you have all this misery. "No drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven. Life with a drunkard is being suddenly cut off. What you may see in heaven, but, how frequently do we hear of a solemn thought; this moment we are required of me! If this we feel, and me, my friends, we are summoned into the presence of our Judge, and

at Judge our despised and slighted Saviour—what account should we be able to render of the time and talents intrusted to us? I beseech you, ere it be too late, to consider well what you are about. To-morrow is not to be depended upon. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Let not this warning pass unheeded. It may please God never to give you another. Some drunkards with whom I have conversed have told me that it is useless for them to try, they cannot resist the temptation however much they would like to do so. Are you of this class? Banish such an idea, it is unworthy of you! Rouse yourselves, show yourselves manly worthy your Creator; cast from you such degrading thoughts, and looking unto Jesus for help, firmly refuse to taste the intoxicating cup. Many temptations will assail you, many of your former associates will laugh and jeer you; heed them not, lift up continually your heart in prayer to Him who is ever ready to hear and answer prayer, and help will be granted

you. But, if in an evil hour, Satan should gain the mastery, and you should stumble and fall, do not despair, but with humble and sincere repentance go straight to God and lay your burden at the feet of Christ. Think not He will not save you. Has He not, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Again, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Nothing is too difficult for Christ.

Now let me say a few words to those who style themselves moderatists. God has perhaps in His mercy, given you more self-command, you can govern your appetite and desires better than some others can. Is that any reason why you should be a stumbling-block in the path of your weaker brother? For the sake of others, I say "abstain." "It is good neither to drink wine nor strong drink, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." Will you not come forward and join in this great work, thereby spreading light and happiness among your fellow-men, and earning for yourselves a rich reward?

And now to those who are abstainers, I would say God speed. Continue your labour of love. If you often fail, be not discouraged; one soul won to Christ is a rich compensation for a lifetime of disappointment.

Have I wearied you, my friends? If so, forgive me. Methinks could I speak all that is in my heart it would have some effect. Oh, how it urges to do some good; willingly, joyfully, would I devote my life to the Temperance cause. It is my constant prayer that I may be made useful in this blessed cause, that the education given me, and paid for with the profits of the liquor-trade may be used, with God's help, in trying to reclaim those who have unfortunately become drunkards. Oh, but not a word be spoken in vain! Will not the voice of one crying unto you from a town where drunkenness abounds, move you, especially when you know that it is a publican's daughter who writes?

God grant that it may.

Before inserting this article we have had undoubted proof of its being the *bonafide* production of a publican's daughter.

—British Workman.

PROFANITY IN THE CARS.

A writer in one of our exchanges has the following to say about what has been observed by many persons, viz., the rapid increase of profanity and vulgarity on the cars: "Ears polite have often been shocked by profanity in the cars running on different railroads. To so great an extent has this come, that ladies having respect for themselves have been compelled to change cars because of the shocking and lamentable want of common decency, as exhibited by some of the passengers. If a gentleman, out of polite deference to the ladies, should happen to even gently reprimand the uncouth and vulgar fellows, instead of having a desirable effect, it seems to make them worse. In such cases, the conductors should turn the self-condemned immoralists out of the cars. The boards of railroads have long since passed stringent resolutions to prevent smoking in the ladies' car, and a special car is attached for the smokers' benefit. The smoke of a cigar is not offensive to people, as a general thing; but the smoke of immorality, suggestive of fire and brimstone, is entirely too stifling to every body except the low, the vulgar, and the vile; and it should not be permitted to impregnate the atmosphere of a public passenger car, or any other place where promiscuous crowds of people are apt to collect. It is an intolerable nuisance, and, with a view to its abatement, we would suggest the propriety of attaching a profane car in front of that occupied by smokers, for the accommodation of those who have no regard for the laws of God, or for the feelings of those who may be within the sound of their voices."

REAL X, XX, AND XXX ALE.

Fellow Citizens: What rightly constituted mind can observe the numerous barrels of ale, marked as above, which are drawn through our streets to their temporary destinations in the vaults of the poison-dispensers, *alias* the beer-sellers, without perceiving that the letter X may very significantly imply some important particulars respecting the ale, both as to its tendency and effects,

Ale is X-ceptionable—because of its aptness to hurry the pulse, to inflame the blood, to fire the brain, to deaden the feelings, to debase the mind, and to destroy the immortal soul of the drinker.

Ale is X-asperating.—Under its influence, the wife is exasperated into a vixen, and her husband into a brute and pot companion; who were, when sober, the best of friends; after "swigging" the XX, fall to quarrelling; and cracked heads, black eyes, scarred faces, fractured limbs, and loss of life, sometimes mutual murder, the result. Witness the frequent accounts of fatal fights and assaults, originating in beer-houses, with which the newspapers abound.

Ale is X-posing.—It exposes its lovers and habitual users to inconvenience, poverty, premature death, and eternal misery.

Ale is X-citing.—It excites to insubordination, to riot, to frenzy, and to bloodshed. It has excited a soldier to lodge a bullet in the brain of a comrade, who, when sober, was his most esteemed friend. It also excited an unhappy man to such a pitch of fury, that he thrust a knife into the heart of his own son.

Ale is X-pensive.—Passing over the calculations which have been made, proving that immense sums are wasted, even by moderate purchasers of maltwash, are not our streets supplied with beggars; our prisons with criminals; the workhouses with paupers; while whole families testify how expensive intoxicating drink has been to them?

Ale is X-tirpating.—It extirpates the peace of the family and the happiness of the house. While under its influence, many a burly ale-swallower has frequently performed the magnanimous feat of destroying all the furniture in his room and all the crockery-ware in his cupboard.

Ale is X-hausting.—It exhausts the forbearance of employers; the good nature of friends; the patience of creditors; the first love of affection, and the very trifling share of wit, possessed by the sot who drinks it.

Ale is X-cisable.—Those who do not approve of heavy duties on articles of general consumption, pay to the government, etc., more on this article than any other, perhaps, which they use. And those who do respect the government of the country, weaken its stability in the esteem of all wise men, by supporting an excise duty upon misery, destitution and crime, which is our country's disgrace.

Ale is X-ecrable—because it is hurtful in its qualities and destructive in its effects.

So much for single, double and treble X ale, or for ale with any number of X's which its maker's may choose to put upon the barrels containing it. We call, therefore, upon all who love themselves and their fellow men; upon all who are anxious to advance their own best interests, and the prosperity of their country; upon all who would be useful in their day and generation, and promote the honour and glory of their great Creator; we call upon every man, woman and child, to X-ecrate, to X-communicate, and to do all they can to X-terminate, not only ale, but every liquor that can intoxicate. And let each begin by setting an X-ample of Total Abstinence.—*Templars Offering.*

THE ANGEL'S VISIT.

As I among my gems reclined,  
From heaven an angel flew,  
And folding close his silvery wings,  
Unto my side he drew.

"What wouldst thou here, oh, bright one,  
say"

I cried, while boding fears,  
Were gathering within my heart,  
And to my eyes came tears.

"I come to seek a royal pearl,"  
The angel softly said,  
"To gleam upon the diadem  
That decks my master's head,"

"Of all earth's jewels, well I know,  
None are more dear than thine,  
Say, canst thou give a precious one  
Within his crown to shine?"

"I cannot to thy Lord refuse  
The boon which thou dost seek,"  
My spirit cried submissively,  
But ah, the flesh was weak.

With gentle tenderness he laid  
My gift upon his breast,  
And spread his pinions for the fields  
Of everlasting rest.

Heaven's portals opened and they passed  
Beyond my mortal sight;  
But not till I had caught a glimpse  
Of that fair world of light!

Oh, mortal language hath not power  
To tell the wondrous calm,  
That with that glorious vision fell  
Upon my soul like balm!

My anguished fears were swept away,  
My burning tears were dried,  
And with a strange triumphant joy  
My soul to Jesus cried,—

"Take, take, my gem; and shouldst thou  
claim

From me my treasures all,  
I'll trust them in thy loving hand  
Nor faithless e'er recall:

"Henceforth my feet shall nearer draw  
Unto the home above,  
Till there I gain some humble place  
Through thy exceeding love."

—Mother's Assistant.

SOBRIETY OF PARIS.

The remarkable appearance of decency and comfort presented by the humblest classes of Paris, as compared with the same class among ourselves, is, in my opinion, and that of most intelligent Frenchmen, to be chiefly attributed to the greater sobriety of the French people.

\* \* \* \* \*

But the connection between drinking and destitution is more certain still; and to the comparative absence of the first we are to attribute the comparative absence of the second in the streets of Paris. The fortnight we spent there on our way to Brittany often found us in the poorer parts of the city; yet there, save in three cases, we never saw man or woman under the influence of drink—a happy state of matters, and one which exactly corresponds with all my former observations of a city which I have repeatedly visited, and where I once spent five or six months of my student life.—*Dr. Guibria.*

### A Religious View of Temperance.

The strict and conscientious observance of a total abstinence rule in relation to intoxicating liquors, is by no means the whole, nor even the most important part of religion. The possession of a *new heart* is the root of all true goodness, but from it temperance as a branch is sure to spring. Evangelical religion will therefore always have this high pre-eminence over all mere moral-reform efforts, that it makes good the whole tree of human character, permeating the soul with a new spiritual life, from which "love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance," grow as blessed clusters to adorn and nourish individual, domestic and social happiness. All these qualities flourish best when they are the genuine growth of inward purity. Yet as a result of the general Redemption, a measure of virtue is possible to men without this regenerating grace of the gospel. And from motives of benevolence, Christians are more interested in the progress of virtue than are any other class of people.

Temperance effort is needed as a protection to those who have commenced the Christian life. The force of sinful habit is so great that the truly converted are more liable to fall by their old foes than by other forms of temptation. All faithful Christian pastors know how difficult it is to lead on to maturity of grace the convert who, before his conversion, was accustomed to visit the grog-shop. Shameful backslidings from a Christian course are unquestionably more numerous from this cause than from any other. Hence as a means of self-protection the church should be in earnest on the temperance question, in order to remove this stumbling-block out of the way of weak brethren. Weak in this respect only, and that per force of habit and depraved appetite. A careful review of numerous facts which have come under our own observation, have convinced us that church members generally are not sufficiently aware of the value of special treatment for the cure of such sin-enfeebled souls, nor how much a good temperance organization may aid the church in the performance of her work. Beyond a doubt, more Christian ministers have fallen from their high position through strong drink than from any other cause. Perhaps the Christian church is less guilty in this regard now than in former years, and vastly less so than the outside world; "But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink." But the principal service rendered to religion, by the operation of temperance societies, is in "preparing the way of the Lord," or inducing that state of mind and social condition favourable to the reception of gospel truth. Thousands, both in city and country, are prevented from attending places of worship through poverty and shame caused by intemperance, and which may be effectually removed by the signing and keeping of a temperance pledge. Many modern maniacs, like the one re-

corded in Scripture, when the demon of intemperance is cast out, sit at the feet of Jesus, "clothed and in their right mind." The children of such parents will soon be found cheaply though neatly clad, timidly waiting at the door of our Sunday Schools, to receive from pious teachers their first lessons in the ways of right living.—*Peninsular Herald.*

### PRAYER ANSWERED.

In one of the cottage houses of a densely peopled village in the West Riding of Yorkshire, about nineteen years ago, a pious woman was sitting waiting the return of her husband from his daily toil. It was almost midnight; her children were in bed—they were accustomed to rise early, from the eldest to the youngest, to add to the common stock—a stock diminished by the intemperance of the father, who, for some time, had been in the habit of spending his evenings at a neighbouring public-house. His wife was an industrious woman, and the duties of her family had engaged her attention up to that hour. She put away some articles of clothing she had been mending for one of the children; and, wearied in mind and body, anxiously waited for the well-known step of her husband. Her thoughts wandered back to her early wedded life; they were both at that time thoughtless and gay. She thought of the gradual estrangement from home of her once devoted husband; of the birth of her first child; and how, when watching over it, she had been led to think of the prayers of a now glorified mother; how she, too, had knelt and prayed for the forgiveness of sins, and obtained mercy through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and how she had been enabled to hold on her troubled way, at times rejoicing even in tribulation. She had prayed long for her husband's conversion, and, thus far, saw no answer to her prayers; but her confidence in God remained unshaken; and now, placing the Bible (her solace and joy since she had found the way of peace) on the seat of the arm-chair, she knelt and read some of the precious promises of God; then, pouring forth her soul in simple, child-like prayer, such as only a woman, strong in faith, could have offered, she rose, refreshed, strengthened, and calm. Throwing a shawl over her head, she wended her way to the too well-known public-house. As she raised the latch, the clock struck one.

