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THE RISING TIDE.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

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"Is all ready, child?" said the old man, in a voice at once so gentle and subdued, that Grace was encouraged to approach nearer; and after answering his question, she bent her head upon the coffin, and gave way to her tears.

It was the hour of final separation. Both felt it to be so; and the old man sat at the head of the coffin, his hands clasped together, as if their firmly-knit grasp gave him strength to bear his affliction; while the gentler form of the orphan girl was bowed as if with mortal anguish. And there she wept, as if her heart was breaking; and the father was too deeply wrapped in thought to ask what right she had to grieve. Sad and solemn were the moments which the two mourners thus spent together. They were too soon interrupted; and old Kennedy rose from his chair to meet the strangers who came to perform their appointed office. He rose from his chair, and motioned for them to proceed with their duty; but his knees shook beneath him, and he dashed his hand across his brow as if to clear his vision, or to sweep away some image that still lingered before his sight. He soon recovered himself, however, and with no arm to lean upon, no near relative to wear so much as the outward garb of woe, he walked after the coffin to the place of burial, and stood with his head uncovered during the solemn service beside the last home of his only child.

There were many there who pitied the lonely father; many who would willingly have followed him to his desolate home, and shown him the common sympathy of neighbours and friends; but his manner drew no one near him, and he had failed, either intentionally or inadvertently, to request that any invitations should be given to his house. He therefore returned from the grave as he had gone—alone; and walking directly to his own door, entered his chamber without exchanging a single word with any individual. Even Grace had now no plea for remaining; and he

passed her hastily when by chance they met, that she could not but understand his wish to be left entirely alone.

The next day, however, she found, or made, an excuse for calling at the house; and not having been able to accomplish this before the evening, she was agreeably surprised to find that her appearance had not only been expected, but wished for.

"I thought you long in coming," said old Kennedy, perhaps unconscious himself how much he was the creature of habit, and how the quiet step, and gentle voice, and willing hand of Grace Dalton had in reality won upon his heart.

Simple as were these few words, they had a powerful effect upon the orphan girl, who felt that a way was now opened for the kindness she had found it so difficult to express. Nor did she, as many would have done, defeat her own purpose by expressing too much. She even went away that evening at an early hour, and evidently before the old man was expecting to hear her kind good-night.

The next morning Grace was the bearer of a present from her aunt; and so she went on, stealing upon the heart of the solitary, until he began to converse with her perhaps more freely than he had done with any one for many years of his life. Grace had observed, that for some time he had been busily arranging his books and papers; she had observed also, that he was always at home; and she was not surprised to learn that he had resigned the situation, which, but for the sake of his son, he would never have held so long.

"My wants will now be so few," he said, "that it would ill repay me to be spending the little time that is left me on this side the grave, in toiling for myself."

Yet how to pass the time when no longer stimulated to exertion, was to him a far greater difficulty than he had apprehended; and, like many others similarly circumstanced, the lengthened hours of his aimless existence were often filled with murmuring and discontent. Even common kindness, from whatever hand it came, with the exception of that of Grace Dalton, was scarcely received with gratitude.

"I cannot tell," said he to Grace one day, "why Mrs. Falkland thinks I have more relish for dainties since the death of my son than I had before. She never sent me those delicacies when he was living, and might have shared them with me."

"It is the only means she has of showing you her kind feeling," observed Grace.

"And why does she wish to show it? Is it not enough to feel kindly, without telling others that you do so?"

"But you know, dear sir, that sympathy is nothing, if locked within one's own bosom."

"Don't talk to me of sympathy. I am weary of the word. I suppose they call it sympathy when they come here and talk to me with long faces and fine-spun words; and before they have gone fifty yards from the house, I hear them laughing on the other side of the hedge. No, no, child, I know what sorrow is. I have seen a good deal of it in my time; and I know it is what few people feel much of, except for themselves. Perhaps I ought hardly to say so either, for I remember how you wept on the day my poor boy was buried, and that could not have been for yourself—for what was he to you? Ah! my child, I remember those tears. They were more to me than volumes of fine words."

It was not always, however, that Kennedy spoke thus to Grace; He was sometimes harsh even to her, for it was his nature to be so, and those who speak of great afflictions, or even of great events of any kind, wholly changing the tone and bias of natural feeling, know little of that nature of which they speak. There is but one change from which we have a right to anticipate any radical or lasting result, and even that leaves the same tone and bias to be striven against so long as life remains.

Still it was soothing and pleasant to that solitary and friendless man to have the orphan girl so near him, though, why she came so often, and lingered so long about him, he was wholly at a loss to imagine. She herself scarcely knew the nature of her own feelings. That she loved him for his own sake, was scarcely to be supposed; and yet she did love him with a strange kind of tenderness, which made her long to call him father; and one day, when they sat together in the sunshine at his door, and his manner was more than usually cordial, she looked up into his face, and ventured to ask him if she might call him father. But a cloud immediately settled upon his features, and he answered in words which poor Grace was never able to forget.

"No, no, child. You are going too far now. That I like you to come here, I will not deny; and that you sometimes wile away the long hours, and make my life less weary, I can say with truth; but that any other voice than *his* should call me father, is a thing that cannot be. No, no. When you have known what I have known, you will understand how nature has her broken cords, which it would be a poor mockery to pretend to tie again. No, no. I have been a parent, and I have heard the cherub-voice of infancy lisping the name of father. As time rolled on, I have listened to the same sound, until it swelled into more meaning, and sunk into my soul, filling all its vacant chambers with the melody of love. Yes, morning after morning, I have been aroused from slumber, when the early birds had scarce begun their song, by the fond and playful touch of my own, my only child. And now these things come back to me in my desolate old age, and I cannot—no, I must not, let you call me father."

"Forgive me," said Grace, with a voice that could scarcely articulate, "forgive me. I am an orphan. I never knew what it was to use the name of father, or mother."

"Poor child!" said Kennedy; and he took her hand, and drew her so near him, that she ventured for the first time to lean her head upon his shoulder, and weep.

In the mean time, all was peace and joy in the habitation of Mrs. Falkland. It was frequently observed of the good lady herself, that her youth had returned with all its freshness and vigour; for her cheek now bloomed with health, and her step was light and active, as in by-gone days. It was impossible for her son not to notice this change, or to deem it otherwise than cheaply purchased by the sacrifice he had made. Not that he ever estimated very highly the mere personal gratifications he had now given up; the sacrifice was, in the position he had held amongst a certain class of society, who now looked upon him as a sort of traitor to the pledge of good-fellowship which his previous conduct had implied. Nothing was said to him on the subject, for there was a dignity and determination about George Falkland, which effectually repelled familiarity, whenever it was his wish to do so; but his presence became evidently an intrusion amongst his former friends, diffusing over every countenance a silent gloom, like that which would naturally be produced by the entrance of a suspected person into a secret council. He was, in short, considered as a sort of spy upon their actions, and such being the general feeling towards him, it became less difficult to withdraw himself entirely from their society.

Still there were some who entertained for George Falkland more than the common regard of mere acquaintanceship, and who felt a sincere regret to lose from their social circle a companion whose position in society, whose talents, and gentlemanly manners, all combined to render him a valuable acquisition to whatever class he might attach himself.

With the friends it was a real difficulty to Falkland to maintain the ground he had so recently, and, in their opinion, so unreasonably taken.

"Why should you think so much," they used to say, "of that luckless Kennedy? He was a low fellow, after all, and if he was drowned by the rising of the tide, it has only made us all the wiser, by teaching us not to ride home by the beach when we have been out to dine."

To these remarks George Falkland would sometimes reply with a visible shudder; for, as he told his cousin Grace, he never afterwards could rise from the dinner-table without realizing again the grasp of that clenched hand, when the last hold of the drowning man was upon him.

There was one family in particular, with whom George Falkland always found it difficult to adhere strictly to the resolution he had formed; and on one memorable day, he had just begun to think, that as more than a year had passed since the death of poor Kennedy, he might surely satisfy his friends by remaining

with them at least an hour beyond his usual time. He had even filled his glass again, on the strength of this determination, when his better feelings gained the mastery, and he rose suddenly from the table, and wished the party good-night.

It was a fine moonlight evening in October, when he rode slowly along his lonely way, too happy to accelerate his speed, in the thought that he had escaped, though narrowly, from breaking his solemn vow. Wrapped in these reflections, and the many thoughts to which they gave rise, he was suddenly startled by the sound of a carriage advancing with unusual rapidity towards him; and, drawing up his horse to listen, he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs at full gallop. His next impulse was to alight, and it was well that he did so, for in a few seconds the carriage was before him, and it was only by the steadiness of his eye and hand, that he was enabled to lay hold of the rein of the affrighted animal, and arrest its furious course.

"My father!" cried a feeble voice at that instant, and Falkland then saw for the first time the figure of a female in the carriage, who implored him with all the strength she retained, to assist her to go back in search of her father. With difficulty, however, could she make herself understood, and such was the agitation under which she laboured, that her simple story was long in being told. It was no other than this, that her father having got out of the carriage to adjust the rein, while thus engaged, the horse had suddenly started off, and, as she believed, had dragged the carriage over him; and with astonishing presence of mind, she had remained perfectly quiet, while the horse was going at its utmost speed. Had Falkland been a few minutes later, a sudden turn in the road, with a steep descent on one side, would probably have terminated her existence; while, had his eye been less steady, or his hand less firm, he might never have been able to stop the terrified animal, and thus to rescue her from an awful death, the gentle being who now leaned upon his arm, and urged him to go faster, and faster still, though her own strength was scarcely able to support her to the spot where she believed her father to be laid.

What, then, was her astonishment, to see his well-known figure hastening towards her evidently in the possession of his accustomed health and strength. The consequence was a very natural one. Her reason, which had withstood the shock of terror and distress, gave way under that of unexpected joy, and the daughter sank senseless into the arms of her parent.

The following morning found both the strangers welcome visitors beneath the roof of Mrs. Falkland. Miss Cameron, for that was the young lady's name, was sufficiently recovered to know that her father was safe, and by degrees the whole came back to her recollection, and she talked and smiled with the rest of the family, at the providential meeting between her and George Falkland, who did not fail to recall, in his own mind, the temptation he had been under to remain an hour longer with his friends, by which means he would not only have broken a promise now kept inviolate for more than twelve months, but would have lost the opportunity of saving the precious life of a being, who struck his youthful fancy as the loveliest he had ever beheld.

Mr. and Miss Cameron were well known in the neighbourhood but it so happened that they never had been introduced to the Falklands before. Their meeting now was of a kind to make their acquaintance more intimate than years of common visiting could have rendered it; and the first awakening of kind interest to which an awful and alarming event had given rise, was followed by a frequency of intercourse, in which George Falkland considered himself richly rewarded for a few instances of self-denial in which his natural inclination had been crossed; but most of all, for that particular instance which had been the means of introducing him to the society of Miss Cameron.

But why prolong a story of love, which all understand, though few know how to speak of. Suffice it, that not twelve months after this event, the bells of the village church were ringing merrily one fine evening in July, and Mrs. Falkland and her family were all in readiness to welcome home the heir of her house and name, with his beautiful bride, once Miss Cameron, after their marriage tour. And not the inmates of his mother's establishment only, were expected to rejoice, for there were tables spread upon the lawn, and rustic seats made ready, and Grace Dalton was passing from one to another, placing the crowning dish of plenty on the board, and arranging the accommodation of all, even the poorest and the meanest of her neighbours from the village.

At last the sound of carriages was heard. The gates were

thrown open, and the happy travellers looked out and saw what a welcome awaited them. Nor were they too fastidious to despise the rural minstrelsy of that humble place. A band of village musicians struck up a lively air. A troop of children then came hand in hand, after them their parents, followed by the young men and maidens of the village, and took their places at the tables under the spreading trees, with the green turf for their carpet, and the cloudless skies for their canopy.

Those who argue that there is no social enjoyment without strong stimulus, might have been defeated in their theory that night. Whether it was the want of taste in the inhabitants of that obscure village, or their folly in being so easily contented, we will not pretend to say; but, certainly, there was no lack of harmless mirth, of happy faces, of laughter and good fellowship, that night.

Perhaps Grace Dalton was the most serious of any in the company; yet she moved from one cheerful group to another, bestowing her kindest attentions upon the poorest and the humblest individuals there, with a sweet satisfaction in her countenance, which spoke the language of hospitality, as eloquently as the most lively joy. She even went so far as to join in the games of the children, just to set them the more at ease; but no sooner did she see them thoroughly emancipated from restraint, than she withdrew to some quieter group, or stole away to a shady spot amongst the trees, where she might stand still for a moment, and look on, without being seen.

And now as day-light was departing, and the shadows grew dark beneath the trees, thousands of coloured lamps suspended from their branches, burst forth into dazzling light; while a display of fire-works, of which none of the company had been apprized, threw their splendid stars into the sky.

There was no longer any need for Grace to exercise her ingenuity in entertaining the company, or setting them at ease. She was now liberated from all duties of that description, and, turning into a shady walk, she indulged herself with the luxury of believing she was alone. What then was her surprise, to see the figure of old Kennedy leaning upon his staff!

With the privilege of a child, to which he appeared to consider her entitled, she went and stood still beside him; for she knew his temperament too well to break upon his silent moods by addressing him abruptly.

"They seem very happy," said the old man. "I told you that I would not come, for I thought I could not bear it. But as I sat alone in the twilight, it rushed into my mind that I would just come and see how it might have been with *him*—*it*—*if*—" and he dashed a tear from his eye, while his words seemed to choke him in the utterance.

