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TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

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

VOL. XIX.]

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 15, 1853.

[No. 22.

The Traffic in Mapleton.

(From the work entitled "Mapleton, or More Work for the Maine Land.")

The letter which poor Mrs. Durham was amusing herself with detailed these facts. She read it over and over again, listening to the storm as she read, trembling with fear, and tormented with apprehensions, which none can realize who have not been in her condition; not the least of which was, that her husband might have fallen into this very groggery which had been a cause of so much trouble to young Douglass. She at length took her pen and wrote her full approval of Charles' conduct in the matter, and then proceeded to detail the more recent doings of the alcoholic traffic in Mapleton. She stated the sufferings of poor Ma'am Tobey, and that her husband had gone to bring her to their house. She informed him that the worthy and venerable Mr. Robson, after inveighing against the groggery with all his might, had been drawn in, and added to the number of its victims. He had been an early prey to intemperate habits, from which he refrained for some years, but was now taken the more easily by the destroyer. His age and infirmities could not withstand his late return to this vice, delirium tremens soon ensued, and he had died in the most dreadful torments. "He begged his friends to kill him at a blow, for the devils that tormented him were more unendurable than hell itself. O Charles, Charles! what are we to say to these things? How happens it that this alone, of all our diseases, produces such a sense of being tormented by devils? Is it real, or is it altogether imaginary? Do tell me, in your next, what you think?"

Then her pen seemed to float at random, as if to divert her own corroding thoughts, more than from any intention of transmitting the uncopied document. "Charles, Charles! what are we to do? Dear me! dear me, husband! why don't you come,—come to your agonized Amelia! The storm howls, howls! O, God: when will he come? The clock strikes eleven. Eleven! O,—O! eleven of this dismal night! and I,—I and my little ones away in this howling wilderness!—alone, so many miles from all help and all relief! I can't be quiet! no! no! no! I scream,—I can't help screaming! O, my husband! where are you, dearest, that you do not come to the help of your terrified wife, who loves, who adores you?—My God, take care of him,—take care of me,—take care of my little ones! Do! do! do!—yes, to heaven, to heaven take us all!—all, if one must go! O,—O! there I'm screaming again! I can't help it! O,—O,—O! mad,—mad,—mad! I must to bed." These broken sentences were almost illegible from the tears with which they were bedewed, and doubtless followed by convulsions.

The explanation of this sad delay was as terrific to Mr. Douglass as to poor Durham. It seems that these two gentlemen had unfortunately met nearly opposite that hell of the town, the groggery. It was cold, and snowing fiercely. They sat a short time talking from each other's sleighs, when that emissary of the devil, the landlord, came running out,

his face covered with seductive smiles and his tongue dropping sweet words like honey-dew, and saying to Mr. Douglass that he had been striving many days to see him upon a pressing matter of business, and if that gentleman and Mr. Durham would come in and warm themselves a single moment, he would see their horses well cared for, and it would be much to their own comfort. "With his fair speech he caused them to yield; with the flattery of his lips he forced them; and they went straightway as an ox to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks; till a dart struck through their liver; as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knew not that it was for their life."—The winds swept over the plain, the lake roared in the distance, with waves as sluggish from anchor ice as a boiling caldron of quicksilver, and the whole scene of wintry cold and desolation without conspired to give point and power to the serpent's power within, and to the deadly coil in which he was enfolding their hearts.

Their horses all sweating with fatigue in wallowing through the snow, they finally reined up under the shed, and followed their tempter into his hell. Durham hesitated, and hesitated; but still he followed. The landlord offered them something to drink, and expatiated on the necessity of it on so cold a day, and after so much exposure. They at first declined, seeming to feel their danger, and to be conscious that they stood on the brink of a precipice. But after warming themselves a while, and being further plied with fair words by their host, Douglass said he was all in a tremor and chilled to his very vitals; he believed that a mug of hot ginger cider would do him good, and he ordered it. He poured a glass for his friend, and also for himself, and they drank it together.

But no sooner had the poison entered their veins than they lost sight of every motive to sobriety, and alcoholic fancies swarmed around them, like devils in the plumage of paradise. Glass after glass of brandy was called in; Durham began to sing, and Douglass to fight; and the inn was a hell indeed, and they its devils. Douglass staid till twelve of the night, when his two sons, George and Samuel, with a posse of men from the farm, came to hunt for him, suspecting the fact, and by main force, drew a straight-jacket over him, and took him home, howling to the wintry winds like a fiend from the realm of darkness: That incarnation of evil, the publican, finding Durham peaceable, and, withal, flush of money, hustled him into another room when the young Douglasses came, so that they left without the knowledge of his presence. Nor did their father, in the long-continued series of drunken fits which ensued, mention the fact. The consequence was, that Durham lay two weeks drunk in the groggery. At the expiration of this time, he fell into a profound sleep, from which he did not awake for twelve hours; and when he did finally awake, the insanity of intoxication had passed, and his first thought was of his wife and children. He had no idea of the time of his separation, more than if he had laid all of these days in a fit. He sprang con-

vulsively to his feet, and hastened to the shed; but found his horses so nearly starved by the avaricious landlord that he could not trust to their taking him home through the snow. His next thought was to run to Mr. Holliston's, which he did, and acquainted him with the state of his affairs, trusting he might prove a comfort to his wife, both as physician and minister. Mr. Holliston got up his own horses, and took poor Durham to his family with all despatch, being also ignorant of the length of time that he had been absent from them. They passed Ma'am Tobey's, but found the house sunk in a snowdrift, and not a soul in it. This excited alarm in Durham's mind. They then hurried as fast as the unbroken road would admit, struggling on till sundown, when they succeeded in reaching the house; but found it also buried in the snow, and no sign of life near, except a few half-starved and half-frozen cattle. Durham jumped out of the sleigh, and, rushing ahead, pushed his way by force through the closed door, when he found the interior a complete drift, that had come down chimney, and sifted through every unguarded crevice. By this time Mr. Holliston was upon his heels, anxious to find how matters stood within.

But O, horror! horror! God have mercy on the drunkard's family! There lay Mrs. Durham on her own bed, cold and stiff, with a new-born infant, naked, at her side, also dead and frozen! Behind the mother, and pressed close against her person, was dear little Charles, with his icy arms enfolding her, and every drop of blood congealed in his veins. They then hastened to the little girls' room, and found them in their bed, emaciated to mere skeletons, but not so long dead as to be completely frozen. They, too, were locked in each other's little arms. The fears of poor Mrs. Durham had evidently brought on a premature birth, ending in convulsions, the very night of her husband's departure, and she and the infant had frozen together. Little Charles, with a child's instinct, had clung to his dead mother, and his arms were soon frozen by the icy contact, from which point the frosts of death gradually spread over his whole body. The little girls had kept up as long as they could, without wood or food, and then had crept together into their bed, to find an icy grave. Poor little Amelia's prophetic dream was more than fulfilled.

No words, no description, can reach the reality. It was a charnel-house of the horrible traffic in intoxicating drinks.—The frozen victims of this worse than Moloch, in his thirst for innocent blood, with the lines of sorrow still visible in their indurated features, uttered, in the dumb accents of death, such a remonstrance against our legislation on this subject, as to appal and confound those who have given their voice and vote in its favor. O, detestable legislation! Who can number thy dead? Who can estimate thy crimes? Who can tell the extent of thy pauperage, the poverty and wretchedness, which owe their being to thee?

Mr. Holliston was silent. And so was Durham. It was a case to baffle feeling, and beggar language. They dug some wood from under the snow, and lighted a fire. Durham was helpful in all this. Mr. Holliston then proposed to go and bring in the neighbours.

"Mr. Durham," said he, "perhaps you will feel better to go with me."

"No," said Durham, quietly, "You go, and I'll stay and watch the fire and keep the house."

"Very well; I'll be back soon," said Mr. Holliston, not a little surprised at the self-possession of the miserable man. But had he looked cautiously, he would have seen in it the suicide's calmness. His eyes were glassy and fixed. It was the repose of despair; it was the self-possession of one to whom living is death, and death is only life. Not a tear did he shed, not a groan did he utter, not a complaint did he make. As soon as Mr. Holliston was gone, he took the pen that had dropped from the fingers of his dying wife, thawed out the inkstand, and wrote on the paper, under the last tear

besmeared lines of her agitated hand, the following note:—

"This world is my hell. There can be no worse. I have a duty to do to my departed wife and children, which I go to discharge. I must confess at their feet my crime, and beseech them to forgive me. Dear, dear ones, I follow you to the spiritland!"

CHARLES DURHAM."

When Mr. Holliston returned, with the neighbours, they found him hung with a rope to one of the beams of his house, and quite dead!

At the funeral, which was attended by the whole town—yea, by neighbouring towns, also,—Mr. Holliston delivered an address on the evils of the liquor-traffic, in which he detailed its sad ravages in their once peaceful and prosperous town. They then buried the whole family in one grave, laying the dear little infant on the breast of its sorrow-stricken Mother, and the others side by side, according to their ages. After the burial Thomas Bludgeon harangued the assembled multitude.

"Gentlemen," said he, "what's to be done? Here is a den in our town which the sober, respectable and industrious, enter, to come out drunkards, paupers and beggars. Here is a den into which our children are decoyed, and come out a blight to parental hopes. Here is a den which the happy wedded couple visit, only to violate their plighted vows, and become a curse to their children. Here is a den to sink forever the hard earnings of labor; yea, worse, to make them a blight and curse to those by whose sweat they were acquired. This den is inhabited by a sorcerer, the touch of whose wand converts ministers and churches into hypocrites, Sabbaths into scenes of bacchanalian riot and revelry, school-houses into kennels, and earth into hell. Here is a monster before whom law is a rope of sand, and the bonds of society a gossamer web, to be blown to the winds.—Here is a school which graduates moderate drinkers confirmed drunkards, honest people knaves, cut-throats and assassins. Will you suffer this den longer to exist among you? Will you allow this sorcerer longer to exercise his damnable magic? Will you allow this monster to seize more victims, and this school to multiply among us its detestable pupils?"

"No, no, no!" cried many thousands, all bathed in tears at the spectacle they had witnessed, and mad with indignation against its guilty cause. Law or no law,—no, no, no! Down with the groggery!"

"Yes, law or no law," replied Bludgeon; and, raising his hands to heaven, shaking his iron frame in defiance, and casting his flaming eyes in the direction of the inn, he added, "I swear, by the eternal God, that hell shall not pollute this town another day. Who dares stand by right against law? Let him speak."

