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CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

DEVOTED TO

Total Abstinence, Legal Prohibition, and Social Progress.

Vol. XX.]

MONTREAL, JANUARY 15, 1854.

[No. 2.

Poor Tom; the Rumseller's Victim.

Toll! Toll!
How mournfully the tone rang through the air; then its musical cadence gently died away until it was still.

No! all was not still, for a bird was singing without, and the light breath of summer came floating into the room where I lay, and bore its tremulous song to my ear. I arose and looked through the open casement into the latticed porch. The geranium, the rose bush, the vine, and the honeysuckle spreading out their tender leaves obscured the view; but nevertheless left room for a glimpse into a paradise of a garden, where the flowers were smiling. How peaceful!

After all, is not this a happy world?

Toll! Toll!

Again that sound; but this time its fainting murmurs were caught up and prolonged by another, deeper toned than the first. The inarticulate harmony tells more forcibly than words that "Man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets."—There is a sadness and yet a sweetness in the knell; a mourning and yet a joy.

Just such a grand requiem as the saints should have; sorrow for our loss, joy for their triumph. But Oh! I fear it is not the body of a departed believer that now takes its last journey. O! to think that when the last trumpet shall sound—Alas! Alas!

Toll! Toll!

Go back again to the holy Sabbath. The bells were ringing for church; the communion of the body and blood of the great Redeemer was to be celebrated; and the Christian was in his closet confessing his sins, mourning over his hard heart, and anon weeping with wonder at the precious mystery of the cross; for his thoughts are away in the past, away beyond the seas to that dark mount, the most blessed of all earth's favored spots. Oh! Calvary, what tears of love have embalmed thy memory.

"Oh! the sweet wonder of that Cross,
Where God the Saviour lived and died;
Her noblest life my spirit drains
From his sweet wounds and bleeding side."

While this is transpiring, come with me, enter a sick chamber. A bloated form lies before you; the eyes glare wildly round as he wakes from a stupid slumber, and a sepulchral voice breaks the silence, "Where is my bottle?"

"Tom," replies a middle-aged man sitting by the bedside, (it was kindly but firmly spoken;) "Tom, you have drank all that was in the bottle; and you should'nt have had that, if I had not been afraid you would sink before your medicine could act."

"I want my bottle, I tell you. I will have it. I'll get up out of this bed and go into town, and get some for myself. If I don't, —" He rose up in his bed but his strength was too far gone. He fell back in a fainting fit. Another scene on the same Sabbath day. It is the house of God. Before the pulpit there is set on the table the elemental bread and wine, decently covered with a cloth of spotless white. It is not now, as in the morning service, the fair Caucasian, but the sable African who sits and listens to the oracles of Divine truth. The son of Japhet tells the sons of Ham, of a common Saviour, of a crown of immortal glory, of a death that shall never die.

A few hours later. Day dies in the West; the crimson and gold and blue that overhang earth, our great tabernacle in the wilderness, where even yet the Shekinah sometimes appears—are fading into a sombre pall, as though this abiding place of ours were, as it is indeed, one vast charnel house. Knock! Knock!! Death is at the door.

"Lift me up," says the dying man.

"Tom, you can't stand it; you are too weak."

"Lift me up," says he sternly to a servant. The servant takes hold of his hands and rises him a little. He tries to rise still further; but the effort is too much for him; he sinks back in his last swoon, draws two or three breaths—and he is dead!

Toll! Toll!

A group of idlers were standing on the corner of the street, when presently there came into view a slow procession. Reader, will you, or your father, or your brother, or your son, ever lead such a procession?

"Poor Tom!" said one of the company on the sidewalk. The speaker was plump and rubicund, with a heavy gold fob chain, and an embroidered cravat daintily tied around his broad neck.

"Poor Tom! he was a good clever fellow when he wasn't drunk. My Sam was out at the house this morning, and went in and took a look at the corpse. He said a black woman was standing at the head of the lounge, when he lifted up the coverlid from Tom's face.—She looked monstrous solemn, and when Sam laid back the coverlid, she took hold of his hand and said, 'Poor massa Tom is gone;' and then the tears came trickling down her face, and she cried as though she would break her heart. Boys! you know Tom was mighty good to his niggers when he was sober, but he was like a very devil when he was drunk."

A man who was passing by, paused on hearing these words, and said to the speaker:

"Mr. Jones, I believe he died from the effects of liquor, did he not?"

