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THE WIFE OF THE INTEMPERATE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Jane Harwood, with her husband and children, made one among the many families who removed to the unplanted Western wild. The change from the manner of life in which she had been brought up in her native New-England, was great. But she never complained, and busied herself with those duties which befit the wife of a lowly emigrant.

One of her principal cares was an invalid boy. The change of his health, and of his mind, occupied her most anxious thoughts. She supplicated that the pencil which was to write upon his soul, and which seemed to be placed in her hand, might be guided from above. She spoke to him in the tenderest manner, of his Father in heaven, and of His will respecting little children.

She pointed out Almighty goodness in the daily gifts that sustain life; in the glorious sun rejoicing in the East; in the gently-falling rain; the trail plants, and the dews that nourish them. She reasoned with him of the changes of nature, till he loved even the storm and the lofty thunder, because they came from God.

She repeated to him passages of Scripture, with which her memory was stored, and sang hymns, until she perceived that if he was in pain, he complained not, if he might but hear her voice. She made him acquainted with the life of the compassionate Redeemer, how he took young children in his arms, though the disciples forbade them. And a voice from within urged her never to desist from cherishing that tender and deep-rooted piety, because, like the flower of grass, he must soon pass away.

Jane Harwood had a different, and a still deeper trial, in the intemperance of her husband. In his fits of intoxication, there was no form of persecution which distressed her so much, as unkindness to the feeble and suffering boy. On such occasions, it was in vain that she attempted to protect him. She might neither shelter him in her bosom, nor control the frantic violence of the father.

The timid boy, in terror of his natural protector, withered like a crushed flower. It was of no avail that neighbours remonstrated with the unfeeling parent, or that hory-headed men warned him solemnly of his sins. Intemperance had destroyed his respect for man, and his fear of God.

The wasted and wild-eyed invalid shrank from the glance and footstep of his father, as from the approach of a foe. Harshness, and the agitation of fear, deepened a disease that might else have yielded. Returning spring brought no gladness to the declining child. Consumption laid its hand upon his vitals, and his nights were restless and full of pain.

"Mother, I wish I could once more smell the violets that grew upon the green bank, by our old, dear home." "It is too early for violets, my child; but the grass is growing bright and beautiful around us, and the birds sing sweetly, as if their little hearts were full of praise." The mother knew that his hectic fever had been recently increasing, and saw that there was a strange brightness in his eye.

Seating herself on his low bed, she bowed her face to his to soothe and compose him. "Mother, do you think my father will come?" Dreading the alarm which, in his paroxysms of coughing, he evinced at his father's approach,

she answered, "I think not, love; you had better try to sleep."

"Mother, I wish he would come. I am not afraid now. Perhaps he would let me lay my cheek to his, once more, as he used to do, when I was a babe in my grandmother's arms. I should be glad to say a kind good bye to him, before I go to my Saviour."

Gazing earnestly in his face, she saw the work of the destroyer. "My son! my dear son! say, 'Lord Jesus receive my spirit.'" "Mother," he replied, with a smile upon his ghastly features, "he is ready for me. I am willing to go to him. Hold the baby to me, that I may kiss her once more. That is all. Now sing to me; and oh! wrap me closer in your arms, for I shiver with cold."

He clung, with the death-grasp, to that bosom which had long been his sole earthly refuge. "Sing louder, a little louder, dearest mother, I cannot hear you." Tremulous tones, like those of a broken harp, rose above her grief, to comfort the dying child. One sigh of icy breath was upon her cheek, as she joined it to his, one shudder, and all was over.

She stretched the body on the bed, and kneeling beside it, hid her face in that grief which none but mothers feel. It was a deep and sacred solitude—alone with the dead. Only the soft breathings of the sleeping babe were heard. Then the silence was broken by a piercing voice of supplication for strength to endure. The petition, which began in weakness, closed in faith. It became a prayer of thanksgiving to him who had released the dove-like spirit from its prison house of pain, to share the bliss of angels.

She arose from her knees, and bent calmly over the dead. The placid feature wore the same smile as when he had spoken of Jesus. She smoothed the shining locks around the pure forehead, and gazed long on what was to her so beautiful. Amid her tears was an expression, chastened and sublime, as of one who gave a cherub back to God.

The father entered carelessly. She pointed to the pale, immovable brow. "See, he no longer suffers." He drew near, and looked with surprise on the dead. A few natural tears forced their way, and fell upon the face of the first-born, who was once his pride. He even spoke tenderly to the emaciated mother, and she, who a few moments before felt raised above the sway of grief, wept like an infant, as those few affectionate tones touched the sealed fountains of other years.

James Harwood returned from the funeral of the child in much mental distress. His sins were brought to remembrance, and reflection was misery. Sleep was disturbed by visions of his neglected boy. In broken dreams, he fancied that he heard him coughing from his low bed, as he was wont to do. With a strange disposition of kindness he felt constrained to go to him, but his limbs refused their office. Then a little, thin, dead hand, would be thrust from the dark grave, and beckon him to follow to the unseen world.

While conscience thus haunted him with terrors, many prayers arose from pitying and pious hearts, that he might now be led to repentance. There was, indeed, a change in his habits; and she, who was above all others interested in his reformation, spared no effort to win him back to the path of virtue, and to sooth his accusing spirit into peace with itself, and obedience to its God.

Yet was she doomed to witness the full force of the conflict of grief and remorse against intemperance, only to see them suddenly overthrown. The reviving goodness, with whose promise she had so solaced herself, as even to give thanks that her beloved son had not died in vain, was transient as the morning dew. Habits of industry, which seemed to have been springing up, proved themselves to be without root.

The dead, and his cruelty to the dead, were alike forgotten. Disaffection to that tender and trusting wife, who, "against hope had believed in hope," resumed its habitual sway. The friends who had alternately reproved and encouraged him, felt that their efforts were of no avail. Intemperance, like the "strong man armed," took final possession of a soul, that lifted no prayer for aid to the Holy Spirit and ceased to stir itself up to struggle with the destroyer.

To lay waste the comfort of his wife, seemed now the principal object of this miserable man. Day after day did she witness for herself and for her household, the fearful changes of his causeless anger and brutal tyranny. She felt the utter necessity of deriving consolation, and the power of endurance, wholly from above.

She was faithful in the discharge of the difficult duties that devolved upon her, and especially careful not to irritate him by reproaches or a gloomy countenance. Yet she could not sometimes prevent from rising mournfully to her view, her sweet native village—the peaceful home and fond friends of her childhood so far away—and the constant, endearing attentions, which won her early love for one whose ill-treatment now strewn her path with thorns.

In this new and solitary settlement, she had no relative to protect her from his insolence; she felt that she was entirely in his power—that it was a power without generosity—and that there is no tyranny so entire and terrible, as that of an alienated and intemperate husband.

Still, looking to her Father in Heaven, she found her courage revive, and deepen into a child-like confidence. After putting her children to bed, as she sat alone, evening after evening, while the joys of early days, and the sorrows of maturity, passed in review before her, she questioned her heart what had been its gain from Heaven's discipline, and whether she was to sustain that greatest of all losses, the loss of the spiritual benefit intended by affliction.

The absences of her husband grew more frequent and protracted. Once, during the third night of his departure, she knew not where, she lay sleepless, listening for his footsteps. Sometimes she fancied she heard his shouts of wild laughter, but it was only the shriek of the tempest. Then, she thought the sounds of his frenzied anger rang in her ears. It was the roar of the hoarse wind through the forest.

All night long she listened to these tumults, and hushed and sang to her affrighted babe. Early in the morning, her eye was attracted by a group coming up slowly from the river which ran near her dwelling. A terrible foreboding came upon her. She thought they bore a corpse. It was, indeed, the corpse of her husband. He had been drowned, as it was supposed, during the darkness of the preceding night, while attempting to cross a bridge of logs, which had been broken by the swollen waters.

Utter prostration of spirit came over the desolate mourner. Her energies were broken, and her heart withered. She had sustained the hardships of emigration, and the privations of poverty, the burdens of unceasing toil and unrequited care, without murmuring. She had laid her first-born in the grave, with resignation, for faith had heard her Redeemer saying, "Suffer the little one to come unto me."

She had seen him, in whom her heart's young affections were garnered up, become a prey to vice the most disgusting and destructive. Yet she had borne up under all. One hope had lingered with her as an "anchor of the soul," the hope that he might yet repent and be reclaimed. But now

he had died in his sin. The deadly leprosy which had stolen over his heart, could no more be "purged with sacrifice or offering, forever."

She knew not that a single prayer for mercy had preceded the soul on its passage to the judge's bar. There were bitter drops in this cup of woe, which she had never before tasted. With heaviness of an unspoken and peculiar nature, was the victim of intemperance borne from the house that he had troubled, and buried by the side of his son, to whose tender years he had been an unnatural enemy. And among those who surrounded his open grave, there was sorrow, bearing the features of that fearful "sorrow which is without hope."—*Temperance Recorder.*

A VOICE FROM THE VINTAGE.

"A Voice from the Vintage; or, The Force of Example." addressed to those who think and feel. By Mrs. ELLIS, author of "The Wives of England," "The Women of England," "The Daughters of England," &c., &c. London. Price 4s.

We hail this elegant production of the celebrated Mrs. ELLIS, with peculiar satisfaction, as being the most likely instrument, in the hands of Providence, to convey truth respecting the Temperance cause into the minds of a very large and influential class of the community, hitherto almost wholly unreachd; we mean what is usually denominated genteel or refined society. From the strong hold that the accomplished author has obtained on the affections of the reading public, many are likely to read what she has to say on the subject of total abstinence, who would not probably listen to any other, and in the cause which we advocate the difficulty is not so much to convince as to obtain a hearing.

The following extract concerning herself, will shew Mrs. ELLIS to be fully qualified, by observation and experience, as a witness on this great subject, and we may add that many with whom we have conversed, and multitudes, of whom we have read and heard, have substantially the same story to tell, and we trust that the time is not far distant, when all, who are using intoxicating drinks for their health, whether by prescription or otherwise, will be able to join in a similar declaration of independence, the dictation of doctors to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Without entering generally upon the question of health, a question which has been circumstantially examined by judges more able than myself, and in relation to which many important and interesting facts are now laid before the public, tending clearly to prove, that, instead of suffering from total abstinence, most persons by whom it has been fairly tried, have experienced not only no injury to their health, but considerable benefit; I may perhaps be allowed to add a few words on the subject of my own experience, which may possibly derive additional weight from the circumstance of my having been, for many years of my life, an obstinate disbeliever in the efficacy of temperance principles to effect any lasting or extensive good; while of all respectable societies, that for the promotion of total abstinence—that which I now esteem it an honour and a privilege to advocate, would have been most repulsive to my feelings to join. Indeed, such was my contempt for the system altogether, that I often pronounced it to be a mockery of common sense, and at the same time frequently asserted my belief, that nothing could be more likely than the restraint of a public pledge to create an immediate inclination to break it.

For two years—years I may say of total ignorance on this point, during which I took no pains to make myself better informed, I treated the subject with the utmost contempt whenever it was brought under my notice. By degrees, however, it began to wear a different aspect before the world in general, and facts were too powerful in its favour to be disputed. By degrees it began also to assume

with me somewhat more of a personal character. I could not see how I was right while indulging in what was so fearfully destructive to others, and to some whom I had known and loved. Yet such was the force of habit; such my unwillingness to believe what doctors told me, that wine was necessary to my health, at that time far from good: and such, also, was my dependence upon stimulants, for increasing the strength of which I often felt miserably in want, that three years more elapsed before I had the resolution to free myself practically, entirely, and I now trust for ever, from the slavery of this dangerous habit.