"Ay, there they are," said he, after a long pause. "There is the bridal party come out. See how graciously they go from one table to another, and, hark! what is that which George Falkland is telling them?"

They both listened; and as the gay and happy party approached nearer, they could distinctly hear George Falkland bid them all welcome, and receive their good wishes in return.

"I have not treated you with the usual kind of hospitality," said he. "I have given you nothing to excite your mirth, but I hope you have not been the less happy. I cannot for my own part forget it, and I am sure you would not wish me to forget, tonight; but had I, on one occasion, staid one hour later at table, or even taken one glass more, I should not only never have known the happiness of calling this lady my wife, but in all human probability she would never have seen the light of another day.

"Yes, child," said Kennedy again, as if the train of his thoughts had scarcely been interrupted, "such might have been *his* situation. And you, Grace Dalton, might have been leaning on his arm like yon happy bride. But what have I said, my child? and why do you weep as you did on the day of the funeral?"

"Because I loved your son."

"You loved him?"

"Yes. And he loved me—at least, he told me so."

"Then come to my bosom," said the old man, opening his arms, "and you shall be my child indeed, and I will be your father. Now, now I understand you. Yes, lean on this withered bosom; there is warmth in it yet. Sweet as an angel's visits have been thine to me; but from this hour let us never part again."

And it was so, that Grace became an inmate in the humble abode of the old man, and dwelt with him until his dying day; and sweet and salutary was the influence her mild and chastened spirit exerted over him. The arguments of a more powerful

reason, his morbid mind would, in all probability, have repelled; but the persevering solicitude of a meek and quiet spirit, few can resist.

The little property which Kennedy had possessed, he bequeathed to Grace Dalton at his death. When that event took place, she put on mourning as if she had been his child; and perhaps few parents are followed to the grave with sorrow more sincere, than was her's for her adopted father.

Rehabilitism.

Quarterly address, delivered by the Rev. W. T. Leach, M. A., before the Members of the Independent Order of Rechabites, in the hall of the Spring of Canada Tent, on the evening of the 18th July.

[Published by request of the Members of the order.]

The Independent Order of Rechabites is one of those benevolent institutions which, in certain states of society, are found to be usually originated for the remedy of existing evils, and the advancement of the common good in some particular way, or ways, that seem justifiable and possible. It professes to be an instrument for the accomplishment of an end, which every one must acknowledge to be beneficial in the highest degree, serving to promote the decency, the security, and good order of society, and contributing largely to the amount of private happiness and prosperity. It has a claim, therefore, upon public attention and respect. It deserves to be considered how far it may or may not be a suitable and efficacious instrument for the accomplishment of the good it proposes to bring about. Even in the absence of all experience of its practical working and effects, it deserves to be examined. Its professedly benevolent object, and its confident hopes of successful results, even though these results shall be found from experience to be far from universal, or even but partial, render it worthy of being scrutinized by the philanthropist, especially by those who have laboured, and still exert themselves with the same views in a different course. Indeed it would be strange, if, amid the enormous and widely prevalent evils of intemperance, those who rejoice in the well-being, and deplore the miseries of their fellow-creatures, should reject, without full and serious consideration, what promises to be a probable means of accomplishing great good. It would be strange, since a tenderness for human misery and distress is often found sufficient to call forth the largest sacrifices in support of the shallowest and most ephemeral expedients for the removal or reduction of these sufferings.

It may be supposed to be acknowledged, that in modern times nothing has tended more than intemperance to corrupt the public morals; and if one regards its destructive effects, all other diseases and calamities have been comparatively hurtless. It partakes, indeed, of the character of a disease, all the more malignant, because it often prostrates the power of volition, and creates an unnatural appetite to the extinction of life—a proneness to the violation of those laws which God has enacted for its preservation. Of course it is voluntary, and therefore vicious—a moral pestilence generated in society, and penetrating every part of it. Its cause is known; it walks not in darkness, like the subtle agents of numerous diseases that infect in secret—it is not the consequence of any organic defect, nor does it arise from any necessity which is imposed by the physical condition of our being, and is, therefore, a voluntary and criminal evil. Nevertheless the fashion of society operates like a necessary cause for its production. The law of nature and the general custom are inverted. The temptation is not regarded as a temptation, but as the supply of an allowable indulgence. The vice is scarcely regarded as a vice, but as a necessity; and the over proneness to self-indulgence, with all its deplorable train of sickness, and miseries, and degradation, and death, is not understood as a disease reveling in the heart and in the brain, and infecting large masses of the population, but almost tacitly surrendered to its course, and interpreted as the imprudence and natural infirmity of the individual members enslaved by its influence. Temperance Societies, and the institution of the Independent Order of Rechabites in particular, are indications of a cure—symptoms of a determination on the part of nature to assert the authority of her laws. As in the human constitution there is *vis medicatrix*, as the physicians term it—a tendency in the system, when the general action of its powers remains unobscured, to throw off the causes of particular diseases, and spring back into a salutary state; so in the social body, when a law of nature has been long perverted, and the forms and opinions of society have

long ministered to its perversion, after a long time come the symptoms of a cure—a healthy reaction in favour of the established and unquenchable laws that govern the stream of life. Viewed in this light, the institution of the Rechabites is indicative of the agency of the *vis medicatrix*—a favourable appearance, which evinces the commencement and progress of a restorative process. Whatever be the description of means, and the designations of the various Societies that hold out the prospect of this remedial change, they are phenomena in the existing state of society that cannot but be profoundly interesting. The shallow and unthinking only will be disposed to confound them with the quack expedients often so confidently advanced for the regeneration of society—expedients that usually run in the teeth of nature, and though prompted by benevolent motives not unfrequently subvertive of those divine laws, without which mankind must die and live like the beasts. These however are means that demand suffering humanity to nature, and may calculate upon her concurrence and support. It is their object to make her law known, and make her voice be heard. Nor is the interesting character of these means destroyed, while it is admitted that they may fall short of an absolute victory over the evil they assail. This is a circumstance which attaches to all human institutions. If the evil in question be materially reduced—if the manners and opinions of society be so modified as to secure the advancement of the remedial process, to send it on its way rejoicing, diffusing health, and strength, and happiness in its path, the means by which this happy progress is maintained, if justifiable in principle and innocently administered, deserve the praise and support of all that have a just title to the name of man.

Such is the light in which Temperance Societies in general, but emphatically the Independent Order of Rechabites, ought to be contemplated. They are benevolent in their aim, and coincide in their object with the law of God, both as exhibited in nature, and declared by revelation. The object, then, is good; let us look to the nature of the means, and to the detail of regulations by which it is sought to work it out. The Independent Order of Rechabites is called a secret society, and is so called because the members of it have adopted measures for their own good order, which are not publicly made known. The secrecy consists in this; it does not consist in the measures which they use for the advocacy and advancement of the cause they have undertaken to promote. The nature of the case renders it necessary that their measures to this end be open and public, inasmuch as their rational arguments, their demonstrations of its utility, and happiness, and duty, together with just representations of the intolerable and acknowledged evils of intemperance, are the only weapons by which they can hope for a successful issue to their moral contest. Their object is understood, their means of accomplishing it are known, and nothing remains unknown that infringes upon the right of others, or disturbs the order of society—nothing that falls under the animadversion of the magistrate, or can be cause of complaint to any member of the community. What rational objection, then, can any one have to offer as to the matter of secrecy—no rational objection; none but the infinitely absurd objection that might be offered to any private council, or private party or club, or even a private family. There are material advantages, however, as to order and efficiency, that arise from the adoption of private regulations. The members of the Order are thereby united more closely—the bond of duty is made clearer—the bond of interest is made stronger, and a foundation is laid for a mutual respect and regard among a number of persons, who, having a great selected end in view, live according to the convictions they express, and unite with the purest benevolence of purpose in recommending to others a rule of life which they believe to be good. As to the matter of temperance, the difference between the Rechabites and other Temperance Societies seems to consist in this, that the former have introduced into their system principles of government and order that have a far more powerful influence both upon individual members and the general operations of the body, than other Temperance Societies have. They have the advantage, therefore, of having their operations regulated by some additional oversight and authority. They may therefore be expected to proceed more deliberately and systematically. This is true, that obedience to the regulations prescribed is voluntary. The sense of duty and love of order, as well as a degree even of temporal interest, are appealed to, in order to secure acquiescence in them. All these may no doubt fail, but under the circumstances there is no element omitted which can be brought to bear upon the good government of the body, nor could anything additional be desired, unless it be the deepening of

a persuasion that ought to be constantly present in every association of the kind—the persuasion that a ready and unhesitating obedience to the rules of the Order, and the exclusion of all that is extraneous to them, constitute the pillar of strength upon which the association rests. The thirst of legislating is always a proof of weakness—it is a sure sign of the dissolution of every association in which it prevails. It roots up all confidence, and eventually destroys all consistency and order. It is to be ascribed to this, as by far the chief cause, that many excellent institutions, after a short-lived existence, vanish. In order to secure confidence and efficiency, there can be nothing more requisite than uniformity of operation, and the assurance of stability; but where one thing is done to-day, and another thing to-morrow, and private regulations made to supersede the general rules, this is an infallible sign of a dissolving and expiring body. There is, however, a provision in the institution of the Rechabites against this source of weakness; and so important is this part of its interior policy, that it can never be too constantly referred to, nor too solemnly enforced.

There is another point to which it seems proper to advert. The objection is not unfrequently made that Rechabite and other Temperance Societies are a sort of unwarrantable usurpation of the province of Christianity, as if they impudently pretended to be a substitute for it, and that their efforts in some manner may be unfavourable to it. If this objection were valid, it would, indeed, be a serious one; but it is hardly possible to suppose it could ever be seriously offered. The pointing the finger to those who compose the Independent Order of Rechabites, is the refutation of the objection. It needs no other refutation, because there stands the body of evidence sufficient to confound all the supposals and conjectures that can be made, to shew that the consequences have been constantly found to be the reverse of those apprehended. If every Rechabite were brought to the bar and tried one after another, and if upon trial it were clearly ascertained that he was a more regular member of the Church, or a more devoted attendant upon religious services, the objection would be made appear to be a very lame one; and such exactly is it found to be in point of fact—an objection where all existing evidence contradicts the truth of it, and proves it to be nonsense. The objection, then, must come with a bad grace from those who seek to build up the Church of Christ, when they object to a means of accomplishing the very object they desire, unless they can shew that the means employed is erroneous in principle, and unjustifiable. It is very commonly said, if on the principles of the gospel temperance cannot be maintained and promoted in human society, nothing else will avail to do it. This is another assertion in the face of experience. The fact is, that in a great many cases where the precepts and doctrines of the truth in Christ do not reach home to the individual, and subject him to their authority, there are other means that do; where they cannot prevent men from committing acts of violence or theft, may not the laws of the land do so, the disgrace of detection, and the fear of punishment? In the matter of temperance, as in all things else, some motives may prevail, where others prove ineffectual; and with regard to the Order of Rechabites in particular, where the highest Christian motives combine with the principle of honour—with benevolence, and prudence, and self-preservation—with the restraints and obligations peculiarly fitted to govern and impress the members of the Order, it is impossible but that its interior regulations must exert an influence far beyond that of any other system, whose discipline has not a special reference to the object in question; and so, in fact, are they found to do. The circumstance of Christians of all denominations—of persons even who make no religious profession—being admitted into the Order, and to a participation of its advantages, precludes the possibility of its assuming a religious authority, or of its being justly regarded in that light.

One of the leading objects of the Rechabites, is to promote the cause of temperance, and with this view there is exacted from every member a total abstinence from all that can intoxicate, with but two specific cases of exception—viz., when used at the communion, and when prescribed by a physician. This practical recommendation of the rule is of great value. It demonstrates how easily and safely the use of intoxicating liquors can be dispensed with. It proves them to be necessary for neither health of body, nor soundness of mind, and holds out living examples of the beneficial effects of habitual sobriety and self-command; so that the very life of a Rechabite exerts a valuable practical influence. In addition to this, it is the duty of the Order to accumulate and convey information on the subject of tempe-

rance, and to correct erroneous views respecting the use and abuse of intoxicating liquors. It is their aim, by demonstrating the deplorable effects and the prevalence of intemperance, to interest and unite the temperate portion of society in a general endeavour to remove or alleviate the enormous evil. They are called upon, too, to exercise in their private capacity compassion for the wretchedness of the slaves of this vice, and by all suitable means to exert their active beneficence to reclaim them; and this is a work of benevolence, which, when gone about with prudence and characteristic temper and kindness, is seldom found to fail in multiplying instances of a happy recovery to health and prosperity, purity of manners, and honourable exertion in all the duties of life.

There are, of course, various modes of advocating the temperance cause, and instances have not been rare in which it has been rather prejudiced than advanced by individual eccentricity. Perhaps no cause so good has ever suffered so much in this respect. Erroneous statements have often been made, and false premises often assumed, and sometimes unwarrantable onslaughts have been made upon unbelievers and upon occupations demanded in the present state of society and sanctioned by the laws of every country in the world. The effect of this has often been to excite opposition, and accordingly to bring about the reverse of what was intended. The Rechabites have this advantage, from their interior system of regulations, that they have the oversight of this, and may, if they please, wisely confine the advocacy of the cause of temperance to a course perfectly unexceptionable and justifiable.