"I dare!" "I!" "I!" "I!" cried innumerable voices. "Down with the groggery! down with the groggery! down with the groggery!"

"Come on, then!" said Bludgeon: "come on, come on, ye men of Mapleton, who are for casting out the devil in spite of priests and lawyers! follow me to the assault!"

"To the assault! to the assault! lead on, and we'll follow! Down with the groggery! down with the groggery!" repeated a thousand stentorian voices, in tones that made the welkin ring. Off rushed the infuriated multitude, headed by Bludgeon, and began their work, by emptying the detestable sink of all its valuables, pouring its alcohol into the gutter, and ending by making a bonfire of the building.

"Where's the landlord?—this hell-bound,—where is he? where is he?" cried innumerable voices.

"Here he is! here he is, hid in the stable!" replied some.

"Bring him out! bring him out!" was the imperious demand on all sides. The trembling publican was brought out, and, after a mock trial, was condemned to a coat of tar and feathers, and to be rode out of town upon a rail. The decree was no sooner passed than executed, and the miserable

wretch was dipped into a cask of tar, and then rolled him in the feathers of one of his own beds, and, in this plight, was mounted on a rail, which was carried, in solemn procession, a distance of seven miles, where he was placed out of town, with a threat of being worse dealt by if he ever entered it again.

The Spirit of Christianity Considered in its Bearing on the Temperance Cause.

It has been remarked by Paley, that one object of Christianity is not so much to furnish rules as proper motives for human conduct. This very obvious fact has been frequently overlooked, and in consequence, Christian effort has been withheld, when we would have expected it to be most vigorously exerted. The absence of *express precept* has been a reason to many why they have been inactive when they ought to have been 'up and doing.' This misapprehension is one which we would like to remove. We know that the 'cause' with which our *Journal* is indented has suffered from it. The fact that this 'cause' is not commanded in so many words in scripture, has been arrayed as a proof that it is opposed to this authoritative guide. Though this process of argumentation is false, and, if carried out, would involve in condemnation some of our *institutions* whose social utility is universally acknowledged, yet it has not been without effect; and it, therefore, becomes a matter of great importance to place the question in its proper light. To do this, we must glance at some of the leading characteristics of Christianity.

Now, one feature which separates christianity completely from pretended revelations, and gives it its high social value, is the *comprehensiveness* of its moral precepts. The New Testament is not like a work on casuistry: it does not detail minutely cases of conscience and show how they may be resolved; it does not enter into all possible exigencies, and point out the special course of conduct which should be adopted. It states the broad principles on which all human duty rests, and so links them with its doctrine that the man who is honestly inquiring the 'way he should go' can scarcely err. It proclaims the great truth that all men are brethren, and identifies the interests of our neighbour with our own. Besides stating the fact of the unity of our race, and thus, by implication, the blood relationship which unites us all, by revealing that we are the children of one Father, who is God, it discovers the basis whence branch out the moral ties which bind us together, and gives them both meaning and power. It shows us what God is, thereby teaching us what we ought to be, and by its revelation of the fact of our moral relationship to him, and of the true purpose of human life, it establishes the fundamental social law which has been announced in the two different forms:— 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' and 'whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, that do ye even so unto them.'

Another feature of christianity, equally attesting of its utility and divinity as the other, is, that it appeals to the *heart*. It concerns itself more with the feelings and affections from which our actions spring, than with the forms into which these actions are thrown. It attaches more importance to the enkindling in the heart of genuine love to our neighbour, than to a minute detail of the various ways in which it is possible for us to benefit him. It thus tries to purify the springs of human action, and through them to regulate moral conduct; for the outer life is but the embodiment of the inner.

For this purpose, it not only appeals to the manifestation of God's character in Christ, but presses into its services such other moral agencies as contribute to raise man's character, and make him what he ought to be: whatever is 'lovely and of good report' is commended. The various sources of

moral elevation are not neglected for the one great source, which is Christ. The motives which they furnish, instead of being superseded, receive additional power from the light in which christianity presents them to the mind, and are rendered subservient to the influence of the gospel on the heart. The very fact, for example, that we are to do all for the glory of God, and that with our compliance our happiness is bound up, gives weight to all those considerations which lead us to be careful of our personal character, and guarded in our intercourse with our fellow-men. We see that our conduct ought to have a tendency to strengthen virtuous principles and feelings in our breast, and to awaken them in that of our neighbour; and we recognise at once the wisdom and feel the power of the precept, 'To do good and to communicate, forget not.'

From these observations, it is plain that christianity, instead of discarding the use of secondary means, adds to their influence, by presenting them in their proper light. Moreover, we see that it does not descend to a minute detail of the various modes in which human duty may manifest itself; but states the broad principles upon which the whole superstructure is reared; and by its singularly clear enunciation of the character of the affections we ought to cherish in the heart, as well as its delineation of the moral excellence we should attempt to attain, it casts such a flood of light on the whole circle of man's relationship that we can be at no loss to discover, in almost any case, what course we ought to follow. If we apply these remarks to the temperance question, we shall find that we stand on a firm basis. The inquiry is not, 'Is there express precept to warrant the movement?' The character of the moral teaching of christianity does not lead us to expect this. Its code is perfect, we admit, not however on account of the minuteness of its details, but from the comprehensiveness of its precepts. It is, therefore, enough for us if there be a law with the *spirit* of which our conduct accords. So that, so far as the temperance movement is concerned, our investigation has regard to its *harmony* with the *moral teaching and moral purpose* of christianity. This is to act on the Saviour's principle of testing the tree by its fruits. The whole, then, is a question of aim and effects.

Now, that intemperance is to be deplored is not for a moment questioned; and that it is our duty to attempt to put it down, is also admitted. The difference between us and some of our christian brethren respects the *means*. Here, then, as we have said, the proper test is the result of *their* working. In personal abstinence, all grant there is nothing wrong. No one would so far hazard his character for common sense, as to deny this for a moment. The question thus comes to be, can we, by our example of abstinence, and by actively persuading others to follow it, contribute more effectually to the suppression of the vice of intemperance, than those who are as loud and earnest in denouncing it as ourselves, but who practise and defend the legitimacy of moderate drinking? If we can, then assuredly we are not only warranted but *bound* by the spirit of christianity to *press* our example. The obligation under which we lie 'to do good,' which comprehends, without specifying how it may be accomplished, the promotion of our moral improvement and that of our neighbour, brings in abstinence at once, if it proves itself sufficient for its purpose, as part of our duty. That purity of personal character which christianity so solemnly enjoins, and that warmth of social affection on the cherishing and manifestation of which it insists so strongly, leave no doubt on this point. What, then, are the facts of the case? Intemperance has long been the curse of our land. Tens of thousands have fallen as its victims, and among these men of the noblest talent. Moreover, in consequence of its prevalence, pauperism, crime, and immorality of every description have been increased. Drunkenness has proved itself a moral miasma in giving birth to a thousand

evils. Moderate drinkers have tried to check it, but in vain. Their own example has only added to the number of its victims. Ministers have inveighed against it from the pulpit; and the church has branded it as a sin which will incur the severest penalties, but hitherto without success. The gospel has been preached, but it has fallen powerless on the ear of the drunkard; or if he has been stirred to bethink himself, his sensuality which he is led to believe it is perfectly right to gratify to a certain extent, soon chokes the good seed. In all these reformatory efforts, which are no doubt put forward with the best intention, and often supported with singular zeal, the important fact is overlooked, that christianity enjoins the use of means subordinate to the declaration of the 'good news' for the promotion of the highest ends, as is clear from the careful inculcation of watchfulness against temptation, and abstinence from 'all appearance of evil.'

Seizing on this principle, total abstinence set itself against all the sources of the vice it sought to suppress. Conceiving that safety was only compatible with the entire abandonment of the use of the liquors which caused the evil, it opposed itself to all drinking of intoxicants as beverages. The most beneficial results have followed. Thousands have been reclaimed from drunkenness; and beyond all doubt, thousands have been kept from ever becoming its victims. In addition to this, the numerous evils which accompany intemperance have been to some extent checked. Homes which were formerly scenes of dissipation and misery, have become abodes of sobriety, comfort, and happiness. Ties, on the maintenance of which in all their strength so many domestic and social blessings depended, and which drunkenness had rent asunder, have been re-united. Men who had been lost to the world—nay, who had become moral pests, have been made once more useful members of society. The abstinence movement has thus contributed to stem the in-rushing torrent of immorality, and has prepared the way for the full appreciation of that teaching which imparts to human nature its dignity, and to moral character its significance and worth. It has thus proved its thorough sufficiency. The question now presses as to the legitimacy of erecting this principle into a moral force. On this point, the foregoing sketch of its efficacy leaves us no room to doubt. The principle has shown its power; and if we would be true to our faith, and endeavour to promote our own and our neighbour's good to the utmost of our ability, we must exemplify the same principle in our conduct. It involves no sacrifice; and if it did, who would hesitate to make it when the interests of thousands are concerned? So far, then, from christianity being in any way repugnant to 'abstinence,' the movement is but an embodiment of christian principle, and is sustained in its vigour by christian sympathy. We call, then, upon our brethren, who have hitherto kept aloof from us in this matter, to give us their aid. Whether they conceive the peculiar mode in which the movement is conducted to be proper or not, let this be no obstacle to their personal abstinence, nor in any way lessen their zeal in attempting to make others follow their example. Charged as we all are by one great Master to be active in his service, it becomes us to see that the blood of no man clings to our hands, and to be careful that our conduct and sentiments all 'work together for good.'—*Abstainer's Journal.*

The Rumseller and his Victim in a Village Graveyard.

SCENE—A Graveyard.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE—A Rumseller.

A Drunkard's Widow.