Four years of total abstinence from everything of an intoxicating nature, it has now been my happy lot to experience; and if the improvement in my health and spirits, and the increase of my strength during that time, be any proof in favour of the practice, I am one of those who ought especially to thank God for the present, and take courage for the future.

Like many other women, and especially those who are exempt from the necessity of active exertion, I was, while in the habit of taking wine for my health, subject to almost constant suffering from a mysterious kind of sinking, which rendered me at times wholly unfit either for mental or bodily effort, but which I always found to be removed by a single glass of wine. My spirits, too, partook of the malady, for I was equally subject to fits of depression, which also were relieved, in some degree, by the same remedies. During the four years in which I have now entirely abstained from the use of such remedies, I have been a total stranger to these distressing sensations of sinking and exhaustion; and I say this with thankfulness, because I consider such ailments infinitely more trying than absolute pain. That time of the day at which it is frequently recommended to take a glass of wine and biscuit, I now spend as pleasantly as any other portion of the four-and-twenty hours, without either; and when fatigued by unwholesome exercise, which is a totally different thing from the exhaustion above alluded to, I want nothing more than rest or food, and have not a symptom remaining of what I used to experience when I felt occasionally as if my life was ebbing away. Thus I am fully persuaded, in my own mind, and by my own experience, confirming as it does the testimony of many able and important judges, that the very medicine we take in this manner to give us strength, does in reality produce an increase of faintness, lassitude, and general debility.

Perhaps I may be allowed further to add, that the four years of abstinence I have already passed, have been marked by no ordinary degree of vicissitude, and something more than an average share of mental and bodily exertion; but whether at home or abroad, in health or in sickness, in joy or in sorrow, I have never really felt the want of the stimulants above alluded to; and I am now led into this lengthened detail of my own experience, purely from the hope, that, by adding facts to arguments, and facts in which I cannot be mistaken, I may encourage others to make the same experiment. It is true that any little ailment I may still retain, even the slightest ache or pain, is always attributed by some of my friends to a want of the stimulus of wine; but still I believe there are few ladies whose health, for all purposes of exertion as well as enjoyment, would bear any comparison with mine.

So much then for the constitution of woman, in one instance out of the many in which the experiment of total abstinence has been tried with success; nor has the constitution of man been found less capable of bearing this privation. Indeed my personal testimony ought not to pass unsupported by that of one, who, before temperance societies were thought of, and in a distant and a different clime, was first led to the adoption of temperance principles, purely from regard to the safety of the semi-barbarous people over whose habits, in a moral point of view, his example power-

fully operated. He was then convinced, that if others who had less power of self-restraint than himself, could not use this indulgence without excess, it was right for him, as a minister of religion, to give it up altogether. On returning to England, however, he adopted, under medical advice, the habits of society in this respect, until the temperance question was presented to his mind in all its serious importance; and it is under a system of total abstinence, not recommended by his medical advisers, that, after a lingering and distressing illness, he now enjoys the blessing of renovated health.

We shall give the first chapter as a specimen of the author's kind, lucid, and argumentative style, and perhaps on some future occasion return to the work.

PECULIARITIES OF INTEMPERANCE AS A VICE.

If the physician, on taking charge of an invalid, should simply employ himself in laying down rules for the preservation of perfect health, it is evident that his advice would be of but little service in the removal of any existing disease under which his patient might be labouring. His rules might be excellent, his theory correct; but how would such a patient benefit by either? His malady would require the application of some direct and practical remedy, before he could be in a situation to take advantage of any method, however excellent, for the preservation of perfect health.

It is thus with the moral, as well as the physical maladies of mankind. It would be a comparatively easy and pleasant task to lay down rules for the preservation of sobriety, order, and happiness, provided they had never been interrupted; but when evil habits have once gained the ascendancy, and the moral harmony of society has been destroyed, there must be a corrective employed to check what is evil, before any incentive can sufficiently operate promoting what is good.

Although the *exceeding sinfulness of sin* precludes all idea of there being in the Divine sight, any degree, or modification in the nature of sin itself; yet with regard to particular vices as they come under human observation, there are certain points of distinction, which demand particular attention, and require appropriate treatment, as we see by the variety of regulations instituted for the well-being of society, and the still greater variety of systems of moral discipline brought into exercise for the purpose of controlling the evil tendencies of our common nature.

None who have ever been truly awakened to a sense of the all-sufficient power of religious influence upon the human heart, will be liable to suppose, that any mode or system of moral discipline, simply as such, can be effectual in its operation upon the life and character, so as, ultimately, to secure the salvation of the soul; but as a child is carefully taught that truth and kindness are good, and falsehood and cruelty evil, long before it knows anything of the religion of the Bible; so, in the case of every particular vice which has been known in the world, it may fairly be said to be better that it should be given up, than continued; provided only, it cannot be overcome except by the substitution of another. It is no small point gained, when an immortal being, a fellow-traveller in the journey of life, is prevailed upon to cease to do evil in any one respect. He is, at least, in a better condition for learning to do well, than while persisting in his former course.

If a child, a servant, or any one under our care, has been accustomed to tell falsehoods, we rejoice over the first symptoms of their having learned to fear a lie, even though their conduct should evince no other indication of a moral change. We do not say, "Let him return to the evil of his ways, for it is of no use his leading a stricter life in this respect, unless he becomes altogether a changed character." We do not say this, because we know that the well-being of society, and the good of every individual connected with

him, require that he should give up this particular habit, and if for no other reason, we think it sufficient that it should be given up for this—that the tendency of all evil is to contaminate, and that no vice can exist alone, but if indulged will necessarily extend itself, and pollute whatever it comes in contact with, by this means producing innumerable poisonous fruits from one deleterious root. Thus the state of society is proportionately improved every time a vicious habit is wholly given up; and if this be true of vice in general, how eminently is it the case with that of intemperance; because there is no other, which, on the one hand is so countenanced by the customs of the world, and which, on the other, spreads its baneful influence to so fearful and deadly an extent.

Intemperance is the only vice in the dark catalogue of man's offences, against the will and the word of his Maker, which directly assails the citadel of human reason, and by destroying the power to choose betwixt good and evil, renders the being whose similitude was originally divine, no longer a moral agent, but a mere idiot in purpose, and animal in action. The man who is habitually intemperate, consequently makes a voluntary surrender of all control over his own conduct, and lives for the greater portion of his time deprived of that highest attribute of man—his rational faculties. It is, however, a fact deserving our most serious consideration, that in this state he is more alive than under ordinary circumstances, to the impulse of feeling, and of passion; so that while on the one hand he has less reason to instruct him how to act, on the other he has more restlessness and impetuosity to force him into action.

It has been calculated that of persons thus degraded, there are at the present time existing in Great Britain more than six hundred thousand, of whom sixty thousand die annually, the wretched victims of this appalling vice.

Such, then, is the peculiarity of intemperance, that while all other vices leave the mind untouched and the conscience at liberty to detect and warn of their commission, this alone subdues the reasoning powers, so that they have no capability of resistance; and while all other vices are such from their earliest commencement, this alone only begins to be a vice at that precise point when the clearness of the mind, and the activity of the conscience, begin to fail; and thus it progresses, according to the generally received opinion, by increasing in culpability in the exact proportion by which mental capability and moral power are diminished.

What an extraordinary measurement of guilt is this for an enlightened world to make! In all other cases a man's culpability is measured precisely by the ability he has to detect evil, and the power he possesses to withstand temptation. In this alone he is first encouraged by society, and this is while his natural powers remain unimpaired. No blame attaches to him then. He is a fit companion for wise and good men: but no sooner does his reason give way than he is first slightly censured by society, then shunned, then despised, and finally abhorred; just according to the progressive stages by which he has become less capable of understanding what is right, and controlling his own inclinations to what is wrong.

It is another striking feature in the character of intemperance as a vice, that it commences not only under the sanction of the law, but under that of what is called the best society; not only under the sanction of the world, but under that of religious professors, who believe themselves called out of darkness into light. It begins with the first welcome which kind and Christian friends assemble to give to a young immortal being, just ushered into a state of probation, by which it is to be fitted for eternity; and it extends through all the most social and cheering, as well as through many of the most lasting and sacred associations we form on earth; until at last, when the tie is broken, and the grave receives our lost and loved, the solemn scene

is closed, and the mourner's heart is soothed, by the commencement of intemperance.

I say the commencement, for who can tell at what draught, what portion of a draught, what drop, for it must really come to this—who can say, then, at what drop of the potent cup sobriety ceases, and intemperance begins? The intemperate man himself cannot tell, for it has justly been observed, that, "instead of feeling that he is taking too much, his only impression is, that he has not had enough." Who then shall warn him! Even if he were in a condition to listen to remonstrance, who should be his judge? If it be perfectly innocent, nay right, in the first instance to partake of this beverage, say to the extent of two thousand drops; if all sorts of persons, up to the highest scale of religiously scrupulosity, take this quantity, and more, and deem it right to take it, even to double or treble it as occasion may demand, it must be strong evidence that quantity, as regards a few thousand drops, can be of little consequence. Still there is, there must be a precise point at which mankind ought to stop, or why is the unanimous voice of society lifted up against the intemperate? But why, above all, are we told that no drunkard can enter the kingdom of Heaven?

Ask this question of a hundred persons, and they will in all probability each give you a different account of the measurement by which they ascertain at what point intemperance begins; because there are all the different habits and constitutions of mankind to be taken into account, as well as all the different degrees of potency in the intoxicating draught, according to its name and quality. Of twenty persons seated at the same table, and regaling themselves with the same wine, it is more than probable that the fatal drop at which intemperance begins, would not be in the same glass with any two amongst them. Who then shall decide this momentous question? for it is momentous, since eternal condemnation depends upon it. Let us reduce the number of persons, and see whether by this means the case will be made more clear. We will suppose, then, that three persons sit down to table to their wine, or whatever it may be, in what is called an innocent and social way. Out of this small number, it is possible that one may commit a deadly sin without taking more than the others. Yet to him it is sin, simply because the drop of transition between good and evil, from the peculiar constitution of bodily frame, occurs in his glass at an earlier stage than it does with the others. These three men, consequently, rise from that table according to the opinion of the world in a totally different moral state, for one has been guilty of a degrading vice, and the others are perfectly innocent. Yet all have done the same thing. Who then, I would ask again, is to decide in such a case. I repeat, it cannot be the guilty man himself, because that very line which constitutes the minute transition between a state of innocence and a state of sin, is the same at which he ceased to be able clearly to distinguish between one and the other.

It is impossible, then, that this question should ever be decided, unless every one who indulges in the use of such beverage would take the trouble to calculate the exact distance between the extremes of sobriety and intoxication, not only computed by every variety of liquid in which alcohol is contained, but by every variety of bodily sensation which he may be liable to experience. This calculation will bring him to one particular point, which may not improperly be called the point of transition, at which positive evil begins, and beyond which it is a positive sin to go.—Who, then, I ask again, shall fix this point? It must of necessity be left to the calculations of the man whose inclination in the hour of temptation is not to see it, whose desire is to step over it, and whose perceptions at that time are so clouded and obscured, that he could not ascertain it if he would.