"So I'm told," was the reply.

"Well, did you sell him the liquor?"

"What if I did? If I hadn't somebody else would. And what business is it of mine, if he chooses to go and kill himself with it, I'd like to know?"

"You will learn that better than I can tell you, in the last day," calmly responded the interlocutor, and went on his way. He turned the corner and was out of sight and hearing.

"Now," said the first speaker, Mr. Jones, "just listen to that old fool, I'll bet a thousand dollars to a pinch of snuff, that he takes it himself at home behind the door. But come in boys; it's my treat." So in they go, and the rum-seller pours out the liquid fire for his admiring friends.

They turn off their glasses.

Toll! Toll!

"If them cursed bells would stop their noise," said the rum-seller, "I jest wanted to say, I never killed poor Tom, did I boys?"

"No, Dick," replied a young coxcomb who took Madeira; "but if Tom's ghost should haunt you tell him this;" and so saying he threw himself into a theatrical attitude and exclaimed:

"Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me!
Avant, and quit my sight. Let the earth hide thee—
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold."

"No!" said an old toper who took brandy, "it wasn't you that killed him, Dick, it was your liquor, ho! he! he! So if the devil should come for you one of these days, tell him I say he lies." And the crowd would have laughed, but at that moment rumble! rumble! went the wheels of the hearse right in front of the grog-shop. How unfortunate. They had put Tom's horse in the shafts to draw his master to the grave. But the dumb beast had learned by long practice to stop at a post before the groggery door; and when he came to the place, in spite of all the driver's exertions, he turned aside from the middle of the street, and stopped stock still at his old stand. An involuntary shudder ran through the procession.

The rioters came to the door, and one or two seeing the difficulty, went to the driver's assistance. But the rum-seller lurked behind in his den.

During the brief delay occasioned by the stubborn animal, a woman's face protruded from a window in a carriage next to the hearse.

"Is he here?" she asked. "Is who here, ma'am?" said "Madeira," stepping forward. He was not yet lost to all humanity and good breeding.

"Why, Mr. Jones, I mean."

"Yes, ma'am, he is inside here. Holloa, Jones," he proceeded, turning towards the shop door; "come out here; there's a lady wants to see you."

Jones came out reluctantly. "Was it me, you wanted, ma'am?" "Are you Mr. Jones?" "That's my name, ma'am." "Are you Dick Jones?" "Yes, ma'am, that's what they mostly call me." "Well, Dick Jones, I've heard of you many a time, but never have seen you before, to know you, sir. But I know you now. Yes! I know you now. I'll not forget your face, neither; that nose and chin, and those eyes. I think I can recollect them till the judgment day, sir. You'll have to answer for this, Dick Jones; that you will;" and uttering a fearful scream, she rung her hands in agony and fell back upon the carriage-seat.

A burst of sympathetic grief arose from the followers of the hearse. "Madeira" wept like a child, and even the hearse driver wiped his eyes; but old "Brandy" and the rum-seller shed not a tear.

Jones was much relieved that the procession started on again; the roll of the carriages and the measured tread of the footmen passed by, and the street was once more silent. "Well," said he, in a soliloquising way, "I am sorry for Tom; but his was an uncommon case; one of a thousand."

But hold, Mr. Rum-seller! what right have you to kill one!

"One of a thousand!" you ought to have said one of thirty thousand; for it's only some thirty thousand that die from Alcohol every year in our happy country. Only from 80 to 85 such funerals every day, Sundays included. As to weeping fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, half-starved and degraded children, and beggared and broken-hearted wives, I'll leave you to count them up for yourself.

A bystander remarked, "I'm told his body turned very black before they got him in the coffin."

Ah! yes, his body is shut up in a drunkard's coffin, and is going to a drunkard's grave. At the last trump it shall awake to shame and everlasting contempt. But his soul! where is that now? Rum-seller, where is it, I say? Where is your victim's soul? And where is it to be, for ever and ever?

Toll! Toll!

"And does Jones still go unhung?" "Unhung!—why how unsophisticated you are." "Unhung?" He goes at large; he is legalized in his traffic; the strong arm of the law protects him in it. "How long, Oh Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge this blood?"

Brethren! countrymen patriots! Have you no right to stop this business? No right to change the law? No right to guard your children?