(Enter Rumseller, approaching the gate of the graveyard.) He soliloquizes. "Why, here is the graveyard! 've walked smart to get out as far as this.—Guess I'll go

in and look round a little on the new tombs. Rather gloomy, thought I, don't fancy a graveyard. It always makes me feel qualmish to get among the dead people. I'll just go in and look at Esquire Hobson's new tomb; they say it's very fine." (Goes in.) "O dear! This is dull. My spirits always sink down to zero in a graveyard. I wish men didn't die. What's that? I thought I saw something glide behind that stone! Wonder if it was a ghost! Pshaw! I don't believe in ghosts. But here is a new grave. As sure as life this is poor Tom Crabbe's grave! Poor Tom! What a jolly fellow he was.—How his fat sides used to shake when he spun off those dry yarns in my bar-room. He was the life of the party in those days. But it's a good while since Tom was fat. Yes, Tom Crabbe was a fool; he drank too much. But then I've got his farm, and no mistake. Still I wish poor Tom hadn't died on my door step. I never felt so queer in all my life as I did when I saw that horrible corpse! What could have brought him at my door step to die? How his great dead eyes did stare at me! No matter where I stood in the room, they followed me. What's that! (He starts and looks round.) "I thought I heard something cry murder in my ear! Pooh, I'm a fool! It was only the wind moaning among the leaves of that weeping willow. I wish they wouldn't plant trees in grave yards. I believe I'm getting nervous! What's that! 'No not nervous, but guilty.'" Where did that thought come from? That's a horrid word! Guilty! But what if it's true? Didn't I use to tempt Tom Crabbe? Yes, and Ned Boxer, and Harry Smollett, and a score more. Where are they now? Here they lie all around me. I wish men wouldn't die drunkards. Confound it, if there's a hell. If there is! Won't it be terrible! How can I meet those poor fellows there! O, there's blood on my conscience! I'll drop the business. My poor wife has almost cried her eyes out because I wouldn't. I'll do it. What did I say? Drop the business! Ah, then the money won't come! What's the use! I must have money; besides, if I don't sell others will. I'll sell on and risk it. So here's get clear of these graveyard blues. Who's that coming! It's a woman. What a poor creature. She has seen trouble I know. Ah, it's poor Tom Crabbe's widow. I can't face her. O, how I feel ten thousand furies are in my heart. I wish men wouldn't drink themselves to death. I wish there was no conscience, no death, no hell. (Exeunt Rumseller by a side path.)

Enter drunkard's widow.

"O my heart, my heart. How dreadfully are my spirits oppressed. Would that life's path were all travelled, and I lay beside my poor ruined husband. What is life to me now? Thomas is dead. My dear little Charlie is gone, and my sweet Alice is in her grave too, and I am the drunkard's widow. None care for me now. With wasted health, and bitter poverty, I am lonely, forsaken and despaired. O my heart. How it swells. O how heavy is the weight which rests upon it. It was not always thus. No. No. When I stood up in my father's house as the bride of Thomas Crabbe, I was praised, loved and admired. Now, who pities me? Ah, my Thomas they ruined thee with wine. But for the tempters, all had been well now. How they changed thee.—Kind as love itself, they made thee fiercer than the lion. They are to blame. That soulless man at the tavern did it. Ah, that is he, surely it is. He dares to stand at my murdered husband's grave. Let me confront him." (She approaches the grave as the Rumseller retires. With clasped hands she leans against a tomb, her eyes fixed on her husband's grave, and again soliloquizes:)

"He will not face me! No, he dares not. But is it possible that my poor husband and babes lie here? Alas. O, if Thomas had only died a Christian.—This is the drunkard's grave, and my own noble husband fills it. Would it would all prove a bitter dream. These blows that gradually ruin

my dear children's death, that morning scene at the tavern where they found him dead, the rags—Is not all a dream! Alas, no—no—no. This burning brain, this bursting heart, the falling limbs prove all to be reality. Ah, ah. I am the drunkard's widow. O, I shall go mad. Yes, mad. But be calm my heart. The struggle is nearly over. I am dying fast. I grow weaker every day, and in Heaven there's rest." (Here a flood of tears relieved the widow. She goes home to her garret to suffer a while and then to die.)

Query.—Whose is the most preferable lot, that of the Rumseller or his victim?—*Old Exchange.*

What is to be Done? Abstinence or Cheap and Easy Expedients?

The conviction now grows that something must be done to remedy the evils of intemperance. They are pressing on us at every side, like the waters of an overflowing flood, threatening to sweep away the very pillars of society. Crime increases, pauperism multiplies its hosts, Industry feels a dead weight laid on her arm, Religion finds a drag impeding her steps—all through intemperance; and the long train of drunkards move onward and sink downward into a yet lower depth of moral and social wretchedness. It is plain this state of things cannot go on, without soon deeply affecting the social position of Britain among the nations of the earth. The question comes up before every patriot, and before every man who loves his brother, *What is to be done to cure this national evil?* Very different answers are returned to this plain but pressing inquiry. We have before remarked, in this journal, on the proposed cure of drunkenness by allowing the people home-brewed ale, as set forth in the *Edinburgh Witness*. We have intimated that we have no faith in obtaining relief, by bringing back the days when—

'Willie brewed a peck o'maut,
Rab and Allan cam' to pree.'

But we have now another remedy hinted at, if not definitely set forth, by the *Scottish Press*. It occurs in an editorial article on Mr. Gough's lectures in Edinburgh, and is published in the paper of Sept. 3d.

The editor says:—"Addresses such as we heard on Friday evening, delivered in our principal towns, to audiences attracted chiefly by the lecturer's platform celebrity, would, we are persuaded, give a decided impetus to the cause of temperance, and form a taste as well as beget an appetite for those popular lectures, which, with cheap concerts, cheap reading and refreshment rooms, cheap galleries of art, and free museums provided for the people, would do more to draw them away from the dram-shops than all the temperance pledges in the world, if not followed up with the substitution of a healthful stimulus for one noxious and dangerous, and, in thousands of instances, ruinous."

This is a long prescription, and lacks that simplicity so needful in the case. It appears as if the prescriber himself doubted the virtue of any one of the single ingredients, and thought of adding another and another, as a make-weight or help to the compound. He need not tell us of the hopelessness of the temperance pledge, without the union with it of other things he mentions. He knows very well, or if he does not, we certify the fact to him, that the friends of abstinence have been foremost in providing cheap refreshment rooms, and other means, to draw away the people from dram-shops. The question then is not, Shall we have the temperance pledge without popular lectures and refreshment rooms? but it is, Shall we have popular lectures, etc., without the temperance pledge, as the remedy for drunkenness? This latter, so far as we understand him, is the position the editor of the *Scottish Press* here enunciates as the *panacea* for our national intemperance. Yes! let us have cheap concerts, cheap reading and refreshment rooms, cheap galleries of art, and then,—never fear, the publicans may

shut shop; their customers will abandon them, and drunkenness will die a natural death! Well, one thing is certain, among all the cheap things set forth, *this is a cheap cure* for prevailing drunkenness! Gentlemen may freely sip their wine after dinner, they may pass it round the table—with a glad to drink wine with you, Mam—they may give a tasting of it to the little children brought in before the ladies retire—they may order a new supply of old port from the *respectable dealer*,—not from the dram-shop, you know—they may do all this with an easy conscience, they are going to a popular lecture in the evening—to 'draw away the people from the dram-shops'!

They have subscribed to the thing just for the sake of encouraging the lower classes to attend; they have procured a ticket to the next cheap concert; they have two five-pound shares in that cheap refreshment room opposite the office; there is no doubt of the matter now, drunkenness is dying in the land, and the means of its death are astonishingly cheap! Why it costs almost nothing! You do not need to give up any enjoyment with your friends, you require to exercise no self-denial at your table, you need not be told that it would be out of the question for you, with your intelligence and well-known sobriety, to think of going the *extreme* length of the teetotalers—only let us have these cheap attractions, and drunkenness will disappear!

At once we say we have no faith in the prescription. It is too like a quack medicine that promises the patient health, and leaves him still to die of his malady. It may well cost little, for it is easy to see it is worth little. It is cheap—that is the very thing that excites our suspicion that the article is not genuine. Popular lectures, and cheap concerts, forsooth, are to be the remedy for our nation's intemperance! As well might you think of drying up the Forth by a sponge at Granton, while the sources of the river pour out their supplies by the sides of Benlomond, and the stream swells its current by the confluence of the Teith, and the Allan, above Stirling Bridge. Talk of curing drunkenness by cheap amusements, drawing away the people from the dram-shops! Why, the dram-shops, bad as they are—and we know not any word too strong to express our abhorrence of them—yet they are not the *first cause* of intemperance. They are an effect of an evil, which they in their turn greatly aggravate. But who shall expect to remedy a great evil by removing one of its effects, even though that could be done, which we are thoroughly convinced could not, by the cheap expedients here proposed? No, no; if you would effectually cure drunkenness, you must go to its first great cause—the *drinking customs of society*. It is from these that all our drunkards come. It is out of the class of moderate drinkers at respectable dinner tables and first class evening parties, as well as from the young visitants of the dram-shops, that our bloated, miserable, ruined inebriates are made. Go, then, at once to the root of the evil, or have the good sense to say nothing. Dry up this stream of death at its fountain head, or do not perpetrate the delusion of scooping away with your tea cup at the mouth of the river, shouting, 'We are doing it; the deadly waters will soon disappear!' There has been enough, in all conscience, of talk about *cheap expedients*; let us once more declare our faith in *total abstinence* as the only effectual remedy for the intemperance of our land. Give us, by all means, the *springs*—the upper and the nether,—the *fountains* of drunkenness, in the drinking usages of the higher, as well as the lower classes, let us have them sealed, and then, but not, we believe, till then, will the destroying flood be dried up. —*Abstainer's Journal.*

THE CHILD'S PRAYER ON BOARD THE "ATLANTIC."—We just inquired of a little girl concerning the disaster, and asked her how she was saved. Her reply was simple: "God saved me. I prayed that he would, and he did."

The following short poem, by John R. Dix, Esq. was delivered at the dedicatory meeting in Cochituate Hall, on Sabbath evening last. It contains some capital hints, tells some plain, home truths which should be remembered. The poem was received with great favor by the audience. The author has kindly allowed us to use it for our columns.—ED. MASS. LIFE BOAT.

The Friends and the Enemies of Temperance.

A THOUGHT IN RHYME

When amidst wave and spray on Ocean's plain
Some bark rejoices o'er her vast domain,
Her pennon streaming in the joyous wind,
And pointing from the land she leaves behind,
We watch her, till upon the horizon's rim
Her spars have vanished and her hull grows dim,
And from our hearts, His aid imperl
Who rolls the billows to the sounding shore !
But ah ! how little know we of her path ;
Of storms that beat her with tempestuous wrath ;
Of reefs that lurk beneath the wave's white crest,
Of lightning shafts within the cloud's dark breast ;
Of treacherous maelstrom's born of wave and crag,
That lure, and then to swift destruction drag !