Here, then, we see a marked difference betwixt intemperance and every other vice. Theft, for instance, is as

much theft at the beginning as it is at the end; and if a case should occur in which there was any doubt about the act being really such, reason might immediately be applied to, as unimpaired; nor would any other of the faculties of the mind have suffered in the slightest degree from the commission of a dishonest deed. Neither are there any degrees of theft openly countenanced by the world, and by religious society. We will not say that there are not tricks in trade, and dishonest practices which exist to the discredit of our country and our profession, but they are chiefly done in secret, and acknowledged, at least in the pulpit, to be wrong.

Another characteristic of intemperance is, that it often begins in what are considered the happiest and most social moments of a person's life. It begins when the hospitable board is spread, and when friend meets friend; when the winter's fire is blazing; when the summer's ramble is finished; on the eve of parting, when moments glide away with the preciousness of hours; when hearts warm towards each other; when broken confidence is restored; when the father welcomes back his son; and when the young and trusting bride first enters her new home. All these, and tens of thousands of associations, all as tender, and some of them more dear, are interwoven with our recollections of the tempting draught, which of itself demands no borrowed sweets.

How different from this are all other vices. Injurious to society in the first instance, as well as in the last selfish in their own nature, and avowedly abhorred, they no sooner appear in their naked form, than a check is put upon them by the united voice of society. The thief is not welcomed into the bosom of kind families after he has been known to steal a little. The miser, whose evil propensities are, next to intemperance, the most insidious in their nature, is spurned and hated before his failing has become a vice. And so it is with all who sin in other ways. They are acknowledged to be dangerous as companions, and injurious as citizens, in the commencement of their guilt. It is only by denying a knowledge of their actual conduct, that they are supported and countenanced even by their friends. So far as they are acknowledged to be guilty, they are condemned, though having sinned but a little; while the victim of intemperance alone carries with him the sanction of society long after the commencement of his career; nay, he drinks of the very same bowl with the religious professor until he has lost the power to refrain.

The victim of intemperance may have originally sat down to the same cheering draught as the religious man. He may have been his friend. But it so happens that his constitution of body is different. With him the transition point occurs at an earlier period than with the other. He passes this without being aware of his danger, and his mastery over himself is lost. What horror then seizes the religious man, not against himself for having partaken with his friend, but against that friend for having gone too far. Had he begun with him to commit a little theft, or to tell a slight falsehood, and his friend had gone too far, he would have blamed himself for the remainder of his life for being accessory to the downfall of that friend; but here he starts back, considers himself, and is considered by others, as perfectly innocent; while his friend, who has committed nothing but a little more of the very same act is shunned as degraded, and denounced as guilty.

The voice of society is most injurious, and unfair, with regard to intemperate persons. They are classed together as belonging to the lowest grade of human beings, frequenters of vicious haunts, and perpetrators of every abomination. It is a melancholy truth that such for the most part they become; but it is equally true, that many, if not most of them, have been thinned out from the ranks of honest and honourable men, whose principles and habits were precisely the same as their own, in the first instance, but whose bodily constitution, and whose powers of self-

mastery, were stronger, and who thus happened to remain on the safe side of the transition line.

I would not for an instant be supposed to doubt the efficacy of constant watchfulness, under the influence of religious principle; and, above every other consideration, the all-sufficient power of that Divine assistance, which alone can be expected in answer to fervent and heartfelt prayer. I would not insinuate a doubt that thousands have not been prevented by this means from going too far, even under the critical circumstances already described. But I speak of people generally—of society as it is constituted—of things as they are; and I speak under the conviction, that, notwithstanding all the efforts of ministers of religion, and of zealous and devoted friends to the promotion of the Gospel of Christ, some additional effort is required, and some other means are necessary, in order to rescue from destruction the thousands who now fill the ranks of intemperance, and the thousands beyond these, who, from cultivating the same habits, are following unconsciously in the same fatal course.

There is another important point of difference betwixt the victims of intemperance and those who are addicted to any other vice. The dishonest man begins his guilty course with a meanness of purpose, and a degradation of soul, which mark him out as a stain upon the society of which he forms a part. The miser cherishes, along with his thirst for gold, a hardness, a grudging, and sometimes a hatred against his fellow beings. And so it is throughout the whole catalogue of evil, which marks the downward progress of degraded and guilty men. They are guilty and polluted even before the vices to which they addict themselves are committed. They are guilty before the world, and obnoxious to the open censure of society, just in proportion as they have harboured a thought, a conception, or a design, inimical to its well being, and destructive of its peace. But the intemperate man begins his career with no such malevolent feeling. He begins it, most frequently, without a wrong intention at all; and is often—alas! too often—the kindest of the kind, the favourite guest, the beloved companion, of those who cheerfully accompany him along the first stage of his dangerous career. It is, however, the most lamentable feature in his case, that although he may thus begin with a noble, generous, and affectionate heart, he invariably becomes mean, selfish, and even cruel.

An impartial observation of the world will, I believe, support me, when I repeat, that the habitually intemperate are, for the most part, persons who have been originally social, benevolent, and tender hearted, lovers of their fellow men, of cordial meetings, and of those gatherings together of congenial spirits, which it would be impossible for a harder and less feeling nature so fully to enjoy. They are persons who, from excessive sensibility to pain and pleasure, are liable to be too much elated by the one, and depressed by the other, for their own peace—persons to whom enjoyment is too intense, and suffering too wretched, to be experienced with equanimity of mind—to whom a social hour with chosen friends is absolute felicity, and a wounded spirit death.

To such the intoxicating draught has ever been the strongest temptation, because, while, on the one hand, it seemed for the moment to heighten every pleasure, on the other it has, for a season equally transient, the power of smoothing off the edge of every pain.

Again, we all know the force with which certain bodily diseases operate upon the mind; we know that the sensation of perfect health is enlivening to the mental faculties, and even cheering to the soul. In this state we can form and execute plans of which we should have been incapable under certain kinds of sickness, even had the power of action been unimpaired. Thus the mind is in a great degree dependent upon the body, and especially those functions of the body with which nervous sensation is most intimately connected. In a state of nervous disorder, the powers of perception, judgment, and decision, are so far

deranged, that even conscience ceases to exercise a just and lawful influence, and ideas are conceived, and actions performed, under a total incapacity for clearly distinguishing right from wrong.

Inebriation, from the effect it produces upon the stomach and the brain, has a more instantaneous influence upon the nervous system, and consequently upon the mind, than any other disease. There are, of course, degrees of this influence, beginning first with the slightly pleasurable sensation which some persons experience after drinking a single glass of wine, and extending to the last and fatal draught of the poor outcast from respectable society. It is often asked, why does not the drunkard stop? and he is sometimes most severely blamed for taking too much, by those who take only a little less. But how should he stop, when his mind has lost its healthy tone in consequence of the particular state of his body?—when he ceases to be capable of distinguishing betwixt good and evil, and cares not for any consequences that may come upon him? How should he stop? It is a mockery of common sense, and an insult to common feeling, to suppose that of himself, and unaided, he should have the power to do so. At that critical moment he has not even the *wish* to stop. So far from it, his inclination is on the opposite side, and the whole force of his animal nature, with an excess of bodily appetite, are increasing on the side of evil, in the same proportion that his mental capabilities, his conscience, and his power of self-mastery, are becoming weaker on the side of good.

And this is the man of whom the world judges so hardly, because he has passed unconsciously the forbidden line—because he has never been able to ascertain exactly where it was—and, most probably, because from some natural constitution of body, the same draught which was safely drunk by another, was one of fearful peril to him.

The original construction of the bodily frame has much to do with the diseases to which we are liable through the whole of our lives. There are hereditary tendencies which the skill of the physician, the care of the parent, and the advice of the friend, are strenuously exerted to correct. In no case are hereditary tendencies more striking than in the children of intemperate parents. It is true, the very excess, and consequent ruin, of one generation, not unfrequently tend to place certain individuals of the next more scrupulously upon their guard against the same lamentable fate, and ultimate safety often depends upon an early apprehension of danger. But there is in the bodily constitution of such families a peculiar liability which ought to render them the objects of the tenderest sympathy, and the most watchful care to others. There is in their very nature, if once excited, an aching want of that stimulus, which even a very slight degree of intoxication supplies; and when once this want is gratified, it increases to such a degree, as to resemble a consuming fire, whose torment nothing can alleviate, but constant libations of the same deadly draught.

Now it is quite-impossible we should know, when mixing in general society, where and when we may meet with individuals of this constitutional tendency; for even with children of the most respectable parents, it sometimes prevails to an alarming extent. Perhaps we sit down to table with twenty persons, and amongst them is one of those to whom the cup of which others are drinking, as they believe innocently, is the cup of poison and of death. Perhaps that one is a father's hope, or the only child of a widowed mother, or the beloved and betrothed of a young and trusting heart, about to become the father of a family, the head of a household, and himself in his turn an example and a guide to others. His friends drink with him. They all partake in safety, but within his bosom the latent elements of destruction are set on fire, and he plunges headlong into shame, and misery, and ruin. To a certain extent his friends have gone along with him. They have even pressed and encouraged him, to partake; but no sooner do they perceive that he has overstepped a certain dubious

and almost imperceptible limit—or in other words, that his bodily frame has not been able to sustain what they have borne uninjured—than they turn from him, and acknowledge him no more as a companion and a friend. They are, in fact, ashamed to be seen with him. He loses caste amongst them, becomes a marked man, and is finally left to perish as an object of disgust and loathing, too gross to be reclaimed, and too low for pity.

Nor is it with those who are constitutionally liable alone that this bodily tendency exists. The habit of intemperance itself creates it; and thousands who have begun their ruinous career, simply out of compliance with the usages of society, and not a few who have done so under medical advice, have acquired, for certain kinds of stimulants, and sometimes for all, an habitual craving, which they have ultimately sacrificed every other consideration to gratify. How do we know them, in mixing with society, but that we are sitting down to table with some individual who has just arrived at the turning point in this career? One who has just begun to suspect his own danger, who is hanging, as the weak always do, upon the example of others, and looking especially to religious people, to see what sanction they may give to an indulgence for which he is ever in search of an excuse? How do we know, amongst the many with whom we associate, and whose private history is untold to us—how do we know whose eyes may be fixed upon us, with an anxious hope that we shall go along with them in the course they are so desirous to pursue, though they would still wish to pursue it without condemnation or guilt? Now, if these eyes should be beaming from a young and trusting heart, unconscious of the whole extent of the danger, and fondly believing that safety dwells with us, but more especially if they beam from the fair countenance of woman—oh, if at the same moment we could look upon the misery and the guilt that would ensue to the being thus regarding us, and thus plunging into perdition from our example, what should we say to the Christian man or woman, who could esteem a trifling act of self-denial—of mere bodily privation—as too great a sacrifice to be made on such an occasion!

“Oh, but!” the indignant exclamation is, “we do not meet with persons of this kind in respectable society. We do not sit down with such at table. The haunts of vice are where they resort. We can have nothing to do with their excesses.” From whence then has come that degraded figure, with his tattered garments, yet with the air of gentility still about him? From whence has come that wretched female, shrinking from the public gaze, as if the remembrance of her childhood, and the honoured roof beneath which her girlish footsteps trod, was yet too strong for that burning fire to consume, or that fatal flood to drown? Amongst the six hundred thousand victims of intemperance now in existence, are there not many such as these?—many who have known what it was to be respectably brought up, who had better thoughts, and purer feelings, in their youth, and who shrunk, as we do now, with horror and disgust from the contemplation of a figure presenting such a wreck of humanity as theirs?