Another leading object of the Rechabites, is the mutual support of its members in the case of sickness. There are many causes that render this especially beneficial in a new country. In older countries, where the individual grows up within a circle of friends and relations, the sympathy and mutual dependence of ancient friendship and neighbourhood are brought into immediate and instantaneous play, and much assistance may be expected from "the unfettered operation of Christian precepts, and of the kinder feelings of nature upon the heart and conduct of others." Here, however, men stand more alone in society—they are remote from the source whence the strongest and purest streams of charity usually flow. No systematic provision is made by the laws of the land for their relief, and the more delicate and deserving class of sufferers must, consequently, undergo a ten-fold more painful probation here than they would at home, since they will require for the most part to appeal to those upon whose connection with them they can ground no plea, and upon whose affections they have no particular claim. The regulations of the Rechabites fill up this gap, and give every member an interest in the happiness of his brother. If this single object were fully and fairly carried out—if it were systematically attended to, and provided for by the accumulation of a fund, that could afford an effectual support in time of need, the fulfilment of this object alone would suffice to render the institution worthy of all praise, and make it one of the most valuable that could be established in human society. It is obvious, however, that without any fund in reserve, whence the usual administration may be made to the necessity of a member requiring assistance, there can be little probability of any wise use of this part of the system of the Rechabites, when an unexpected draught must be made, upon the spur of the moment, on those of the members who may happen to be present. Nothing can justify, in my opinion, any other application of the funds, while this part of the machinery is out of repair; and as the rules of the Order make no mention of any extraneous charities, it is impossible to see upon what principle they can be introduced to the notice of the tent. There is a beautiful coincidence between this part of the system, and the principles of Christianity, serving to teach us to bear one another's burdens—to make light the weight of one another's chains, and amid the common calamities of life, from which none can flatter himself with having a security, to have a reserved relief and provision against misfortune;—more than that, to have even the assurance that the event of his death shall bring along with it the means of a decent burial in the dust of the grave. It is a natural sentiment that clings to the heart through all the stages of life, that one's bones ought to find a tranquil and undisturbed resting-place, and to the survivors it may serve to send a ray of joy in the dark hour of their bereavement—to know that the dead have been so far honoured with the respect which the dead can receive—that the spot which receives what is mortal may be called her own by the widow and the orphan—be decked with flowers of their own planting, and hallowed with their tears.

It is quite consistent with the general spirit and professed principles of the Rechabites, to prevent, if possible, that quarrelsome and litigious disposition, which so often leads people, on the plea of petty provocations and trifling advantages, to fly to the courts of justice for relief. It is well known that recourse is often had to such a quarter from mere feelings of anger, and for the gratification of revenge. A Rechabite would show himself but little faithful to his brother, and serve his cause erringly and ill, if these, the lowest and most malignant passions of nature, could still carry him captive; and it could avail him little to have vanquished one passion, if he carried in his breast others no less hateful. The laws of the Order render it obligatory on every Rechabite to permit nothing but the plainest perfidiousness and faithless-ness to banish a brother from his heart, always to afford him an opportunity of explanation, and in the absence of all evidence, to put upon his conduct the most favourable construction. "He that is angry with his brother without a cause," is a solemn warning from a high authority. If it is a shame that it can be said, there goes a Rechabite drunk—if it is a shame that it can be said, there lies a Rechabite sick and in want—if it is a shame that it can be said, there goes a Rechabite dishonoured and solitary to the silent home of the forgotten, it is no less discredit to see two Rechabites, in the spirit of resentment and strife, rush recklessly into the dangers of the law courts. This ought to be regarded as only a last resort, when the prescribed regulations of the Order have been wisely complied with, and in this case it may be assumed that the pernicious consequences of the threatened strife will generally be prevented. If I interpret aright the spirit of the laws that are for the government of the Order, every Rechabite is to a certain extent his brother's keeper, bound to protect his interest, bound to defend his reputation, bound to support him in his sickness, and bound to honour him in his death, and all alike bound to work out the great objects that lie as the substratum of the Order—temperance and fortitude, benevolence and perfect faithfulness to their trust. Let us remember, however, that no long term of experience enables us to pronounce with confidence upon its final success. It has never yet received that measure of public approbation and regard, which an institution so highly moral seems to me to deserve, and its doing so must depend entirely upon the prudence and wisdom of those into whose hands has been committed the direction of its movements. There is nothing, indeed, that may be more confidently asserted than this, that nothing will prove a greater obstruction to its prosperity, and more endanger its existence, than the frequent repeal of existing regulations, and the enacting of new ones. Let this course be adopted from time to time, and the whole goes to nothing, and vanishes away like the smoke of a sacrifice. The history of every similar institution corroborates this view, and shows us the propriety of obstinately rejecting every innovation, till it has been sanctioned by competent authority, and cautiously received upon a full consideration of evidence. I do not say that no improvements may be suggested in the machinery—I believe it to be susceptible of improvement; but it is far better in such cases to contend with an existing evil, than to introduce another that is even equal, inasmuch as the very change indicates a spirit that will always prove destructive. Let me express a hope that these observations will be received with the spirit in which they are made, with an earnest desire for the good of mankind and the prosperity of this Order, and with a feeling of perfect friendship and respect for every brother of the Tent in which I now stand.

Working Men.

We want in the temperance cause, *men to work*. There are thousands who are ever ready to do the talking, but the number who are willing to *work* for the reformation of the drunkard is small.—*Exchange Paper*.

Word "fitly spoken." The melancholy truth contained in the foregoing scrap is more apparent at the present day, than it has been at any stage of the temperance reformation. It is enough to cause the heart of philanthropy to bleed, to attend some of the deliberations of the so-called "friends of temperance." Do we now see broadcloth "check by jowl" with rags and filth, encouraging the poor devotee of rum to walk up to the secretary's desk to sign the pledge? Seldom, indeed. Does "every man bring his man" to the temperance meeting, as in days gone by? Alas, no! For the most part, (in this city, at least,) prosy speeches in large churches—hired at an expense of some fifty or sixty dollars—and school-boy declamations by "Professor" this, that, or the other—

or the "Hon." such-and-such-a-one, constitute the entire entertainment of a temperance meeting. We seldom hear any of those soul-thrilling appeals, which used to touch the feelings of the poor inebriate—of those gentle persuasives which were wont to write him to the pledge. If we need legislators, and those versed in legal lore to descant upon the means of suppressing a damnable traffic, let us have them—but don't let us remove the ancient landmarks, which indicate that words of love and kindness melt the inebriate's heart, and that active, personal labour is necessary to give full efficacy to our professions of philanthropy. Why will not our efficient temperance men come up again to the work. While we are wasting our time in a "war of words, the enemy of our race is diligent in fortifying his strong-holds, and every day of inactivity on the part of the friends of temperance, but involves those whom it should be our dearest object to rescue, more securely in the meshes of the destroyer.—*Rehabite Recorder.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

WHAT WILL NOT RUM DO?—Some years ago a young man, with a wife and children whom he dearly loved, migrated to the western part of this state, in hopes of bettering his circumstances. He purchased a piece of ground some distance from any town, and erected a snug little cabin thereon, and for some time every thing seemed to prosper with him. One stormy evening his wife was taken suddenly with the pains of childbirth, and leaving her with the two children, (one a girl of about three years, and the other about six,) he started for the nearest physician. On his way he called into a tavern by the road side to warm himself, for it was intensely cold and the snow falling fast, where sat several whom he knew, over their cups. He was induced to drink a little at first, to prepare him to encounter the storm on the rest of his journey, and a little more to prevent him taking cold, and so on until he became intoxicated, and so remained in the tavern all night. In the morning when he awoke from his drunken sleep, his first thought was of his sick wife. His feelings may be imagined, but not described. He hastened to his home, stung to torment by his guilty conscience. On opening the door, the first objects that met his eyes were his two children lying on the floor, frozen stiff! He rushed to the bed where he had left his sick wife, and found her a corpse, with the dead infant that had never looked upon the face of its father, lying on her breast! Shall we attempt to portray the dying agonies of that wife, rendered still more agonising by the cries of her beloved children, of 'Mother, I'm cold' because she was unable to rise and give them warmth? What pen can do it? Shall we depict the remorse and despair of that husband? The pen of an angel would be incompetent to the task.—*New York Rehabite Recorder.*

THE GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK.—Having been absent from the city when the great fire occurred, we walked over its ruins for the first time a day or two since. The sight of prostrate walls and smouldering edifices were well fitted to inspire the mind with awe at the mighty power of that element which, in its rage, baffles the energies of man, and in an hour sweeps the wealth and labour of years in one common destruction. It is a scene of desolation now, but already the busy labour of the workmen is heard, and in a few days new walls will start as by magic from the smoking heaps, and lofty buildings will leave no trace of the path over which the destroyer swept. We were struck with one thing—the ever-watchful demon of intemperance has chosen an appropriate place to exercise his power. At various points among the ruins, there are booths erected for the sale of liquor. Perhaps the very first money transactions which occurred in this mart of business after its destruction, was the sale of intoxicating poison. A mournful dedication. The spirit of rum has chosen a fitting position. Where could there be a more appropriate place for the Great Destroyer, than in the midst of smoking ruin?—a faint emblem of deep desolation which it spreads around. The artful spirit of alcohol is here seen, and we may learn what that foe is against which we contend. He erects his tent wherever there is a soul to be ruined—he never permits an opportunity to pass when a victim is to be made. No place is too sacred for his presence. In the abodes of the poor, he takes his stand beside the rude coffin; and in the midst of death shows his hated power. In the place where all is desolate and sad, he riots in seeming glory.—*Id.*

RESPECT FOR CONSISTENCY.—Some time since two heathen boys were brought to this country to obtain a Christian education. The

evils of rum-drinking had been so impressed on their minds by our Missionaries, as to render it, in their estimation incompatible with the purity of religion. On landing, they were invited to share a pleasant home with a citizen distinguished for hospitality, whose kindness they amply repaid by their cheerful, artless manners. During their stay, the host was visited by a distinguished clergyman, whom he, in a most affectionate manner, introduced to the boys as a "Michanary," (adopting their own pronunciation.) The boys seemed awe-struck with the presence of so high a dignitary; and seating themselves in a distant part of the room, silently eyed him with intense interest, resisting every effort to overcome their reserve. At length the attention of the host was turned from the boys to the sideboard; whence he drew, for the better entertainment of his guest, the welcome decanter. The clergyman had no sooner taken a draught, than the spell which had bound the boys in such breathless silence, was dissolved; and springing from their seats, they moved through the apartment with an air of amazement mingled with contempt exclaiming, "He no Michanary! Michanary no drink rum!—*Id.*

THE BAR-KEEPER'S AROLOGY.—Passing up our majestic Hudson a few days since, in a noble boat, I entered into conversation with the bar-keeper, upon the droful nature of the traffic in intoxicating drinks, urging upon him the important solemn truths usually presented. Never shall I forget the look of scorn, and the contempt which settled on his manly features as he replied, "So long as the stockholders in this line can be esteemed good Christians, and sit quietly in their cushioned pews and share in the profits of their Bar, I am safe enough."

Though the mode of shifting off responsibility, delineated in this answer, was reprov'd as it should be, the feelings of the faithful Christian were none the less painful; indeed they increased almost to anguish, as the moral, social and eternal interests of the young man were brought into account. My Brother, is any one estimating the value of religion by your inconsistencies, to their eternal undoing.—*Id.*

A SUGGESTION.—A few days since a cargo of wines was landed at one of our wharves. The "knowing uns" soon got wind of the fact, and provided with large straws made immediate application at the bung hole. The opportunity being a rare one they improved it with great vigour, and in a little while five or six of them were stretched along the dock gloriously drunk. Now we don't say that it is wrong to suck rum with a straw out of a bung hole, but we do protest against such "immoderate use" of the article. We earnestly suggest to our city fathers that, under the same law which provides for the sale of licenses, they appoint an officer whose peculiar duty shall be to watch over the interests of our friends of the straw. Let him be called "Inspector of the suckers." We know one of two anxious for an office under government whom we should be glad to recommend.—*Id.*

A REV. RUM-DRINKER.—In the town of Fletcher, Vermont, there resided a certain old elder—one of the old school preachers, who takes his bittern occasionally, especially in haying.—Some time since, this old elder went to a country store, and had his jug filled with old Jamaica. While the elder was placing his jug in a bag, one of the rum-spirits of the den tottered and crawled along by the aid of the counter and barrels, and looking up in the rum-drinking elder's face stammered out, "El. [hic] der, we aint a-[hic] shamed to let folks know [hic] we drink rum, [hic] are we eldov, eh?—[hic.]" The elder caught his jug, and departed sans ceremony.—*Id.*

ASHAMED TO OWN IT.—A distillery of 1500 gallons rum capacity, is advertised for sale in the *Boston Transcript*. The advertiser, instead of signing his own name, says, "Address A. Z. at this office," whereupon the editor of the *Temperance Standard* remarks: "Who is A. Z.? We find among the list of distillers no such initials. As much as to say, 'I am a little ashamed to have my name before the public in such a miserable business as the manufacturing of poison.'—*Id.*

PROSECUTIONS FOR KEEPING TIPPLING HOUSES have brought \$2,000 in the public treasury in Philadelphia. Wonder how large an income New-York would have, if our public officers would prosecute only a few of the violations of our laws?—*Id.*

A QUEER UN.—A neighbouring liquor seller conversing the other day with one of our Po'keepsic Washingtonians, gave it as his opinion, that the Temperance reform was nothing but an excitement, which would soon pass away and leave men once more to the sober enjoyment of their reason and their bottle.