Rattle! rattle! go the clods upon the coffin; the mound is shaped; the citizens return home; and the rum-seller goes on in his brisk trade. You meet him daily in the streets.—*New York Observer.*

John Barleycorn a Hypocrite.

"We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much proved, that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself."

Putting on the mask of virtue, to hide what is bad in one's deeds or thoughts, is hypocrisy. The licensed rum-seller, to keep himself up, is driven to maintain a show of goodness, or, to use plain talk, to play the hypocrite. The law teaches him to do this, setting him the example; is he not licensed "for the public good?" There goes a man whose establishment would not be worth bidding for without his bar;—look at him, —does he walk the streets like a man who feels that he is a curse and a scourge? Not he. He thinks better of himself than that. He will tell you that his services are demanded for the good of the people; and as he goes back to his bar, instead of creeping like a spider to his den, he holds up his head like a public benefactor.

He has been talking to-day about Phil Primrose, one of his late customers, who, they say, died last night with delirium tremens. Poor Phil! What a sad thing for his young family! But, above all, he is astonished

think that a man would abuse himself so. It always shames and grieves him to see a man making a beast of himself. It was wrong, altogether wrong. And yet, that same liquor vender had drawn poor Phil on, by setting before him the sparkling bait. He had impelled him in his downward course by liquor suasion. He had helped him in his first and last leap. But not a word has he said about that to-day.

Who would think of finding fault with Marks, who is said to keep the best public house in the country?—Doesn't everybody say he ought to have his license every year, because, as an inn-keeper, he is so orderly and reputable and obliging? Marks makes a conscience of disallowing everything mean and disorderly about the premises. No Pharisee ever made more of his self-righteousness than he of the fact that he kept a good house. He sells to gentlemen. He would not have a drunken person about him, not he. If you go in and look around, you will come away convinced that everything Marks does is in perfect order and according to law. What is it then that he does that distinguishes him from less respectable grogkeepers? *He poisons the stream a little farther up.*

Did you ever know a rumseller, when some one was found dead from the effects of rum, to come out frankly with the confession, like the sparrow that killed Cock Robin, saying "I, I killed him?" Never. *But he did kill him.* says a voice at my elbow. Not so fast there! These landlords have a better way of explaining the matter. Licensed, as they are, for the public good, that could not be. *But I say, as sure as the lightning hits when it strikes, he killed him.* Don't be so fast, I pray, nor so warm either. Don't say he killed him. It would be too hard if the courts which gave his license should make it out as bad as that. O no! Say in the language of the rumseller, or of the coroner's verdict, that he died by a visitation of Providence,—by exposure, or by debility, or that he froze to death or was drowned.

The following is related by an eye witness:—"A young man, who was a slave to intemperance, signed the pledge and kept it well for more than a year; and was a useful member of Society. He then went to live with a rumseller, where he was induced to drink. He was discharged for his drunkenness. *Delirium tremens* came upon him; all mankind seemed to be his enemies; all were pursuing him to kill him. Snakes and devils in all their horrid shapes seemed to trouble his imagination, and bring hell as it were, with all its damning torments up before his affrighted vision. He took to the fields, and there remained until death closed the awful drama. Did he die on a bed, with his friends around him to comfort and console him? No; he died in a brook under a bridge, where he probably crawled to escape from his demoniac pursuers; and there on his face, half buried in water, lay all that remained of him, who, a few weeks before, was useful. A coroner was called; a jury impanelled; the rumseller was foreman; they drew him from his watery grave, and brought in a verdict, '*Came to his death by exposure, while laboring under mental aberration.*' So they wrap it up.

A good round verdict that. It would have done honor to Cain had he been foreman of a jury on Abel.—The voice at my elbow declares that *Cain knew nothing of the terrors of a rumseller's conscience.* Hush, voice, Don't be so hard on John Barleycorn. John takes a warrant from the legislature to kill. Cain had none.

There was another innkeeper—and here too we describe a scene from life—who was a clever acquaintance, holding of course to the doctrine that it would be ungentlemanly and ungenerous to decline when invited to drink with a friend, and that he was a niggardly fellow who would stop on his way to rest or warm himself without taking something at the bar. Among his victims there was one who made an effort to reform, and for three months, to the great joy of his family, held out against appetite and temptation. But one day the landlord said 'Just one glass with me for old acquaintance' sake.—that was the first glass; and for three weeks was the wretched man in his bar-room, drunk day and night. He was forever ruined; but who would accuse the generous landlord of his ruin? These landlords are companionable men; they practice the social virtues; they will give you a glass for old acquaintance sake.