But acknowledging that these six hundred thousand persons are already lost—that their doom is sealed—that they are beyond the reach of our influence, and beneath even our charity to pity as we pass them by—acknowledging what is a well authenticated fact, that sixty thousand of these die annually—what shall we say of the sixty thousand who will, during the course of this year, come forward to supply their place in the ranks of intemperance? Let us pause a moment to contemplate the awful fact, that unless rescued from destruction by some extraordinary interposition of Divine Providence, there will be sixty thousand persons entered upon the list of intemperance during the present year, and that an equal number, before twelve months have passed, will have died the death of those of whom it is clearly stated, that none can enter the kingdom of heaven!

Yet, after all, the actual death of these persons, violent, and distressing, and hopeless, as such deaths generally are—their actual death must not be considered as by any means the extent of the evil of intemperance in any single case. I have already stated, that although intemperance often begins with unconsciousness of evil, in connexion with social feeling and benevolence of heart, and often, too, with high intellectual advantages, it almost invariably ends in every species of degradation to which human nature is liable—in falsehood, meanness, profanity, and every description of vice. Thus there is a bad atmosphere surrounding each one of these individuals, which taints, and often poisons, the moral feelings of those who breathe within it. Besides which, every one who feels himself to have overstepped what the world considers as the bounds of propriety, feels an interest in drawing others down along with him into the same gulf. His influence is consequently exerted over the unwary, the trusting, and the weak, and often exerted in such a manner, that his death, awful as that might be, would still be a blessing, by comparison, as to those he would leave behind.

And what shall we say in addition to all this, of the sum of misery by which our land is deluged, of the thousands of widows, and tens of thousands of orphans, the broken-hearted women, and the destitute children, the household happiness destroyed, and the golden promises blighted, for which we have to blame the drinking habits of our country, habits which are still sanctioned, in the commencement, by the respectable, and even the religious part of the community? What shall we say of the waste of precious hours, which has been computed at the rate of "fifty millions per annum, lost to this country merely from the waste of time, and consequent loss of labour, owing to habits of intemperance?" What shall we say to the "loss of useful lives and valuable property, from the same cause, on the land by fires, and other casualties, and on the sea by shipwrecks?" What shall we say to all these facts, for they are such—and British women, however high their station, or refined their sensibilities, ought to know that they are so—facts written on the page of eternity, for which time, the very time in which we live, will have to render its long and fearful account.

But let us not be discouraged by dwelling too long upon some of the dark pictures which this view of human life presents. Even this melancholy page has its bright side, to which we turn with gratitude and hope; for it is not our privilege to live in a state of society amongst which has sprung up an association of love, whose banner is a refuge for the destitute, under which all may unite—the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak—for the purpose of arresting the fearful progress of intemperance, and encouraging those who, under bodily suffering and mental depression, are struggling to escape from the fatal grasp of this gigantic and tyrant foe? Yes, it is an unspeakable privilege to live at the same time that such an association is gaining ground on every hand, enlisting numbers, and gathering strength, as we fervently believe, under the blessing of Divine Providence, from the same source as that which inspired the Apostle, when he pledged himself to act upon the principle which has become the basis of this association for the removal of intemperance—"Wherefore, said he, if meat cause my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

"Occasions for displaying the same generous disregard of selfish considerations, for the benefit of others, frequently occur; and instances of such disinterestedness are not so rare in the Christian world as to be matters of wonder. But perhaps never, until the present age, has this principle been made the motto of a great action of philanthropy; never before did thousands unite together for the moral benefit of their fellow-men, by means of an express abridgement of their own liberty of indulgence. And, after all

that has been pointed out as distinguishing this remarkable period, perhaps nothing is more worthy of being regarded as its distinction, in a moral point of view, than this—that multitudes have abandoned, not for a time, but for life, a customary, innocent, moderate gratification, which did them, personally, no harm, on the single ground that others abused it to harm—that 'this liberty of theirs was a stumbling block to the weak.' In this way an attempt has been made to begin the removal of a great mass of crime and wretchedness; the removal of which once seemed so hopeless, that the boldest enthusiast hardly dared to dream of it—which has so entrenched itself in the passions of men, in their habits, in their laws, in their interests, that it laughed defiance at all opposition. Against that evil, this principle of disinterestedness has been brought to bear; and the evil has begun to give way. An illustrious exemplification of the strength there is in Christian affection!"

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

NIAGARA, Sept., 1813.—The Temperance Association of this District celebrated the second Anniversary of its organization on the 7th inst., in the immediate vicinity of the Falls, a few of the particulars of which I beg leave to communicate.

The weather, in the morning, was extremely uninviting; the heavens black with clouds, portending a continuation of the storm of rain which fell the previous day, and during part of the night. The unfavourable appearance of the morning did not dampen the energies of the executive, for

The ground, which was to be the great theatre of action for the day, was occupied, at an early hour, by a Committee of Ladies, busily engaged in directing and arranging the almost endless variety and quantity of good things, which two long lines of tables were receiving, these were surrounded by a bower, situated in a beautiful grove within a short distance of the Falls. Westward, stood another bower, with the same canopy and columns of nature, enclosing and shading seats, for the accommodation of several thousand persons, a large platform for the speakers, one for the band, and another for the choir.

The arrival of the various societies, at different intervals, was a scene of the most thrilling interest:—The Chippewa Society, disembarking from a train of rail-road cars, which the numerous body entirely occupied, came upon the ground with their rich and beautiful banner, the *advance guard* of the total host. Presently, the swelling music, from the Niagara Society's band, announced the approach of the *main body*; and on they came,

"An army true and strong."

The band, with banners, followed by the Niagara Society and banner, with a bright array of flags, floating from a number of the crowded carriages; the St. Catherine's Society and banner, with its rural, poetical design ('The old oaken bucket'); the Gainsboro' Society and banner; Beamsville Society and banner; North and South Pelham Societies and banners, with appropriate mottoes and designs, joined by other societies, and a numerous train of carriages from different sections of the country, until they extended upwards of three miles of unbroken column, under the excellent management and direction of D. P. Haynes, Esq., Marshall of the day.

The *Speaker's Platform*, in the Western Bower, at one o'clock was occupied by the worthy President of the Association, Jacob Keefer, Esq., chairman of the meeting; Rev. J. Richardson, Toronto; Rev. J. W. Baynes and T. R. Sanderson, St. Catharines; Rev. S. Rose, Brantford; Rev. S. Warner and J. Musgrove, Niagara; Rev. Goss, Lewiston, N. Y.; Jesse Ketchum, Toronto, and Oliver Phelps, St. Catharines, Esquires, two of the pioneers, and still among the most zealous friends and advocates of the Temperance Reform in the Province; J. Buchanan, Esq., well known as the late British Consul at New York; Mr. W. T. Cameron, Vice President of the Association, and President of the Niagara Temperance Society; Messrs. G. W. Bungay, and J. De Bois, District Agents; Mr. C. K. Fell, St. Johns, and Mr. A. Bingham.

The speeches now charmed the listening throng: after the Rev. Dr. Rose had offered up a prayer, the chairman made a few observations, and introduced Mr. Buchanan, whose practical remarks were worthy of the honourable speaker, being, as he

observed, the result of long experience, in connexion with his late responsible, official situation; proving, by an interesting incident in the history of his family, that the principles he was not ashamed to advocate in public, had their practical bearing upon his domestic relationships.

The Rev. James Richardson followed, with an earnestness of manner, simplicity, dignity, and beauty of style, that powerfully improved the truths he advanced, upon the mass of mind by which he was surrounded. Jesse Ketchum, Esq., occupied the attention of the assemblage for a short time, in his peculiarly familiar and interesting manner; followed by Mr. G. W. Bungay, whose originality of thought and vividness of imagery, lost nothing of intensity and brilliancy, surrounded by scenes and circumstances so calculated to feed the fires of genius and poetical emotion.

The music, instrumental, by the Niagara Society's Band, and vocal, by the St. Catherine's Choir, added that pleasing and powerful effect which measured harmony alone can give.

The Dinner, in the Eastern Bower, was the next subject of vital importance, and richly did it repay the earnest discussion it received from the several thousand persons who partook of it. We cannot close this head of the subject, and do justice to our feelings, without referring with pleasure and thankfulness to the praiseworthy exertions of the Committee—sustaining, on the part of the ladies, the arrangements they so judiciously planned, and, on the part of the gentlemen, the utmost order and regularity with which the proceedings were conducted.

The finale lacked nothing of the interest which marked the former proceedings of the day; the Western Bower was again the scene of action; able addresses were delivered by the Rev. — Goss, Rev. G. R. Sanderson, and Mr. C. K. Fell; the band poured forth its soul-stirring strains—the choir sang melodiously several temperance odes—a Pyramid Cake was presented to the Association, from the ladies of St. Catherine's—and (by the band) the National Anthem proclaimed the closing scene.

On my way homeward, "when the calmness of evening lulled nature to rest," and even the eternal roar of the mighty waters fell but faintly upon the ear, we were led to reflect upon the busy scene that had passed away before our eyes, and in which we had the privilege to bear a part.

The unfavourable appearance of the early part of the morning was relieved by the gladdening beams of the orb of day, smiling at intervals through the fleecy clouds, as they were hurrying to their hiding place, succeeded by the unclouded splendour of a setting sun. This day's history is a picture of the Temperance Reform. May its bright and beautiful colouring be as correct a representation of the original as the darker shades have been. May we feel grateful to the Author of all good for this demonstration of the triumph of a cause he has been pleased to bless, and that all were permitted to return without one accident to cast a shade of sorrow or gloom upon the rejoicings of the day.—J. HENRY OAKLEY.

BOWMANVILLE, DARLINGTON, Sept. 12, 1843.—On the 8th March last, we had a public meeting, addressed by Mr. Cleghorn, at whose suggestion it was resolved to unite all the Societies in the Township. We have not been prospering for some time, which we attribute in a great measure to the coldness of some who should have been foremost. Persons holding high situations in the Temperance Society ought to be careful how they damp the prosperity of it; and ministers, especially, should never think themselves above mixing cordially and affectionately with the people. Our united society numbers 1173.—ROBT. CROZIER.

GEORGINA, Sept. 13.—The Anniversary of the Georgina Temperance Society was held on Wednesday the 6th inst., at the Common School House, District No. 2. The meeting was opened by singing and prayer, after which Mr. T. Davis, of Brock, the Rev. Mr. Smith, of the Wesleyan Connexion, the Rev. Mr. Vincent, of the Independent, and John Prosser, Esq., addressed the meeting, when we received an increase of twenty-five names—and the company, which was numerous, considering the busy time of the season, retired to partake of a sumptuous dinner, provided by that truly philanthropic gentleman, L. Johnson, President of the Society. The day was pleasant, and the many smiling faces seen round the loaded tables, demonstrated the good feeling of the company, and none appeared more happy on the occasion than our excellent President and his amiable companion. The Society numbers 170 members, and is in a flourishing condition, and at our next anniversary I trust it will be my pleasing duty to record a much greater increase than ever, as all hearts appear to be alive

to the importance of the cause. This is the fourth year our society has been in existence, and at each anniversary our respected President has provided a splendid dinner on the occasion.—CHARLES LOW, Sec.