This reminds us of a fable we have somewhere heard or read, about a man who, becoming alarmed by the pouring waters

and swelling streams, hinted to Noah, notwithstanding his former ridicule of "the patriarch's folly," that some place of safety would be altogether agreeable. The patriarch, however, having specific instructions on that subject, gave no attention to the frightened man's apprehensions of coming destruction. At length the man growing more and more alarmed, began to beg for a place among the cattle of the Ark. But the patriarch, though deeply moved, felt bound to hold fast to his instructions, and so refused to open his doors to the wicked scoffers. "Noah, Noah," he cried, (so says the fable,) "do let me in." But Noah replied, "it is now too late; it is the judgment of scoffers: I cannot." At length, the poor sinner, finding his entreaties unavailing, standing in the waters up to his very chin, cried out, with a desperate attempt at hopefulness—"Well, then, go along with your old ark! I don't believe it's going to be anything but a shower after all."—*Safeguard.*

The interest which has been created in Carleton in favor of the Temperance movement is by no means on the decline. A meeting was held in the Baptist meeting-house last Tuesday evening of a very interesting nature; in the absence of the President the Chair was taken by the Vice-President, Mr. J. Wetmore, who after some appropriate remarks on the subject of Temperance called upon Mr. Joseph O'Dunham who at some length and with much ability addressed the meeting on the improved condition of society, resulting from the progress which the Temperance cause had made; he was followed by Mr. W. Buchan who spoke of the misery arising from intemperance and narrated many facts illustrative of the same. Mr. Curch next came forward and expressed his gratification at the advancement which the cause had made and his earnest desire to see its principles received and acted upon, and concluded with showing the importance of every individual using his influence in favor of the great moral reform. After which the meeting adjourned.—*N. B. Paper.*

THE COLD WATER ARMY.—We learn that the Rev. Mr. Warren has been eminently successful in promoting the Temperance cause among children and youth at the West. He was invited by Henry Dwight, Esq., of Geneva, to visit Ontario county, and his labours appear to have been attended with such success, that a warm testimonial of his usefulness has been sent him by several of the most eminent citizens of that region. It is thought, that if the effort could be extended through the whole State, in all the school districts, it would happily tend to keep alive the interest in the cause, and give permanency to it, besides greatly assisting all efforts which may be made to secure right action in relation to the new excise law. Mr. Warren is now at the West; and, we doubt not, will find plenty to do.—*New York Evangelist.*

CONNECTICUT.—At their late session, the Legislature of Connecticut passed a bill providing for the appointment in each town of three commissioners who shall grant and revoke licenses at their discretion to taverners only, without which they are forbidden to sell. As these officers are appointed for this purpose only, their election will be virtually the question of license or no license in each town, so that it is now left as it should be for each town to decide for itself whether it will have the traffic or not.—*Id.*

LOOK OUT FOR LECTURERS.—The New York Christian Advocate and Journal (Methodist) says, that at the late Infidel Convention in this city, John A. Collins, one of their principal speakers, "discoursed at length upon the best means of promoting infidelity. After a series of blasphemous railings against God, and the Bible, and everything sacred, he used this language; 'I never deliver lectures on infidelity, but I am constantly lecturing upon the various reforms of the age. I lecture on temperance, on moral reform, on socialism, &c., &c., but wherever I go, I lecture on infidel principles. Thus our cause is promoted continually.'"

We are willing that Infidels and Deists and Atheists, Jew and Mahomedan, should be temperance men, and glad to have them so; but when a man goes about lecturing one night on temperance and another on infidelity, beware of him. He cares little about temperance, only as an introduction to society, where he may sow his seeds of destruction.—*Id.*

PHILADELPHIA GRAND JURY.—We know not when we have been so well pleased with the action of any grand jury, as that of Philadelphia. The constables of Moyamensing having returned but sixteen houses in that district, as retaining spirituous liquors, the grand jury, knowing the number to be far greater, resolved on a personal inspection. In a body they went through the district, and found one hundred tippling houses, all violations of law; and they say in their presentment, that they believed that between four and five hundred of these establishments are there in

continual and active operation. They properly recommended to the Court the immediate removal of the constables. As the fruit of this fidelity on the part of the Grand Jury, Judge Jones imposed fines upon the liquor sellers to the amount of \$1,176, all of which were paid on the spot—not one man went to prison. The fines and costs could not have been less than \$2,176. The proceeds of these fines go to the guardians of the poor.—*Id.*

THE BANNER TOWNS.—We are informed by a friend, that the town of Laurel, in Franklin County, in Indiana, bears away the palm. It is said that, out of the 600 inhabitants there are but six who are not members of the temperance society; and not a grocery in the place, nor an individual who uses, as a beverage, intoxicating drinks.

But a few years since, there could be seen, while standing in the village, the smoke of six distilleries, and there were 15 in the county. Now there is not one.

The question arises, doubtless, in the minds of many, what efforts have been used to cause the great change in this section? Has it been by mere moral suasion alone? Nay, a Mr. — a man of wealth and influence was the chief proprietor of the town, when laid off as a town. Not a lot was sold, but this provision was in the conveyance. If the premises are used for making or vending intoxicating liquor, the lot shall be immediately forfeited, and go for the support of an institution of learning in said town. This was "killing the crocodile in the egg." The gentleman referred to, has, we learn, in all possible forms, opposed the practice and evils of intemperance.—Would that we had a few of that class of men among us, that the capital of the State might soon become the Banner town of Indiana.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.—Who that has become acquainted with the writings of this most gifted author, can read the following without the most painful emotions at his dreadful fate, and indignation at the conduct of those wretches who could lead him into paths of intemperance?

Intemperance.—The grave has closed over another drunkard, and a suicide—Laman Blanchard, Esq. He has gone to give an account of his stewardship. We knew him personally—we knew him in his palmy days, when the dew of youth was fresh upon him. We joked and laughed with him when he was the editor of the London True Sun. His pen was prolific, chaste and eloquent—his wit was polished and sparkling—his scholarship was critical and elegant—his manners were social (alas! too social) affable and agreeable.—As an editor, and as a contributor to the literary periodicals of the day, he had few equals. The productions, of his mind which appeared in "Punch" were among the rarest of those gems which have made that publication universally popular.

Far be it from us to breathe a single unkindly sentiment against the memory of the departed genius—but had he been a temperate man, his death would not have been that of a suicide. He has gone into his grave comparatively a young man, and in the midst of a literary career. Let others, who are going the same way, stop and reflect upon the melancholy end of a gentleman whom Nature had endowed with mental faculties of the highest order, and who, but for his social habits, which mean drinking propensities, might have lived to a good old age, and have done immense service to his fellow men. It is dreadful to think of the account which will be exacted from such men; of the manner in which they had applied the talents and the intellectual powers which the Almighty had given them.—*The Tablet.*

POETRY.

THE BROKEN PLEDGE.

"If it were but a solitary case, is it of no consequence? But it is not so."

'Brother, we come with pitying love,
And not to grieve thy suffering heart:
Say, will the task too painful prove,
Thy warning story to impart?
Grant that a beacon it may be;
And God be merciful to thee.

'Twas thus to one who once had known
The drunkards' rescue, and had broke
The band that bound his tyrant down—
A gentle deputation spoke.
At morning hour, for then alone,
Sacred reason visited her throne.

Sank was his cheek, unnerv'd his arm,
And every sudden sound that came,
Rais'd in his feeble mind alarm,
And shook the poor inebriate's frame;
E'en speech was trembling on his tongue,
Ere des'prate zeal his fibres strung.

"Talk not," he said, "of mercy now:
I cease to hope, and cease to pray;
What mercy can they think to know,
Who run to well-known danger's way?
How can the tale for which ye press
Add pain to full—full wretchedness?"

Oh! had I died a guiltless child!
And quench'd the unsuspecting joy
That fondest parents' heart beguil'd,—
They said I was a lovely boy:
They told me much of Heaven and truth,
From childhood to accomplish'd youth.

My father in : ome days of hope,
Was to his son an erring guide:
He sat me on a slipp'ry slope,
And told his Tyro not to slide:
He gave the cup by which I fell,
And charg'd me not to love it well.

That needless cup! I drank and drank,
I could not drink and love it not,
From year to year I deeper sank,
And marr'd my wife's, my children's lot.
These need not *task* description's pow'rs:
Who cannot paint a state like ours?

Who cannot? rather say, who can?
'Tis true the passer-by might see
I was but relic of a man—
Worn relic of a woman *she*
But who can paint the scene within—
The depth of sorrow and of sin?

'I warn thee,' said a faithful friend,
'Fast thou art hast'ning to the grave;
I would a fam'd prescription send—
Well used, 'tis all but sure to save.'
I gravely promis'd—begg'd the scroll,
He wrote, 'Abstain from Alcohol.'

Oh! horns was the burning fire,
That ceaseless crav'd its feeding draught!
I sternly met the keen desire,
And cooling potions only quaff'd.
They who have fought a fight like mine,
Alone can know my dread of wine.

Resolv'd whate'er the conflict cost,
My awful promise to fulfill:
Month after month, though tempted, toss'd,
Had found me firm, triumphant still,
When—hear, ye Christian preachers, near,
I broke it in the house of pray'r!

From that dark hour I never felt
A moment's strength to turn from wine.
My heart may ache, but will not melt,
No mercy cheers my life's decline.
I feel my spirit sink away;
Behold its temple in decay.

Yes, O ye friends of human kind!
Go warn, and where you can, prevail!
Tho' some will cavil, some will mind
A poor backslider's dismal tale.
Go warn, the zealous, zealously,
To leave each brother's conscience free.

Say to the bold and ardent young—
Abhor the cup of woe and strife
While by the adder yet unstung,
And tranquil flow the streams of life,
For none can measure—none can name
Its power to fire another's frame,

Say to the wand'rer who hath been
Restor'd and tasted peace again—
'Regard the *monitor within*
Before the words of wisest men.
When these bestow their eager cares
To make thy conscience yield to theirs.

'Ah!' some will say, 'haste to forsake
Thy scruples, and regain thy stand;
Fanatics they must be who make
Divisions in religion's band.'
Plead—plead with these, in gentle might;
But firmly keep 'hy Christian right.

Ask Abram's sons if, when the Jews
Supp'd with their Lord, the Nazarene,
Strong wines fermented they would use?
And where such record may be seen?
'Christian,' they cry, 'hast thou forgot,
Our nation's law allow'd it not?'

You have my tale—go seek the stray,
That mercy's God may be your friend.
From dangers met in mercy's way,
The God of mercy will defend;
And never, never, may you be
Companions of the lost like me!

CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor do any thing by which a
thy brother is made to stumble, or to fall, or is weakened."—Rom. xiv. 21—
Macnught'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 ENTERTAIN-
MENT, NOR FOR PERSONS IN OUR EMPLOYMENT; AND THAT IN ALL
SUITABLE WAYS WE WILL DISCOURTEGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT
THE COMMUNITY

MONTREAL, AUGUST 15, 1845.

OBJECTIONS TO A CHRISTIAN'S JOINING TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

(Concluded.)

'The flesh may restrain itself—make "a fair show;" but in its best and fairest condition it is wholly a corrupt thing, for, "who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" Offense as this truth is, it is nevertheless truth; and it is the very ground on which God presses Christ Jesus on men. This truth it is which, at the same moment, discloses our need and magnifies God's grace. Any thing, therefore, which touches this must be most evil;—a Christian had better suffer the reproach of abstaining from many of men's schemes of usefulness, than in the remotest degree offend against God's precious truth.

Whatever men, therefore, may think to make of man—what-
ever they may please to call what they produce from man—let
Christians beware of confounding, or being identified with any
thing which confounds, the restraint or comeliness of the flesh
with the fruits and graces of the Spirit.

Temperance Societies do confound these things: they attach
Scriptural commendations of fruits of the Spirit to what must be,
on their own showing, fruits of the flesh only. And such Societies
do this as one of the necessary consequences of their constitution.
As Societies, they have not the power to discriminate these things.
There is only one Society which has, or can have, such discrimi-
nation—I mean, "the Church of the living God." That temple
whose stones are redeemed, quickened saints, "built together
for an habitation of God through the Spirit."

'This is the only "Society" to which a saint can consistently
belong.

But, fourthly.—When God speaks words of grace to rebels,
enemies, it is needful that He provide for His own holiness while
doing so, lest that be compromised. Now God does this when
speaking the Gospel to sinners; for while therein God has pro-
vided most effectually for the sinner's salvation, He has not less
provided for His own holiness. He speaks of mercy, to the guilty

—He holds parley with the rebellious—He offers life to those deserving instant death; and He does this holily, because He sets forth His crucified Son as the medium, the basis, the channel, of all this. This is of the first importance.

It was for this reason that when God made a covenant of works with men at mount Sinai, the book of the law was sprinkled with blood. God thereby testified that He could not enter into any covenant with sinners, except on the ground of blood. God could not even listen to man's promise to obey him; He could not even give man what he was to obey, *man being already a sinner*, if He had not had a witness of atonement before him. God's own justification, as the Holy One, demanding this.

Now Temperance Societies are of the nature of a *covenant of works without the blood*. Men pledge themselves to virtue, as if sin did not already lie at their door. This is to take the place of Cain, whose sacrifice God rejected, and not the place of Abel, who came to God through blood. Men account themselves qualified to enter on an agreement with God, and to be accepted as His servants and worshippers, *apart from redemption*.