To say to these men "God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another," would be unfair unless we include with them the parties who license them "for the public good." And we must put along with them too all those people who about this time, with every rumseller, are very much afraid that by aiming at prohibition we shall retard the moral movement of temperance. Gentlemen we thank you for your zeal for temperance. The truth loves her friends, they say, and you shall be well remembered. Our word for it, the truth is perfectly charmed with you—she loves you all very dearly.—*N. J. Reformer.*

Ought Clergymen to favor the Temperance Movement?

The Total Abstinence Reform has powerful claims upon the sympathy and support of all classes in society. Its claims arise from the fact that it has been largely productive of good by stemming the progress of a dark and destructive vice, and rescuing human beings from an odious and oppressive slavery. The instances illustrating this good result are numerous and striking; yet these achievements do not constitute the highest claim which this cause exhibits. Its instrumentality in promoting, among the rising generation, the disuse of the element from which intemperance proceeds, is a circumstance entitling it, in a higher degree, to the favor of every one who desires the welfare of the human race.

But while these claims challenge the support of all good men, they call with peculiar force upon those who preach the Gospel of the Prince of Peace. That blessed Being came upon earth to elevate mankind from the pollution and misery of sin, and those who go forth as ambassadors in His name are sent upon the same mission,—a movement, therefore, which has for its object to deliver human beings from the dominion of a low and debasing appetite, may most appropriately look to them for aid and encouragement. For, in as far as it is successful in its object, every such enterprise is a co-worker with them; performing, as it were, the rough work for them, exhuming the living stones upon which they are to operate, from the mire and clay wherein many of them lie imbedded, and presenting them to the master workmen of the visible Church in the most convenient attitude to receive the fashioning that is to fit them for the great building. If the sober, temperate, rational man is in a more suitable position than the besotted drunkard to receive and profit by the ministrations

tions of the servant of God, then are those who inculcate abstinence from intoxicants valuable auxiliaries to the preacher of the Gospel, and the principles they advocate worthy to receive his warm support.

But there are other considerations which call upon clergymen to take a decided stand in relation to this subject, to which we would invite their attention.

The honor of religion demands it. We are told that in slave-holding countries clergymen are found who defend human slavery, and represent it as consistent with Christianity; and that, as a consequence, religion is there brought into contempt, and merely looked upon as a useful instrument in assisting to keep the enslaved population in subjection and obedience. It is easy to conceive how, in like manner, Christianity may be brought into contempt, if its ministers are seen to be upholders and defenders of those social habits which have proved so fruitful a cause of vice and misery in every land. There are multitudes whom the Total Abstinence Reformation has personally benefitted, who have never been under the influence of vital religion. These, beholding the great good which the reform has effected in saving many of the victims of appetite from the moral and physical loathsomeness of their condition, expect to find it receiving the support of the ministers of religion, but seeing, in many instances, the reverse to be the case, and that the heads of the Church decried and discourage the movement, they are liable to be prejudiced against a religion exhibiting the incongruity of a ministry in opposition to a cause which God has eminently blessed as a means of promoting sobriety and morality. Such are tempted to say, "I know that Abstinence has been the means of unspeakable benefit to me. These teachers oppose it. I cannot but believe them under an erroneous judgment in the matter, therefore I cannot confide in their soundness in other respects." These expressions embody the sentiments actually uttered by a reformed inebriate. His minister (a moderate drinker) saw his degradation and ruin—the fruit of strong drink—but passed him by. An abstainer performed the part of the good Samaritan, and induced him to put away the maddening cup. The reformed man was exhorted to attend upon the services of the sanctuary. But the conduct of his Church had unhappily prejudiced him against religion. It had not come to him, he said, in his prostrate condition, and it could not benefit him now. The abstainer is sometimes told that his reform does not go far enough,—does not bring the reformed to Christ. Whether the responsibility for this rests with the abstaining reformer or the non-abstaining minister of religion, let the reader determine.

The maintenance of belief in the Scriptures demands a protest, on the part of the Clergy, against the use of alcoholic liquors. When the discovery of the earth's motion round the sun was made known by Galileo, the announcement was declared by the Church to be contrary to the Bible, and the philosopher compelled to recant the alleged heresy. If the assertion of the persecutors of Galileo as to the contrariety of the Scriptures with his theory had been well founded, who does not perceive that, upon the establishment of the truth of his discovery, the authority of the Bible would have been irretrievably destroyed? Equally shall we be liable, in the present day, to sap the foundation of belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures if we so interpret them as to set its declarations against the truths which nature reveals.