The Secretary of the society at Saltfleet, Stoney Creek, writes under date of the 18th ultimo, informing us that there are eighty members in the society, and the prospect is most cheering.

CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor do any thing by which thy brother is made to stumble, or to fall, or is weakened."—Rom xiv 21—Macnight's Translation.

PLEDGE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO AGREE, THAT WE WILL NOT USE INTOXICATING LIQUORS AS A BEVERAGE, NOR TRAFFIC IN THEM; THAT WE WILL NOT PROVIDE THEM AS AN ARTICLE OF ENTERTAINMENT, NOR FOR PERSONS IN OUR EMPLOYMENT; AND THAT IN ALL SUITABLE WAYS WE WILL DISCOURTAGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 2, 1843.

INQUIRIES AND OBSERVATIONS RESPECTING THE TRAFFIC IN ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS.

The time has come when every friend to the best interests of society should speak out on "the traffic." There is too much false delicacy and courteousness pervading the minds of men. Even among the advocates of temperance societies there is so much of "the fear of man, which bringeth a snare," and such regard to considerations of worldly gain, that very few will venture to declare the convictions of their minds.

The question very properly occurs, on what ground can the traffic in alcoholic liquors be justified? Can any say that it is unobjectionable? Is its moral influence favourable or unfavourable? Are there no considerations at hand that should deter a young man from entering on this business? Whatever others may do, can the Christian supplicate the Divine favour on such a trade? What kind of prayer could he offer? How would he construe providential occurrences in reference to the proceeds of his labour? In what way would he appropriate his profits? Methinks I see him behind his counter, or in the counting house, reckoning up his coffers, or in his own domestic circle, reflecting upon his outgoings and incomings, his imports and exports. "Here," says conscience, "is the price of blood." "What I have sold, the profits of which, support me and my family, and by which my gains are promoted, has probably occasioned a great deal of misery to some of my customers. It has broken the peace, harmony, and happiness of many families. It has led to the commission of crime; it has deadened the moral sensibilities; it has counteracted the progress of the gospel; it has diffused a pernicious influence that will never terminate; it has retarded the progress of the Temperance Reformation, which, all must admit, has achieved great good: in a word, it is the fruitful source of evil in various forms. How can I live on such a trade? Is it respectable? Does it comport with benevolence? Does it harmonize with the principles of the Christian character? Whilst pursuing such a course, can I be esteemed? Will it conduce to my usefulness or my happiness? How can I look upon it when I am called to die, and to render my final account?"

I have no doubt that such are the musings of some who have not yet abandoned the traffic in which they were brought up by their parents, or into which they entered without sufficient thought, or before the Temperance Reformation threw so much light upon the subject. They have only to consider the subject in order to be convinced of the folly and wickedness of such a trade. It is proper that we should bear with them, and treat

them with respect and tenderness coupled with fidelity, and many will ere long give up their taverns and their grog-groceries, and their distilleries.

Too many think lightly on this subject. Gain is too sweet to be given up readily. They pocket the gains of a distillery, a grocery, a tavern, with the utmost composure. Would they grasp as readily the proceeds of a brothel, a gambling house, a race course, or a suffering slave? Perhaps they hesitate here; but why? The money is still the same, it has undergone no change by the hands through which it has passed, it is still as valuable, it may be employed as usefully. What is the difference between the wages of selling a poisonous and pernicious liquid, and the wages of committing any other act which the principles of morality and religion can never justify?

If the trade then cannot be justified, why is it continued? Why do many wink at it? Surely in this day of gospel light every thing should be avoided that has the least tendency to retard the diffusion of right principles, to prevent the formation of healthy and virtuous habits, or to injure, in any degree, the intellectual, moral, and religious interests of the community. Yet such is the case with the drinking usages of society. Perhaps I shall be told by one; "If I give up the sale of these liquors, others will step in my place." Let them do so. You are a professed Christian, leave the unholy traffic to the world. Let those whose principles are purely selfish and carnal pursue their vain course; but let others, whose minds are open to conviction, and who readily respond to benevolent and religious considerations, take a firm and decided stand, and work as stewards who must render an account to God. Difficulties may exist, they must be surmounted. Men may frown, earthly interests may appear at stake; but the path of duty will ever prove the way of safety, peace, and happiness. "Godliness is profitable unto all things." The cultivation and development of its principles will prove of immense advantage in this life, as well as that which is future. Let there be no hesitation. The resources of religion will yield, what the world can neither give nor take away.

Merchants of every class! We respect you, and wish you well. But we cannot smile upon that liquor, which so many of you handle and make a gain of. There is evil in all such gain. Put the article away—frown upon its use; shew what principle, benevolence and religion can do for the public good. Deceitful, flattering, and unprincipled men may smile upon you, and appear your friends; but the good and pious, the salt of the earth, though courteous and kind, cannot number you with their friends, nor view you with that complacency which they might otherwise do. The deeper you are engaged in this traffic the more you suffer in the estimation of the fairest part of creation, you bring a blot upon your moral reputation, you diffuse an influence that may injure your own family circle, and descend to unborn generations, an influence pernicious and destructive in its tendency. Ye that deal in distilled and fermented poison, pour your drougs, and calmly enquire, *what can justify the traffic?*

L/Original.

J. T. B.

At the request of a Wesleyan friend, we insert the following
"EXPLANATION."

"METHODISM.—Statistics are brought forward in the English papers to shew that Wesleyan Methodism in England is on the decline, while Primitive Methodism is greatly on the increase. The difference is attributed to hostility manifested by the former to tee-totalism, while the latter are warm advocates and ardent promoters of it. The converts to tee-totalism throw themselves into this connection."

The above item, which appeared under the head of "Miscellaneous Items" in the last number, had reference to last year—the present conference year shews a net increase in the Wesleyan

body of 8,000 members; and many of her members, the most able and talented, are amongst the advocates of the principles of total abstinence.

R. D. W.

EDUCATION.

Of Fixing the Attention.

A student should labour, by all proper methods, to acquire a steady fixation of thought. Attention is a very necessary thing in order to improve our minds. The evidence of truth does not always appear immediately, nor strike the soul at first sight. It is by long attention and inspection that we arrive at evidence, and it is for want of it we judge falsely of many things. We make haste to determine upon a slight and a sudden view, we confirm our guesses which arise from a glance, we pass a judgment while we have but a confused or obscure perception, and thus plunge ourselves into mistakes. This is like a man who, walking in a mist or being at a great distance from any visible object (suppose a tree, a man, a horse, or a church,) judges much amiss of the figure, and situation, and colours of it, and sometimes takes one for the other; whereas if he would but withhold his judgment till he came nearer to it, or stay till clearer light comes, and then would fix his eyes longer upon it, he would secure himself from those mistakes.

Now, in order to gain a greater facility of attention, we may observe these rules:—

I. Get a good liking to the study or knowledge you would pursue. We may observe, that there is not much difficulty in confining the mind to contemplate what we have a great desire to know; and especially if they are matters of sense, or ideas which paint themselves upon the fancy. It is but acquiring a hearty good will and resolution to search out and survey the various properties and parts of such objects, and our attention will be engaged, if there be any delight or diversion in the study or contemplation of them. Therefore mathematical studies have a strange influence towards fixing the attention of the mind, and giving a steadiness to a wandering disposition, because they deal much in lines, figures, and numbers, which affect and please the sense and imagination. Histories have a strong tendency the same way, for they engage the soul by a variety of sensible occurrences. when it hath begun, it knows not how to leave off; it longs to know the final event, through a natural curiosity that belongs to mankind. Voyages and travels, and accounts of strange countries and strange appearances, will assist in this work. This sort of study detains the mind by the perpetual occurrence and expectation of something new, and that which may gratefully strike the imagination.

II. Sometimes we may make use of sensible things and corporeal images for the illustration of those notions which are more abstracted and intellectual. Therefore diagrams greatly assist the mind in astronomy and philosophy. and the emblems of virtues and vices may happily teach children, and pleasantly impress those useful moral ideas on young minds, which perhaps might be conveyed to them with much more difficulty by mere moral and abstracted discourses.

I confess, in this practice of representing moral subjects by pictures, we should be cautious lest we so far immerse the mind in corporeal images, as to render it unfit to take in an abstracted and intellectual idea, or cause it to form wrong conceptions of immaterial things. This practice, therefore, is rather to be used at first, in order to get a fixed habit of attention, and in some cases only; but it can never be our constant way and method of pursuing all moral, abstracted, and spiritual themes.

III. Apply yourself to those studies, and read those authors, who draw out their subject into a perpetual chain of connected reasonings, wherein the following parts of the discourse are naturally and easily derived from those which go before. Several of the mathematical sciences, if not all, are happily useful for this purpose. This will render the labour of study delightful to a rational mind, and will fix the powers of the understanding with strong attention to their proper operations by the very pleasure of it. *Labor ipse voluptas* is a happy proposition wheresoever it can be applied.

IV. Do not choose your constant place of study by the finery of the prospects, or the most various and entertaining scenes of sensible things. Too much light, or a variety of objects which strike the eye or the ear, especially while they are ever in motion or often changing, will have a natural and powerful tendency to steal

away the mind too often from its steady pursuit of any subject which we contemplate; and thereby the soul gets a habit of silly curiosity and impertinence, of trifling and wandering. Vagarlo thought himself furnished with the best closet for his studies among the beauties, gaieties, and diversions of Kensington or Hampton Court; but after seven years professing to pursue learning he was a mere novice still.

V. Be not in too much haste to come to the determination of a difficult or important point. Think it worth your waiting to find out truth. Do not give your assent up to either side of a question too soon, merely on this account, that the study of it is long and difficult. Rather be contented with ignorance for a season, and continue in suspense till your attention, and meditation, and due labour, have found out sufficient evidence on one side. Some are so fond to know a great deal at once, and love to talk of things with freedom and boldness before they truly understand them, that they scarcely ever allow themselves attention enough to search the matter through and through.

VI. Have a care of indulging the more sensual passions and appetites of animal nature; they are great enemies to attention. Let not the mind of a student be under the influence of any warm affection to things of sense, when he comes to engage in the search of truth, or the improvement of his understanding. A person under the power of love, or fear, or anger, great pain, or deep sorrow, hath so little government of his soul, that he cannot keep it attentive to the proper subject of his meditation. The passions call away the thoughts with incessant importunity towards the object that excited them; and if we indulge the frequent rise and roving of passions, we shall thereby procure an unsteady and inattentive habit of mind.

Yet this one exception must be admitted, viz. If we can be so happy as to engage any passion of the soul on the side of the particular study which we are pursuing, it may have great influence to fix the attention more strongly to it.

VII. It is, therefore, very useful to fix and engage the mind in the pursuit of any study by a consideration of the divine pleasures of truth and knowledge—by a sense of our duty to God—by a delight in the exercise of our intellectual faculties—by the hope of future service to our fellow creatures, and glorious advantage to ourselves both in this world and that which is to come. These thoughts, though they may move our affections, yet they do it with a proper influence: these will rather assist and promote our attention, than disturb or divert it from the subject of our present and proper meditations.

A soul inspired with the fondest love of truth, and the warmest aspirations after sincere felicity and celestial beatitude, will keep all its powers attentive to the incessant pursuit of them: passion is then refined and consecrated to its divinest purposes.—Watts.

MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT.

Maternal Authority.