Her husband was sitting in the bar with some of his fellow-workmen and the landlady, when she entered. In an angry tone he bade her go home. The landlady said, "Wait a little, your husband will go with you." She advanced to the table where they were sitting, and said in a calm voice to the landlady,

"Mrs. ———, seven years is a long time to wait for anything, is it not?"

"Yes," said the landlady, "but fourteen years is longer, is it not?"

"Yes," answered the wife, "but twenty-one years is longer still. I have waited and prayed twenty-one years for the con-

version of my husband; and, as sure as he is sitting in your bar, I shall live to see him pass this house, and have no inclination to enter; for God will answer my prayer."

She turned to leave the room, and her husband followed her; but no angry word passed his lips—he seemed to quail before her.

About this time, the Rev. J. Rattabury was stationed at Leeds. On the Sunday following the night just mentioned, Martin ——— was induced to accompany his praying wife to hear him. The text announced was the pious resolution of Ruth: "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." The word came home with power; the arrow of conviction sank deep into his soul. For several days he groaned for mercy; but the hour of deliverance came.

"The Spirit answered to the blood,  
And told him he was born of God."

On the Sunday after his conversion, Martin returned from the chapel to his now happy home, with a firm step—the mid-day meal was spread upon the table—children were already seated; but his heart was full. "Children," said he, "your mother's prayers are now answered. I have passed that house where I spent so much time and money, without the least desire to enter. Let us praise the Lord together." They fell upon their knees—he by the arm-chair, on the spot which had been, in times past, a Bethel and an Ebenezer to his wife—and, with joyful hearts, they two raised their hearts and voices in gratitude and praise. ——— plucked him as a brand from the burning; alike acknowledging his weakness, and asking strength to stand in the hour of temptation.

God heard those prayers; and Martin ——— became as eminent for piety as he had before been prominent in the service of Satan.

### RECEIPT FOR KEEPING SOBER.

In a rural district, in the North of England, the following dialogue lately took place between a friend and a shoemaker who had signed the temperance pledge:

"Well, William, how are you?"

"Oh, pretty well. I had only eighteen-pence and an old hen when I signed, and a few old scores; but now I have about ten pounds in the bank, and my wife and I have lived through the summer without getting into debt. But as I am only thirty weeks old yet, (so he styled himself,) I cannot be so strong yet, my friend."

"How is it you never signed before?"

"I did sign; but I keep it different now to what I did before, friend."

"How is this?"

"Why, I *gave doon* on my knees and pray."

Better informed persons might learn a lesson in this respect, by applying to the source of strength now possessed by William, the shoemaker.

**RAILROAD ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.**

A new railroad has lately been brought to the notice of the public by Rev. S. W. Hanks, of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society. It is the **BLACK VALLEY RAILROAD**, which has been running a great while, though never before advertised in this manner. Mr. Hanks vouches for its low fares, ample accommodation, and sure speed. He also declares that accidents by collision are entirely avoided, no up trains are run over this road. The following is the time table:—

Sippington	6.00 A.M.
Fool's Corner	7.00
Breaklaw's Restaurant	7.30
Tippleton	7.45
Medicine Gorge	7.50
Topersville	8.05
Guzler's Junction	8.07
Drunkard's Curve	8.10
Howdyville	
Quarrelville	
Biot Gully	
Fightington	
Debauch Slough	
Kill-conscience Gut	
Murder Hollow	
Prison	
Beggarsdown	
Pauper Desert	
Idiot Flats	
Demon Land	
Tremens Deliriumton	
Hornetsteepest Thicket	
Screech Owl Forest	
Dismal Swamp	
Hobgoblin Woods	
Rattlesnake Ledge	
Dark Tunnel	
Whirlwind Cave	
Thunderland	
Black Valley	
Death River, arriving at	

LIGHTNING EXPRESS.

**DESTRUCTION, from—A.M. to P.M.**

Intending passengers will please notice the following "stage directions," etc.

Stages from **IDLETON** via **TOBACCOVILLE**, connected with all the trains.— From **DRUNKARD'S CURVE** the train is an Express—all taking in being done above that station, and principally of respectable people. Passengers for all places beyond are thrown out without stopping the train. Persons desirous of leaving the train will find the stage of the **TEMPERANCE ALLIANCE** at all the stations above Drunkard's Curve, ready to convey them free to any of the villages on **COLD STREAM RIVER**. Below Drunkard's Curve **AMBULANCES** will be used. Persons living in the vicinity of this Road, must "look out for the engine," as no bell is rung or brakeman employed below Drunkard's Curve and the Company disclaim all responsibility for damages.— All baggage at the risk of the owners. Widows and Orphans in pursuit of baggage lost by friends who have departed by

this Road, are informed that the Corporation will adhere strictly to the usages of the Road, and positively will not restore lost baggage. Smoking allowed in all the cars.

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Passengers in the sleeping cars, especially Stockholders, will be waked up at **Screech Owl Forest, Thunderland**, and at the end of the Road. (PRIVATE INFORMATION.) Stock in this Road pays from 75 to 150 per cent. **TICKETS SOLD AT LIQUOR SHOPS THROUGH THE COUNTRY.** Daily patrons of the road above **Topersville**, will be supplied with through tickets at half price.

**RESTRAINT FOR THE YOUNG.**

The eldest son of President Edwards, congratulating a friend on having a large family of sons, said to him with much earnestness, "Remember, there is but one mode of family government. I have brought up and educated fourteen boys, two of whom I brought, or rather suffered to grow up, without the rod. One of these was my youngest brother, and the other Aaron Burr, my sister's only son"—both of whom had lost their parents in their childhood—"and from both my observation and experience, I tell you, sir, maple sugar government will never answer. Beware how you let the first act of disobedience go unnoticed in your little boys, and unless evidence of repentance be manifest, unpunished." Of all the sermons I ever heard, long or short, this has been the most useful, so far as this world is concerned: It is a solemn lesson, to be prayerfully pondered by all parents and guardians. The Bible lays down four great rules, involving the four great elements of the successful religious training of children—prayer, instruction, example, and restraint. And it is useless to pray for or with your children, if you do not instruct them; and it will be in vain to instruct them if your own example contradicts your teaching; and in vain will be the prayer, the instruction, the example, if, like Eli, when your children do wrong, you "restrain them not."

**CHARACTER.**

Men are to be estimated, as Johnson says, by the mass of character. A block of tin may have a grain of silver, but still it is tin; and a block of silver may have an alloy of tin, but still it is silver. The mass of Elijah's character was excellence, yet he was not without alloy. The mass of Jehu's character was base, yet he had a portion of zeal which was directed by God's great ends. Bad men are made the same use of as scaffolds: they are employed as means to erect a building, and then are taken down and destroyed.— Cecil.

**MODERATION.**

Obviously no man can measure the results that will follow from a good example, but thus much we can say with confidence, that the tendency of the one course will be beneficial, and of the other injurious; there is a probability that by setting the example of abstinence we shall promote temperance around us, and that by the contrary practice we shall increase danger. This probability is sufficient, one would think, to determine any conscientious inquirer into this question as to the right course to be taken.

Perhaps the effects of example in this matter may seem to be very slow in appearing, and not to extend very far; but are we, therefore, to say that there is no effect at all? Yet, even so, if the thing was right it was right to do it whether results should appear or not; but there are effects and very real effects; not perhaps felt by the multitude at large; but to children, and to children's children. Who shall say what benefit has not arisen from the example of a parent's practice of abstinence sustained through many years?

There is a foolish notion abroad, fitly called by a writer in these pages, the 'Great Physical Superstition of the Nation,' a notion that the human system requires to be forced up to a certain point of vigour, and to be kept there by a continual supply of alcoholic stimulants. Now what answer can there be to this fallacy so forcible as the example of a parent who has put the matter to the proof by actual practice? But there is something worse than a foolish theory on foot; there is, moreover, a pernicious system rife among us. Temptation meets a man at every turn; the whole land is overrun with this sore evil; the national mind is impregnated with the love of drink—ten times more than in the days when the words were first committed to the sacred page—"Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging." What power, then, so potent to win the young to withdraw themselves from the contamination and danger, as a parent's example? Yes, friend, you are not without your measure of influence, for we be members all one of another, we shall all feel your influence, and be encouraged if you join our number. All who hear of your abstinence will feel your influence; all who visit at your house will feel it; your kindred and friends will feel it; the servants of your household will feel the influence of your example—and this even if you never stir abroad, even if your only advocacy is the silent protest of your glass of cold water at your side.— Those who are themselves abstainers will be confirmed by your fellowship and countenance, while those who are not will at least find a wholesome restraint in your example. If any around you fall among the slain of strong drink, you will have cleared yourself of their blood. If any who have fallen be strenthened to stand upright once more, your example of abstinence and words of Christian counsel, which your sympathy with his case has opened his heart to receive, may have been the cause



## A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness not strength, sickness not health, death not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease, and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for your scaffolds.—It is the life-blood of the gambler, the ailment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal axe. It burns up man and consumes woman, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislature, dishonors the statesman, disarms the patriot. It brings shame not honor; terror not safety; despair not hope; misery not happiness. And with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations, and, insatiate with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin.

There, it does all that and more. It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies; the curse of curses; the devil's best friend.—*Zion's Advocate*.

## LYING.

It is recorded in history that a certain philosopher of ancient times was one day asked, "What does a man gain by telling a lie?" "Not to be believed," said he, "even when he tells the truth." Young readers, bear in mind this answer of a wise man, and, at the same time, remember that he who is greater and wiser than the wisest of men hath said that "All liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." Rev. xxi. 8.

## A GLASS OF GIN.

It was only a glass of gin, recommended by a family physician to a young man slightly indisposed; but what evil followed in its train! That glass was succeeded by others, till drinking became a fixed habit. No one who looked upon the manly form and the handsome face of James R. would have supposed for a moment that he was a drunkard, and loving friends carefully concealed the fact from the world. Business by slow degrees was given up; seldom was his hand steady enough to guide the pen, or his brain sufficiently clear to add up the columns of the ledger. Time wore away, and one day, to the astonishment of many, he was picked up in the public street, and brought home in a state of beastly intoxication to his afflicted friends. Ere long they consigned all that remained of James R.—to a drunkard's grave. The tempter came to him disguised in a pleasing dress, and he fell a victim to his seductions. What an amount of good might he have accomplished, had he resisted the evil, through strength given him from God! How many young men are to-day sipping their *first glass*! It may have been recommended by a physician, to ward off sickness; but if followed by others, it will bring disease and death—aye, death eternal—to its victim. Then be careful of the first glass. Resist the temptation, in whatever form it presents itself. Remember the fearful words recorded in the holy Scriptures, that the *drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of God*.—*M. P. R. in American Messenger*.