If towards such whirlpool we should view the bark
Go, unsuspecting o'er the waters dark,
How would our warning voice be lifted high
To save the sailors from death's agony !
How should we seek to give the aiding hand,
Ransom the crew, and bring them safe to land !

Thus as we see some human soul advance
Towards the wild vortex of Intemperance,
Fain would we snatch him from the Drunkard's doom,
Or lift him up from Error's pit of gloom ;
Plant his frail feet on Abstinence's rock,
Where he may safely bide Temptation's shock ;
And, rescued from the ills that round him swarm
Begin man's most noble work—his own Reform !
Around him fling the Washingtonian Chain,
And help him to become a man again !

But oft in Temperance Ranks some wolves are found
Who will with envy's fangs a brother wound !
Who, with a *doubt*, will undermine the faith
Of one who else had been unchanged till death :
Who darkly hint that he who from the cup
Hath turned aside, again will take it up ;
And then without a shadow of pretence
Withdraw from him his fellow's confidence !
Ah ! such are blackest traitors to our cause
Which from Destruction's brink the Drunkard draws
And lifts him up and bids his faith be strong,
And teaches him a new and noble song.
Such Temperance Teachers, bursting with conceit
Drive new-made converts to the Apostate's Seat,
They wrinkle up the face with sneer or smile
And with half-pity damn some soul the while.
These, when some hand re-takes the draught of woe
With cunning chuckle cry—"I told you so !"
Oh ! shame on such who thus remove hope's prop
And let into the pit, a doomed one drop—
They damage any cause in which they lend
The illusive name of "Advocate" or "Friend ;"
Who if they be not foremost, quit the Fight ;
Then on their comrades vent their spleen and spite !
Better the fiercest foes than friends like these ;
Better whole hosts of open enemies :
For oh ! like Satan, fertile in deceit
They sow, in secret, tares among the wheat !
Yet, as they sow, athirst for man's applause
They ope their mouths and bawl—"God speed our Cause
While't Devils laugh amid Hell's cloud and murk
To find these worthies help them do their work.

Here in this Hall, to night we would begin
A new crusade against earth's crying sin,
So let us, flinging meaner thoughts aside
The Washingtonian doors throw open wide,
Though still the cursed cup is sold for greed,
Let us go on till Death's last slave is freed ;
Eternal God ! how long thy wrath delay
Shall Weakness keep Omnipotence at bay ?
How long shall Earth this scene of carnage be
And Satan's minions legislate for thee ?
Speed—speed thy fiery chariot from above ;
Come—Conquer all things by the might of love.

Christian Ministers and the Masses.

It is an object of laudable ambition with many people to have influence with the masses. With some it is a pure christian feeling, prompted by a desire to do them good ; with others, motives of a much lower character may be the impelling cause. That the ear of the multitude has been too easily gained by sham patriots, is a fact that may be at once admitted ; and it is quite possible that persons having the ability and willingness to confer upon them substantial blessings may have been received with coldness and distrust. All this may be easily accounted for from the fact that the former have made flaming promises in relation to liberty, comfort and elevation ; while the latter have not taken even the ordinary means which prudence has dictated for accomplishing the professed object they have in view.

The present relation of Christian ministers to the masses of the population is far from being such a one as all good men must desire. They have neither the affections nor the confidence of the bulk of the people, and they cannot be of much use to them under such circumstances. Many are conscious of this, and they have devised various schemes for conciliating and benefitting this numerous class. A few have delivered popular lectures on subjects of a taking character, and the result has been on the whole encouraging. But there has been no general moving among the body, no recognition of the necessities of the uncultured and drinking millions, and no attempt to meet their case worthy of the name.

There is, nevertheless, among large portions of our countrymen, a general respect for the *office* of the Christian minister. The idea is prevalent, that the station is one of the dignity, and entitled to honor. Whence then the distinction between the *office* and the *man*, but that the latter fails to surround himself with all the elements of power which the former demands. The standard of a minister's conduct is fixed on the minds of the people generally, and whatsoever practices are excellent and of good report, they expect him to adopt. It makes no difference in their judgment of his conduct whatever their own practises may be ; they will patiently hear his rebukes of any particular sin of which they may be guilty, providing his own hands are clean. But let it be otherwise, and there is the impatient look, or the disapproving frown.

The conduct of more than three-fourths of ministers in reference to the Temperance movement, has tended to lessen their influence over the masses of the community. Even many of those who deliver popular lectures, and to some extent pander to the prejudices and habits of the class they address, make little impression on the general mind, unless there is the evidence of high toned self-denial, and a courageous eschewing of all customs of a vicious, as well as of a doubtful tendency. In illustration of this point we may state that we have been at public meetings which ministers have been called upon to address, and the moderate drinking flaw in their character has given others such an advantage over them, that they have been almost frowned off the platform. And it ought to be stated, the meeting was not called for the propagation of teetotal principles, but had another

object in view. No caviller, no opponent of the Gospel of Christ, ought to be able to silence a minister of that Gospel, on the ground that he is living far below its holy and imperative requirements. With so many motives to extensive usefulness, and the urgent claims presented by the present condition of society, it is cause of grief and humiliation that ministers should occupy such a backward position in relation to our best enterprises.

Before Ministers of the Gospel can have any influence over the masses, they must become teetotalers. They must wipe their hands of the unclean thing. Mere professions of concern for the welfare of souls have now lost their power, and they excite disgust in many cases where there is a practice sanctioned which tends to ruin souls. Even the drunkard's sense of propriety is shocked when he sees the brewer's cart stop at the minister's door. The sot believes that teetotalism is a good thing, and it is his misfortune rather than his fault that he cannot practise it. The minister could adopt it, but will not; the inebriate would, but he cannot. This, though not invariable, is the case with thousands. The shepherd must lead the sheep, and in a safe path too, in imitation of his great Exemplar.

It is not a sufficient excuse—nay, it is no excuse at all—that the Temperance movement is not conducted so religiously as some people wish. We see no necessary connection between their drinking an improper article of diet, and the alleged improprieties of Temperance Societies. The practice of total abstinence as a truth and a duty is not deprived of its appropriate reward because some men who are teetotalers do not reflect much credit on the cause through their inconsistency on other subjects. Cleanliness is both agreeable and commendable; but we know some persons who are patterns in hydropathic ablutions, who are, nevertheless, given to many evil habits; and yet we are not disposed to give up the pleasures of a clean skin on any such ground as the example of such individuals furnishes. The duty of total abstinence is plain; the folly, not to say wickedness, of drinking is evident to all who wish to see it; and if christian ministers are desirous that their work should prosper, that they may be free to reprove the great sin of our country, they must abandon the latter practice and adopt the former.—*British Temperance Advocate.*

Address delivered at a Meeting of the Township of Chatham Temperance Society.

BY ONE OF THE MEMBERS.

(Not to be read by fastidious Critics.)

MR. PRESIDENT,—

Though words are often too profuse,
And language but encumbers,
I've vainly tried to scrape my views
Into poetic numbers.

I take this method of address,
Because my fancy choose it;
And partly, too, I may confess,
That ye might be amused.

My verses roughly are compiled,
And with mistakes abounding;
And my ideas are as wild,
As the wild woods surrounding.

But, sir, a poor man he must be,
That no excuse can proffer;
The trade is almost new to me,
And that's the one I offer.

Of old King Alcohol I was
A lawful subject born, sir;
I was obedient to his laws—
I sometimes took a horn, sir.

Though in his service I confess
I held no lofty station,
Yet still I served him more or less
In my own situation.

Far as the joyous lark could wing
Aloft his airy pinion,
That cruel, bloody, tyrant king
Usurped as his dominion.

And there with arbitrary sway
He held in degradation,
Those subjects who to him did pay
Their servile adoration;

For groans and tears, and griefs and woes,
His kingdom did environ,—
He ruled, as many too well know,
As with a rod of iron.

A few their voices nobly raised
Against his reign of terror;
But all of them were stigmatised
As advocates of error.

And though beyond the ocean's roar
He thousands does devour,
Alas! I found on this wild shore
He reigned in all his power.

When settled here at first, ye know,
There seemed no disaffection;
But soon this place began to show
Some signs of insurrection.

A wonderful reform was nigh!
The trump of war was sounded;
And there ye raised your standard high,
And bravely rallied round it!

Ye seemed to be prepared like men
To meet no foeman coldly;
Ah! what a handful ye were then
To take the field so boldly!

When first the news of your revolt
Had reached my callous ear,
I was amused at the report,—
I laughed the sound to hear!

With every epithet of shame
Ye more or less were branded;
And many loudly did exclaim
That long ye would not stand it!

Old Alcohol had reigned so long,—
So firm was his position;
And his great army was so strong
To quell all opposition!

And more than that, sir, I was told
By Alcohol's own minions,
That all of you were bound to hold
Some mighty strange opinions!

While many boldly did declare
That they would not go near you;
For my own part, I did not care,
I ventured to go hear you.

And I was disappointed quite;
Your politics did charm me;
And by and by I thought it right
To join the rebel army.

And shall I follow in the rear,
My musket on my shoulder?
Or shall I shrink with slavish fear,
To be a gallant soldier?

I've now escaped the tyrant's thrall,
To honor no aspirant;
But let me either stand or fall,
I'll boldly face the tyrant!

And while we must maintain our laws
Sometimes by fierce disputing,
Some other nobles in the cause
Are busily recruiting.

And in our ranks there many are
Throughout its wide dimensions,
That are as useful in this war
As we of loud pretensions!

In all, we are no feeble band
Sprung up into existence;
Our potent foe we may withstand,
And offer some resistance.

And you, sir, highly honored are,
To be our chief commander!
And may you prove in this great war
Another Alexander!

'Tis thine to lead us forward still,
To watch each awkward motion!
'Tis thine to regulate our zeal,
And check each foolish notion!

Our foe's whole strength may not prevail
To quell the insurrection,
But then he may our ranks assail
By some internal faction.

But let us all go hand in hand,
And keep our troops in order;
And surely we may apprehend
Small danger from that quarter.

Nor is it an imbecile power
With which we are contending;
His soldiers are in every tower,
And valiantly defending.

He has a fortress, sir, out here!
But now so much forsaken,
That, if I credit what I hear,
The fort was almost taken.*

And shall we now our march impede,
Or make a peaceful treaty?
Ah no! we forward shall proceed,—
We yet may take the city.

Then let us move in phalanx deep,
And while we chaunt the choræ,
In songs of triumph we shall sweep
The enemy before us!