BY THE REV. J. S. C. ABBOTT.

Obedience is absolutely essential to proper family government. Without this, all other efforts will be in vain. You may pray with, and for your children; you may strive to instruct them in religious truth; you may be unwearied in your efforts to make them happy, and to gain their affection. But if they are in habits of disobedience, your instructions will be lost, and your toil in vain. And by obedience, I do not mean languid and dilatory yielding to repeated threats, but prompt and cheerful acquiescence in parental commands. Neither is it enough that a child should yield to your arguments and persuasions. It is essential that he should submit to your authority.

I will suppose a case in illustration of this last remark. Your little daughter is sick; you go to her with the medicine which has been prescribed for her, and the following dialogue ensues.

"Here my daughter, is some medicine for you."

"I don't want to take it, mama."

"Yes, my dear do take it, for it will make you feel better."

"No it won't mother; I don't want it."

"Yes it will, my child; the doctor says it will."

"Well, it don't taste good and I don't want it."

The mother continues her persuasions, and the child persists in its refusal. After a long and wearisome conflict, the mother is compelled either to throw the medicine away, or to resort to compulsion, and force down the unpalatable drug. Thus, instead

of appealing to her own supreme authority, she is appealing to the reason of the child, and, under these circumstances, the child of course refuses to submit.

A mother, not long since, under similar circumstances, not able to persuade her child to take the medicine, and not having sufficient resolution to compel it, threw the medicine away. When the physician next called she was ashamed to acknowledge her want of government, and therefore did not tell him that the medicine had not been given. The physician finding the child worse, left another prescription, supposing the previous one had been properly administered. But the child had no idea of being convinced of the propriety of taking the nauseous dose, and the renewed efforts of the mother were unavailing. Again the fond and foolish, but cruel parent, threw the medicine away, and the fever was left to rage unchecked in its veins. Again the physician called, and was surprised to find the inefficacy of his prescriptions, and that the poor little sufferer was at the verge of death. The mother, when informed that her child must die, was in an agony, and confessed what she had done. But it was too late. The child died. And think you that mother gazed upon its pale corpse with any common emotions of anguish? Think you the idea never entered her mind that she was the destroyer of her child? Physicians will tell you that many children have been thus lost. Unaccustomed to obedience when well, they were still more averse to it when sick. The efforts which are made to induce a stubborn child to take medicine, often produce such an excitement as entirely to counteract the effect of the prescription; and thus is a mother often called to weep over the grave of her child simply because she has not taught that child to obey.

It is certainly the duty of parents to convince their children of the reasonableness and propriety of their requirements. This should be done to instruct them, and to make them acquainted with moral obligation. But there should always be authority sufficient to enforce prompt obedience, whether the child can see the reason of the requirement or not. Indeed, it is impossible to govern a child by mere argument. Many cases must occur, in which it will be incapable of seeing the reasonableness of the command and often its wishes will be so strongly opposed to duty, that all the efforts to convince will be in vain. The first thing therefore to be aimed at, is to bring your child under perfect subjection. Teach him that he must obey you. Sometimes give him your reasons; again withhold them. But let him perfectly understand that he is to do as he is bid. Accustom him to immediate and cheerful acquiescence in your will. This is obedience. And this is absolutely essential to good family government. Without this your family will present one continued scene of noise and confusion; the toil of rearing up your children will be almost insupportable, and in all probability, your heart will be broken by their future licentiousness or ingratitude.

We come now to the inquiry, *how is this habit of obedience to be established?* This is not so difficult a matter as many imagine. It does not require profound learning, or a mysterious skill, which pertains but to the few. Where do you find the best regulated families? Are they in the houses of the rich? Do the children of our most eminent men furnish the best patterns for imitation? Obviously not. In some of the most humble dwellings we find the beautiful spectacle of an orderly and well regulated family. On the other hand, in the mansions of the wealthiest or most eminent men of our country, we may often find a family of rude girls and ungovernable boys,—a picture of wild misrule. It is not greatness of talent, or profound learning, which is requisite to teach a child obedience. The principles by which we are to be guided are very simple and very plain.

Never give a command which you do not intend shall be obeyed.

There is no more effectual way of teaching a child disobedience than by giving commands which you have no intention of enforcing. A child is thus habituated to disregard its mother; and in a short time the habit becomes so strong, and the child's contempt for the mother so confirmed, that entreaties and threats are alike unheeded.

"Mary, let that book alone," says a mother to her little daughter who is trying to pull the Bible from the table.

Mary stops for a moment, and then takes hold of the book again.

Pretty soon the mother looks up and sees that Mary is still playing with the Bible. "Did you not hear me tell you to let that book alone?" she exclaims: "Why don't you obey?"

Mary takes away her hand for a moment, but is soon again at her forbidden amusement. By and by, down comes the Bible

upon the floor. Up jumps the mother, and hastily giving the child a passionate blow, exclaims, "There then, obey me next time." The child screams, and the mother picks up the Bible, saying, "I wonder why my children do not obey me better."

This is not a very interesting family scene, but every one of my readers will admit that it is not an uncommon one. And is it strange that a child, thus managed, should be disobedient? No. She is actually led on by her mother to insubordination; she is actually *taught* to pay no heed to her directions. Even the improper punishment which sometimes follows transgression, is not inflicted on account of her disobedience, but for the accidental consequences. In the case above described, had the Bible not fallen, the disobedience of the child would have passed unpunished. Let it be an immutable principle in family government, that your word is law.

I was once, when riding in the country, overtaken by a shower, and compelled to seek shelter in a farm house. Half a dozen rude and ungovernable boys were racing about the room, in such an uproar as to prevent the possibility of conversation with the father, who was sitting by the fire. As I, however, endeavored to make some remark, the father shouted out, "Stop that noise boys."

They paid no more heed to him than they did to the ram. Soon again, in an irritated voice, he exclaimed,

"Boys be still, or I will whip you; as sure as you are alive I will." But the boys, as though accustomed to such threats, screamed and quarrelled without intermission.

At last the father said to me, "I believe I have got the worst boys in town; I never can make them mind me."

The fact was, these boys had the worst *father* in town. He was teaching them disobedience as directly and efficiently as he could. He was giving commands which he had no intention of enforcing, and they knew it. This is, to be sure, an extreme case. But just so far as any mother allows her authority to be disregarded, so far does she expose herself to the contempt of her children, and actually teaches them lessons of disobedience.

And is there any difficulty in enforcing obedience to any definite command? Take the case of the child playing with the Bible. A mild and judicious mother says distinctly and decidedly to her child, "My daughter, that is the Bible, and you must not touch it." The child hesitates for a moment, but yielding to the strong temptation, is soon playing with the forbidden book. The mother immediately rises, takes the child, and carries her into her chamber. She sits down and says calmly, "Mary, I told you not to touch the Bible, and you have disobeyed me. I am very sorry, for now I must punish you."

Mary begins to cry, and to promise not to do so again.

"But Mary," says the mother, "you have disobeyed me, and you must be punished."

Mary continues to cry, but the mother seriously and calmly punishes her. She inflicts real pain—pain that will be remembered.

She then says, "Mary, it makes mother very unhappy to have to punish you. She loves her little daughter, and wishes to have her a good girl."

She then perhaps leaves her to herself for a few minutes. A little solitude will deepen the impression made.

In five or ten minutes she returns, takes Mary in her lap, and says, "My dear, are you sorry that you disobeyed mother?"

Almost any child would say, "Yes!"

"Will you be careful and not disobey me again?"

"Yes, mother."

"Well, Mary," says her mother, "I will forgive you, so far as I can; but God is displeased; you have disobeyed him as well as me. Do you wish me to ask God to forgive you?"

"Yes, mother," answers the child.

The mother then kneels with her daughter and offers a simple prayer for forgiveness, and the return of Peace and happiness. She then leads her out, humbled and subdued. At night, just before she goes to sleep, she mildly and affectionately reminds her of her disobedience, and advises her to ask God's forgiveness again. Mary, in child-like simplicity, acknowledges to God what she has done and asks him to forgive her, and take care of her during the night.

When this child awakes in the morning, will not her young affections be more strongly fixed upon her mother, in consequence of the discipline of the preceding day? As she is playing about the room, will she be likely to forget the lesson she has been taught and again reach out her hand to a forbidden object? Such an

act of discipline tends to establish a general principle in the mind of the child, which will be of permanent operation, extending its influence to every command, and promoting the general authority of the mother and subjection of the child.

I know that some mothers say that they have not time to pay so much attention to their children. But the fact is, that not one-third of the time is required to take care of an orderly family, which is necessary to take care of a disorderly one. To be faithful in the government of your family, is the only way to save time. Can you afford to be distracted and harassed by continued disobedience? Can you spare the time to have your attention called away, every moment, from the business in which you are engaged, by the mischievousness of your wilful children?

Look at the parent surrounded by a family of children who are in the habit of doing as they please. She is very busy, I will suppose, upon some article of dress, which it is important should be immediately finished. Every moment she is compelled to raise her eyes from her work, to see what the children are about. Samuel is climbing upon the table. Jane is drawing out the hand-irons. John is guffing about the room upon the tongs. The mother, almost deafened with noise, wonders what makes her children so much more troublesome than other people's.

"Jane, let those androns alone," she exclaims. Jane runs away for a moment, chases Charles around the room, and returns to her mischief.

"Charles, put up those tongs." Charles pays no heed to the direction.

The mother soon seeing how he is wearing the carpet and bruising the furniture, gets up, gives Charles a shake, and places the tongs in their proper situation; but by the time she is fairly seated, and at her work again, Charles is astride the shovel, and travelling at the top of his speed.

I need not continue this picture. But every one knows that it is not exaggerated. Such scenes do often occur. Thousands of immortal spirits are trained up in this turbulence, and anarchy, and noise, for time and for eternity. Now this mother will tell you that she *has not time* to bring her children into subjection. Whereas, had she been faithful with each individual child, she would have saved herself an immense amount of time and toil.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

"The Traveller"—Deserts.

(Continued from page 157.)

Traveller.—Few sights can be more imposing than some of the desert scenes. I question if the procession of the lord mayor and aldermen, through the city of London, can furnish anything like so splendid an exhibition as that which the pilgrim caravans used to present some forty or fifty years ago. Imagine to yourselves a cavalcade six hours in passing by. Camels of the most striking appearance in every variety of splendid trappings, laden with provisions, and clothes, and cooking apparatus, and skins filled with water, and tents, and artillery, and sheiks and mamelukes.

Gilbert.—I should like very much to see it.

Traveller.—Fancy also camels carrying brass field pieces; some adorned with bells, and streamers floating in the air; some bearing men beating little drums, some arrayed with cloth of various colours with men walking by their sides playing on flutes and flageolets; others handsomely ornamented about their long and stately necks, their bridles studded with silver, mingled with glass beads of all colours, and high towering ostrich feathers on their foreheads.

Edmund.—I never heard such a description.

Traveller.—Then last of all, fancy "the sacred camel," an extraordinary large animal, with a fine bridle studded with jewels, and glittering with gold. A square house, or chapel, on his back and adorned in the most magnificent manner, led along by two sheiks dressed in green.

Leonard.—I should like to see that camel better than all.

Traveller.—If you can imagine all this, comprising thousands of camels and pilgrims, besides fine horses richly caparisoned; mamelukes, pikemen, janissaries, and agas, with the Emir Hadgy, commander of the pilgrimage, in long flowing robes of coloured satin, flags, streamers, bells, musical instruments, buffoons, and jesters, if you can imagine all these things, then will you be able to form some notion of a pilgrim caravan.