As a Christian, this is most awful to me. The natural man is insensible to the exposure of his own blindness which is involved in this; but a Christian must surely see it utter ignorance of, or insensibility to, the relation in which sin has placed man to God, and God to man. I feel, that, as a servant of God, I am bound to testify against such trifling with His holiness.*

Fifthly.—Who is it that asks for the co-operation of Christians in the Temperance cause? A portion of the world who do not indulge in the sin of drunkenness. Now in love to these well-intentioned persons themselves, I must decline their request. For to accede to it would strongly favour the delusion, that they are essentially better than those whom they wish to improve. Their proposition assumes this—"We are better than those debased ones, yea, so much better, that we propose to labour that they may be as we are." Now, with all love and fidelity, I must reply, the difference between you, the temperate, and they, the drunken, is as nothing, compared with that change which must take place in you, in order to your being qualified for the service of God.

Morality is not a sufficient qualification for a person's association with Christians—either in their communion, their worship, or their service. "*Ye must be born again*." This is absolutely necessary in order to a man's being eligible for either. And I submit, that in love to the souls of those, amiable and philanthropic men as I see them to be, who are foremost in this Temperance project, Christians ought to take no part in their system of labour.

Sixthly.—All Temperance advocates hold out the expectation that by this and similar concurrent agencies, universal order and blessing will be introduced amongst men. Attractive general results, national and even universal, are held out to stimulate the labourers, just as individual advantage and credit, are held out to attract those whom they address. And how fabulous and injurious these expectations are, and how opposed to the honour and glory of Christ, every Christian must surely know.

REMARKS.

With the most profound veneration for the doctrinal truths set forth in the above extract from the Tract which has occupied our attention in two previous numbers, we do not see much that is applicable to the case in point; unless indeed the original ground be admitted that for Christians all association except the Church is sinful, or at least, highly inexpedient: and were the Churches now, as they were in the New Testament times, foremost in every good work, we would not object to this position. Christian teetotalers have all along earnestly desired that the Churches would take the right ground on the Temperance question, and declared their conviction that if they did so, they would not only be the most efficient, but the only Temperance Societies that were needed. But in order to bring about this most desirable state of things, whether is it better for the few members in each Church

* If it be again said, "you are arguing on the supposition that you must act as on behalf of God in this work," I reply, surely a Christian ought never to stand or walk before men, much less seek to act morally on them, save as God's servant. His being God's servant is the warrant on which he has to speak, or act at all times, and in all relations. It seems to me that one of two evils is pressed on me, in urging me to join a Temperance Society. Either it is a thing in which I am to act as God's servant or not,—if not, you would make me in this thing, practically an infidel; if it is, must act only with God's people and on God's principles.

who see the truth with regard to the use of intoxicating drinks, to agitate the question within their respective Churches, or to form an organization out of the Churches to act both upon them and upon the world. The first course appears to us fraught with strife, heart-burnings, and the dissolution of existing organizations, the latter whilst it does not disturb present order, is endowed with great power to act upon public opinion, and to produce (as it has produced) a rapid though quiet, and gradual reformation.

We would therefore come back to the Bible test, viz., that a tree is to be known by its fruits. If the Temperance Society be not of God, it must be of the devil, and it surely cannot be difficult to find out whether its fruit, savor of Heaven or Hell; to us there appears nothing that savors of the latter place. Nay, if this society be an invention of Satan's, he is certainly losing his subtilty, for it is universally acknowledged that it has tended to abate most of the other evils which he so dearly loves—such for instance, as cursing, swearing, chambering, wantonness, races, theatres, gambling, quarreling, fighting, murder, and such like.—Nay, it has had a most manifest tendency, as a bishop of the church of England once said, to empty the dramshops and fill the churches; which is certainly the strangest work that ever Satan was engaged in, unless the ground be taken, that the churches are doing his service better than the dramshops. In a word if the cause be of Satan, it must be manifest to all that he is divided against himself, and consequently his kingdom cannot stand; so that the Millennium must be approaching, whether the tractarian's view or ours, be the correct one.

We have no controversy with Christians for not signing the pledge, or joining a Temperance Society, if they scruple so to do, provided they do *all* that lies in their power as individuals, to promote the cause in which Temperance Societies are engaged—nay even should they only remain neutral, and that is surely, the least that can possibly be asked of them, we will not complain; but if they do nothing to advance the Temperance cause, surely it is fair to request that they take care not to retard it. If they do not oppose the drinking usages of society, they should do nothing to build them up. But it is clear, that any one who makes, or sells, or drinks, or gives away intoxicating liquors as a beverage, even if it were but a single glass in a month, throws his whole weight against the Temperance reformation—because he sanctions the drinking customs which are the prolific source of intemperance, and with which that reformation is at war. We trust therefore that our Tractarian is personally a total abstainer; if not—if he objects to Temperance Societies whilst using intoxicating drinks as a beverage, we must respectfully inform him that we think he is straining out knats and swallowing camels.

We conclude with a paragraph from notes of a review of this Tract, furnished by Mr. Wadsworth and to which we have been more than once indebted in the foregoing remarks. The paragraph alludes to the last sentiment of the Tract.

"All—no—I never did, nor ever will I hold out such prospects—the gospel is the instrument, God's spirit the agent—Christ's blood the only remedy,"

"None but Jesus—none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good."

RECHABITISM.

We publish at the request of our Rechabite friends, an able address, delivered before them by a clergyman of the Church of England in this city. The greater part of this address would suit equally well for any Temperance Society as for that to which it was delivered: and in so far, it has our hearty concurrence, and our prayers that it may produce its legitimate effect upon the

minds of the public, and especially upon those of the author's brethren in the ministry of the Church of England, from whom the Temperance cause longs for more support. So far as the views and advocacy of the address are peculiar to Rechabitism we commend them to the candid examination of the public; though we must confess the inconclusiveness of the arguments in favor of Rechabitism, as distinguished from ordinary Temperance efforts, exhibits, in our opinion, a marked contrast to the cogency of the reasoning in favor of the Temperance reformation in general. It must be admitted, however, that Rechabitism has one advantage over the old system—that namely of keeping up a more effectual oversight and stricter discipline among its members; and the only question to be considered is, whether or not this advantage (the only one by-the-by that we can see) is not bought too dear.

EDUCATION.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

It has been remarked that the present and past ages have been chargeable with a mighty waste of female mind. Had women no influence—did their character and conduct terminate upon themselves—even then there would be cause for lamentation that sensibility and genius had remained uncultivated. But how great the cause for regret when we remember that the influence of women, and particularly of *mothers* and teachers, is immense. *Authority* may belong to men, but *influence* belongs to women. The first command, the second *secure submission*; the first have *office*, the second have *power*; and were we to select the dearest, and most *influential*, and most responsible, of all relations in this fallen world, it would be that of a mother. Monarchs may command armies, and, humanly speaking, wield the destinies of empires, but nations and armies must alike mingle with the dust. The influence of *mothers* will be lasting as eternity. It is reserved for them alone to touch the first springs of existence, to seize the immortal spirit ere yet the dew of youth has received the impress of this world; consecrate it to the Saviour, lay it in his arms by faith, and train it up for him. It is a work angels might envy; and yet how little do Christian mothers appreciate their privilege and responsibility. An immortal spirit, in keeping for an hour, might give a trembling solicitude to *angels*, with all their fidelity and all their prevailing disposition to serve the cause of Heaven; but immortal spirits, put into our charge for *months* or *years*, that we may inform and fix the character of the *mind*, involves us far deeper in responsibility than we can readily realize.

How inadequately do we estimate the price put into our hands, and our almost unbounded influence over the young immortal, the candidate for glory. Dear sisters, the world needs *good mothers*—*Christian mothers* who shall be living books to their children—epistles of Christ, known and read by all around. Mothers who shall so entwine *His* love with maternal affection, and wreath it round their infants, that these bonds shall grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength, in such a manner that they can never break the bands asunder, nor cast away such cords from them.

What a mighty change would take place in the whole condition and moral aspect of society, if the influence of *mothers* were the influence of well-furnished intellect and thoroughly-disciplined emotions—*fervent and devoted piety*—if *conceit*, and *presumption*, and *ignorance*, and six, always secured the reproof of womanly wisdom. But this is but one way in which the improvement of woman would benefit all.

Did the fact ever rest on your mind that *man* is educated by woman? It really is so. It may be optional with the

mother, whether she will give right and true education to the young; but we have no power, nor has any one, to prevent the child from learning.

Unless we can put a drag upon the ever-active faculties of the human mind; unless we can close up the avenues of communication between mothers and teachers, and things without, the child *will learn* and form habits. Our very countenances teach them, our every-day actions teach them, our words teach them, our example teaches them, long before we hear them lip our name. If we refuse to sow the good seed, weeds will spring up; the child will soon become habituated to thoughts and actions which will constitute the character of the mature man. The question, therefore, is *not* whether the next or any generation shall be *educated*, for that question has already been decided by the laws of nature and human intercourse; but the question is, whether the child shall be *educated in truth and godliness*. And this depends upon the qualifications, mental and moral, of *mothers and teachers*. These are the persons who impart the first and most lasting ideas, and produce the first impressions. If we give the curious and wondering faculties of childhood a *wrong* direction, if we pervert its generous susceptibilities, no subsequent labours can counteract the evil; the child has been trained in the way he should *not* go, and when he is old he will *not* depart from it. If these are truths—really truths—dear sisters, how very important that we should take all the mothers by the hand within our reach, and learn *together* the *best* mode of teaching these young ones, who are to be the future fathers and mothers of the next generation—how very important that they should go into the world with right feelings, right principles, right views of their duty to *God* and man.

Where are now the future kings?—where are now the future senators of our land?—where the future missionaries of the Cross?—where the future pastors and deacons of our churches?—where the future tutors of youth—where are all the future ambassadors of the King of kings?—where? Why, at this moment on a mother's knee, and receiving their first impressions from her countenance, or playing at the feet of *woman*, and storing up her words of wisdom to aid them in future years of difficulty and responsibility. And is it really so? Do we indeed believe it?—Can we then sit down and fold our hands happily? But some mothers may say, perhaps, "I have no *time* to give lessons to my children." No time! why *all* your time is God's time, and he can easily command one of his servants, in the form of *fever* or *consumption*, or some of the thousand ills at his command, to lay that overbusy mother on a bed of languishing and death. She *must* find "*time*" to lie there. No time to serve God and train your precious charge for him? Then eternity will find you repenting of your folly. No time! Are not your little ones always with you? When you place the frugal meal before them, cannot you tell them who first poured these blessings into your lap, that you may give to them? When you undress them, can you not tell them who made the little active limbs, and who draws the curtains of darkness around them that they may rest in quiet? When they hear the wind and the hail, and anxiously ask what it is, can you not tell them of *Him* who rides upon the wings of the wind, and has the treasure of snow and of hail? Do you say your little ones could not understand it? We know from experience they *can*; and if you say they cannot, you have never *tried*. As soon as the bright eyes of your little one open wider at the words, "Shall mother tell a story?" have ready for this little flower of mind a dew-drop from Heaven's treasury; from the broad range of sacred story, select and make simple for it things that will make it wise unto salvation. Speak of the dove that winged its way back to the ark, and of the good man who pulled her in, and how he came there. Tell of the little weeping babe found in a basket by the river, pitied by a king's daughter; of the little boy who lived in the temple with old Eli, and whose mother brought him a

little coat every year; of young Timothy, who might have been seen sitting by his mother and grandmother, learning from them the way to heaven. And tell your young charge, above all, of *Him* who became a babe in Bethlehem, with hay for his pillow when born, and a cross for his bed when dying.

Now, look at that little boy playing by his mother's feet, as she sits at her work—how happy he seems. No recollection of the past troubles him, no anxiety for the future clouds his brow, no storms that so often rise and becloud the atmosphere of his mother have yet burst upon his young joyous head. All looks bright and beautiful to him; and in his gay imaginations the world seems made for him. Listen to his busy prattle and his loud laugh; few thoughts of futurity ever break the circle of his present scenes, and yet the great unknown *eternity* has power to interest him when revealed to him in the soft caresses of his mother's voice. His mind is created to find *eternity* its sphere. He will be there soon. And even now, *Eternity* has power to awaken emotion in that mind.

His pious mother, with a heart lifted up for grace to help, and with a tender sense of his soul's worth, determines to throw a thought into her boy's mind about *eternity*. She calls him—"John, I have something to say to you." The boy's eyes glisten while she tells him of *Jesus*, who left his Father's glorious home, and laid by his robes of royalty, and came all the way down to this sinful world to tell us the way to heaven. She tells him that *Jesus* was obedient to his mother's voice, that she found Him at twelve years of age in the Temple with the Jewish doctors; how he healed the poor boy who had a devil; and raised the little girl from the dead; and called little children, and took them in His arms, and blessed them; that He was crucified by wicked men; that after He had raised himself from the dead, when the angels came down to welcome Him back, as He went up in a bright cloud, He commanded all who love Him to tell to the heathens *what he came down for*, and what He is gone up to His own golden city to do for us. She tells her boy that he may be one of the lambs of gentle *Jesus*, if he loves and serves Him, and prays for His holy Spirit to give him a new heart. Now, look again; his busy prattle has ceased, the smiling countenance has put on a serious pensive air; he tells his mother it was very cruel to kill so kind a Saviour; that he will try to love him, that he may live in heaven with Him at last. Gaze on; "I will tell you some more about this kind and gentle *Jesus* by and bye, my son," says the mother, Away bounds the boy from her knee to his pleasures—gaiety and merriment again resume their sway. The mother dies ere she can resume the story—night comes—amidst the weepings of a household, and the feeble cries of a new-born infant, that mother ascends to her mansion in the skies. But where is the boy who had a single thought about *eternity* cast into his mind in the morning? He is quietly sleeping in his crib, and when they tell him in the morning that he is "motherless," he thinks it *must* be something sad—very sad. And when they put on his sable dress, he wonders why his mother does not dress him, and why he does not see her, and why his father weeps so bitterly. Has he forgotten his mother's lesson—has not all been lost. Years pass away—the child is the man; the man a bold servant of God, blowing the Gospel trumpet with startling power through the dark valleys of a pagan isle, and a multitude of immortal beings are weeping at the foot of the Cross. In this high career—and an angel might envy it—memory sometimes brings up the past. The first link in that chain of agencies which made him a watchman in Zion was that single thought about *eternity*, cast so long ago into his childish mind by his sainted mother; he remembers her anxious countenance, he remembers the falling tear, he remembers her solemn voice mingled with love's own gentleness. The thought she cast into his mind, just

before her dying agony, has remained, and has been to him a talisman all along the giddy paths of youth; and it has had chief power among the influences which have now moulded his mortal being. That veteran in the army of the Lord of hosts, that pillar of fire amid the darkness of heathenism, was the little child whose giddy mirth was interrupted to give him a thought about *eternity*. How much does the world owe to that mother's love and influence.