## Death at Sea.

Death is at all times solemn, but never so much so as at sea. A man dies on shore—his body remains with his friends, and the mourners go about the streets; but when a man falls overboard at sea and is lost, there is a suddenness in the event, and a difficulty in realizing it, which gives to it an air of awful mystery. A man dies on shore—you follow his body to the grave, and a stone marks the spot. You are often prepared for the event. There is always something which helps you to realize it when it happens, and to recal it when it has passed. A man is shot down by your side in battle, and the mangled body remains an object and a real evidence; but at sea the man is near you, at your side—you hear his voice, and in an instant he is gone, and nothing but a vacancy shows his loss. Then, too, at sea, to use a homely but expressive phrase, you miss a man so much. A dozen men are shut up together in a little bark, upon the wide, wide sea, and for months and months see no forms and hear no voices but their own; and one is taken suddenly from among them, and they miss him at every turn. It is like losing a limb. There are no new faces or new scenes to fill up the gap; there is always an empty berth in the fore-castle, and one man wanting when the small night watch is mustered; there is one less to take the wheel, and one less to lay out with

upon the yard. You miss his form and the sound of his voice, for habit had made them almost necessary to you, and each of your senseless fecis the loss. All these things make such a death peculiarly solemn, and the effect of it remains upon the crew for some time.—*Two Years before the Mast*.

## Oddities of Great Men.

The greatest men are often affected by the most trivial circumstances, which have no apparent connexion with the effects they produce. An old gentleman felt secure against the cramp when he placed his shoes, on going to bed, so that the right shoe was on the left of the left shoe, and the toe of the right next to the heel of the left. If he did not bring the right shoe round the other side in that way he was liable to the cramp. Dr. Johnson used always, in coming up Bolt Court, to put one foot upon each stone of the pavement; if he failed, he felt certain that the day would be unlucky. Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, never wrote but in full dress. Dr. Routh, of Oxford, studied in full canonicals. An eminent living writer can never compose without his slippers on. A celebrated preacher of the last century could never make a sermon with his garters on. A great German scholar writes with his braces off. Reisinger, the German critic, wrote his Commentaries on Sophocles with a pot of porter by his side. Schlegel lectured, at the age of seventy-two, extempore in Latin, with his snuff-box constantly in his hand; without it he could not get on.—*Monthly Journal*.

THE ART OF READING ALOUD.—There is no social pleasure, amongst those it has been my lot to experience which I esteem more highly than that of listening to an interesting book well read, when a fire-side circle, chiefly composed of agreeable and intelligent women, are seated at their work. In the same way as the lonely traveller, after gaining some lofty eminence, on the opening of some lovely valley, or the closing of some sun-set scene longs to see the joys he is then feeling reflected in the face of the being he loves best on earth; so, a great portion of the enjoyment of reading, as experienced by a social disposition, depends upon the same impressions being made upon congenial minds at the same time. I have spoken of interesting books, well read, because I think the art of reading is far too rarely cultivated; and I have often been astonished at the deficiency which exists on this point, after which is called a finished education.

## THE TWOFOLD LESSON.

"There is nothing in the world which does not show, either the misery of man, or the mercy of God; either man's impotence without God, or his power with God. The whole universe teaches man that he is corrupt, or that he is redeemed; teaches him his greatness or his misery."—*Pascal*.

THE MOMENT OF PERIL.

Many years ago, a ship crossing the ocean was overtaken by a gale at night, and with reefed sails swept over the angry billows. Suddenly the captain, on deck, discovered the shadowy outline of an object directly in his path. Another moment, and he saw distinctly it was a vessel moving towards his own. Seizing the trumpet, he shouted, above the roar of the blast, "Hard-a-starboard!" From the deck of the ship approaching came the loud response, "Hard-a-starboard!" And then, with bowed masts, the phantom-like wanderers of the deep rushed past each other, their prows just grazing, and disappeared in the wild gloom. The paleness of expected disaster and death gave place to the smile of grateful joy, in those imperilled ships, as they hurried over the plashing waters.

Not only does the incident illustrate the crises in life temporal we all sometimes pass, when God's voice and hand of rescue saves, but forcibly suggests the decisive moments in the experience of every shipwrecked soul. The voyager to eternity sees, it may be dimly at first, the form of evil threatening his bark, and conscience lifts the trumpet-tone of alarm; but his hand trembles on the helm; the will is weak in the decisive hour, because it is divorced from God. The shock comes, and the mournful wreck goes reeling over the darkened sea to the rocks of complete and eternal ruin.

There was a moment when, with a comparatively slight change in the course, away from the perilous spot, and under a brightening sky, the precious bark would have sailed to a haven of splendour and song.—*American Messenger.*

BERTIE RAND'S TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

"Through I am only ten years old,"  
Said little Bertie Rand,  
"Upon the side of Temperance  
I proudly take my stand;  
And nought that can intoxicate  
My lips shall ever pass,  
For there's a serpent slyly coiled  
Within the drunkard's glass.

Poor Allen Benton's little Will,  
In tattered garments clad,  
Whose blue eyes oft are full of tears,  
Whose heart is seldom glad—  
Has learned, through fear of angry  
His father's face to shun; [blows,  
It must be very, very hard  
To be a drunkard's son!

When others round their wine shall sit,  
I'll never bear a part,  
And thus disgrace my father's name,  
Or break my mother's heart.  
But I am weak; not of myself  
Can I resist this sin:  
The Saviour aids the weakest child  
That putteth trust in Him."

CONSEQUENCE OF DEBAUCHERY AND VICE.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Is it not enough that men violate the laws of their own happiness? Is it not enough that men finally destroy the capacity for enjoyment and their power of usefulness? Is it not enough that God's signal displeasure at vice and crime is marked at every step of their commission? And yet, there is a still more fearful penalty that is visited upon wickedness. It saps the very foundations of inward manhood. There is caries, not of the bones and cartilages alone, but of the moral sense; men are dismembered and disfigured and deformed as much within as without.—And if there be any within the sound of my voice who think that they can sin, and walk with the children of darkness who call themselves children of pleasure, and draw back when it seems to them best, let me say to them, there is a way that seems right to men the ends whereof are death. The beginning of it are flowery and fair and promising, but it leads to destruction. Oh that I could take men who are entering upon courses of evil, and show them the logical connection between wrong-doing and the jail! Now they stand and look upon the bright side of vice and it does not seem bad to them; but if they could have portrayed before them the penitentiary, the prison, the hospital, the poor-house, and the lazar-house, and realize that these are the subsequent abodes of vicious men, they would avoid as the initial steps of certain ruin the very beginning of wickedness. Oh that I could take you to the ends of transgression, and teach you to judge of the beginnings, not by the fair promises, but by the results!—And yet, line upon line, and precept upon precept, may do what nothing else can.

Ye that are tempted; ye that have felt the poison throb; ye that have stepped within the fatal portal; I beseech of you, before your body is corrupted, before your conscience is seared, before your will is destroyed, before the terrible work is consummated in disaster, be warned and turn back. And ye that laugh at this exhortation, and flatter yourselves that you are safe, I beseech of you, be not so vain-confident. Even within the short period of my ministrations here, I have seen those with whom I expostulated, and who scorned my expostulations, overtaken by the very evils against which I sought to put them on their guard, and which they did not think it worth their while to strive to avoid. How well do I remember one, bright-faced and clear-eyed, who throwing up his cap, said, "Mr. Beecher, do you suppose I am ever going to drink wine to excess?" Since that day he has reeled to and fro before me, with a drunkard's gait and a bloated face, and I never see him that I do not remember the exultant hopefulness with which he said, "Do you suppose I am going to drink wine to excess?" No such person ever means to be as bad as he becomes; but under the influence of pleasure indulged in, the will power waxes weaker

and weaker, and he is swept out and on, and beyond himself.

A man takes a boat, and rows down the harbor, and the tide is with him, and he is swept away from the shore. He is after pleasure. And the tide and the wind are with him, and they sweep him on and out. When the sun gets down, how glorious are the heavens, and the reflecting, mirroring ocean!—Still out and on he is swept, thoughtless and full of poetic fancies. He is not seeking the night; but the night is seeking him. He is not courting terrific storms; but already the sky is full of clouds that bear the elements of his destruction. It is one thing, with the wind and tide, to sweep out upon the ocean, and it is another thing against the wind and tide, in the night, and in the midst of a terrific storm, to find the shore again. And so, helpless, he goes down to the bottom, with none to hear his faint outcry.

In life tens of thousands, benighted and bestormed, have sunk beneath the waves of iniquity, and you, knowing it, say, "Yes, they sank, but I shall not sink." But you will, unless warned, you turn to God, and learn that the ways of integrity are the only safe ways, and that every way of wickedness is full of peril, and leads to certain disaster in the end.

ALL WELL.

No seas again shall sever;  
No desert intervene;  
No deep and rolling river  
Shall roll its tide between.

No bleak cliffs upward towering,  
Shall bound our eager sight;  
No tempest darkly lowering,  
Shall wrap us in its night.

Love and unsevered union  
Of soul with those we love,  
Nearness and glad communion,  
Shall be our joy above.

No dread of wasting sickness,  
No thought of ache or pain,  
No fretting hours of weakness,  
Shall mar our peace again.

No death our homes o'er shading,  
Shall e'er our harps unstring;  
For all is life unfading  
In presence of our King.

LIFE MAXIMS BY BISHOP MIDDLETON.

1. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride.
2. Persevere against discouragement.
3. Keep your temper.
4. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate.
5. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction.
6. Never to be in a hurry.
7. Rise early, and be an economist of time.
8. Practise strict temperance.
9. Manner is something with everybody, and everything with some.
10. Be guarded in discourse, attentive, and slow to speak.
11. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.
12. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask.
13. Think nothing in conduct unimportant and indifferent.
14. In all your transactions remember the final account.



## TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

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### THE MEDICAL PROFESSION IN RELATION TO THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

By JOHN MAIR, M.D., KINGSTON, C.W.

SECOND PAPER.

We next proceed to say a few words regarding the *responsibilities* of the medical profession at the present *crisis*. These are *many* and *great*, but we have only time slightly to touch upon a few of them in connection with the temperance movement, and that in a very desultory manner. We view the cause of temperance in such a light that we cannot refrain from looking upon those who neglect it, especially in the medical profession, as highly culpable. According to the talents conferred upon them will be their guilt, if they turn them not to good account, and certainly they have much in their power. Who can do so much as the medical man in recommending temperance, or total abstinence, to all classes of the community? *No one*, not even the indefatigable city missionary, who assiduously devotes all his energies to effect the salvation of souls, and morning, noon, and night, with pious zeal, visits from house to house, telling of Jesus and the resurrection. And who are the most successful city missionaries? Are they not almost to a man decided teetotalers? And what is the burden of their complaints if not that "drinking usages" oppose the most formidable barrier to their being instrumental in winning souls to their Master's service? In the same field there is a rich harvest to be reaped by the physician and surgeon to the poor. Let him only be a teetotaler, and he will do more by his simple pathetic eloquence, *backed by example*, than tongue can tell. He will be the blessed harbinger of unutterable and incalculable benefits to the wretched, the diseased, and the disconsolate; he will rivet himself in their affections, by demonstrating to them that he *cares* for them, not with the cold and distant care of the supercilious, but with a generous heartfelt sympathy, which can descend to their level in all things but their vices, which shrinks *not* from self-sacrifice in their behalf, and which seeks to raise them from a state of soul-harrowing profligacy, despair, and infamy, by simply stretching out to them the hand of total abstinence, and saying, *be ye reclaimed*, let *hope* once more *inspire* your bosom, and let respectability hover over your humble abodes. Is not such a prospect sufficient to induce hundreds and thousands of noble aspirants for the highest and most enduring honours, for ever to cast from them that *poisoned* and *poisonous* cup which has been the cursed bane of millions? We are convinced that there is no other way by which the *masses* can be elevated but this. Other means may be useful as accessory, but