Gilbert.—I never heard half so much about caravans before; and hope that you have got a great deal more yet to describe.

Edmund.—When a single camel passes along the streets here, every one looks upon it with surprise and wonder; but you say that thousands of them cross the desert together.

Traveller.—Yes, many thousands. An account is given by an eastern author, of a caravan which once crossed the desert, consisting of more than one hundred thousand camels.

Edmund.—A hundred thousand camels! where could they find food for so many?

Traveller.—The camel is capable of enduring hunger and thirst to surprising degree; and when travelling in the desert, they are obliged to be satisfied with a very small allowance of food and water. Though the deserts of Asia are great, they are nothing in comparison with those of Africa. The great desert of Sahara is, with very few interruptions between two and three thousand miles long, and as much as seven hundred miles broad. This is one prodigious expanse of red sand and sand-stone rock, interspersed here and there with a few fertile spots.

Gilbert.—I wonder that the people do not dig it, and water it and mix it with other earth, so that it may bear grass, and corn, and trees, like other places.

Traveller.—To mix such a mass of sand with other earth, would be a work far beyond the power of human beings to perform; and as to fertilizing it with water, it would swallow up a river and soon be as thirsty as ever. Nearly in the middle of this dreadful desert stands the celebrated Timbuctoo, the capital of Bembarra, a city which constitutes the great mart for the commerce of all the interior of Africa. To carry on this commerce is the laborious work of the caravans, which cross this extensive desert from almost every part of the African coast. Sometimes, during these journeys, the hot winds, called simoon, are so violent, that they exhale, to a great degree, the water carried in skins for the use of the passengers and drivers. On these occasions, "all that a man hath will he give for his life;" and a great price would gladly be given for a single draught of water.

Mr. Lovel.—We should think of this when we feel thirst, and have the means of quenching it.

Edmund.—Have you ever been at Timbuctoo, the city in the middle of the great desert?

Traveller.—No, I have never ventured so far into the heart of Africa. I have seen enough to deter me from willingly incurring the danger of such an enterprise. Independent of the heat, the fatigue, the hunger, the thirst, and danger of wild beasts and robbers, a white man would have much to contend with from which a native of the country would be free. He would have to pass through the countries of different people at enmity with each other, who would regard him as a spy, and if one of these countries regarded him favourably, that would be a sufficient reason with another to destroy him. When journeying in Morocco and Tripoli, I had quite enough of desert travelling. My face was almost as swarthy as the skin of a creole; but the colder climate of this and other countries has bleached it since then.

Gilbert.—Do tell us of your travels in the desert.

Traveller.—Why, really, if I go on talking about burning sands and camels, and Arabs, you will have no time to look about you, and enjoy our beautiful walk.

Gilbert.—We shall enjoy the walk all the better, if you go on about the hot burning desert.

Traveller.—Well I will give you a short description of one of my journeys. I was travelling with a company of traders in Morocco. Our camels, horses, and mules were much fatigued, when we received information, that a band of Arabs, four hundred in number, was likely to pursue us. Being afraid to keep the common rout, we struck towards the middle of the desert.

Leonard.—What did the four hundred Arabs want?

Traveller.—Oh, nothing more than to murder us; and take away our merchandise, camels, horses, and mules? The country was entirely without water; not a tree was there to be seen around us, or a rock where we might find a temporary shelter. We had to endure an intense sun, darting its fiery beams on our heads, a ground almost white, and sometimes of a concave form, like a burning glass, breezes which scorched as they blew, besides the fatigue of our journey, and the continual fear of being overtaken by the savage horde of Arabs.

Mr. Lovel.—What a situation for a man to be in!

Traveller.—My companions every now and then used ejaculations and sentences from the Koran, the Mohammedan bible, but I found relief in putting up a silent prayer to Him who, of olden

time, "led his people through the wilderness like a flock," and who despises not the Prayer of his earnest servants. Every man we saw in the desert was taken for an enemy, and several were pursued by us, who no doubt were watching an opportunity to plunder us. We travelled all night, and until noon the next day, as rapidly as possible, not having tasted food since nine o'clock the evening before, and soon after noon our water was spent. Both men and animals were almost exhausted, the mules every now and then stumbling and falling, and requiring assistance to support their burdens, while they rose again from the ground.

Edmund.—If the Arabs had come up just then, they would, I dare say, have killed you all.

Traveller.—About two or three o'clock, one of our company dropped down stiff from fatigue and thirst. I ordered two of my attendants to squeeze out what moisture remained in the leather budgets, and thus we were able to put a few drops into the poor man's mouth, but it was all in vain. I began to feel that my strength was fast wasting, and though unwilling to leave a fellow creature in such extremity, I was obliged to do so. The love of life is strong, and I mounted my horse with the view of escaping from death.

Gilbert.—What a dreadful thing, to be left to die alone in the desert!

Traveller.—From this time one after another sank down, without the possibility of our rendering them the least assistance. Each of us thought of saving himself, and we became more and more selfish in proportion as our situation appeared more desperate. When well nigh reduced to extremity, I saw in the distance, what seemed to me to be a large lake of water.

Edmund.—I dare say that you were soon at it, and that you drank as much as ever you could.

Traveller.—Alas! it was all a delusion. Not a drop of water was there. One of our guides pointed in the direction we had travelled, and the same appearance presented itself. It was only the mirage a sort of evaporation rising from the sand which assumes an appearance of water.

Gilbert.—How tantalizing!

Traveller.—The despair which I now felt was rendered darker by the bright hope which I had before encouraged. Many of the caravan parted company, horses and mules were left behind with their burdens on their backs. I well remember passing two or three of my own trunks, as they lay upon the ground, with the most perfect indifference, neither knowing nor caring what had become of the mules which carried them, or their drivers. Soon after this, the legs of the horse which I rode began to tremble. I tried to encourage the drivers to push on, that we might get to a watering place, and not perish in the desert, but they only pointed to their mouths to signify the intense thirst which affected them.

Edmund.—I shall never wish to travel in a desert.

Traveller.—One by one fell, till at last my turn came, when I sunk on the sand. Four or five men were near me, but they had neither water to give, nor strength wherewith to assist me. I was insensible.

Gilbert.—How did you manage? Who was it that carried you out of the desert?

Traveller.—Soon after I fell senseless to the earth, a large caravan was seen in the distance; this account was told me afterwards by one of my people, when the caravan came up; some skins of water were thrown over me and my companions, which had the effect of recalling us back to life. I opened my eyes, but everything was indistinct around me, nor did I know where I was. My senses, however, gradually returned, but I felt such a knot in my throat that I could not speak. More water was thrown over me, and some poured down my throat, till at last I was able to be lifted again on my horse, and slowly to proceed on my journey.

Edmund.—I do think it must be worse to travel in the desert, than to go up a high mountain, to descend into a cavern, or to walk along a precipice.

Traveller.—When a traveller is attacked with this dreadful thirst, his eyes are bloodshot, his tongue and mouth are covered with a dark yellow crust, a dizziness and faintness steal over him, a knot appears to be formed in his throat, a few tears trickle down his cheeks, and he falls senseless on the sand. A man ought to have a better motive than mere curiosity in thus jeopardizing his life in the wilderness.

Leonard.—I do hope, when you go abroad again, that you will never go near one of those ugly deserts. Are there not wild beasts in the deserts?

Traveller.—You may sometimes journey across a desert without seeing either beast or bird, reptile or insect; but for all this there are wild beasts enough in Africa, of the most ferocious kind, as well as the most noxious reptiles. The woods abound with apes, baboons and monkeys, lions and buffalo, elephants and rhinoceroses, jackals, leopards and panthers, snakes, serpents and scorpions; the deserts, in many parts, are well supplied with lions; and the rivers are by no means deficient in crocodiles.

Gilbert.—I had rather go to any part of the world than to Africa.

Traveller.—Why so large a portion of this beautiful earth should be occupied with sandy and inhospitable deserts, is what we cannot understand. But He who has made nothing in vain, whose ways are not as our ways, can comprehend his own designs; and let us, among the countless wonders of his providence and grace, acknowledge with gratitude his goodness in fixing our abode where no wild beasts lie in wait for us in our paths, and no frowning deserts surround our habitations.

At this moment the party arrived at the wooden bridge, thrown across the rapid brook in the valley. "Now," said the traveller, "if this were an African river, we should have a fair prospect of seeing a crocodile."

"But as it is not," said Edmund, looking up at the traveller, "perhaps you will treat us with an account of the principal African and other rivers, which you have seen in your travels." Mr. Lovel laughed heartily at the traveller, Gilbert and Leonard joined in the request of their brother, and it was soon a settled thing with them, that, at an early opportunity, the traveller would give them some account of all the principal rivers in the world.

AGRICULTURE.

Farming in Holland and Belgium.

Holland and Belgium in early times were decidedly the poorest countries of Europe. Much of the former was a low sunken swamp or marsh, inaccessible to man, except through the rivers that traversed it; and the soil of the latter was in general so light and sandy as to be considered nearly barren. Now, there is no part of Europe where the fertility of the soil is so great, or agriculture has arrived at such a pitch of excellence as in these two kingdoms. By the indomitable perseverance and patience of the Hollanders the inundations of the sea and rivers have been stopped, the marshes have been reclaimed and drained, and the meadows and pastures that now furnish the greatest quantities and best qualities of butter and cheese have been literally made out of the morasses and quagmires of the region. In Belgium sandy plains that a century since were considered as worthless, are now rendered productive and fertile to an extent scarcely to be understood without examination. Belgium may now be considered in many respects the garden of Europe.

These results have been brought about by skill and perseverance. The Rev. Mr. Radcliff, who was sent out by the Farmer's Society of Ireland, to examine and report the modes of tillage practiced in Holland and Belgium, in the discharge of his duty has entered into the details and processes which have produced the present state of things there, and the record, to the farmer, is instructive and encouraging.

The first and great point in the agriculture of these countries is the saving and application of manure; and this is carried to an extent unequalled any where else. Every leaf, straw, and weed; the proceeds of the stables, including the urine, and the droppings of the yards; the refuse of the kitchen, the soap suds, and the washings of the roads, all to the general receptacle for manures, and mixed with earth, lime, or mud, as the different soils may require, is returned in fertilizing quantities to the crops that most require its action. The rotation of crops is here understood and practiced, and all lands that will admit of alternate courses are subjected to them. In no part of the world has the beneficial effects of clover been more fully tested or more highly appreciated than here, and the Flemish maxim, "no clover, no crops," shows the universal sentiment of the people respecting this plant. Deep ploughing has also lent its aid to fertilizing these countries, and where required, no expences are spared in draining and trenching. The soil is rendered as fine as possible by the plough and harrow, while root crops are extensively cultivated for winter feeding cattle, and clover, and lucerne for soiling. No system is adopted until experience has shown that it is the best for the sec-

tion of country, or the soil where it is to be used; and innovations are not allowed without convincing proofs of superior benefit and utility.