We shall not stoop to compromise,
Nor terms of mercy tender;
For nothing less shall us suffice
Than free and full surrender!

But do we fight alone? if asked,
The fact, sir, is astounding;
From North to South, from East to West,
Rebellious arms are sounding!

And soon we may united be;
And thereby rendered bolder,
O'er mountain, valley, stream, and sea,
We'll chase the great slaveholder!

But are we rebels, sir, at all?
That is a new suggestion,
And which should be, to great and small,
A most important question.

Do we not serve another King?
Before whose mighty power
The armies Alcohol can bring
Will perish in an hour!

That King whom we profess to serve
Will grant us his protection,
Providing that we do not swerve
From his all-wise direction.

With courage, then, we may proceed,
And take a bold position;
He'll grant us everything we need,
Both arms and ammunition.

We shall not, therefore, cease to fight,
Nor leave the field inglorious,
Until our foes be vanquished quite,
And we shall be victorious!

Chatham Township, C. W.

A TEETOTALER.

* This refers to a tavernkeeper in the neighborhood from whom licence was for a time withheld, but who ultimately succeeded in obtaining it.

It is an interesting sight to see a fresh looking youth just in his teens rolling a huge tobacco quid in his mouth with an air of dignity, and spitting with importance. Not a rare accomplishment, however, for any rowdy loafer has a mouth as nasty. Tobacco mixing and squirting is not an exclusive accomplishment.—*Cayuga Chief.*

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 15, 1853.

OUR PROSPECTUS FOR 1854.

DEAR READER,—If you have not read that important document, we advise you to do so. It will then be seen that the twentieth volume of this periodical is to be invested with greater interest than any former one, and that every effort will be made to furnish just that information and instruction which you need to assist you and your neighbours in the great temperance enterprise. The publisher of the *Advocate* calculates on your support for another year. At some additional cost to himself the *Advocate* is sent you POSTAGE FREE, and therefore, the entire cost to you will be only 2s. 6d.

TEN THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS

is the number we want for 1854. They can be had. For instance, dear reader, if you do not reside in the neighbourhood of an Agent, who will actively engage in canvassing for Subscribers, you can yourself get one or three or more to join you, and then remit the cash to the publisher, who will be glad to get the list full before the January number is issued. Remember that for THREE DOLLARS forwarded, you will get a seventh copy gratis if you desire it. We beg to suggest, also, that as the paper is Postage Free, it would be very convenient for a number of copies to be sent to one address; but even in that case Mr. Becket would rather receive the names of all Subscribers, so that in the event of error, an appeal could be made to the books, and mistakes corrected.

We have been much encouraged by assurances from all parts of the country that the *Advocate* is appreciated and read with increasing interest. It is now regarded as the standard of temperance sentiment, and the organ of the reformation by whatever society or order promoted. FRIENDS—begin the work of getting Subscribers immediately. Lose no time. The *Canada Temperance Advocate* must and will have a large circulation.

Canadians, take Courage.

It is beyond a doubt that the New York State Elections have gone strong for the Maine Law. The *Tribune* and *Times* both state that there will be large majorities both in the House and in the Senate in favour of prohibitory legislation. Let us take courage; but let us also remember that success was not attained without great exertion. We are called upon courageously to work, and not allow our frontier to be the rendezvous of thirsty tipplers, driven despairingly to seek liquor in our fair land of freedom. We fear New York will beat us—we might even hope they would,—but let us resolve not to be far behind.

Our City Intemperance! Who's to Blame?

Most people are compelled to admit that drunkenness is frightfully on the increase in this City of Montreal. Our

hospitals and gaols tell the sad story. Many fatal cases of delirium tremens have occurred—more than ever before in the same space of time. We state the dreadful fact on the best authority, and there are hundreds of respectable young men—mechanics and clerks—who are fast ripening for that most shocking of all diseases, delirium tremens. Almost every day we witness scenes the most revolting and shameful. On Sunday, November 6, as we were passing along Notre Dame Street, we saw a staggering man led along by a little girl; he was well dressed, and on his hat he wore the emblem of mourning for the dead. Getting a sight of his face we saw he was advanced in years, and wondered who had died of those who should have claimed his love. Was it his wife whose heart had been broken with grief at her husband's folly?—and his little girl—was she his angel guardian, seeking to keep her father from the deeper danger of a night's debauch. We glanced into her face; she looked much care-worn and fatigued. Just at the point where Notre Dame and St. Paul Streets merge, a number of men, half drunk, saluted the reeling sinner; but the little girl, with earnest effort, pushes her weary way along, and keeps her father homeward. God bless that little girl, and may she never be a victim of the tempter's wiles. We much longed to follow them, and know the history of both, but our duties called another way.

The City papers announce a suicide; that man who cut his throat was raving mad with liquor. Another man recently attempted his own life, being weary of it through his wife's intemperance. The *Witness* says two men intoxicated were last week drowned in the Lachine Canal; and the *Sun*, speaking of disgraceful sights, says:—

"We hear daily complaints of the number of reeling and uproarious drunkards in our streets. Only last Saturday we saw a respectably-dressed female in Great St. James Street, in a state not altogether of helpless intoxication, but fighting drunk, for she was ready to do battle to some imaginary person, who had, as she alleged, insulted her. Another woman was endeavouring to pacify her, but in vain; she resisted all persuasions to "come away," and we left the painfully humiliating spectacle to the fashionables who resort to that street for promenading in the afternoon. We had just turned a corner when we perceived a crowd of boys enjoying the sight of a man whose procession in acute angles and segments of circles might suggest that he was making practical experiments in geometry. We are informed that on Sunday quite a number of mere lads were observed about town in the same shocking condition; and in the evening a drunken fellow pitched, head foremost, into an open cellar, and the police had to go down with a light to get him up, for he was too tipsy to get out. Surely the opponents of the Maine law have abundant cause of exultation. The doctrine of non-interference works famously, and we commend the illustrations above to the consideration of these liberty-loving people."

That is coming to the point, brother *Sun*, and you almost answer the question, "Who's to Blame?"

The City authorities are to blame, for they violated the law in licensing grog-shops everywhere, and without the slightest show of reason or necessity. The law itself, which permits and authorizes the sale for beverage, is bad enough; but in this city the executors of law are the most unscrupulous and untrust-worthy that could possibly be invested with irresponsible power. But the blood of the slain cries for vengeance—the traffic is doomed—that un-

godly business must be exterminated. Let us begin the work of retribution in Montreal, by excluding from office every agent of the Distilleries; close the grog-shops, one and all, big and little, licensed and unlicensed. The source of all our intemperance is the traffic. Let us aim at a full arrest of the business, that is now the main work of the temperance reformation.

Kingston Meeting, Grand Division Sons of Temperance, C. W.

Kingston stands high in our estimation. There are whole souled temperance men there. Long life to them. We are glad the Canada West Grand Division has been there, and sincerely hope that the presence and influence of so many men—good and true friends of temperance, will have proved beneficial to the interests of morality and religion. We have never seen the *Advertiser*, which we understand is in the temperance ticket, but the *Watchman* learns from that source that the Grand Division met on the 26th ult, in the Temperance Hall, Lambton Buildings, Kingston. Most of the officers were present—after the Division was regularly opened, the Rev. R. V. Rogers, Rev. Hannibal Mulkins, and 95 others were initiated, after which the Division proceeded to the business before it.

On Thursday, the business was resumed, when an elaborate report on the state and prospects of the organization was submitted and read by the Grand Worthy Patriarch. On the whole, the order seems progressing hopefully.

The procession was quite an imposing affair, indeed, and did not fail to make a considerable impression on the minds of the spectators, judging from the warm reception and kindly greeting with which it was received wherever it passed.—At two o'clock the members of the various Kingston Divisions, as also several of the country Divisions, assembled at the City Hall in full regalia, where the procession was formed, under the direction of the Marshals appointed for the occasion, and accompanied by Murdock's Saxo Horn Band, proceeded to the Temperance-hall, where they were joined by the members of the Grand Division, also in full regalia.

Towards 7 o'clock, p. m., the crowds tending towards the City Hall told that a jubilee was about to take place, and about half-after seven, the large and elegant room presented a scene as striking as it was sublime. On the platform were seated the members of the Grand Division, numbering about 300, arranged in full regalia, and in the body of the Hall were seated upwards of 500, while upwards of 200, including the members of the various Divisions, also in their regalia, were moving about attending to the guests, &c. It is said that about 900 tickets were sold, which would make with those of the guests upwards of 1000 persons present. This is the most numerous assemblage which has occupied the City Hall on a social occasion of the kind.

The proceedings of the evening were opened by Wm. Rudston, Esq., D. G. W. P., who moved that Mr. Elderbeck, of Brockville take the chair, which being carried by acclamation, that gentleman addressed to the assembly a few

eloquent remarks, illustrative of the objects and importance of such demonstrations. The Chairman then called upon Rev. Mr. Williams to ask a blessing, which he did in most impressive and touching language. The refreshments, consisting of tea, coffee, cakes, sandwiches, fruit, &c., were then introduced and liberally distributed to the guests, and for half an hour all were pleasantly occupied. After the clatter of cups and saucers had subsided, the meeting was again called to order by the chairman, and the Rev. Hannibal Mulkins, the Rev. E. J. Ryerson, and the Rev. Mr. Cook, each in turn addressed the company, and their thrilling and energetic language must have met a warm response in the bosoms of all present, if we are to judge by the enthusiasm with which their remarks were received. About ten o'clock the Grand Division retired, and the company returned to their homes, one and all expressing high gratification with the manner in which they had spent "an evening with Sons of Temperance," "Sons" who are as gallant as the "Daughters" are fair.

On returning from the City Hall, the Grand Division re-assembled at the Temperance Hall, where they remained in session till an early hour the next morning. An unusual amount of business has been transacted, and several most important matters have been decided. Of these we hope to hear and report more hereafter.

Toronto and Vicinity—All Alive.