they will all fail unless they be based upon the grand principle of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks; and it is in vain for *arm-chair*, and *fireside*, and mere platform philanthropists, to talk about great things being done by means of anti-spirit license associations, and such like, in reforming the drunkard, and *suppressing* drunkenness. All such societies will utterly fail of their design, unless their titled members condescend to become actual combatants under the snow-white banner of total abstinence. But what can be said, if the medical profession, blind to their own exalted destiny, deaf to the voice of the widow and the orphan whom strong drink has deprived of their natural guardians, or unwilling to meet their cries in the only way in which they can be permanently benefited, should disregard every appeal, however earnestly and anxiously addressed to them; what if instead of denying themselves the miserable gratification of indulgence in alcoholic drinks, a large portion of them should continue to impede the temperance reformation, not only by their acquiescence in the drinking usages of the community, but by actually arraying themselves against it in the most vicious manner, by dashing the cup of blessing from the lip of those who appeal to them under circumstances of doubt, and under the pressure of disease, saying, "use wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities," when by so doing they have their hopes of permanent reform blasted for ever, by reviving the morbid appetite which had for a season been kept in abeyance; what can we do more than weep and deplore over such desperate depravity and hard-heartedness? But some may perhaps suppose that we are yielding to the dreams of a melancholy imagination. Such is not the case. An instance, to our own knowledge, has occurred within the last few weeks, in an officer lately retired from the army, where his medical adviser recklessly enticed him to recur to the use of alcoholic drinks, but happily, we believe, was disappointed, his persuasions failing of their purpose. Had this gentleman, who had formerly, unhappily, been the victim of intemperance, and suffered grievously from its effects, been seduced from his purpose of total abstinence by the blandishments of his physician, who can tell into what an abyss of *irretrievable* misery he might have fallen? The piquant and pithy remarks of the Rev. William Reid, upon this subject, are well deserving of the deliberate consideration of such ignorant, coarse-minded, and licentious members of the faculty. And although only an M.D.'s son, as he facetiously observes, and therefore not the highest authority in such matters, we deem his lucubrations most apposite and valuable. We refer to his tract on the "Evils of Moderate Drinking an Argument for Total Abstinence from all Alcoholic Liquors," page 6, where he says: "The responsibility of medical men is very great, and I am of opinion that as a class they are as needful of instruc-

tion as the ministers of the gospel. Let their practice be conformed to the light which this subject has shed abroad, and with such men on their side as Dr. Carpenter and Dr. Forbes, they may bid defiance to the vitiated tastes and prejudices of their patients. I recollect Dr. Patten of America telling me that he was visited one time by a deputation consisting of two ministers from this country. One of them had serious objections to abstinence, but the other approved of it, and returned home apparently a confirmed abstainer. Some years after Dr. Patten had occasion to visit his proselyte at his own house. To the doctor's amazement, wine was upon the table at dinner, and his hopeful scholar partook of it too. 'What means this, brother? Did you not learn to abstain in my country?' The challenged backslider from the total abstinence practice directed the doctor to apply to his medical man, who was also at the table, for an explanation. 'Then it is by your prescription, sir, that my brother has betaken himself to wine again?' asked the doctor. 'It is sir,' was the reply. 'How long have you been prescribing wine to my friend as a medicine?' 'About seven years, I think.' 'And has it removed the disease?' 'I cannot just say that it has.' 'Well, now, will you inform me,' asked Dr. Patten, 'is it your practice to continue the same medicine for seven years, when it does not succeed in removing the disease?' 'I confess,' was the reply, 'that this is a thought that never struck me.' Often do we meet at table blooming women and stalwart men, who allege as their apology for their glass of wine, that it is *given* according to medical prescription, and yet they are never able to testify as to any advantage they have derived from the practice. Were it not that we always feel vexed that wise people should be so befooled, and others encouraged to drink for gratification, through their medicinal libations, our gravity would scarcely survive their apologetic assurance. I feel then that if I were a professional physiologist, I might take my stand on this ground alone, and rear an argument for total abstinence sufficient to satisfy every reflective mind of its propriety. But if the son of an M.D. should not strike medical men as speaking sufficiently *ex cathedra*, let them hear the sentiments of Dr. Forbes, a Court physician, upon the same subject: "We advocate their principles (total abstinence), because sad experience has shown that a large proportion of mankind cannot be temperate in the use of fermented liquors, and that nothing short of total abstinence can prevent the continuance, in the rising generation, of the terrible evils which we have at present to deplore; because experience has further shown, that the reformation of those who are habitually intemperate cannot be accomplished by any means short of entire abstinence from fermented liquors; and because experience has also proved that this reformation cannot be carried to its required extent without the moral influence of the educated classes. Such influence

can only be afforded by example. There is no case where its superiority over mere precept is more decided and obvious than in this: "I practise total abstinence myself;" is worth a thousand exhortations; and the miserable failure of all the advocates who cannot employ this argument should lead all those whose position calls upon them to exert their influence (and who are there who do not possess some means of thus doing good?) to a serious consideration of the claims which their duty to society should set up in opposition to their individual feelings of taste and comfort." To these valuable remarks of Dr. Forbes, we cannot resist the inducement of adding the following pointed observations of the Rev. Wm. Wight, the philanthropic originator of the admirable design, "The Model Parish." "We trust that this important testimony (that of Dr. Forbes) coming from such high authority, will sensibly influence medical men in regard to this question. We more particularly hope that medical men will, in future, carefully avoid recommending ministers and others, who may have given up intoxicating drinks, to resume the habit. We speak advisedly when we say, medical men have done incalculable mischief by such recommendations. And let ministers and medical men dispassionately and seriously look at this subject, and reflect whether unitedly they could not destroy the monster vice of Great Britain, and whether they can consistently, though only indirectly, aid in perpetuating such tremendous evils as flow from our drinking customs." We would particularly claim the attention of these two professions to the word *unitedly*. Let them only devote a little of their time to the solemn consideration of this suggestion of the Rev. Mr. Wight; let them ask themselves, *individually* and *collectively*, first, Whether this idea is plausible, practicable, or probable? and secondly, Is it incumbent upon them to do their best to carry out the proposed design? and thirdly, How are they to set about the work? But still further, with the view of opening the eyes of the professors of the healing art to their awful responsibilities in relation to the temperance reform, we cannot avoid bringing before them certain statements of a most alarming nature concerning the prodigious extent to which drinking habits are carried, by at least some of their number in Scotland. We refer to a letter from the Rev. John Inglis, Reformed Presbyterian missionary at Wellington, New Zealand, dated Feb. 27, 1850, addressed to the editor of the *Scottish Temperance Review*, and contained in the number for January, 1851, page 45, in which he says: "I have now lying before me a list of all the ministers whom I have either personally or historically known, that have died within the last twenty years, of all denominations in Scotland, and I find, most lamentable to write, that every tenth minister has died either an excommunicated, or a "habit and repute" drunkard! and from a similar list of

medical practitioners, that every third medical man has died a habit and repute drunkard! and of both professions some others were reputed heavy drinkers. Your readers will stare at this statement, and declare it is not true. It is true, so far as my observation for twenty years has gone, and I have no reason to think that the ministers and doctors of my acquaintance were chargeable with more than an average amount of intemperance, or that they were worse than in any other parts in Scotland. But let those who doubt this statement test their own experience, and perhaps they may find it is but too true. Now, if every tenth minister and every third doctor in Scotland dies an excommunicated or habit and repute drunkard—if the two best educated and most influential classes in Scotland are so deeply affected with this evil, what must the people be at large? "Like priest, like people;" and if the same causes continue to produce the same effects, of the present 2,500 ministers in Scotland, 250 must in the course of inevitable necessity come to a drunkard's grave; but as this will only average about ten in the year all over Scotland, it will excite no interest." Here we have the most startling and appalling evidence of a missionary of the cross of Christ, which it is impossible to set aside, that one-tenth of the ministers of the gospel, whom he had either "personally or historically known," had died within the last twenty years, of all denominations in Scotland, either an excommunicated or a habit and repute drunkard; and mirabile dictu! that "every third medical man," under similar circumstances, "had died a habit and repute drunkard." We have examined "the Statistical Reports on the sickness, mortality, and invaliding among the troops at the Mauritius, where *delirium tremens* is more prevalent and fatal than in any other possession of her Majesty, and we find that 1-16th of the deaths of the soldiers in that island was caused by that disease within twenty years. It is true, others may have died from other diseases caused by drunkenness, and have been "habit and repute drunkards," but still it indicates a heart-sinking degeneracy on the part of the sacred profession of the gospel, of those whose duty it is to set an example of godly living before their flocks; and on that of the men who ought to be at all times capable of exercising the clearest judgment, and performing the most delicate and dangerous operations—to find that drunkenness prevails to such a ruinous extent amongst them, approximating, if not exceeding, that of the profession held ordinarily to be the most dissipated of any, that of arms. If either of the professions, of the gospel or of medicine, in Scotland, can disprove these allegations, it is plainly their duty and their interest to do so. If they cannot, it is high time for them to "repent," and "bring forth fruits meet for repentance;" and they may be assured, that while these facts stand uncontradicted, and therefore presumed to be well grounded, they must suffer

in their reputation, and have their usefulness seriously impaired.

We have no certain means of ascertaining how many of the members of the medical profession in Scotland are total abstainers. From the imperfect data in our possession, we should presume they do not exceed 1 in 46, while, according to the editor's prefatory note, to the "Scottish Temperance League Register" for 1851, "a seventh part of those who occupy the Scottish pulpit are abstainers."

We proceed, in conclusion, to say a few words on the privileges of the medical profession, in relation to the temperance movement, at this advanced stage of its progress.

We have spoken of their duties and responsibilities. These are unalterable whether they give in their adhesion to total abstinence principles or no. It is different in regard to their privileges. These will be magnificently extended if they come out boldly, and heartily engage in the glorious work of elevating the masses from their abject misery, by means of the simple but sublime mechanism of teetotalism. Nor will it be the lower strata of society only that will be gainers by the wider diffusion of temperance principles. The higher orders also will participate largely in the benefits to be derived from their more extended influence over the minds and habits of men.

We conclude by holding out the following considerations as motives to persuade the medical profession to identify themselves with teetotalism, and as privileges to be attained by strict and persevering compliance with its rules:—

1. The separation of medicine from its unholy alliance with alcohol, and its institutions for the physical, moral, intellectual, spiritual, and eternal destruction of mankind.
2. The establishment of medicine upon a sound and indestructible basis, accordant with the simplicity of nature's laws, and the authority of revelation, calculated to elevate mankind, and to secure their happiness, physical, moral, intellectual, spiritual, and eternal.
3. The reduction, to a great extent, of the ranks of criminals, and of the inmates of prisons and penitentiaries by thousands.
4. To dry up the fountains of tears, and bind up the broken hearts of innumerable disconsolate wives, widows, and orphans.
5. To cleanse and clothe swarms of wretched, profligate, idle, loathsome mendicants, and put them in the way of earning an honest livelihood.
6. To emancipate from the fetters of the most debasing moral slavery, multitudes of men endowed with high intellectual faculties, prostituted to the service of Satan, and tending to brutalise instead of spiritualise mankind.
7. To prepare a solid foundation for the health, peace, happiness, and prosperity of millions yet unborn, by teaching mothers to abstain from alcoholic drinks, and their offspring after them.
8. To raise a deathless monument in honour of anti-alcoholic medicine, engraved, "not in tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart" of a grateful country.

9. To exalt Great Britain to a loftier and more secure and glorious position than ever amongst the nations, by the conquest of her "easily-besetting sin," or rather by accomplishing the destruction of that vast, intricate, elaborate, ingenious, and satanic system of sin, vice, and crime, which may properly be denominated the "mystery" of alcohol, and which, in all its proteiform horrors, like a brood of poisonous reptiles, has been so long devouring her very vitals.

10. To advance the interests of Christ's kingdom, and prepare the way for his second coming, "without sin unto salvation."

### The Advantages of Promoting Kindness to the Domestic Animals.

The law of love is one which has been deeply stamped upon the universe. The changes of six thousand years have not obliterated it. It still beats in every heart, from the masterpiece man down to the meanest creature. It is the highest motive from which any act can spring, and it ought to be the prime mover of all our actions, not only between man and man, but also between man and the inferior creation, the government of which has been delivered into his hands.