Dear friends, I could meet you every day for a year, and bring you each day some new proof of the blessed effects of a mother's prayers—a mother's teachings, and a mother's love. Many of our most holy and useful ministers have recorded for our encouragement the effects—the lasting and *reclaiming* effects—of their mother's early teaching, prayer, and love. A pious mother's love! what a charm the sound conveys!

And how pure is a mother's love! The patriot, for his spent energies, expects to reap his reward in the voice of fame. The friend, as the reward of warm friendship, expects, and justly, in return, sympathy and love. And even Religion, while she waters her faith with tears, looks forward to the rest of her labours and her love. But *maternal* affection springs from the breast uninvoked by the wand of Hope, unadulterated by the touch of interest. Its objects are the weak and the woeful; it haunts the cradle of infantine pain; it hovers near the couch of the faint and forsaken. Its sweetest smiles break through the clouds of misfortune; and its gentlest tones rise amid the sight of suffering and of sorrow. It is a rapid and lovely flow of feeling, which gushes from the fountain-head of purity, and courses the heart through selfish designs and sordid passions, *unwillingly* and *unsullied*. And what is so firm as a mother's love? Time and misfortune, penury and persecution, hatred and infamy, may roll their dark waves successively over it, and still it smiles *unchanged*.

Or the more potent allurements of fortune, opulence, and pride, power and splendour, may woo her, and yet she is *unmoved*. A mother loves, and loves for ever! Dear sisters, let us not be content to live for ourselves, and to ourselves, but may we be anxious that our sons and our daughters, aye, and our neighbours' sons and daughters, may go forth into the world, feeling the influence of a mother's prayers and a mother's bright example—blessed in themselves, and a blessing to all around them; and thus carry forward the ark of the Lord when we are numbered among the dead. Oh, who can tell the deep longings of a pious mother's heart, that her children may live to God and for God? None but those who feel the flame within of a CHRISTIAN mother's love.

Allow me, dear friends, to urge you to press onward in your momentous work, and whatever of difficulty you may meet, and whatever of self-denial you may be called upon to exercise, I pray you go forward. Remember you are working for *eternity*, and shall reap if you faint not; for God hath said it, and he is a God of truth. Do you really believe that no being on earth has a charge more fearfully important than that of a mother? *every* mother poor and rich? The poor mother may say, "It matters not so much for my children, they will not be of much importance in the world." Say not so—have you not heard of the great and good and useful man who preached a thousand sermons before he was twenty—whose mother moved in a very humble sphere? Now, who can tell where the influence of the mother of that lad will end? I heard him preach a sermon to his flock when he had been a pastor nearly half a century! Look for a moment at the widening circle of the influence of that one minister all this time! You cannot estimate it! Gabriel could not. Who can tell the value of the soul of the babe whose life is nourished by our own? Every trace that we grave upon it will stand forth at the judgment-day when the books are opened. Every waste place which we leave through neglect will frown

upon us like an abyss, when the mountains fall and the skies shrivel like a scroll. Great need have mothers to repeat the question of the father of Samson, "How shall we order the child?" If it really be true that the influence of mothers will be felt as long as time endures, and be heard of among the ranks of the blessed, when the angel has proclaimed that "time shall be no longer," surely we have no time to lose in ascertaining how we can best train our dear ones for God, and aid in every way we can those who wish to learn *with us*. Soon we shall be called, one by one, to render up our account, and to leave our work *done or not done*. Time is flying! Death is certain! Let us leave *character and example* to speak to our children when we rest in the grave; and when our children are united to the people of God, may the minister be enabled to say of us, if we are gone, "Their mothers are in heaven!" While you are planning and deliberating—yea, while we are reading, mothers and children *are passing into eternity!* Stretch out your hand to help them into the narrow way, and whatsoever our hands find to do, let us do it with our might, for the grave will soon receive us, where sorrow for neglected duties will be vain.

May you, dear sisters, be enabled to go forward in the strength of the Lord, remembering the mighty power of a *mother's influence*.—Reading for maternal associations.—*The British Mother's Magazine*.

*FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

There is, in some households, no family government, no order no subordination. The children are kept under no restraint, but are allowed to do what they like; their faults are unnoticed and unpunished, and their tempers are allowed to grow wild and headstrong, till in fact, the whole family become utterly lawless, rebellious against parental authority, and unamiable to all around them. How many have had to curse the over-indulgence of fond and foolish parents. How many, as they have ruminated amidst the desolations of poverty, or the walls of a prison, have exclaimed, "O, my cruelly fond parents, had you exercised that authority with which God entrusted you, over your children, and had you checked my childish corruptions, and punished my boyish disobedience—had you subjected me to the wholesome restraint of salutary laws, I had not brought you with a broken heart to the grave, nor myself with a broken character to the jail."

Over-indulgence is awfully common, and continually making shocking ravages in human character. It is a system of great cruelty to the children, to the parents themselves, and to society. This practice proceeds from various causes; in some instances from a perverted and systematic sentimentalism; in others, from absolute indolence and a regard to present ease, which leads the silly mother to adopt any means or coaxing, and yielding, and bribing, to keep the young rebels quiet for the time; in others from a mistake as to the time when restraint should begin, or a spirit of procrastination, which leads parents to say, "I shall take them in hand by and by—there is no time lost; when their reason is a little more mature I shall lay upon them more restraint," and in some it is "mere animal affection," without the guidance of a particle of judgment, a mere instinct, like that which in the irrational tribes leads to a blind and busy care. It is not uncommon for parents to treat the first acts of puerile rebellion, rather as freaks to be smiled at, than as faults to be reformed. "O," says the mother, "it is only play, he will know better soon. He does not mean any harm, I cannot chide him." No; and if the father, wiser that herself does, she cries, and perhaps in the hearing of the child, reproves her husband for cruelty. From whatever cause it proceeds, it is in the highest degree injurious to the character of the children. Let those who are guilty of it, read the fearful comment on this sin, which is furnished for a warning, in the history of Eli and his family.—*Fam. Mount.*

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

(Continued from page 236.)

In our last number we followed our Mary Lundie Duncan through the halcyon days of childhood and youth, up to the joyous hour when she was united in marriage to the man of her choice,

the Rev. W. W. Duncan. We are now to contemplate this admirable woman under circumstances to develop other traits of character, and to see her where her example will be of still richer value to those who read these pages.

THE WIFE—THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

Immediately after their marriage, the youthful pair removed to the parish of Cleish, the scene of their future labors, and the scene also of her early and sudden translation to a brighter and more congenial sphere.

The untried field, now opening before our young friend, was entered with desires for usefulness in some degree enthusiastic; and while her heart turned often and tenderly to her widowed mother whom she had left behind, she found in the delightful employments of a country pastor's wife, enough to fill her heart and hands.

And if she had found no sources of happiness in the care of those whom she had come to aid her husband in watching and training for heaven, she could have been happy always at home.

In her diary under date but a few weeks after marriage, she speaks with a daughter's love, of a mother whose embrace she now could but seldom feel, and then adds these words which every husband will admire:

"But my husband smiles so tenderly and beamingly on me, that I feel I could give up still more for him. Oh! let me try to make him happy, and never let the tender flower of love be nipped by hasty words: let me try to make his home comfortable, and study his taste even in small things."

What a model of a wife was Mary Lundie! Could simple words be more fitly chosen to portray the heart of a loving bride? Such a wife will usually make a good husband; none but the best of husbands could be worthy of such a wife. These "small things" which Mary speaks of, are what make home happy or miserable, and none knew better than she, how to study them and make them all work together for the pleasures of the domestic circle.

In the secluded parish in which they were settled, she must have felt the loss of many sources of enjoyment which more refined society and more leisure would offer to a mind cultivated like hers, but she writes in such a strain as this: "How numerous are our blessings! W.'s people love him; the surrounding families here have received me kindly; we have lovely scenery around and are engaged in the most honorable work that can employ mortal man. Shall we not raise here our Ebenezer, and bless the Lord who hath done so great things for us?"

And this sweet contentment is all the sweeter when we find her fond heart yearning often for the widowed mother whom she had left. "Oh," she says, "it is sad, this severing of early ties! and many a pang it costs me. I am very happy with him for whom I gave them up, but still I am in a land of strangers. Yet the mercy of the past makes me hope for the future, that the kind hand of Providence will be over me still, to bless, and teach, and succor me."

Soon she writes, "I hope to begin a class of young women next Sunday morning." Again: "I have heard my class—fourteen present. It was on this occasion, strictly preparatory to the Lord's Supper. We read Matt. xxvi., and my heart was enlarged in speaking of the necessity for self-examination, and of the blessedness of saints in taking leave of ordinances for ever, and being in the very presence of God. Mentioned Matthew Henry's illustration, 'When the sun shines, farewell candle.' Some looked anxious and serious. Oh! I hope the Lord has his own among them!"

How peacefully her pure spirit breathes in the following lines from one of her letters to a friend: "Sweet fellowship with God! Would that I knew more of it, and drank deeper of the waters of life, which take away all other thirst, and make the things of this life seem as nothing! Ah, my friend, let us try thus to look upon all the little crosses of life; they will last but through the winter. Spring, everlasting spring will soon come, and then how peacefully shall we repose under the shade of the Sun of life, and remember sorrow but as a departed friend, sent to quicken our footsteps to our blessed resting-place."

But the tastes which Mrs. Duncan had cultivated for the elegant and refined in life, were far from disqualifying her for the pursuit of those heavenly duties which have seemed repulsive to many of less polished minds. As the wife of a pastor, a pastor in the country, she ought to strengthen his hands and encourage his heart. Her first great charge was her own house, and she soon found that his relief was to be sought by her diligence in

watching well the ways of the household, suffering nothing of anxiety to come upon him which her care could prevent, and as she thus stood between him and domestic annoyances, she was able to promote his usefulness, to give him more time to devote to the study and his flock, while his mind was preserved in that calm and equable frame so essential to the successful prosecution of a pastor's labours. Many a woman has sought to be a "useful minister's wife," by flying about the parish as if wags were on her feet, when her own vineyard, the nursery and kitchen, was lying waste. And although her activity abroad may have been the means of good, her neglect at home may have made her husband's life an unquiet one, deprived him of those social, fire-side delights which every good man loves, and thus hindered instead of helping him in his appointed work. Not so with our Mary. She made home his sweetness emblem of heaven. Her smile was its light; her voice, eloquent of the joy that swelled up ever from the full fount of her heart, was its music; and when he came home worn with the services of the sanctuary, or exhausted with the multiplied cares which his scattered flock imposed, that smile and Mary's voice with the full assurance of her love, were enough to cheer his soul and make him almost forgetful that his was a life of toil. And then when his faith was failing and discouragement settled on him, she would kneel with him at the foot of the throne where her prayers were heard, and in the strength of her confidence that waxed stronger as it was more needed, she would plead for him and his people, as one who knew the way to the car of heaven. O, Mary! thou wert thy husband's friend indeed!

Nor did her diligence in her chosen calling spend itself at home. As well might an angel be contented always in a quiet happiness, as Mary Lundie. She wanted to be doing something; and never wanted to be idle. In the homes of those who were around her, she was found a ministering spirit, bearing the image of her Saviour, going about doing good, and seeking to bring the consolations of the gospel to the children of affliction and grief.

Some idea may be formed of the enjoyment which she had in the public duties of her husband's ministry, and of her own anxieties for the souls of those committed to his care, from the following entry in her journal, made immediately after a communion season.

"We have had a sweet season of communion, pleasant within and without, as one of the elders said to me. The day was fine, the church crowded, and W. (her husband,) I think, received aid from his heavenly Father. He dwelt much on the love of Christ, constraining us to live to his glory, and fenced the tables solemnly, comforting the penitent, and warning away the hardened. I sat between him and Miss S.—at the second table, the very company I should have chosen. Our servant was a communicant, and by having almost everything done before going to church, I have not been obliged to keep her at home from any of the services. The elders dined here on their way home, and we had early family worship before they left us. We prepared cold dinner on Friday and Saturday, and there was no bustle. My heart fills when I think of the young people. There were about thirty who stood up in solemn self-dedication, as they do at Ruthwell, on Saturday. They filled the long pews fronting the pulpit. O, it would be cheering, could one believe them all animated by one heart and one soul."

Her growth in grace at this period is striking, yet only such as we might look for in one whose aspirations after holiness were these: "Oh, my holy Saviour, when shall I be made like thee? I hope this state of things (her spiritual coldness) is not to last, but that the sweet glimpses which are given sometimes of forgiving love, may become abiding peace, and unwearied waiting on my God."