With a view to demonstrate the fact, that the temperance people of a portion of the Home District are numerous, hearty and strong, it was deemed necessary to call a Convention of the most prominent advocates of the cause, and allow the liquor-mongers of Toronto an opportunity of judging whether the Temperance and Maine Law men were likely to be intimidated by their gibes and enmities. The delegates met on the first of November, in the Ontario Division Room. The Rev. Mr. Roaf was called on to preside, and Mr. G. P. Ure to act as Secretary. The Convention organized, delegates were recognized, and business resolutions passed. At the evening Session, several delegates spoke on the state of the work in their respective localities. Next morning there was a public breakfast at the American Hotel. Several excellent speeches were delivered. The same day, at 2 o'clock, the Convention resumed its duties. After prayer, and the reading of the minutes of the previous proceedings,

Mr. McDougall, as chairman of the Committee appointed to draft resolutions, submitted the following Report:—

1. *Resolved*,—That this convention, representing the several Temperance organizations in the United Counties of York, Ontario, and Peel, is of opinion that the state of the Temperance cause in these Counties demands immediate, united, and energetic action by all friends of good morals and public prosperity.
2. *Resolved*,—That in view of the powers possessed by the municipalities of Upper Canada, it is expedient that a combined effort should be made at the approaching Municipal Elections to secure the return of Candidates pledged to use their official influence and authority for the suppression of Intemperance.
3. *Resolved*,—That viewing a Prohibitory Liquor Law as the grand triumph of all our associated efforts, we recommend the same combined action among the friends of the cause to secure

the return of Parliamentary candidates pledged to support such a law.

4. *Resolved*,—That it is expedient for this Convention to employ an agent, or agents, to visit every Township in the Counties before the 1st day of January next, hold meetings, deliver lectures, revive the Temperance organizations now in existence, establish branches of the League, and by every practicable means rouse the friends of the cause to immediate and energetic action.

5. *Resolved*,—That the members of this Convention pledge themselves to use their influence to secure for this movement the co-operation of the Societies, Divisions, Branch Leagues, and other Temperance Bodies in their several localities, and especially to secure their assistance in defraying the expenses it may involve.

6. *Resolved*,—That it is expedient to appoint a Central Committee, with authority to employ an agent or lecturer, and that the said Committee is hereby instructed to issue a manifesto to the several Temperance organizations in these Counties in the name of this Convention, urging them to immediate and united action, suggesting a plan of operations, offering assistance to secure the attendance of speakers at public meetings, and generally to carry out the objects of this Convention.

7. *Resolved*,—That S. Alcorn, Yorkville, Rev. Mr. Roaf, Rev. Mr. Richardson, J. W. Woodall, J. Cameron, W. Webster, Wm. Rattray, Wm. R. Lloyd, Wm. McDougall, James Finney, Oshawa, Amos Wright, M.P., J. Hutton, Churchville, be a Central Committee, to act for and in the name of this Convention for the objects specified in the foregoing Resolutions, three of whom to form a quorum.

After the above resolutions were discussed, they were unanimously adopted.

The following resolution was brought forward:—Moved by F. A. Rattray, seconded by W. R. Lloyd—

That whereas, this Convention consider that the education of the youth of our country in the principles of Temperance is of the utmost importance, and that the Order of the Cadets of Temperance is best calculated to effect that object,

Resolved,—That we recommend the Divisions of Sons of Temperance and all other senior Temperance organizations, to do all in their power to forward the prosperity of the various Sections of Cadets, and all other juvenile associations throughout these Counties, in their vicinity.

This last resolution was discussed and carried *nem. con.* The Convention then adjourned, but not without prayer to God for his blessing on the enterprise. May the good work in Toronto go on prosperously.

Daughters of Temperance.

We regretted exceedingly that a previous engagement prevented us accepting the invitation of the members of Eastern Star Union No. 1 D. of T. to their private Tea Soiree, given to the members of Jonadab Division No. 12 S. of T. on Thursday evening last, the 10th instant, held at their new Hall, in Wolfe Street, Quebec Suburbs. Our correspondent informs us that the affair was all that could be desired. There was a large attendance of the Sons and Daughters of Temperance and their friends, who sat down at seven o'clock to a sumptuous and *recherchee* tea, provided for this special occasion by our esteemed Brother, David Birch, Confectioner, on whom too much praise cannot be lavished, for the great care and attention he bestowed in catering to the taste of all: and full well did he carry out his intention. After full and ample justice had been done to the dainties and good things so profusely and well supplied, the evening's pleasures were opened by a very neat and appropriate, complimentary and congratulatory address of the P. S. of the Union, Miss Bowden, to the members of the Division, which was succeeded

by an exposition of the Order of the Daughters of Temperance, given by their Deputy, Mr. Easton, from whom we had much pleasure in hearing that the Order throughout America was rapidly increasing, and that it had extended its benevolent and charitable principles to Great Britain, the shores of our fatherland, where the Order has made a favorable impression, and is now commanding the respect, esteem and attention, as well of the aristocracy as the commonalty of the land. The Order in America has, since its institution (not over eight years), numbered over 40,000 members, in whose ranks the highest in respectability and wealth, women of talent and literary renown, have been numbered. The Order in this city, we understand, is increasing rapidly, and is conferring a great deal of good on society in general. Several other short addresses suitable to the occasion were delivered by members of the Order, and by Sons of Temperance. The whole was interspersed by a few choice and appropriate Temperance Odes sung by the choir belonging to the Order. Conversation and other amusements occupied the evening till the hour of departure (eleven o'clock), when the ode of dismissal was sung by all present, and it was with much regret that we had to separate; but we hope again and again to have the gratification of spending a like evening, for the pleasure of that evening will be long cherished in our minds. We admired the company present, more particularly the D. of T., dressed in holiday costume, with the neat insignia of their Order, with blooming and rosy countenances, bespeaking happiness and contentment, and in their veins running the streams of life, uncontaminated with the manufacture of man's invention, Alcohol; to them one would say, Go on in your good and Christian calling,—“the cause of God and suffering humanity.” Let your watchword be “Onward.” Let your trust and faith be in God, and the cause of Temperance will spread triumphant through the land.

Religion and Temperance.

The following excellent Resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Southern Church of Western Pennsylvania at its late Synodical Convention at Lewistown, Mifflin Co.:

Whereas, universal experience has proved Intemperance to be one of the giant evils of the world, spreading its baneful influence not only over the destinies of individuals, but also of families, of churches, and of nations; *And whereas* the manufacture and traffic in intoxicating liquors as a beverage, which are the grand means of perpetuating this curse of humanity, have been legalized by legislative action and licence, and all moral influence has, after ample experiment, been proved inadequate to the suppression of this evil; *And whereas* an effort has for several years been in progress by the philanthropists, patriots, and Christians of our land to exterminate it by prohibitory legal action, which a kind Providence has crowned with signal success in the State of Maine and elsewhere, reclaiming to his right mind the deluded inebriate, and spreading peace, joy, and domestic comfort over multitudes of families before steeped in destitution, misery, and degradation,—therefore

Resolved, That this Synod cordially approve of the effort now in progress in our Commonwealth to secure the enactment of a prohibitory liquor law, as the only effectual remedy for the curse of Intemperance.

Resolved, That in view of the solemn fact revealed to us in God's Holy Word, that “no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom

of God," the responsibility for this evil is distinctly brought within the province of the Christian Ministry and Church, and that we, as ministers and lay representatives of the church, will do everything in our power, by Christian and lawful means, to secure the enactment of such a law, and to promote and preserve such a state of public opinion as will secure its faithful execution when enacted.

When all the Churches shall thus come out against the traffic, and all Christian Ministers shall give in their adhesion to the work of suppression, we may be sure that then at least the world will see the utter inconsistency of the traffic with Christianity.

A Word of Encouragement.

We have been frequently cheered during the year by the assurances of intelligent friends that this periodical is appreciated, and that it is regarded as increasingly calculated to promote the temperance reformation. Our friend, whose letter is quoted below, sets a good example. He is a Christian minister, but considers his time appropriately employed when endeavoring to extend the list of our paying subscribers. He is not the only one; but we quote his sentiments with a view to prompt others to diligence and co-operation for the new year. Our correspondent says:

"It gives me much pleasure to send you herewith a number of new subscribers to your increasingly valuable *Advocate* of those principles which are so deeply interwoven with all that is great and good in our social system. It may probably serve to encourage and cheer you onward in the self-denying efforts you have so long made, to be assured that your *Advocate* is doing a great work in these regions, consolidating and strengthening the Temperance cause, and greatly assisting those of us who are actively engaged in promoting the cause. My earnest hope is, that you will enjoy an increasingly large share of public support."

The Voice of Portland.

Some good people in Montreal and other places at a distance from Maine have been perplexed by the bold assertions of John Neal and others, that the law of Prohibition had not diminished rum-drinking and intemperance in the chief city of Maine. Major Cahoon, ex-Mayor E. Greely, ten clergymen, and an immense majority of the leading citizens of Portland, have united in issuing the following, which, we should think, will counteract the falsehoods of our enemies and animate the hearts of our friends:—

STATEMENT OF CITIZENS OF PORTLAND.

PORTLAND, October, 1853.

Our attention has been recently called to statements made by two citizens of Portland, in relation to the operation of the Liquor Law in this city and State. These statements are, in substance, that there is more intemperance, and more liquor sold and drunk, in this city and State, at the present time, than before the passage of our existing Liquor Law. One of them even goes so far as to say that there is more intemperance "in this city and neighborhood, and probably throughout the whole State, with here and there a doubtful exception, than there has been at any one time for twenty years!"—and both give representations of the condition of things in Portland, calculated, if believed, to affect injuriously the fair reputation which our city has heretofore sustained abroad. If these statements had been published and circulated only in this city and State, we should not feel called upon to notice them. But having been circulated abroad to the injury of the reputation of our city and State, and in a manner calculated to work serious mischief, we feel it our duty to unite in saying—as we do in the most unqualified terms—that we deem these, and all similar statements as most grossly and palpably erroneous and

unfounded. That they are erroneous and unfounded must be manifest to every candid and unprejudiced citizen of our city, not only from the apparent condition of things, but from that very sure test as to the existence of intemperance, the records of pauperism and crime.

We deem it proper to add that the personal position which most, or all of us occupy, in regard to the practical business and pursuits of this city, enables us to speak in this matter from actual personal knowledge of facts.

A Young Man's Resolution Applied.

Some time ago I went with a letter from a young man to his sister, which evinced considerable intelligence, and manly decision on a point of great importance, the mention of which may be useful to other young men.