Upon the sixth day of the world's history, our great progenitor stood forth amongst the other creatures loving and beloved. All nature reveled in love. But man by his disobedience introduced a jarring note into this beautiful harmony, which changed the scene. How then can he ever be unkind to those upon whom his transgression has brought a curse? They demand his sympathy, and it becomes him not to make that little less by giving it grudgingly. They still fulfil the great end of their being, while he falls miserably short of his. He is far above them in one respect and at the same time far beneath them in another. Who can hear the little bird singing God's praise in the early morning ere sleep has been brushed from the eyes of drowsy man, and not love it? His heart is harder than human, who could lift a stone to strike it down, and delight to see it flutter at his feet and become a lifeless beauty. It is man's province to alleviate, not to aggravate the groanings of creation. And the golden rule has a much wider application than is generally supposed. In a certain sense, and in a very high degree, it should be the rule of our conduct towards the lower animals. In our transactions with our fellows we have reason to deal with, and we must to some extent "do to others as we would wish them to do to us." But in our treatment of the lower animals, unlimited power having been conferred, tyranny may be practised, because the oppressed cannot lift up the voice against it. Man, however, was never intended to be the tyrant of earth, although he was created its lord. Power has been delegated to him, and he must give an account of the use of this talent. To abuse it is a sin. The brutes

that perish *have rights*, and man has no business to do with them as he pleases. They were no doubt made for our convenience and happiness, but those who were not to answer this end by yielding their lives, were to be happy and to derive pleasure in our service.

The animals in common with man have liberty conferred upon them by their Maker. And if convenience or necessity compels us to deprive any one of them of this gift, it is but reasonable and right, and the least we can do is to show kindness in return. If the horse, the ass, or the dog foregoes a life of freedom, which is happiness, to accommodate me, can I ever act cruelly towards it? Can I ever work, or lift the lash wantonly to inflict pain upon my irrational friends? Can any one, possessed with feelings, treat with harshness the beast that toils and sweats day after day, either to ease or enrich him.

Had the animals natures as easily irritated, and as eager for retaliation as man, the advantage of promoting kindness towards them would become more apparent. But taking them as we find them, it is not difficult to show that kindness, when acted out towards the domestic animals, returns a rich revenue to the dispenser of it. His conscience tells him that he is doing what is right. And this is no small reward. An approving conscience!! It exceeds in value the wealth of a world piled in one glittering heap. And although kindness to animals yielded no other recompense, this of itself would be a proper incentive to the practice of it. But this is not all.—Kindness to animals will certainly be rewarded, and cruelty most assuredly punished at the final adjustment of all things, upon "that day for which all other days were made." It is not beneath the maker to see that his own workmanship gets justice. He himself has declared that he cannot overlook a dying sparrow. Each creature tells its ail to Him, "whose ear is ever open to the cry of the needy," in that language which he has taught it. He is not ashamed to own the lowing herds that browse upon a thousand hills.—Yea, God cares for oxen, and the meanest creature is not beyond the province of his care. It follows then that kindness to, and care for animals is God-like. His word abounds with inculcations both direct and inferred for the promotion of this virtue.—"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." "A merciful man is merciful to his beast." "With the merciful thou wilt show thyself merciful" (Psalm xviii. 25).

Another reward of kindness to animals, and not the least, is that of being loved by the objects of it. Unkindness, on the other hand, promotes in them a fear and a hatred of man. Mankind were formed to derive pleasure from the companionship of animals, and this can be obtained at little expense. The mere absence of cruelty, not to speak of positive kindness, secures it. Here the servant is above his lord, and may well make his master blush. How numerous and beautiful are the anecdotes

that could be brought forward to illustrate,—not the ingratitude; such are scarce,—but the rich return which domestic animals have made for kindness conferred. The difficulty is to make a selection. All ages and all countries furnish volumes in their praise. To tell one anecdote is only in most cases to bring out one trait of character. They often display an amount of reasoning almost incredible, and reward evil with good, being generally "more faithful than favoured." In illustration of this the following may not be out of place. About nine years ago I was witness to a touching scene, which I remember as well as the events of yesterday. It happened at a small country place called Gaddon, in the parish of Collesie, Fifeshire. One Sabbath day in winter, when the snow was about a foot deep and still falling, a gibbering drunkard was staggering along the highway, deserted by every one but his dog. The animal looked pitiously at his master, and angrily at those passers by who were eyeing him with a sneer. At last strong drink triumphed, and that idiotic thing was seen lying by the wayside. Who can picture the scene? Dumb instinct stood amongst the drifting snow, affectionately looking at debased reason, verifying the saying that "a living dog is better than a dead lion." The poor man made many a fruitless effort to get up, the dog assisting, for as he raised himself it got underneath him to sustain him. It was a little dog, and all in vain. Seeing its drunken master still lying unable to rise, and seemingly conscious of his disgraceful, as well as perilous position, it ran round him whining and affectionately licking his hands. And if dogs can shed tears, I believe it wept. At last it seated itself beside him and began to howl most pitifully, which it continued to do until assistance was procured; then it wagged its tail with delight, for its happiness seemed bound up in its master's welfare. It would not however risk him in the hands of naughty boyhood, for several who had been witness to the spectacle were not permitted to approach beyond a certain distance. This dog, it was afterwards ascertained, had always been a favourite with its master, and here it proved that his affection had not been thrown away upon a worthless object. You may read, for such instances are to be met with, of the wife upon whom a husband has lavished his love, becoming ashamed of him, and at last deserting him, but can you point to one instance of a dog deserting a kind master. Who then could be unkind to that friend—his dog which lies nightly at his door wet with the dews of heaven inaccessible to bribery, protecting his life and substance against the midnight intruder, while he reposes securely on a bed of down? When he awakes in the morning in safety, because his dog was faithful to its post, surely he will not deny the watcher a kind word, look, or pat. To recognise it is to reward it.

Since kindness procures the friendship of

the dog, the advantages of promoting it will stand out in bold relief, when we sum up in the words of Sir Walter Scott the worth of its friendship. He states:—"The almighty who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our trials, hath invested him with a nature noble, and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe, remembers and with accuracy both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with the sword, or a witness to take away a life by false accusation, but you cannot make a hound tear his benefactor. He is the friend of man save when man justly incurs his enmity." Change of circumstances produces no change in his affection. He loves his master in adversity as well as in prosperity, in beggary as in affluence. Byron, who was peculiarly fond of dogs, in writing an epitaph for one of his favourites, speaks thus:—

"To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;  
I never knew but one, and here he lies."

Passing by the horse as the pleasing, intelligent, and gentle companion of the Arab, and those extraordinary instances of sagacity, the result of a long course of training, this noble animal still comes before us in countless anecdotes, not with the stigma of ingratitude upon it, but as a good servant, that will not allow an opportunity to slip of displaying attachment to its master. Let the following story told by Professor Kruger of Halle suffice. One night one of his friends was riding home through a wood. The night was very dark and he unfortunately knocked his head against a branch. Stunned by the shock, he fell senseless to the ground. That noble steed upon which he rode, did not scamper off upon being eased of its burden. No. Instinct told it that it must not leave to die a master who had never treated it with harshness. But what can the horse do with a seemingly lifeless master? What did it do? Let the story speak. It galloped back to the house from which it had just brought him—about a mile. Pawing at the door it awakened the inmates. The good man of the house opened. There stood the horse of his friend without its rider. It immediately turned, indicating that he was to follow. He did so and was led by mute, but unerring instinct, to the relief of his friend. Did this man lose anything by being kind to his horse? It saved his life! And, if ever there was an advocate for the advantages of promoting kindness to horses, it would be this man as he rode homewards on his restorer's back.

The idea has got abroad that the ass is stupid, and stubborn. In those cases where this is the truth, bad treatment is generally the cause of it. For were asses gifted with the power of speech as their ancestor was, they would still use it, not to deny their masters, but in most instances to reprove them for their cruelty. The ass, when kindly treated displays an amount of sagacity and attach-

ment to its master, nothing inferior to that of the horse. In the East where it has more attention paid to it than with us, many wonderful anecdotes are told of its docility, general intelligence and affection. Some time ago a vegetable seller in London had an ass which was "willing to go any where, and do any thing for him." These are his own words. The old man did not accomplish this by the use of the lash, or the goad. Day after day he might be seen wending his way through the streets, occasionally giving it a handful of hay or a piece of bread to encourage and refresh it. The ass loved the old man, and he loved the ass. When he entered a house, nothing would make it leave the door until he came out again. Only once it ran away, a number of people pursued. But a sense of its ingratitude at thus eloping and leaving old age behind, seems to have come over it, for after running a considerable distance, it turned round and never stopped till it had buried its head in its master's bosom in shame; for ingratitude is a crime so mean that the very brutes despise it. What could a human delinquent do more than this? I do not know, but I can fancy that that old man did not punish the ass for running away. I have read of the big tears gushing down an old man's cheeks when he saw the partner of his journey—his ass—lying dead at his feet. It was not its value, but its loss he mourned.

Such anecdotes as these are facts, not fictions. They need no comment; they speak for themselves. Neither are they solitary instances; they might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. And were the biographies of dogs, horses, and asses, as much in vogue as those of men, we would have merited volumes in their praise. Facts almost incredible would be brought to light,—facts calculated to make men lift their hands in surprise, and lower their heads in shame.

The dog, the horse, and the ass, are three great boons conferred upon man, and he is morally bound to cherish and love them. They willingly work on in his service, until overtaken by old age. And nothing but kindness can compensate for this service. They are satisfied with, and look for no other reward. Just as they loved to lie in the sun, so they love to bask in the smiles of humanity. The most inattentive observer can read the satisfied look of the animal that is kindly dealt with.

These three domestic animals we have enumerated, in some cases approach almost to the region of moral agency. They are conscious of the superiority of man, and can be so base as to be unkind to those who dispute not his supremacy?

It is not the ungrateful snake, the insatiable tiger, or the grim, gaunt wolf, whose cause we are advocating, but that of the trustworthy dog, the sensitive and tractable horse, and the unjustly stigmatized ass. Neither is it so much open acts of cruelty towards these we have to deplore, but that overlooked oppression, which many practise, consisting in expect-

ing too much from animals. Their instincts as well as their physical powers are limited, and to attempt to stretch either beyond this limit is not only cruelty in its worst shape, but it is also a reflection upon their Maker. But what is kindness? It consists not in perpetual embracing and fondling: such kindness is annoying and foolish. But it is sensible kindness that sees that the horse or the ass is well fed, well supplied with clean water, not overwrought, and not made to groan or wince unnecessarily under the lash, curb, or chain. Such kindness, even in a pecuniary point of view, has its advantages, for an animal under such treatment will do more work than another not so generously dealt with. But leaving this out of view, the exercise of kindness to animals is lovely. It is the golden sceptre before which power ferocity and opposition must bow down. It can lead when nothing else can draw. It is an all powerful manager. It can shut the mouth of the lion, tame the bloodthirsty tiger, make the steed gallop when the thrusts of the spur have squirted out its blood in vain. It can trot the ass along when the goad has failed. It turns the dog into a friend whose constancy death only can destroy. To act kindly then is to be in the path of duty, which is declared to be the high way to happiness. Thus kindness to the domestic animals, which are so sincere in their attachment to man, is a moral duty incumbent upon him. Away then with all unkindness, ye whose daily avocation leads you to associate with them. The wheels of business will go the smoother for it. You degrade yourself if you but consider, when you are harsh to and lose temper with a brute. And besides, if you persevere in cruelty it will generate within you a bad temper. The dog that runs by your side and the horse you ride upon will secretly despise you. And your fellowmen will lose respect for you. You are thus not only depriving the lower animals of that happiness which is the gift of God, but you are lowering your own position in society. The carter, cabman, or rustic may disgrace as well as ennoble himself in the duties providence has called upon him to discharge. Think not that your work is mean. "There is a dignity in the lot of man in every sphere, if it be not cast away." If you treat with kindness the animals committed to your care, though your hands be rough and hard your occupation is noble. You are co-workers with Him who delights in mercy, who leads the sun up the firmament every morning, to cheer ten thousand thousand hearts, and "who opens his hand liberally to supply the wants of every thing that lives."