(To be Continued.)

EDUCATION EVER GOING FORWARD.—The present generation, although they will, nine out of ten, confess to an intense desire to gain knowledge, are ever yet complaining that they really have not time or opportunity to set about it; and perhaps these very persons who make this excuse, from year to year, are all the time unconsciously becoming acquainted with a mass of scientific facts, which they have picked up, here and there, by accident. It is surprising how much miscellaneous knowledge is acquired in this desultory way. Accost a man who has travelled once a-week on a railway, for six months, and he will tell you about curves and

gradients, locomotives, drags, buffers, and a hundred things, respecting which, six months before, he had not the remotest conception. Five years ago, the name of guano was scarcely known, save to the chemist. No one can now dine at a market ordinary without hearing discussions on the comparative fertilising properties of the guano of Ichaboe and Peru, the proportions in which sulphuric acid ought to be mixed with crushed bones, and, not improbably, something about organic and inorganic manures, phosphates, silicates, and other substances, the very names of which, a few years ago, were utterly incomprehensible to those who now use them as familiarly as household words. Does not all this prove that grown, and even old men, are more able to learn than they are willing to give themselves credit for? They must, however, learn in a certain way, or not at all. The knowledge must be presented to them, not in great and costly books, but in connection with the routine business of life. It must be brought home to their own doors, explained in the simplest possible language, by the ablest teachers; and, to make the work complete, the talent of the engraver must be brought to aid, in order to teach by objects, and lead the mind unconsciously, from the known to the unknown. A single engraving will sometimes explain at a glance, more than pages of letter press will explain in an hour. We deduce from these considerations that one of the two great wants of the age is the breaking down,—and the periodical presentation, in an available, fragmentary shape,—of those great masses of scientific knowledge, which in the gross, the majority of men would despair of surmounting. Thus we may term adult education. The second want, is the means of attaining a scientific education for the young.—*Maidstone Gazette.*

THE PESTILENCE OF OVER-TRADING.—The grand struggle of the multitude is excited neither by ambition nor covetousness; nor that nicer torment, a morbid love of approbation, which racks the sensitive genius; nor by the delirium of an entrancing affection, nor by the tyranny of grosser passion;—but the common aim of the majority in their daily toil, is rather for means to sustain a bare and comfortless existence. The weariness of the scarcely successful effort is visible in almost every face. The vast increase of heart and nervous disease arises from the distracting excitement and stretch of mind which now prevail throughout society, especially in large cities, where great competition exists, and where an uncertain commerce furnishes a precarious support, and wealth and pride too often take mean advantages of laborious poverty. The votaries of pleasure are scarcely more exposed to the causes of mental disquietude than the devotees of Mammon, and both alike waste the energies of life in excitement, and alike suffer the penalty of breaking those laws which naturally regulate the uses of both body and mind. The gambling spirit as constantly haunts the exchange and corn-market as the play-table; and, by perplexing and distracting the mind, soon saps the basis of health and anticipates old age. Hence, in large commercial towns, we often witness, even in persons who have barely reached the middle period of life, the haggard face, sunken eye, hoary hair, and feeble gait, which properly belong to "wearied old." Nor can the results be surprising to those who reflect that anxiety is but a chronic kind of fear; a sort of intermittent fever or ague, which as manifestly disorders the circulation and secretions as that which arises from the poisonous malaria of the marshes, and which is scarcely more deadly than that of the market, in these days of desperate speculation and grasping monopoly.—*Dr. Moore's Power of the Soul over the Body.*

EVIDENCES OF IMMORTALITY.—The one conclusion of all research on this, as on every other subject, is inevitable. There is certainly some end worthy of man's creation, and suited to his spirit, in his advancing struggle after knowledge and goodness, which the economy of earthly existence does not furnish. The purpose of being is not here explained: intelligent desire is not satisfied; the sunshine of truth is only reflected on earth: there is no perfect day to the soul; light direct from its source falls not on the sight; we must imagine the delights of which we are capable, but which we cannot here realize; we must live abstractedly if we would live reasonably in holy intimacy with divine and human science; we must look forward into futurity for the meaning of the past. The present adds but a stone to the grand erection, the design of which is to occupy our contemplation everlastingly: for each individual raved in its memory and experience, is adding material to material in an order and for an end at present unknown to itself, but yet manifestly according to the plan of a mind that cannot be disappointed. The very body, which in health so beautifully obeys us, while the soul seeks only perishing enjoy

ment, becomes an impediment to our nobler aspirations; and when the spirit awakes to the consciousness of its infinite capacity, its very efforts to be free tend to burst the bonds of the body, which becomes more and more irksome as the mind grows mature; at length the ruinous condition of the earthly tabernacle strengthens the desire for one that is heavenly and eternal; and when the body obeys not, then the attentive believing spirit begins to enjoy true liberty in acquaintance with God's purpose to his creature; and already catching a gleam of glory from beyond the grave, the regenerated man passes through death and finds it only one stop to enter for ever through that gateway into satisfying and endless life.—*Ibid.*

"**POOR, BUT HONEST.**"—The newspapers, and other equally great authorities, make use of this phrase in biographical notices. "He was born of poor but honest parents!" Poor, but honest! that is to infer that the parents ought to have been dishonest because they were poor, but that in this particular case they were honest, in spite of their poverty. This common phrase is an insult to the condition of ninety-nine men out of a hundred, and an indignity to human nature. There might be, considering the manner in which many fortunes are acquired, some little shade of meaning in saying of the heir of fortune, "he was born of rich but honest parents; but the 'poor but honest' phrase is atrocious. Let it be reformed altogether.

JOHN WESLEY'S CALMNESS.—Robert Hall said to John Wesley, "The most extraordinary thing about him was, that while he set all in motion, he was himself perfectly calm and phlegmatic; he was the quiescence of turbulence."

CHRISTIAN UNION.—With real Christian union, though the machinery of expediency himself (not to mention where he must come from.) Christian men would march right onward and demolish all the meshes it could weave; for the more honest man always has the advantage of his more crafty opponent.

AGRICULTURE.

DRAINAGE.

The inclosed letter being from a practical farmer, in the immediate neighbourhood of this town, addressed to Professor Johnston, and read by him at the Durham Monthly Agricultural Meeting, is deserving of particular notice; it shows the certain and immediate return for capital laid out, and advocates forcibly and sensibly the advantage of 3-foot drains, contrary to the opinion of most farmers, who prefer shallower cuttings:—

Spylaw, 5th June, 1815.—My landlords, the governors of George Watson's Hospital, and the Merchant Maiden Hospital, of Edinburgh, defray the expense of cutting, amounting to from 36s. to 42s. per acre, while the remainder only of the charge—the drainage being performed altogether with tiles, upon soles—falls to my share, amounting, with filling it in by the plough, to from 45s. to 50s. per acre. My proposition, however, I may state is thus stated low, as the tiles are estimated at prime cost—being manufactured by myself—and no charge made in this price for the expence of the erection of the tile works. It will be noticed, also, that this work being on the farm, the expence of carriage of tiles is, to a great extent saved. This explanation—when I have stated that the depth of the drains has been in every instance, when practicable, 3 feet from the bottom of the furrow—answers, I think, your second query; and I shall go on, therefore, to reply to the others in their order. 1st, I have now finished upwards of 550 acres in the manner above described, the total length of drains being 267,030 yards. 2d, As explained, my drainage costs less than in ordinary cases can be calculated upon, and I conceive I can, with all safety, trust to being remunerated for my share of the outlay by the two crops first following the operation, viz Turnips and Barley, or Wheat; no doubt in many instances I derive more. But this depends so much upon the nature of the soil, that a definite answer is not easily given. Upon obstinate clays, and land rendered sterile by noxious elements generated by an impervious subsoil, the advantage of thorough draining is, I conceive, to more than double the value. Thus, such land in many instances rented at 10s. per acre, would be better worth cultivating subsequent to such an operation, effectually made at 20s. or even 25s. per acre. 3d, The nature of the soil on this farm varies very much, but in general it is what is popularly described as a free loam upon an indurated subsoil, in many parts

altogether clay, but generally exhibiting, at frequent intervals, a free mixture of sand, which being porous, renders the drainage less difficult, so that, in almost every instance, I have found the comparatively wide distance apart of 23 feet effect a most perfect purpose. This, however, is no doubt in part owing to the great depth. The average rent is 24s. per acre; average distance from markets, if by this is meant expence of carriage of produce, I cannot call more than six miles. But as much of our Barley especially, ultimately finds its way to Edinburgh, where, and in the Lothians generally, the prices upon an average are from 3s. to 4s. per qr. higher for the same quality (and the same may be said of Wheat and Oats in proportion,) the difference of value of produce in the two districts cannot be estimated at less, in ordinary seasons, than 16s. to 18s. per acre, of the land under crop in each year. 4th. As to my confidence in being able to meet a free-trade in corn—it is not easy to say what would be the full effect upon prices of a total abolition of the Corn Laws, and there are other considerations, besides mere price, which ought to have influence with the farmer,—cheapness incident upon a full foreign supply of grain, being a different thing from cheapness as derived from the employment of additional labour and exertion at home. I therefore do not feel quite prepared to answer this question in all its bearings, but were the matter of additional supply the only element to effect price, I must say, individually—having nearly completed my improvements, I would prefer an open trade with the Continent, and the concomitant, as I would expect, of an arrest of ameliorations at home, to a full and perfect cultivation of the extensive breadths of neglected land in England; as the foreign supply I conceive would prove more scanty ultimately, and less elastic to our growing necessities, than what we should derive from a free application of science and the modern principles of practical agriculture to our own soils.—*John Dudgeon.*

LARGE FARMS.—It will be found, I think, when the subject is well considered, that it is not large farms that make a wealthy tenantry, but it is a wealthy tenantry that makes the large farm. Therefore, those landlords who wish for large farms, which, in this view of the case, every landlord will naturally do, his first exertions must be to improve the circumstances of the farmers he has; and as they can only better their circumstances by improved cultivation, his first object should be to give them agricultural instruction. Suppose knowledge is generally diffused over any particular district, the value of land (to those who have improved) is enhanced, by their knowing, from experience, what an increased return can be had from it. If any tenant who adheres to old prejudices gets into difficulties, or wishes to emigrate, the man who has improved is the person who will give the highest price for his farm, from knowing what he can make of it; and, by what he has made, is also the person best able to pay for it. Thus the improver extends his farm from time to time, as opportunity offers. On the other hand, suppose that no such opportunity occurs—that no one wishes to emigrate, or may be forced to sell from being in difficulties, then the improver, having acquired a little capital, and knowing who can part with his own farm to advantage, from its high state of cultivation, looks round to other localities where agriculture is less understood, and where land, therefore, may be obtained on cheaper terms; he sells his own farm, and purchases elsewhere, one twice or three times the size, which his skill and exertions will soon double the value of; and his old farm goes to increase the farm of some of his neighbours whom he leaves behind him; and thus, in any case the acquisition of capital leads to the increase of the holdings, as I have stated.—*W. Blacker, in Appendix, No. 8 Land Commissioners' (Ireland) Evidence; Part 1.*

SPARE THE LITTLE BIRDS.—We can scarcely imagine a more mischievous employment than that of shooting little birds. It is really infamous. There is scarcely a little bird who expands its fine plumage to the sunshine, and greets our ears with its notes, but is a local benefactor, not only by its soothing us with its melody, but in destroying the multitudinous insects which infect our shrubbery and fruit trees. For it is a work of benevolence in destroying the caterpillar, a bird is worth, to the husbandman, its weight in gold. Notwithstanding that such is the fact, and it is universally known that birds are the messengers of good to man—there is scarcely an hour of the day but the report of the gun is heard in every direction carrying fright and death into their ranks. In most cases this shooting of birds is a wanton sport, proving that man is athirst for blood, and that he seeks the enjoyment of the propensity in a way where the indulgence can be gratified with impunity. Talk of protection for manufactures,

&c., but in the first place protect the birds from the snare of the fowler, and the saltpetre myrmidons, who would depopulate our groves and our fields for a moment's enjoyment of a "capital shot" We hope that a better feeling respecting the birds will exist in the minds of all, and that the feathery tribe will be looked on as blessings—as indeed they are in every sense of the word.—"Spare the little birds,"—*Flushing Journal*.

NEWS.

Parliament is about closing its session, and the Queen is arranging for a continental tour.

Money in the British metropolis is plentiful, and the rate of discount is low. The share market and the public securities are in a confident and healthy state.

The price of American stocks is looking up. The determination of the "drab colored Pennsylvanians" to shame their traders, has improved feeling, which exists in the Bourse of Paris, as well as London.

THE SABBATH AND TEMPERANCE.—There was issued, May 6th, the 21st Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Public Petitions, from which it appears that there are now lying on the table of the legislature, (amongst many others), 112 petitions in favour of stricter observance of the Sabbath-day, signed by 10,317 persons—170 for the repeal of the malt tax, signed by 22,256—722 for diminishing the nuisance of public houses and gin palaces, signed by 162,117, whose object is to pray the legislature to adopt measures for preventing the increase of houses licensed for the sale of intoxicating beverages, and for diminishing to a very great extent the number already existing, and to pass a law for entirely abolishing the sale of intoxicating liquors on the Lord's day.