This young man has been accustomed to hear of temperance from his childhood; in his father's house he has never seen intoxicating drinks used as a beverage, nor has he ever tasted them as such. With others, members of the same family, he has been identified with the old Temperance Society from his earliest childhood. But now, away from home, he has of his own accord become a member of one of the more recent Total abstinence organizations. From some cause or the other, however, it appears, the association is not cordially sustained, and hence its continuance becomes doubtful. This I find to be the testimony of many with reference to other organizations. Well, supposing they should fail, will present adherents be released from their obligation to the Pledge? Will they be at liberty to go with the multitude to do evil? Will they abandon the teachings and examples of home and of friends? Will they form no resolutions of adherence to the principle of abstinence amid all the changes of time? What saith our young friend, to whose letter I have adverted?

After exposing his fears as to the continuance of the organization to which he is attached, and where he first publicly took the pledge, he adds:—"But you may rest assured that the most solemn pledge which I then took, *eternal hatred to all that will intoxicate*, I will for ever hold inviolate; and will endeavour by all honourable means to banish the accursed traffic: for young as I am, I have seen many and exaggerated evils flowing from their use; I have seen those with whom I once was well acquainted, and kept company, fall victims to its ensnaring temptations; and recently I have seen a member of a church, whom I had always considered an upright and righteous man, staggering home. Such sights as these, only impress me more and more, that the work of temperance is by no means accomplished, and cause me to make firmer my resolution, lest at some evil hour I also should slip."

Such is the substance of this youth's letter on the temperance question. May God help him to be always faithful to his pledge and make him a blessing in that sphere of life in which He by His Providence may place him. It is pleasing to observe young men, intelligently and cordially enlisted in the Temperance Reform. The times in which we live especially require this. In the Temperance ranks there is much lukewarmness, while among the abettors of drinking usages, there is much zeal and boldness. A bold, united, and determined stroke is required on the part of Temperance Reformers. They must lay the axe at the root of the tree. It will not suffice to cut down its branches. The deadly tree must be felled by the voice of the people calling for the enactment of a Prohibitory Law, and our young men must do their part, in bringing about this desired measure.

Young men! The Temperance enterprise has claims upon you. Abandon the fascinating cup. Look not upon the wine. Let

not the influence of fashion blind and bewilder you. Turn a deaf ear to all entreaties that would lead you into the drinking customs of society. Such tempters are not your friends. Avoid the snares by which many have been entangled and ruined. Think of the numbers who have fallen; and be on your guard humbly, prayerfully, and determinately, lest you also be tempted, and lest you fall. Be not highminded, but fear. Open the books of Science, of observation, of History, and of Scripture, and you will find numerous arguments, facts, principles, and precepts confirmatory of a strictly rigid course with reference to strong drinks. "Touch not, taste not, handle not." Let there be no parleying with the tempter. Take and keep the Pledge of Total Abstinence. Neither use nor traffic in inebriating liquors. Condemn the whole thing by your example. Do not hesitate to condemn it by your speech. When you write condemn it, Court-teously and kindly, but firmly and determinately, condemn it.

Young men! whatever your situation in life, take a resolute stand for Temperance. You can effect much in all the avocations of life, and in the calls of benevolence. In our Sabbath schools, many of you shine. Let your light shine, fully and brightly, in our Temperance ranks. It will add materially to your influence and to your security. It will afford you pleasure and profit. It will gladden the hearts of many afflicted wives, broken hearted mothers, and distressed families. It will strengthen the hands of ministers of the gospel, and philanthropic friends. It will animate and encourage the advocates of the common cause in all the resolutions and employments of life, and brighten the prospects of ultimate triumph. In connection with "the glorious gospel" proclaimed by the living voice from our pulpits, in our Sabbath schools, and by missionary exertions, we have in the temperance enterprise an invaluable auxiliary. Sustain it by your sympathies, your prayers, your exertions. Vote for Total Abstinence, and stand by the vote. Make a firm resolve in dependence upon Divine aid, and follow out your resolve to life's latest period. Be strong, young men, and heaven's shield may encompass your path, and heaven's blessing attend your labours. Whitby, Nov. 7. 1853. J. T. B.

Mr. Kellogg in Cornwall.

According to previous announcement, Mr. F. W. Kellogg delivered two lectures in the Town Hall on the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. I regret to say that the attendance was not so large as one anticipated it would have been. There were several causes, however, for this; among them, I may mention the shortness of notice, and the bad state of the weather, which was very stormy and disagreeable. At the meeting on Tuesday evening, W. D. Mattice, Esq., D. G. of Cornwall Division, presided. In a neat short speech he introduced Mr. Kellogg to the audience, who delivered a soul-stirring and eloquent speech to an attentive and delighted audience. He eloquently and feelingly portrayed the evils resulting to families, individuals, and the community in general, from the use of intoxicating drinks, and then went on to show the incalculable benefits which had been conferred upon suffering humanity through the instrumentality of the various total abstinence organizations which have been in existence, and urged upon his audience to have strong faith in the future from the prosperity which had attended the past. He then intimated that he would on the next evening address them upon the Traffic, and show the necessity which existed for a prohibitory law. On Wednesday evening, Andrew Elliot, Esq., Mayor of the town,—to whose kindness we were indebted for the use of the Hall on Wednesday evening, as it was the night of the Council

meeting; we had forgotten this in making the appointment, but the Mayor at once, of his own accord, postponed the meeting for our accommodation,—was by acclamation called to the Chair; after which, in an appropriate speech, he introduced Mr. Kellogg to the audience, which was much larger than on the previous evening. Mr. Kellogg pointed out in fearful colors the devastating effects produced by the traffic in intoxicating liquors. He then brought forward irresistible arguments, shewing not only the expediency, but the legality of enacting a prohibitory law. At the conclusion of the address, a vote of thanks was by acclamation presented to Mr. K., who replied with his usual ability. This visit of Mr. Kellogg will long be remembered in this place, and the remarks made by him will, I doubt not, leave a salutary impression. Indeed, I think I will be quite safe in stating that no lecturer upon the subject of temperance has ever visited this place who has left a more favorable impression than Mr. Kellogg, not excepting Gough himself. One feature in Mr. Kellogg's lectures I would desire here to specially notice,—that is, the deep toned religious sentiment which pervades them all. This circumstance, no doubt, gives Mr. Kellogg such an influence as few lecturers upon the subject of temperance possess. The people of Canada owe the Montreal Temperance Society a lasting debt of gratitude for bringing into the Province a gentleman of Mr. Kellogg's eloquence, amiability, and piety. During the delivery of the lectures, Mr. K. was frequently interrupted by loud and hearty applause.

A. M. MACKENZIE.

Letter from Bishop Burgess,

BISHOP OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF MAINE.

We lay the following letter before our readers with great pleasure. The authority is of the very best kind, and we think no one will call in question the statements in the letter. We copy from the *Family Visitor* for October.

GARDINER, Me, August 22, 1853.

Reverend and Dear Sir:—To your queries I reply briefly, in their order.

Q. 1. "Did this prohibitory law originate in the schemes of politicians for other purposes, or did it stand in the Legislature upon its own merits?"

A. I have very little knowledge of the operations of politicians amongst us; and undoubtedly, individual leaders or others, members of parties, may have been influenced by their political interests in sustaining or opposing this measure. But I suppose that, beyond all question, the law originated with persons who were solely concerned for the suppression of intemperance; and that it was passed only because it was believed to be demanded by a great majority of the people, for its own merits.

Q. 2. "Has it justified the expectations entertained it by its friends at the time of its passage?"

A. What were their actual expectations, I cannot venture to say; but every reasonable expectation must have been more than satisfied. Whatever it is in the power of a prohibitory law to accomplish without extreme severity or inquisitorial scrutiny, this law has generally, in my opinion, accomplished. Those who are bent upon obtaining liquor can and do succeed; but it has ceased to be an article of traffic; it has ceased to present any open temptation: the young are comparatively safe; and all the evils of public drinking-shops and bars are removed, together with the interest of a large body of men in upholding them for their own pecuniary advantage.

Q. 3. "Have there been any reactions in public opinion, so as to induce the belief that at a future day it might be repealed?"

A. In my opinion, quite the contrary. Should the law be repealed, which seems in the highest degree improbable, it will be the result merely of political arrangements; but I do not believe that any political party would venture on a measure so hazardous

to its own prospects. Undoubtedly many discreet and conscientious persons saw strong objections to some features of the law, and still feel their force. But multitudes who doubted the expediency of adopting it, would, I believe, regret, and resist in its repeal.

Q. 4. "Has the law been generally executed, and the amount of intoxication been speedily diminished in the State in consequence?"

A. The law has been, I believe, generally executed, though not every where with equal energy; and the amount of intoxication has been, in consequence, most evidently, striking, and even, I think I might say, wonderfully diminished.

Q. 5. "Has the health, wealth, morality, and general prosperity of the State been apparently promoted by it?"

A. Unquestionably.

Q. 6. "Has the law been found in its operation to be oppressive to any citizens not guilty of its violation?"

A. So far as I know, not in the least.

In thus answering your inquiries, I would avoid every thing like the intrusion of an opinion respecting the practicability or wisdom of such a measure elsewhere. I never appeared here as its public advocate; and I am not blind to such arguments as may be urged against legislation which, though it is peculiarly humane in its operation upon persons, is so sweeping with reference to things. Nevertheless I am most devotedly grateful for the practical working of the law; and believe that to every family in Maine it is of more value than can easily be computed.

I am, very faithfully,

Your friend and brother,

GEORGE BURGESS.

Rev. C. W. Andrews, D. D.

A Few Scriptural Suggestions.

BY A PLAIN CORRESPONDENT.

To the Readers of the Advocate:

I earnestly beseech your Christian and prayer-feeling attention to the subject I have now to bring before you. I am especially anxious to point out to you what I believe, as in the presence of God, to be your line of duty at the present time. When once the true follower of Christ is convinced of his duty in any particular case he will earnestly pursue it, though he may at first have been mistaken; yet if it should please God to let him see the path of duty, and to show him that any cause set before him is the cause of Christ and his Gospel, and will advance the interests of His Kingdom, he will take it up with all his heart and soul, and carry it forward with all his energies; for who are they who are the chief supporters of every charity, or who are foremost in every good and holy work,—are they not the followers of Christ?

Let us begin then with the exhortation of the Apostle St. Paul, in the 6th chapter of 2nd Corinthians:—"Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

Now, are you sincerely desirous of an opportunity of obeying this command? If so, let the Christian lay his hand upon his heart, and, as in the presence of God, ask himself this question—what is pre-eminently and especially the unclean thing of the present day? Can he call to mind any thing in the present day—if he honestly tries to do so—which, more than all others, especially deserves this name. The particular occasion which may call for this command of the Apostle, to come out and be separate, and not to touch

the unclean thing, may be different in different ages of the world; but the spirit of the command itself is always the same.