In some of the districts, principally those lying near the mouths of streams, and consequently reclaimed lands, the soil is a strong and heavy alluvious one, and wheat in these, forms the principal object of cultivation. Mr. Radcliff's analysis of some of the best of these soils, showed fifty-two parts of alumine or clay; twenty-one of silex or sand; nineteen of carbonate of lime, and seven or eight of oxide of iron. The course here includes wheat, horse beans, (the *vicia faba* we believe) barley, oats and roots, and the "rotation is so arranged as to have a root, bean or clover crop, between the wheat, barley or oat crops." In these districts the average product of wheat is twenty-eight bushels, beans nineteen, barley forty-seven, and oats sixty to the acre. There are other sections of the country devoted to turnips and rye. These soils contain great quantities of sand, usually from sixty-five to seventy-five parts in a hundred; but containing little or no lime. The introduction of the turnip culture, the use of marl where it can be procured, and where it cannot the liberal application of lime to the surface, and the distribution of liquid manure at the rate of twenty-five hundred gallons to an acre, have brought these sections into a rapid state of improvement, greatly aided by the clover and alternating system, adapted to the lighter nature of the soil.

Another excellent wheat soil is found in some parts, a rich sand loam, nearly destitute of lime, and where the farmer relies for wheat principally on manure and lime, applied as a dressing to the soil; indeed no where does the practice of liming land prevail to so great an extent, as in Belgium and some of the adjoining territory of France. The course here is: "1, wheat well manured; 2, clover, with a top dressing of ashes, 3, flax, with liquid manure; 4, wheat, with short dung sweepings, &c.; 5, potatoes or turnips with dung; 6, rye, with liquid manure; 7, rape seed; 8, potatoes or turnips with manure; 9, wheat, with dung; 10, clover, with ashes; 11, oats; 12, flax, with urine; 13, wheat, with manure; 14, beans, beets or tobacco." With such a course of manuring and crops, a corresponding amelioration of the soil must be expected.

Mr. Radcliff says the Flemings estimate that the liquid manure from forty-five to fifty head of cattle upon one farm, will serve to manure in the best manner upwards of twenty acres annually. It must be remembered however there is little or no pasture; the cattle and horses are fed in stables summer and winter, and are usually in the finest condition. Horses perform all the farm labor, their hay is always cut, and the grain ground, and usually given them mixed and wet. "Their daily food in winter, is fifteen pounds of hay, ten pounds of straw, and eight of oats; in summer clover is substituted for the hay." A span of horses are deemed capable, where the business of the farm is properly arranged, and the succession of labor on the different crops as it ought to be, of doing the work of fifty acres of cultivated land.

American farmers may, as British farmers have done, learn many useful lessons from those of Holland or Belgium. Driven by stern necessity to make the most of their land, they have endeavoured to adopt such modes of culture as shall give the greatest profit with the least expense. Want of land is not the difficulty in our country; the evil lies the other way; our husbandry is too expansive; we go over a great deal of land; half till it, and too frequently get half crops only as the reward. Land constantly cropped as some of our lands are, will grow poor rapidly, unless a system of crops which shall tend to obviate such a result is adopted, and a skilful and thorough course of manuring be followed. On the great subject of manures, we are yet in our A. B. C. We do not begin to understand their preparation, their application, or their value. Blessed by a kind Providence with a soil of the richest kind, we are scarcely beginning to feel its deterioration; and when such a thing does occur, and a farm produces less bountifully than formerly, instead of setting ourselves to remedy the failure, or improve the fertility, we pull up stakes and encounter the fatigues and hardships of subduing a new farm, rather than learn and practice the art of restoring the old one. Holland and Belgium have been justly termed the garden of Europe, but man by untiring industry has made it so.

Ploughing.

The difference in the amount of products between land that has been thoroughly tilled, and that which has only undergone an apology for tillage, must have at times arrested the attention of

the most careless farmer. Land adequately manured, deeply and finely ploughed, and properly seeded, can alone be relied on as a source of profit to the cultivator; yet how few are the farms around us, where these desirable things are carried out to their full and proper extent. The earth is barely skimmed in ploughing—what sailors call a wide birth is given to the stones and stumps—the seed is put on unequally and sparingly, and then the farmer attributes to wonder his crop is no better. We do not conduct our business as we know it should be done; we undertake more than can be performed well; our manure is not applied to the proper crops, and in these various ways nearly one half of our labor may be said to be lost.

The garden is that part of the farm where the effects of thorough ploughing and manuring are seen in the increased product and profit for labor bestowed; though our gardens are too often only the shadows of what they might be, and should be, if cultivated properly. The farmer ploughs his garden deeper and finer than the rest of his premises, and manures it better, scarcely seeming to remember that field crops require the same depth for the free expansion of their roots, and the same richness of soil to promote their rapid growth, that is required by the vegetables of the garden. Let a farmer examine the extent and depth to which the roots of corn in a loose and favorable soil will spread, and he will cease to wonder at the failure of a crop where the subsoil at the depth of three or four inches has never been stirred by the plough, and over the hard-pan of which the tender fibers of the roots vainly wander in search of proper nutriment, and as fruitlessly strive to penetrate.

In loamy or sandy soils, the roots of trees have been found to penetrate to the depth of ten or twelve feet; and the roots of the Canada thistle have been traced six or seven feet below the surface. Wheat, if planted in a mellow rich soil, will strike its roots three feet downwards, and elongate much further horizontally.—The roots of oats have been discovered at eighteen inches from the stem; and the long thread-like roots of grass extend still farther. The roots of the onion are so white, that in a black mould they can be readily traced, and in a trenched or spaded soil they have been followed to the depth of two feet. The potatoe throws out roots to the distance of fifteen or twenty inches; and the tap rooted plants, turnips, beets, carrots, &c., independent of the perpendicular root, spread their fibers to a distance which equals if it does not exceed the potatoe. It is perfectly absurd to expect to succeed with roots of this class, unless the ground is so mellow as to allow them to penetrate and grow freely: we have measured a carrot drawn in our garden, smooth and straight, which exceeded twenty-six inches in length, yet the soil when first applied to the purposes of a garden was far from being deep or penetrable. Land cannot be considered in good tilth, unless by ploughing the earth it has been mixed with vegetable or animal matter to the depth of 10 or 12 inches, and Judge Powell states, that by manuring and ploughing he has converted shallow unproductive earth into rich fertile soils to the depth of at least fourteen inches.

There is a constant tendency in earths to consolidate, clayey or aluminous ones more than others, which manuring and ploughing will in a great measure prevent; and loosening the soil in all cases allows the roots to sink beyond the reach of drouths, permits them to range freely in search of proper nutriment, and in the same proportion increases the chance for a profitable crop.

NEWS.

Parliament had risen, after a long and laborious session, in which a great number of important subjects had been discussed, with very little actual result. The present ministry complain of the same difficulty that the whigs laboured under, namely, the great amount of opposition offered to their measures, both in and out of Parliament.

A good crop, and consequently reviving trade, had come most opportunely to the relief of all classes in Britain.

The prices of all kinds of bread stuffs had fallen, and manufactures were advancing.

Contracts had been entered into, to furnish Irish pork as low as 20s. per cwt., probably because much of the grain that used to be converted into whisky, has this year been used to feed hogs.

The Queen and Prince Albert have paid a visit to France which, being the first of the kind since the time of Henry VIII, has occasioned no small stir. Magnificent preparations were made for Her Majesty's reception.

Efforts are making by Britain, to induce Texas to abolish slavery.

The commissioners from the Sandwich Islands are succeeding in their negotiations with Great Britain for the independence of their country.

Money is unprecedentedly abundant in London, where the rate of discount has fallen to 2½ per cent. on the best commercial bills.

A great fire has taken place in Kingston, Jamaica, by which nearly 600 houses, and two or three churches, have been destroyed.

The United States *Catholic Magazine* states that "a project has been formed, to collect, or to purchase up, all the (Chinese) infants, whom the indifference of families would sacrifice, to educate them in the neighbourhood of that vast empire, and, at length, send them back into their own land Christians, missionaries, the friends of European civilization."

RESULT OF THE GREAT INDIAN COUNCIL.—"We learn from the *Van Buren* (Ark.) *Intelligencer*, of the 15th, that the great Indian Council at Tahle-quah, in the Cherokee nation, closed its deliberations on the 3rd instant. Delegates from the Cherokee, Creek, Chickasaw, Delaware, Shawnee, Piankasha, Wea, Osage, Seneca, Stockbridge, Ottawa, Chippewa, Peoria, Wicetah, Pottowatomac, and Seminole tribes, were present. The result of their deliberations was a compact, binding upon each nation, party thereto, embracing the following objects:—To maintain peace and friendship among each other; to abstain from retaliation for offences committed by individuals; to provide for the improvement of their people in agriculture, manufactures, and other arts of peace; that no nation, party to this compact, shall, without the consent of the whole, sell, cede, or in any manner alienate to the United States, any part of their present territory; to provide for the punishment of crimes committed by the citizens of one nation upon the citizens of another; to admit the citizens of one nation to citizenship in any other nation, party to the compact; to endeavour to suppress the use of ardent spirits within the limits of their respective nations, and to prohibit its introduction by the citizens of one nation into the territory of another."

It is stated that the Canadian Cabinet have decided upon recommending Montreal as the future seat of Government, and that in consequence, one of the Secretaries of State has resigned.

A strong and organized effort, by petition and otherwise, is now making to place King's College, Toronto, and McGill College, Montreal, on a liberal footing.

The ex-Regent of Spain had arrived in London, and been well received.

The Barings contradict the report that they are going to cut a canal across the Isthmus of Darien.

Monies Received on Account of

- Advocate*.—W. L. Copeland, St. Catharines, 5s, J. Richardson, Beauharnois, 5s, S. S. Hagar, Welland Port, £1 2s. Gray, Norwichville, 3s 6d; R. Crozier, Bowmanville, £1 2s 6d; W. Lemon, Stamford, 8s 8d; R. Boa, St. Laurent, 2s 6d; T. C. Lee, Saultslet, Stony-Creek, 1½s, J. Coombs, Biltown, 3s 6d; G. Durane, Toronto, 3s 6d; J. W. Rose, W. Williamsburgh, 15s; J. B. Sterling, Simcoe, 3s 6d; J. Lamb, Hawkesbury (in full), 17s 9d, George Lamb, Greenock, £1 12s Sterling; Sundrice, Montreal, £1 16s 3d.
- Arrears*.—Sergt. Raymond, Niagara, 15s; T. Lynch, Montreal, 5s.

- Open Accounts*.—D. Matheson, Embro', £2 10s.
- Donations and Subscriptions*.—Bowmanville Society, 7s 6d.
- Penny Subscriptions*.—Mrs. Thomas Gray, Norwichville, 11s; Jane Hamlan, Stamford, 3s 1½d; Rachel C. Brown, Stamford, 2s 1½d, Cordelia Killman, Stamford, 3s 7d; Robert Pew, Stamford, 2s 6d.

MONTREAL PRICES CURRENT.—Sept. 30.

ASHES—Pot	25s 3d	LARD—	4½d a 5d p. lb.
Pearl	26s 6d	BEEF—Mess	\$12
FLOUR—Fine	26s 6d	Prime Mess	\$9½
U. States	26s 6d	Prime	\$7½
WHEAT—	5s 3d	TALLOW—	5½d
PEASE—	2s 3d per mnd.	BUTTER—Salt	5d a 6d
OAT-MEAL	8s per cwt.	CHEESE—	3d a 5½d
PORK—Mess	\$14	EXCHANGE—London ½ prem.	
P. Mess	\$11½	N. York	¾
Prime	\$10	Canada W. ½ a 1	