"The quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd—  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown;  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power—  
The attributes of awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;  
It is enthroned in the heart of kings;  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice."

X. Y. Z.

### MISTAKES AND FAILURES IN MODERATE DRINKING.

"Why, Mr. Winslow," said Mrs. Winslow to her husband, as the clock struck twelve, and Charles had not come home, "I am sure no father ever set a better example to his children than you have done. You have never gone beyond your second or third glass at dinner, and in evening parties you have been very prudent."

"I know it, my dear," replied Mr. Winslow; "and then I was always very careful to get pure liquor; and now how Charles has got such a passion for brandy, I cannot understand. I cannot understand it. I am sure it is no result of my training. I know Mr. Gillette says it is. He almost broke my heart yesterday in saying this was the mistake of my moderate drinking. If I had been like him, and Mr. Burt, a total abstainer, we should never have come to this; and he even began to talk to me as if I was responsible, which was more than I could bear, for I am sure his going to excess is no fault of mine."

The next day, in the afternoon, he called upon his minister with a case of conscience (he having had a painful scene to witness); he wished to know whether he was responsible for his son's drunkenness, having himself been a very moderate and prudent drinker. He found the rev. gentleman at the dinner table, with some guests enjoying themselves amid cigars and wines.

"How do you do, Mr. Winslow? Come, sir, take a glass with us; good old Madeira."

"I thank you, sir, I have just risen from my own table."

"O, well, no matter, another glass will not injure you."

After the company had risen, he took his pastor aside and said to him: "Sir, I have called upon you with a case of conscience."

"Ha! a case of conscience? I hope you have not been doing anything very wrong; and, besides, I do not feel just now like taking a case *in foro conscientia*. Some other time would be better; but what is it?"

"Why, sir, my son, last night, was very bad; not home till near morning, and is not up yet. My neighbours reproach me, and say, I am responsible for it. Now, everybody knows I am a moderate drinker. I never set an example which he might not follow with perfect safety. I want to know what you think about it."

"Responsible! no, by no means. What! would they hold me responsible for all the drunkards in my congregation? You have done the very best you could. You have set your son an example of moderate drinking. True, it has proved a failure. I am sorry for you; but you have made no mistake." And the father went home comforted in his misfortune.

But the comforter held no looking-glass before his face. He dined out often, and had guests at his table, and always drank temperately. He did not allow that abstinence was temperance. Temperance was the moderate use of the good things of Providence, though that use might be

frequent. Indecorum among female parishioners was sometimes the consequence, and neglect of services and duties followed, and by-and-by he was removed to a humbler station. His ministry was a failure; his moderate drinking a mistake. Wine was a milder, strong drink was raging, and he was deceived thereby. That was all.

Colonel Win. T.— was a young officer of remarkable promise. He entered the army soon after Sumter was taken, resolved to subdue the rebellion and sustain the Government. Such was his commanding presence and valour that he rose rapidly from one office to another, till at length he obtained a colonelcy and was the pride of his regiment. Friends who knew his nervous temperament urged him to commence his military life on the self-controlling, self-subduing principle—the principle of Havelock, and Howard, and many worthies who had gained high distinction. But no! How could he appear as a gentleman and a man of honor and valor among military men if he refused his glass of wine, and refused treating others? He should be a moderate drinker; never go to excess, never be caught dishonouring his cloth. All was well, till growing popularity brought him often into the circles of the drinking. His passion for the wine-cup increased upon him, until one day, coming upon the field to put himself at the head of his regiment, he was unable to keep his saddle or give command, and fell to the earth; and his temperate drinking, as a means of making him a distinguished officer, was a failure; and yet he and his friends could not be convinced that his moderate drinking was a mistake—it was only his drinking too much.—*Ex. Paper.*

### A RISKY BUSINESS,

WITH SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF IT.

I tell you, sir, it is a risky business to touch the brain. A minister of the Gospel told me of a member of his congregation, as noble a fellow as ever lived—generous—there was not a member of his church that gave as much as he, though only a member of the congregation, for the support of the Gospel: rich—sleeping partner in a firm in New York; with a wife and one child; living in good style. The only fault the minister had to find with him was, he would occasionally take a glass of wine, and would give it to the young men; and he said he had often talked with him about it. One day he saw him playing with his boy, and asked him—"Do you love your son?" "Love him! noble little fellow! I love him better than my own life." "You would not harm him?" "Harm him! hurt my boy! Never!" "Now you never thought that a glass of wine—" "Stop, you are a fanatic; I respect you as a minister, but not your fanaticism on this point. The idea of a glass of wine hurting this boy—that I am going to ruin my child! Let this be a taboed question between us. I have no patience to hear you talk so foolishly about it." It was about six weeks

after that one of the partners in the house came to see him on some business, and they rode to a manufacturing town about twelve miles distant. He was one of those men "mighty to drink wine, and a man of strength to mingle strong drink;" and there is no blessing pronounced on such men that we can find in the Bible. But he drank this man drunk for the first time in his life; and when they got to the hotel the city gentleman laughed at his maudlin companion, and said, "I wonder what his wife will say to that." Returning, they drove up to the gate, and the child, with his mother, was on the marble steps, waiting for papa. In stepping from the carriage, the drunken man's foot caught in the reins, and he stumbled. If he had been sober he would have kept hold of the reins and the accident could not have happened. But it made him angry, his self-control was disturbed, and he took the boy by the shoulder, twisted him around, and threw him down. As he was unable to walk, they carried him into the hall, and laid him on a settee; he fell off that on the floor, and went to sleep.

This clergyman told me—"They sent for me, and I never spent such a night in my life. There lay that child dead, the wife in convulsions, and the man asleep—asleep, with a dead child, whose yellow locks were dabbled in blood, lying in another room—asleep, with two physicians trying to save the life of his wife—asleep, under the damning influence of wine. When he awoke it was a fearful waking. Pushing back his hair—"What is the matter? Where am I? Where is my boy? Where is my child? I must see him." "You cannot." "I must, I will! where is my boy?" "You cannot see him." "I must see him—I must see my boy! They took him into the room, and turned down the sheet, and when he saw him he cried out, 'Oh, my God!' and fell back senseless." That clergyman told me—and I have his name in my note-book—"One year from that day I buried his body, brought from a lunatic asylum, to lay side by side with his wife and child."

Young man, thank God for your safety, if you have ever dared to tamper with that which disturbs the action of the brain, and brings a man to a point where he knows not what he is about. It is a risky business to touch the brain, and it is the business of alcohol to do it.—*J. B. Gough.*

### BE GOOD.

God does not say, "Be beautiful," "Be wise," Be aught that man in man will overprize; Only, "Be Good," the tender Father cries.

We seek to mount the still ascending stair To greatness, glory, and the crowns they bear;

We mount to fall heart-sickened in despair.

The purposes of Life misunderstood Baffle and wound us, but God only would That we should heed his simple words—"Be Good."

—*Good Words.*



YOU WANT A CHANGE.

A widow woman, residing in a country district, took lodgers. Her inmates were chiefly working men, engaged in some new buildings that were being erected in the neighbourhood. Some of these left her on a Saturday evening, and came again on the Monday, but now and then some stayed the entire time, and as she was a religious woman, she set them a good example by going to the house of God on the Sabbath-day, and inviting them also to do so.

An intelligent young workman came to lodge with her. He was skilful at his trade, and had been well instructed. He was not a drunkard, nor did he use bad language at any time; but he was evidently, entirely without religion. He read of an evening; and on the Sundays, when it was fine, he strolled out into the fields with a book, or a newspaper, and lay down by the side of a hedge, smoking his pipe, and reading listlessly; and when it was a wet Sunday he yawned, and stretched, and shifted his seat from one chair to another, and smoked a little, and then read a little, and seemed as weary and dull as it was possible for a human being to be. When he was asked what made him so troubled and restless, he generally replied, "That he believed he was not in good health," and acting under this suspicion, one Monday while the doleful fit of weariness was upon him, he went and consulted a doctor, who, after hearing his symptoms, said—

"Oh, you want a change."

The young man left him; and at dinner, ~~that day~~ when his landlady asked him the doctor's opinion, he said, peevishly—

"Oh, he says the same as all the doctors I have consulted; he says I 'want a change.' I should like to know how that can be, when in the last year my work has been in five different counties—change indeed!—the doctor knows nothing about it."

In the evening, the widow brought the subject up again. She had been thinking over the melancholy of her lodger, and of the doctor's prescription, and as the young man was lighting his pipe after tea, and, with a sigh, was languidly scanning the newspaper, she said—

"Do you think when the doctor mentioned change, that he meant change of place?"

"Of course he did, Mrs. Boyce; why what else should he mean?"

"Oh, I was thinking there's many other kinds of changes."

"How?—I don't understand."

"Why, there's change of habits,—and change of occupation."

"Habits!—What's the matter with my habits?"

"Well, I am old enough, Mr. Richards, to be your mother, and I may speak plainly to you. In the way of your business you've had change enough of place, and that you say has not done you any good. But have you ever tried a change in your way of life? As it is, you go to your work, and when that is over you have no

pursuit in the evening; and when the week is over, you have no pursuit on the Sabbath-day. That day is the same as any other, only you have not got your work to help you to get through with it, and you are so dull and weary with having the whole day on your hands, that instead of being refreshed by the rest, you are more tired at the beginning of the week than you are at its close."

"Ah, Mrs. Boyce, but I was as bad, or worse, when I was in London, and used to take an excursion train, and have a trip into the country. Why, what with the crowding, the heat, the hurry, and the company, I was tired in the body, as well as in mind. Quite done up and fit for nothing on Mouday."

"Yes, I can well believe you were; but suppose now you have tried all these changes, you tried doing good on the Sabbath-day?"

"Now, Mrs. Boyce, excuse me, I don't want to be preached to. You good people are so fond of preaching."

"Well, Mr. Richards, I know several of our Sunday-school teachers who are busy all the week, but they enjoy the Sabbath-day; it is an entire change to them, and it refreshes them and gives them such spirits for all the week. They teach the children in the school, and in their turn they are taught in the time of public-worship; and they meet with young friends like-minded with themselves, and, as it says in a verse of the Bible, 'They take sweet counsel together, and walk to the house of God in company.' I never hear one of them talk of being dull and weary on the Sabbath—that of all the days in the week is to them the pleasantest."

Young Richards made no reply, but he thought over the words the widow had uttered. It was very true that though he had tried many changes, he had never tried the change she spoke of. It would, therefore, be a real, entire change to him. During the week he was much less languid than usual in the evenings, for he had something to think of. There was a Sunday-school Anniversary, at a neighbouring village, on the following Sunday, and he attended among the congregation. A young man spoke to him, and gave him the printed paper of the hymns the children were to sing.

There was joy on every face, all were active and happy.

Richards attended all the services; and on his return to his lodging, he was cheerful with the conviction that he had passed a happy day. The week thus well begun went on well. Richards was earnestly looking forward to the next Sabbath. He was up early, and off to attend the Sunday-school, to which he had been invited.—This, in a short time, led to his becoming a teacher, and then his evenings were occupied in reading something that he might make use of for his class, or in pleasant conversation with his young friends. His pipe was thrown aside. His weariness passed away like a summer cloud. But we should deceive our readers if we said he was happy.