As times and circumstances vary, that which more especially constitutes the unclean thing of one age, may be different from that which constitutes the unclean thing of another; but the duty of abhorring and protesting against the unclean thing in every age, whatever it may be, is eternally the same. What does conscience suggest as eminently the unclean thing of the present day? Surely, when it is considered that intemperance is the foul blot of America, and the foulest stain in our national escutcheon;—it is the parent of crime; it hardens the heart, sears the conscience, blights the affections, and stirs up the secret lusts of the soul, and it may emphatically be called the unclean thing. There is nothing in the present day at all to be mentioned with it. The expression,—“Come out from among them, and be ye separate,” means something definite. To every honest mind it conveys the idea of doing something positive, of coming out and departing from the tents of these wicked men, and of protesting against their soul-murdering customs. Now, the question is, are you willing to obey this command, or are you not, and, above all, are you willing to assist others in obeying it? What is the length and breadth of your sterling Christianity? You are called upon to make a stand on the side of Christian temperance, and to take up a ground on which your poorer Christian brethren, down to the very lowest orders of society, can stand safely and securely; and, by your protest, to make all slippery and doubtful ground, all dangerous customs and courtesies, shameful and disgraceful. It is your duty to persuade your brother or neighbor off this ground by every possible motive that you can bring to bear upon him. It is not the question whether it be unclean and dangerous to you; you must protest against that which you know to be pregnant with danger to him. Now, here is an opportunity of obedience. Will you come out and be separate, and let it be seen who is on the Lord's side, or will you not?

Again, the Apostle says—“The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior, Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.” If ever any thing on earth deserved the name of lust, it is the lust of intemperance, for it stirs up every deceitful lust of the heart. It is no argument at all to say that it does not happen to be a lust to you, for it is a soul-murdering lust to millions. In America alone, one hundred and sixty-four die the death of the drunkard weekly, and, if we are to believe the word of God, go down to the lake of everlasting fire. It is not pretended that you can convert these men to Christ, and save their souls; that belongs to the power of God alone. If these one hundred and sixty-four die this week, their time of trial is cut off, and they go the region where there is no more hope. Now, are you Christians indeed? Hath the

grace of God, which bringeth salvation, appeared unto you? And are you really looking for the glorious appearing of the great God and your Savior, Jesus Christ, who hath given himself for you, that he might redeem you from all iniquity, and purify you to himself, a peculiar people, zealous of good works? And will you do nothing for your brother, when Christ has given himself for you? If so, where is your Christian peculiarity? where is your zeal for good works, when you can calmly see the very worst of Satan's agencies filling your country with crime, and will not so much as lift up a finger to oppose it.

Again, the Apostle says,—“Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind.” And does not the principles I am now contending for—call it the Temperance Society, or call it by any other name you please—does not the principles, I say, speak the very same language as St. Paul, for it protests against conforming to the foolish maxims and customs of the world, which, whether it be intended or not, are productive of so much evil; and it is a direct refusal to follow the multitude, in this respect, to do evil, for these customs undeniably are the school in which every drunkard that ever lived first learned that habit which has ruined his soul and blasted his hope and happiness both for time and for eternity? Now, in the name of honesty and candour, in the name of Christian sincerity, what is the meaning of this command,—“Be not conformed to this world?” Does it mean that we are forbidden to conform to the customs of the world as long as they are only silly and foolish, and unprofitable, but that as soon as they become the parent of lust and murder, and crime and miseries, more than can be imagined, then we are at liberty to conform to them as much as we please? Will any man mock the command of the Holy Spirit of God, by asserting that it was intended to back us, thus to strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel? Here, then, is a plain command, easily intelligible to a plain man—and here is a specific opportunity proposed for you to obey it—here are no obstructions on barren generalities, but a plain test of Christian obedience to prove the sincerity of your faith and love.

Again the Apostle says,—“Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.” Now, the blackest deeds of darkness that ever were done on earth, are done by intoxicating drinks. Almost all the robberies and murders that are committed, are planned under the inspiration, and executed under the excitement of intoxicating drinks. They raise the courage of the burglar to the point of action, and sharpen the steel of the midnight assassin; and he who, by buying, selling, or using them, or admitting them to his table, keeps up their respectability, and encourages others to use them, has a kind of fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness; unfruitful in all good, and fruitful in every evil, mischief, crime and misery that ever cursed mankind. There is no avoiding this conclusion, by all the quibbling in the world, for it is the plain, straightforward meaning of the passage. If the Apostle had written this passage in the spirit of prophecy, for the express purpose of enforcing the fundamental principle of temperance societies

—I do not say the societies themselves, but the principle on which they are founded—he could not have chosen words more directly appropriate to the subject. But I have said enough for the present.

A LOVER OF THE CAUSE.

South Granby, 1853.

Sufferings of Women and Children.

Tender mercies of a Drunken Mother.—Mrs Ccke., a married woman, living in Whitecross-st., Cripplegate, has been accustomed for some time to shut up her infant child in a dirty room, and go out and get drunk. The other day she stopped longer than usual, and on breaking open the door the infant was found dead. Three days before its death she had left it naked in a box! She has been committed for trial upon a coroner's warrant upon the charge of manslaughter.

Shocking Ill-treatment of a Family.—At the Manchester Police-court on Tuesday, John Egan was charged—and committed for six months under the new act—with ill-treating his wife and family, and neglecting to support them. He had turned his wife out of doors, and after beating his children unmercifully, locked them in and left them to starve. There was not a particle of food in the house. Mr. Maude said, if it were not for the prisoner's intemperate habits, there was no reason why his family should not be in as comfortable circumstances as that of any other working man in the town.—*Weekly Times.*

Murder and attempted Suicide.—A powerful sensation has been caused at the Moories, London, in consequence of the committal of a most savage murder by a man named Nathaniel Mobbs, who afterwards attempted to destroy his own life by cutting his throat. For a long time past Mobbs has treated his wife with the greatest cruelty, frequently knocking her down and blackening her eyes. On the Wednesday morning he commenced another row with his wife, when he sent his eldest daughter for a pint of ale to the public-house, requesting the landlady to lend her a pot, as her father had broken all their jugs. This was refused, on the ground that as he had struck her (the landlady) on the head with a quart pot the previous night, he might use the one now asked for to strike his wife. The little girl then returned with a glass bottle, in which she took away the pint of ale. Presently after the neighbours were aroused by screams, and the unfortunate wife rushing down stairs with her throat cut from ear to ear. By the time she could be conveyed to the London Hospital she was quite dead. Mobbs was secured, after attempting to cut his own throat.—*Weekly Times.*

Brutality and Drink.—At the Worshipstreet Police-court, a powerful fellow was sentenced to a fine of £5 or two months imprisonment, for a brutal assault on a woman with whom he had been living for several years. While in a state of staggering drunkenness he struck her two heavy blows in the face with his fist, and swore, when pulled away by main force, that he would be the death of her, if he were hanged for it afterwards at Newgate.—*Weekly News and Chronicle.*

Shocking Depravity.—An inquest was held yesterday on view of the body of an infant seven weeks old, named John Thomas, who was found dead in bed. It happened that both father and mother were in the same bed, in a state of intoxication; and the verdict returned was that “the deceased died in consequence of having been overlain by the mother whilst in a state of drunkenness.” The verdict was accompanied by the expression of their utter disgust at the conduct of both parents.—*Liverpool Times.*

An Excellent Man when Sober.—The wife of an Irish bricklayer, who charged her husband, at the Marylebone Police-court, on Tuesday, with a gross assault, said, that he “was an excellent man when sober, but when drunk he was so very violent and dangerous that I go in fear of my life.” Mr. Broughton: Does he do any work? Complainant: No, your worship, he has done no work for the last five or six months; but I would not care about that, for, as he is the father of my children, he might live very comfortably without, as I am able to keep myself and him. Mr. Broughton: How do you get your living? Complainant: I have attended to a gentleman's chambers in Conduit-street for the last fifteen years. Mr. Broughton: has he ever beaten you before? Complainant: Yes, several times; but he is a good husband when sober, if your worship can bind him over to keep the

peace and stop him from drinking, I will be satisfied. It appeared from the evidence of other witnesses that if the police had not interfered at the moment they did, she would have been killed. He was holding her by the hair and beating her head against the wall. The prisoner, who admitted that he was "drunk and excited," was sentenced to six months' hard labour in the House of Correction.

A Drunken Madman.—On Tuesday night a policeman on duty in the city, heard a loud cry of "murder," and soon afterwards saw the wife of a man named Shayer running along the street, followed by her drunken husband, who had a large knife in his possession, and who swore he would murder her. The woman would not appear at the Mansion-house the next day, but the Lord Mayor sent the fellow to prison for a month for having resisted the police.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

(Compiled for the *Montreal Witness*, Nov. 16, 1853.)

PRODUCE, &c.

The transactions of the week have not been large.

Flour firm at 33s 9d to 34s for Super No. 1; Fancy 34s 4½; No. 2, about 32s 6d.

Wheat 7s 9d. Barley, no sales. Oats in demand at 2s 6d per minot. Peas 5s 6d. Indian Corn held at 4s 6d per minot.

Ashes declined to 28s 6d for P&S, and 27s 6d for Pearls. Both sorts dull.

Provisions inactive, and without material alteration.

Freights—No vessels open.

Exchange continues firm at 10 per cent. for Bank, with fair demand.

Stocks.

Bank of Montreal, 26; City Bank, 8½; Commercial Bank 15; Banque du Peuple, ¾ per cent. All premium.

Grand Trunk Railway heavy at 30 per cent. discount. Montreal and New York, sales at 40 per cent. discount. Champlain and St. Lawrence, 30 per cent. discount offered. Sellers ask 20 per cent. discount.

Montreal Mining Consols offering at 79s per share. Canada Mining Co.—Sales at 10s to 11s 3d. Quebec Mining Co.—Holders have advanced their prices. Huron Bay Co.—Sales of 2,500 shares at 3s 9d. Montreal Telegraph Co.—Latest transactions, 20 per cent. prem.

IMPORTED GOODS.

The season has nearly closed, but the demand for various kinds of Hardware, Groceries, and Staple Dry Goods continues active.

P.S.—The *Baltic's* news has reduced Flour about 3d.

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