CHRISTIAN UNION.—A public meeting of the friends of Christian union was held during the sittings of the General Assembly, in Edinburgh. The meeting was attended by a respectable audience, belonging to various denominations. Sir Andrew Agnew was called to the chair; and on the platform with him were Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, from Geneva, and Rev. Mr. Monod, from France; Sir W. Dunbar, the Rev. T. D. K. Drummond, and the Rev. Mr. Crowder, of the Episcopal church; the Rev. Dr. Candlish, Dr. Duncan, Dr. Smyth, Mr. Begg, Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Tweedie, and Mr. Sorley, of the Free church; the Rev. Dr. Peddie, Dr. Ritchie, Mr. Reid, Mr. Cupar, and Mr. Johnston, of the Secession church; the Rev. Mr. Bunting, and Mr. McLean, of the Wesleyan Church; the Rev. W. L. Alexander, and the Rev. Jonathan Watson, of the Independent church; and the Rev. Mr. Innes, and Mr. Winslow, of the Baptist church, &c. Letters of apology were also read from Dr. McFarlane Moderator of the Free church; Rev. Thomas McCrie, Rev. Andrew Thompson, of the United Secession church; and the Rev. James Campbell, of the Independent church; and from Dr. Chalmers, highly approving of the object of the meeting.

The Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel has published a pamphlet, in which he advocates the destruction of the Protestant Church Establishment of Ireland, and perfect civil and religious equality for Roman Catholics.

The Voice of Jacob, a respectable periodical supported by the leading English Jews, advocates the "establishment of agricultural Jewish settlements in Palestine."

The Quarterly Review, a high Tory periodical, advocates "a state provision for the Roman Catholic clergy," as "the only measure that now offers any reasonable prospect of tranquilizing Ireland, and securing the integrity of the empire."

PENNY POSTAGE.—The total number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom, in the year 1844, was 212 millions, which is an increase of nearly 22 millions on the previous year. The number, before the reduction of the rate, it may be necessary to remind our readers, was 75 millions. In the London district, or old two-penny-post, the letters have more than doubled since the penny rate was established.

The sale of opium is now legalised in China to all intents and purposes, although the government has issued no formal edict on the subject. It is openly admitted at every port, and carried about the streets.

Hong Kong is getting on most prosperously; houses and streets are spreading in all directions. It is by no means an unhealthy place. The drunken soldiers die, as they do in all hot climates,

fevered with spirits and debauchery; but as for the civil part of the community, the colonial surgeon has returned 368 cases with only nine deaths in his report of six months' practice. Such a proportion might be exceeded in England. British sovereignty is zealously established over the Chinese of the colony, and they are so well contented with it as to flock over with their wives and families, so that the population is now increased to 30,000.

The greater part of the French Legislation Session which is now at a close, has been taken up, like our own, with railway projects. Except the bill for the arming of the fortifications of Paris, the bill to meet the expense of the squadron to be placed on the west coast of Africa, in terms of the slave trade convention, and the Savings Bank Bill, no measure of the slightest public importance has been placed upon the statute book during the session. The railway bills passed are the Northern, the Paris and Lyons, the Lyons and Avignon, the Paris and Strasbourg, the Tours and Nantes, the Avignon and Aix, and the Fecamp and Dieppe, besides short branch lines, the whole extending to about 1500 miles, and establishing a direct line of communication between the capital and the straits of Dover, the Belgian and German frontiers, and the Mediterranean.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY TRUMPET.—Cassius M. Clay seems to be blowing the anti-slavery trumpet in Kentucky, with blasts long and loud. In a late number of the *True American*, he meets the common argument that the "time has not come" for the emancipation of the slaves, in an able editorial, and closes thus:—

"The time for our masters to free us from our impoverishment and death, from the straw-subtracting system of slavery, has not yet come! When did men as a body, ever, in the history of mankind, lay down, voluntarily, unjust power? Never! The time has never, with them, come! it never will! When the last straw shall fall us, and death come upon us, in bitter mockery they will cry, 'Fools, as soon as they learned to live without eating, then they died.' Free laborers of Kentucky, let us not lie down and die like beasts in the hands of those who have for half a century been taking from us straw after straw! From the garrets and the cellars, and the cheerless alleys of slave-oppressed cities; from the rocky hills and remote, neglected valleys—let the cry be borne on every breeze that sweeps over our long down-trodden and slave-ridden State—'The time has come! and Kentucky shall be free!'—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

The amount of stock for the Atlantic and St. Lawrence railroad, allotted to British capitalists, has been taken. The books for application for stock were to close on the 21st of July, but on the 18th, the applications had far exceeded the amount allotted. This secures the Canadian end, and from the liberality in subscription in Maine, there is no doubt that a commencement will soon be made to build a road of more value to the State of Maine than any public work for a long term of years.—*ib*.

SYRIA.—The French papers publish lamentable details respecting the civil war between the Maronites and the Druses, and the criminal negligence of the Turkish authorities. "The Maronites," says the *Constitutionnel*, "have suffered the most severely. They have lost more than two thousand of their people, among whom women, children, and aged men form a majority. The losses of the Druses amount to about one thousand persons, and these, for the most part, able bodied men.—*ib*."

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—Most distressing accounts have been received from this colony during the past week. The whole of the Northeastern province beyond Colesberg is in arms. The missionary station of Philippolis has been abandoned. From the 6th to the 16th of April there was continuous fighting between the Griquas, or bastard natives, and the immigrant boers. No quarter was given on either side; the prisoners taken were instantly knocked on the head; troops and artillery were hurrying from all quarters. On the whole, the Griquas appear to have maintained their ground, but the boers had despatched messengers to Natal for reinforcements, which there was little doubt would be readily furnished to them, and a collision between her Majesty's forces and her Majesty's subjects was, at the latest dates, the most probable of impending contingencies.—*ib*.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.—Active efforts are made in Scotland for the better observance of the Lord's day. It formed a part of the doings of the assembly, and a large Committee on the subject has been in existence for some time. The subject of Christians holding stock in Sabbath-breaking railroads, is one greatly agitated; and the committee above referred to have published the following unanimous decision on it, which, as it is not without interest on this side of the water, we publish it:

That viewing, with no unjust alarm, the threatened increase of Sabbath desecration in this land, and regarding especially with deep emotion the fearful consequences which would result were the great line of railway, now forming from England with their numerous and extended ramifications throughout every district of the land, to establish Sabbath trains, the Committee deem it of importance to guard the members of the church, and Scottish people generally, against such unholy innovations upon the rest and sanctity of the Sabbath; and while they give no opinion or advice on any secular point involved, they would hail with much satisfaction any accession to the strength and the numbers of religious men in these companies, and especially in the North British Company—which will be one of the earliest railways to and from the south—determined to vote for the observance of the Sabbath, and to prevent all traffic on that holy day.

MURDER.—A man named Ossen Woodford, of West Haven, Conn., on Tuesday of last week, brutally murdered his wife, and most horribly mangled her body. They had been married fifteen years. He is said to be a man of violent temper, and in the habit of using intoxicating liquor, and on this day had been drinking immoderately of cider. The Hartford Courant says:

Mrs. W. was a church member, and highly esteemed as a mild and pleasant woman—and as an excellent member of society and of her family.

Woodford made no attempt to escape—but allowed himself to be bound by the neighbours, and the next day he was examined and committed for trial. He seemed through the whole examination to be entirely unmoved, and his eye was not once seen to moisten as the sickening details of the evidence were presented, and when left, in custody of the officer for prison, although the trial was at his own house, and the mangled corpse of his wife, with whom he had lived for fifteen years, lay in the next room, he did so, without requesting to be allowed to look at the body. Mrs. W. was 47 years of age—he was about the same age.

ROYAL VISITOR.—The King of Holland arrived on a visit to her Majesty and Prince Albert on Thursday. He landed at Woolwich, where he was received with due honours, and immediately proceeded to Mivart's Hotel, where he slept, and proceeded yesterday to Osborne House, Isle of Wight, to visit the Queen.

MONTREAL PRICES CURRENT.—AUGUST 15.

ASHES —Pots 22s 7½d a 22s 10½d Pearls - - 23s 9d a 24s	BEEF per 200 lbs. — Prime Mess . . 38s 9d a 43s 9d Prime 32s 6d a 35s P. Mess per tierce 304 lbs. 65s
FLOUR — Canada Superfine 25s a 25s 6d Do Fine . . 23s 6d a 25 Do Middlings - 18s a 23s Do Pollards - - 17s a 18s	PORK per 200 lbs. — Mess 85s 0d Prime Mess 70s 0d a 72s 6d Prime 60s
American Superfine INDIAN MEAL . . . 17s a 17s 6d OATMEAL per brl. 124 lbs. - 20s	BACON per lb. 43d a 6d HAMS per lb. 5d a 6d BUTTER per lb. . . . 5½d a 6½d
GRAIN — Wheat, U. C. Best, per 60 lbs. 5s 4d a 5s 6d Do Middling - - 5s a 5s 4d Do L. C. per mt. 5s a 5s 4d	CHEESE, per 100 lbs. — American . . 25s a 30s GREASE BUTTER, per lb. 4d a 4½d LARD per lb. 5½d a 6d TALLOW per lb. . . . 5d 5½d
BARLEY 2s 6d a 2s 9d OATS 1s 8d a 1s 10d PEASE 3s 5d a 3s 7½d	EXCHANGE —London 11 prem. N. York - - 2 do Canada W. ¼ do

MONTREAL, 13th August, 1845.

ASHES.—The dullness noticed in last Circular continued for several days, very few sales being effected. For good shipping bills of Pots 22s 9d was obtained, and for Pearls 23s 9d, but the few sales were chiefly under these rates, and small bills of light weights were had as low as 22s 6d for Pots and 23s 7½d for Pearls. Since the arrival of the "Cambria," Pots have been more in demand, at a higher price, 23s having been freely paid for good bills. The receipts are light, and Pots being wanted, they are now pretty firm at that figure, but transactions do not justify a higher quotation.

Pearls have not shared in the improvement, and are still dull—scarce over 23s 9d or at most 23s 10½d can be got, though some owners of good bills, choose to hold rather than sell under 24s.

FLOUR.—The Market was comparatively inactive up to the arrival of the "Cambria," on the 2nd instant. Holders continued

asking the rates previously quoted, and shipping parcels of "Glasgow," "Preston," &c. were placed at 24s, and latter, "Yonge," and equally good brands, at 24s 6d—"Milton," "fine," and "Union," ununspected "extra fine," bringing 24s 9d.

On the arrival of the Mail, prices advanced: a parcel of "Don Mills," 1500 barrels, found a buyer at 25s 3d ununspected; but the advance in Freight, and the difficulty of engaging it, checked operations in Flour, and the Market became less active. A clear advance, however, of nearly 6d per barrel may be noted; parcels of "Yonge," "Pine Grove," "Coburg," "Seneca," "Mutland," &c. changed hands at 25s, while in one or two cases, sales of some of these brands, were made somewhat lower. Still such brands have continued firm at 25s, that being the rate at which recent transactions in them are to be noted. Inferior brands, and good brands, in small lots, bring 24s a 24s 6d,—and fine "Sour," 23s 6d.

The Market is now dull, and has been so for several days, both buyers and sellers being disposed to wait the arrival of the steamer, now daily looked for.

WHEAT—Is now without demand, and the transactions of the fortnight are unimportant. A small parcel of pretty good U. C., 500 bushels, brought 5s 3d per 60lbs., and the other day 5s 1d per 60lbs., was given for an ordinary sample of 4030 bushels, ex barge.

BARLEY, OATS AND PEASE.—There are no samples of either in the market, and nothing doing. Quotations are, therefore, merely nominal.

PROVISIONS.—Beef is dull of sale; a lot of old "prime" was placed yesterday at \$6½. For Pork there is a good demand at advanced rates. "Prime," "Prime Mess," and "Mess," have been taken by sellers at \$12, and \$14 per barrel, cash, but holders are not willing to part with it at these rates. Butter is not so much in demand, though it is still taken for shipment at 6d., the best would not realize more.

EXCHANGE—Still meets with an indifferent demand; private bills have been drawn at 10 a 10½ per cent prem. and yesterday, Merchants' bills, 90 days at 10½. The bank rate is 11½ per cent premium.

THOS. M. TAYLOR,
Broker.

Monies Received on Account of

Advocate—Sundries, Montreal, per W. R. £1 9s 7d; ditto, per A. G. 7s 6d; W. Cantwell, Russelltown, 12s 6d; Lt. Oldwright, London, 5s; A. Christie, Toronto, 3s 6½d; C. S. Bellows, Westmeath, 5s; Rev. R. A. Thornton, Whitby, 17s 6d; M. Wilkie, New Carlisle, 2s 6d; Sergt. R. Cook, Bytown, 1s 8d; R. Keuny, Aylmer, C. E., 10d; Sundries, Montreal, 16s 3d.
Arrears—Rev. G. Silver, Beamsville, 6s.

IMPORTANT AUCTION SALE.

THE Subscribers being desirous of closing their business in the Western District, have resolved to sell at Auction, on Saturday, the 30th day of August next, at noon on the premises, the whole of their Valuable Property in the Town of Windsor, consisting of various valuable and important lots already described.

The Property is of increasing value, from various causes; amongst which, is the great probability that the termination of the Great Western, or Niagara and Detroit Rivers Rail-road, will be at Windsor, so as to connect the Boston and New York Railroads with the Detroit and Chicago, one which is now nearly completed.

The Property will be Sold in one Lot or seperately, and possession given on 1st May next or earlier if required.

TERMS OF SALE.—One Fourth down, One Fourth at time of giving possession, and the rest in two equal Annual instalments, payable in one and two years, with interest from date of possession being given.

Also, at same time, the well known schooner *Amherstburgh*, with all her appurtenances.

Windsor, July 8, 1845.

J. & J. DOUGALL.