"What lack I yet?" was the question that sounded in the depths of his soul.— There came a time when all the wasted hours, the grumbings, the misspent Sabbath's, rose to his recollection with agonizing power. The very words, "His mercy endureth for ever," wounded him, for how terrible was the thought that he had sinned against such mercy. But in his altered circumstances, he was not without friends who could counsel and comfort him, who could point him to Jesus, the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." After a time of conflict, the peace of God that passeth all understanding was shed abroad in his heart, and he was changed, through grace, and all things were made new. A new heart—new associations—new prospects. He made efforts to settle down amid the place and people that had been blessed to him; and often when recurring to the opinion that the doctor had once given to him, he would say, "Ah, it was very true, I wanted a change—that change which every unconverted man wants—the change from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God."—*British Workman.*

WHO TAUGHT YOU TO SWEAR!

Many years ago, a party set out from a southern city, for a long, weary journey by stage. Amid all their discomforts, they had one great blessing. The youthful driver was very cheerful, and seemed intent on making his passengers happy, as much so as laid in his power.

Now that is the *bright side of our young stage-driver*; why must there be two sides to everything? Before the party halted, after the first day's journey, the jaded horses thought they had gone as far as was profitable, and it was contrary to their sense of right, that they were pressed on. Our hero on the box, coaxed, whistled, patted, and at last whipped them, but still they dragged heavily on: when, at length, losing all patience, the pleasant sounds that had cheered the insiders, were changed. There did not seem to be passion in the tones, but having tried all other motives of speed, the driver now began to swear—as if profanity could impel forward a worn-out horse! "God" and "Jesus," that "dearest name of all names," were repeated with shocking frequency and carelessness. Some of the passengers were unmoved, but others could say with the prophet, "The reproaches of them that reproached Thee, fell upon me."

Among the passengers was an aged minister. He said nothing at the time, but when they stopped for the night, he made himself familiar with the young driver, asking him questions about his business and horses, manifesting an interest in all that he found interested in. When ready to start at break of day, he asked permission to sit on the box, that he might see the country, and talk with him: "for," said he, "I'm very fond of the company of young men." This familiarity and condescension completely won the heart of this would-be Jehu, and in the kindest



manner, he gave all the information in his power to the old gentleman.

"You're a minister, are you?" he asked after awhile.

"Yes, my friend, I am a minister of the Church."

"Indeed!" he cried, "why, my mother's a member of the Church; and when I get home, I'll tell her about you;" and strong filial love beamed in his eye.

"Then your mother is a professing Christian—is she a good woman?" asked the minister.

"Indeed she is, sir," replied the affectionate son. I owe her everything. I don't know a single thing which she did not teach me."

"Are you sure of that, my young friend?"

"Yes, sir, for my father died when I was small, and left us poor. We were three or four miles from a school, and as I was her all, sir, she could not trust me so far from her all day; so she taught me at home, till we moved away from there; and then I was old enough to go to work. Yes, sir, I will tell it to her credit—she taught me all I knew."

"Did she teach you to swear, my son?" cried the old gentleman, clapping his hands heavily on the driver's shoulder.

"Tell me, did your mother teach you to swear?" The youth looked thunderstruck. He coloured deeply and hung his head in silence. "My son," said the minister, "you have told me that your mother is a Christian; I want to know whether she is the right kind of Christian or not—did she teach you to swear?" The young driver now looked up. There was none of that dogged insolence, which we sometimes see in persons who have been justly reprov'd; no look of defiance which said, plain as words could say, "I can swear if I please; I'm my own master now, and it's not your business who taught me to do it." No, even in his sin the rough driver showed the gentle touches of that humble mother's hand.

"I'm mortified, sir," he said; "I was very tired, and was very anxious to reach the next stage."

"And did your horses feel the oath more than the whip, my young friend?"

"Of course not, sir. And as to my mother teaching me to swear, she does not know that I ever took a profane word on my lips. I hope she never will know it; for I believe it would break her heart. I know as well as any minister can teach me, that swearing is a low and wicked, as well as useless practice; but I've been thrown into a good deal of bad company by my business, and have fallen into the habit, hardly knowing when I do it. I forget, when I lose my patience."

"Do you forget, when at home with your mother?"

"Never; her presence forbids it. I could not swear in my mother's hearing."

"And yet you can do so in the hearing of the God you insult, of the Saviour who died for you!" replied the aged minister. "God forgive the child of a praying mother for such impiety!"

"Sir, you have heard my last oath," said the young man, deeply moved.

He was never after heard to use a coarse or profane word. O what a mighty power does a Christian mother still exercise over her beloved wanderers, restraining them from sin, or drawing them out of its meshes when once ensnared!—British Workman.

THE SONG OF WATER.

Sparkling and bright, and gushing and clear,  
My rippling melody falls on the ear  
Like a song for ever new;  
The victim of wine I restore to health,  
And safely return him his wisdom and wealth,  
And this is what I can do.

Fresh and free from my Maker's hand  
I flowed through Eden's flowery land,—  
A boon by nature given;  
And the world's great father ere he fell,  
Oft quenched his thirst at the crystal well,  
And joyed in the gift of heaven.

I bathed the brow of the fainting child,  
Till he looked from his wilderness couch  
and smiled

A beautiful princely boy;  
And the man whose arm made Philistia bow,  
Was enjoined by an angel the Nazarite vow,  
Lest wine should his strength destroy.

Now, in order to conquer the scourge of our land,  
Let us train up a young and victorious band,  
To keep far aloof from the snare;  
Their beginning was small, but they speedily grew,  
They are pledged to the cause and their hearts are true,  
And their spoils are rich and rare.

—British Workman.

Opposite Influence of the Sexes.

Why is it that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred those women who have been brought up chiefly among men, who have had no sisters, who have lost a mother in early life (doubtless for many reasons a sad affliction to a girl), who have been dependent on fathers or brothers for society and conversation, should turn out the most fascinating of their sex? Why is it that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the boy who is educated solely by his mother becomes a triumphant man in after life? Perhaps the opposite influence of either sex is beneficial to the other; perhaps the girl derives vigorous thoughts, expanding views, habits of reflection—nay, more—charity and forbearance, from her male associates, as the boy is indebted to his mother's tuition and his mother's companionship for the gentleness and purity of the heart which combine so well with a manly and generous nature, for the refinement and delicacy of feeling which adorn true courage; above all, for that exalted standard of womankind, which shall prove his surest safeguard from shame and defeat in the coming battle—a shield impervious so long as it is bright, but which, when once soiled, slides and crumbles from his grasp, leaving him in the press of angry weapons a naked and defenceless man.

THE SMART FEMALE STAGE DRIVER.

A FACT.

No happier school girls could be found than our company of ten, fresh from the long vacation, and ready for the active duties of another term. We found the stage awaiting us at Hamilton, but were too weary to be conscious of our tedious ride to the western seminary. Soon it was growing dark: and, looking out, we observed that we were travelling a new road. Our hearts sank within us when we remembered the bloated face of our driver.— Could it be that he had fallen asleep, and left us to the mercy and wisdom of the unguided horses?

It was even so. Our now clumsy vehicle jolted hither and thither over the rough stones. Above were the signs of a heavy shower. We were in a gloomy forest. Its topmost branches seemed bending over us, as if inquiring into our sad condition. When could we emerge from its impenetrable depths? What new danger was before us? On one side was a deep ravine, the road narrow, and the horses seemed already to have lost all presence of mind. I was the youngest but the largest of our company. Should I see danger and not be their protector? Heaven forbid! I hurried to the horses, and led them by our immediate danger. The driver was stretched across his seat in a state of sound intoxication, and the reins were on the ground. After several attempts, I succeeded in climbing up the seat. With a great effort I removed him to one side, but this awoke him. The rain now poured down.

"Who are you?" he inquired.

"The protector of these horses, this stage, yourself, and these young ladies," I answered.

"Who called you to this office?" he half vacantly asked.

"Stern necessity," I replied. Yourself asleep, the reins on the ground, and the stage on the verge of a steep descent impelled me to be the driver."

"I'll drive myself," he said.

I told him that he was incapable of the attempt, for he had already taken us on the wrong road.

"Call me incapable?" he said.

What should I answer? My feelings were aroused to the reality of our situation. An intemperate driver, now half recovered from the effects of his dram. Never before had I discovered the merit of that beautiful verse—"A soft answer turneth away wrath." I told him that rum made a king incapable. Before I was aware he was sound asleep. The rain was falling fast, but my sister handed me an umbrella. With the reins in one hand, and the umbrella in the other, I drove as best I could.

The restless driver soon awoke, and called for "his bottle." Having found it, he was about to drink, when I stayed his hand, and said, "Do not drink it. It is destroying your body, and if persisted in, will destroy your soul."

"Who made you a judge?" he said.—

Vertical handwritten text on the left margin, possibly a signature or note.

"You must either drink yourself or vacate this seat."

What new difficulty was before me? Was it not enough that I had taken the driver's seat? Could I be influenced by fear, by a drunkard, to taste of the poison? There is in all things a right, and a wrong. My heart beat convulsively. But one alternative was before me. Either vacate the seat, and suffer the half-conscious man to drive over that dangerous road, or drive myself, and drink his rum. *Never* my heart answered. I can never taste it.—*Never* my mouth uttered.

"Do you persist?" he said, fixing his fiery eyes upon me.

"I persist," I replied.

He gazed at me for one half minute, and then one gleam of reason lit upon his face, as he said: "Whoever you are, I honor your decision. I know I am unable to hold the reins, but, oh, this burning thirst!"

"Drink water," I said, "from God's gushing fountain."

"It is tasteless," he replied.

While he was talking, I contrived to reach the bottle with one hand, and bidding him look at the gathering clouds, I tossed it out.

He did not notice it, but proceeded to tell me his history. He said that he had graduated at one of our western colleges, and it was *there* that he first yielded to the invitation to drink; it was *in college* that he had contracted the fearful habit.

"Break off *at once*," I said. "You will never regret it."

"Do you think I can," he inquired.

"I ~~know~~ *know* that you can," I replied.

"Look at me," he said.

I looked, and beheld a fearful face, yet a well developed head, and fine chiseled forehead.

"Is your judgment now the same?" he inquired.

"It is," I replied.

"Where did I put my bottle?" he said.

"I must have rum. There is nothing else that *can* satisfy me."

As he was hunting for it, I beheld over the hills the glittering dome of our seminary. Was it not providential, that amid my additional discouragements the place of my destination was in view?

"I must have my rum," he continued.

"Could it have fallen out?"

I told him that undoubtedly, if he could not find it, it must have got out; and if so, it was probably beyond recovery."

"But I must have it," said he

"Do not trouble me about something I cannot give you," I replied. "When I reach the seminary I will give you something better than rum."

"What is it?" he eagerly asked.

"You shall know in time," I said.

"Provoking!" said he, "that you will not tell me;" and he muttered some incoherent sentences of which I took no notice, and soon he fell asleep.

Happy was I, yes, happy, driving the stage, for the drunkard was asleep, and I was nearing the seminary.

*Never* can I forget the astonished face

of our Principal when she beheld me in so exalted a position. My precious cargo were by no means slow in telling her our adventure.

"Is it possible?" she said.

At this moment the drunkard awoke, and with not a little chagrin attempted a show of his chivalry.

The girls would not suffer him to assist them out, but I did not object, for I found myself so stiff, and besides I wanted him to feel manly.

"Manly!" you will say. "What! desire one who has thus behaved to feel manly?"

Yes, manly; for it was in my heart to save that man. If he would *sign a pledge* he must feel himself a man. Once rid of this belief and all might be lost. Besides, he had manifested a desire to reform, and there was hope.

The girls paid me for their fare. I told the driver if he would sign the pledge I would give it to him.

"If I could only keep it," he replied.

"You assuredly can in another's strength," I said; and I invited him in, for I had not forgotten my promise of something better than rum.

He went into the parlor, and I obtained a dish of chocolate for him.

"You are killing me with kindness," said he, as I entered the room with chocolate and light supper on a tray, and the tears coursed down his cheeks. Meanwhile, I obtained a temperance pledge and asked for his signature.

"I will sign it," said the penitent and sober man, and he did sign it.

*That pledge* was kept. He became a successful teacher, and afterwards a lawyer. He was among the first to answer to our country's call for volunteers. In the battle of Pittsburgh Landing there perished no braver soldier, no warmer advocate of Temperance, no more devoted Christian than James Fitzgerald.—*Prohibitionist*.

### THE TIDE OF INTEMPERANCE.

"That tide is flowing still. It surges up against the walls of prisons, carrying on each wave a hundred drowned bodies of what had once been men, and stranding them on the dungeon floor. It sounds the wail of its remorseless rush around our workhouses, and as each billow ebbs again, it leaves a freight of paupers high and dry upon the parish. It rolls up to the hospital door, and flings its shoal of premature emaciated on an untimely bed. The mother listens to the sullen murmur of that tide and weeps, the wife beholds the thickened current, and feels as much a widow as the fisher's wife, whose eyes have seen her husband founder in fifty fathoms of salt sea; the child hears its unceasing dash, and hears in it the key-note of the cry of early orphanage; humanity sees it, and its bosom swells with grief; pity sees it, and its eyes fill over with hot tears; virgin charity and angel love look on, and wring their hands, as the river of intemperance bears the immortal drownings on, on, on, to the quicksand of perpetual thirst."—*Mursell*.

### DR. GUTHRIE ON PROFESSOR MILLER.

As a public speaker Professor Miller was a host in himself. On the platform the clergy are sometimes given to preach, and gentlemen of the long robe to plead—the first falling into a pulpit manner, and serving up what seem bits and fag-ends of sermons; the second speaking as if they forgot the difference between a popular audience in the Music Hall, and "My Lords" of the Parliament House. But our friend was a true, native-born orator; presenting such a melange of sparkling wit and solid wisdom, of the grave and the gay, of telling anecdotes and pictorial illustrations, of lucid statement and nervous argument, of bursts of indignation and touches of tender pathos, that societies contended for his presence at their meetings; and the cause which had secured his advocacy was considered as good as won.

To mental abilities of a high order Professor Miller united moral qualities which did much to raise him to his influential and very eminent position in society.—Among these not the least remarkable was his dauntless courage. Some men of great genius have been great cowards; but our friend was bold as a lion. With his back to God's throne, in the cause of justice, truth, or humanity, we will venture to say that he would have faced and fought the world. In pleading the claims of Total Abstinence,—a cause in which he threw his whole soul, advocating it with eloquent and mighty arguments on the platform and also through the press,—in pleading on behalf of societies for the Suppression of Vice, for shortening the Hours of Labor, and emancipating our youth from the slavery of trades, of the counter, and of the counting-room, he knew the opprobrium to which he was exposing himself from selfish or ungodly men; but the only effect which their opposition appeared to have on him was to blow out the folds of his battle banner, was to blow up his zeal into a brighter, higher flame. Engaged in some great, good cause, his eagerness to accept the combat reminded us at times of the grand picture of the war-horse: "He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men; he mocketh at fear; he saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

### "IT COSTS TOO MUCH."

*That glass costs too much. You say you only paid a trifle for it. Young man! Young woman! that paltry sum is not a millionth-part of what it will cost you, if you do not take care. You will have to pay for it in health, cheerfulness, character, friends, credit, peace of mind, perhaps, a life itself. Is that glass worth all these? "You are safe enough?" Nonsense! A man might just as rationally talk about safety when his boat is beginning to go round on the outer circle of the whirlpool, as to say he is safe enough when he begins to indulge this habit.*

### THE LADY AND THE PIE; OR, KNOW THYSELF.

A worthy Squire, of sober life,  
Had a conceited boasting wife;  
Of him she daily made complaint;  
Herself she thought a very saint.  
She lov'd to load mankind with blame,  
And on their errors built her fame.  
Her favourite subject of dispute  
Was Eve and the forbidden fruit.  
"Had I been Eve," she often cried,  
"Man had not fall'n, nor woman died.  
I still had kept the orders given,  
Nor for an apple lost my heaven;  
To gratify my curious mind  
I ne'er had ruin'd all mankind;  
Nor from a vain desire to know,  
Entail'd on all my race such woe."  
The Squire replied, "I fear 'tis true,  
The same ill spirit lives in you;  
Tempted alike, I dare believe,  
You would have disobey'd, like Eve."  
The lady storm'd and still denied  
Both curiosity and pride.  
The Squire some future day at dinner,  
Resolved to try this boastful sinner;  
He griev'd such vanity possess'd her,  
And thus in serious terms address'd her,  
"Madam, the usual splendid feast  
With which our wedding-day is grac'd,  
With you I must not share to-day,  
For business summons me away.  
Of all the dainties I've prepared,  
I beg not any may be spar'd:  
Indulge in every costly dish;  
Enjoy 'tis what I really wish:  
Only observe one prohibition,  
Nor think it a severe condition:  
On one small dish, which cover'd stands,  
You must not dare to lay your hands;  
Go—disobey not on your life,  
Or henceforth you're no more my wife."  
The treat was serv'd, the Squire was gone,  
The murm'ring lady din'd alone;  
She saw what'er could grace a feast,  
Or charm the eye, or please the taste;  
But while she rang'd from this to that,  
From ven'son haunch to turtle fat:  
On one small dish she chalk'd to light,  
By a deep cover hid from sight;  
"O! here it is—yet not for me!  
I must not taste, nay, dare not see:  
Why place it there? or why forbid  
That I so much as lift the lid?  
Prohibited of this to eat,  
I care not for the sumptuous treat;  
I wonder if 'tis fowl or fish,  
To know what's there I merely wish.  
I'll look—O no, I lose for ever,  
If I'm betray'd, my husband's favour.  
I own I think it vastly hard,  
Nay, tyranny to be debar'd.  
John, you may go—the wine's decanted,  
I'll ring or call you when you're wanted."  
Now left alone, she waits no longer,  
Temptation presses more and stronger,  
"I'll peep—the harm can ne'er be much,  
For tho' I peep, I will not touch;  
Why I'm forbid to lift this cover  
One glance will tell, and then 'tis over.  
My husband's absent, so is John,  
My peeping never can be known."  
Trembling, she yielded to her wish,  
And rais'd the cover from the dish:  
She starts—for lo! an open pie,  
From which six living sparrows fly.  
She calls, she screams with wild surprise,  
"Haste, John, and catch these birds," she  
cries;

John hears not, but to crown her shame,  
In at her call her husband came.  
Sternly he frown'd as thus he spoke,  
"Thus is your vow'd allegiance broke?"

Self-ignorance led you to believe  
You did not share the sin of Eve.  
Like her's, how blest was your condition!  
How small my gentle prohibition!  
Yet you, tho' fed with every dainty,  
Sat pining in the midst of plenty;  
This dish, thus singled from the rest,  
Of your obedience was the test;  
Your mind, unbroke by self-d denial,  
Could not sustain this slender trial.  
Humility from hence be taught,  
Learn candour to another's fault;  
Go, know, like Eve, from this sad dinner,  
You're both a vain and curious sinner."

HANNAH MORE.

### THE MERCIFUL.

When the French under Bonaparte were marching through Germany to Russia they were quite regardless of the rights of the poor people that fell in their way. And the Germans of his army were still worse, and particularly unmerciful to their own fellow-citizens. On one occasion a party of them rushed into the hut of a poor weaver and demanded bread, meat, and beer. The man really had nothing in the house, and when they found that they could not get what they wished they began to rave and storm; they broke up an old table and stool, which was all the furniture the room contained, and threatened the weaver with a beating if he did not supply their wants. Just at this moment one of the weaver's little children, a boy of six years, crept timidly close up to his father, and kneeling prayed aloud: 'O thou merciful Saviour, make these soldiers merciful that they may obtain mercy of thee.' The soldiers were awe-struck.—'Comrades, come away,' said one of them, 'for God dwells in a house where there is prayer. We did not really mean to harm you, weaver. Here's a three-penny-piece for you.' And with that they went away.

### PREVENTIVE FOR MALARIOUS DISEASES.

This short article may save the lives of a thousand men. The valley of the James is a malarious region. North of the tropics the three months in which malaria is contracted, are August, September and October. Of all the facts in the science of medicine, the one best established is, that Peruvian Bark is a preventive of malarious disease. Three years ago the surgeons of some of the regiments in the army of the Potomac administered Peruvian Bark, or its extract, quinine, to all the soldiers in their regiments every day during the three sickly months, and the published statistics showed a remarkable exemption from disease in those regiments. Let every person who has a friend in the army send him a dollar's worth of quinine, with instructions to put as much as will lie on the point of a penknife in his coffee every morning, and the probability is that he will escape chronic diarrhoea, fever and ague, and bilious fever.—*Scientific American.*

### THE INEBRIATE.

BY JULIA MELLUS.

The inebriate stands on a giddy height,  
Where peace withdraws her radiant light;  
He has curstained his heart; and with trembling hand  
He is wielding the demon's magic wand.

On the busy street, with manners bland,  
A gay friend clasps his willing hand;  
"Ah! it is you I have been wishing to meet:  
But O! I am thirsty! come, let us treat!"

He heeds not the moments hurrying on,  
As wildly he mingles 'mid revelry's throng;  
Those hours are moments on delusion's bright wings:  
"Fill the goblet again!" he merrily sings.

Midnight hour has passed; yet still he lingers  
Amid those ruined souls—his yielding fingers,  
With eager grasp, still clasps the tempting bowl,  
Which (he laughingly says) gives a flow to his soul.

The bright earth awakes, all trembling in light,  
And leaps from her star-spangled cradle of night,  
While the pale moon vanishing, seems to say,  
"Roll peacefully on, bright orb of the day!"

All nature without is joyous and bright;  
And peacefully revels in breathless delight;  
But let us look within the inebriate's home!  
Alas! its clouded walls are draped in gloom!

Upon his couch we see him lounging now,  
With frenzied thoughts marked on his haggard brow;  
His fevered brain reels dizzily awhile  
As though his guilty conscience to beguile.

The slumber of intemperance is brief; too soon  
Undying conscience breaks that stupid swoon,  
And he awakes! but, mark that frenzied eye!  
And listen to that wild despairing cry!

"No cessation? O! must this last forever?  
Awful death! I wish yet fear to clasp thee!  
But, come to my relief! in mercy sever  
These wild and varied agonies from me!"

"This crowded brain knows not one hour of dream-  
less sleep!

O! dear and blessed Peace! why dost thou  
Thy blissful shroud of vestal purity  
In low dungeons and cheerless penury?

"Sweet yet sad memory recalls my early days,  
Ere I had wildly roamed from virtue's happy ways;  
My heart found rest beneath thy gentle care,  
Sweet Peace! for thou hadst reared thy palace there.

"Sacred Peace! O visit this lone heart once more!  
Smile upon me, as in happy days of yore!  
Look upon my withered soul, and pitying, impart  
One drop of balm upon this bursting heart!"

Vain man! why do you drain the dregs of wine?  
arise,

Let fall the curtain that enshrouds thine eyes!  
Return to virtue! in quiet bliss she will enfold thee.  
Sweet Peace, on rapid wings, will then return to thee!  
—From *The Rescue* (Stockton, California).

### FAULT-FINDING.

There is a disposition observable in some to view unfavourably everything that falls under their notice. They seek to gain confidence by always differing from others in judgment, and to depreciate what they allow to be worthy in itself, by hinting at some mistake or imperfection in the performance. You are too lofty or too low in your manners; you are too frugal or too profuse in your expenditure; you are too taciturn or too free in your speech; and so of the rest. Now, guard against this tendency. Nothing will more conduce to your uncomfortableness than living in the neighbourhood of ill-nature, and being familiar with discontent. The disposition grows with indulgence, and is low and base in itself; and if any should be ready to pride themselves on skill and facility in this unworthy science, let them remember that the acquisition is cheap and easy; a child can deface and destroy; dillness and stupidity, which seldom lack inclination or means, can cavil and find fault; and everything can furnish ignorance, prejudice, and envy, with a handle of reproach.—*W. Jay.*