There is no truth revealed by modern scientific investigation which is supported by a stronger array of evidence, or capable of more complete demonstration, than that alcoholic liquors, as a beverage in health, are hurtful and injurious to the human system.

The use of those drinks by Clergymen—the expounders of Scripture—is a virtual declaration that they believe such use to be sanctioned by the Bible.

Now, if it could be proved beyond dispute that the Holy Scriptures recommend such liquors as healthful and proper articles of use, nothing is clearer than that, in such a case, the authority of the Bible, as a Divine revelation, would be as surely scattered to the winds as it would have been had the dogma of Galileo's silencers been susceptible of proof. For then would there be established, for the first time, a contradiction between the Bible and the operations of nature. Upon this point the voice of God, as heard in those operations, utters a decisive language. By that voice he bears witness against the use of alcoholic drinks, and testifies to their evil character and pernicious effects. His condemnation of them is manifested in the physical and mental ruin which they produce—in the madness and disorder they create—in their power to seduce, to deceive, and to destroy. "From the chalice that contains them, is audibly breathed out the Serpent's hiss, and visibly darted forth the Adder's sting. Around this chalice ruins are strewn—strewn by the mocker—in which ruins there is a voice that speaks, and it speaks for God, and its language is, *touch not, taste not, handle not.*" It behoves all men, then, and especially the expounder of the Sacred Oracles, to avoid an interpretation of the Scriptures which will make them speak a different language from the great voice of nature. There is no real contradiction between the two revelations of God. If the commendations of wine which are found in Scripture are applied to the strong and exciting drinks of the present day, the contradiction is glaring and apparent. Fact and experience, nature and science, condemn all such beverages. But since it is known that, in the times of which the Scriptures treat, the fruit of the vine, in an unintoxicating state, was used for beverage, and called wine, the Scriptural commendations of wine applied to that article are quite consistent; while those terms of reprobation employed in the Bible with respect to wine must be understood as applying to the strong and maddening mixture which then existed, and which now exist, and which are ever worthy of reprobation.

Before the authority of the Bible can be urged to justify the use of intoxicating drinks, the question must first be settled as to what were the drinks of which the Bible speaks approvingly. Assuredly they were not the fiery and exciting liquors which commerce now sets before us,—not brandy nor brandied wines. Then, for humanity's sake, let the clerical sanction for indulgence in those drinks cease, and let the ministers of religion refrain from giving to the word of God an interpretation which science, experience, and common sense alike repudiate.—*N. B. Tem. Tel.*

MOTHERS, strive not so to educate your children that they may be considered prodigies of learning, at the expense of health, perhaps life. Let mental and physical education go hand in hand—let health and knowledge embrace each other.

The "Glasgow Citizen" and the "Commonwealth."

The *Citizen* comes out against the Maine Law, and the *Commonwealth* replies worthily—he thinks the *Citizen* ungrateful, and says that:—

"Instead of showing gratitude and good sense by adopting a proposal calculated to promote his own and his country's welfare, gets into the biggest passion his nature admits of, and perpetrates an assault of an aggravated character on Scotland's best friend. O! the naughty boy.

Our esteemed friend, *Punch*, recently sent us a very telling picture of a dandy in distress. He has just been clutched by a sturdy highwayman, in a lonely London square, at midnight. His first care, one would suppose, would be for the safety of his vital principle, his next for the integrity of his limbs, and so down through his watch and purse to his gloves and cane. But *Punch*, who has a thorough insight into flunky and dandy human nature, knows better. Addressing the robber, the terrified dandy shows the ruling passion strong in danger: "Take my watch, my purse, my jewels—but play don't touch my collar!"

The readers of *Punch* are well aware that there is a moral conveyed in even his most trifling illustrations. The Glasgow public will have no difficulty in recognizing the *Citizen* in the afflicted dandy. Nor is this to be wondered at. The newspaper whose easy nature permits it to see Hungary enslaved with something like complacency, and who can resign Miss Cunningham to a petty Tuscan potentate, is precisely the *Citizen* to exhibit every symptom of unaffected alarm when the Maine Law threatens to stop his usual allowance of grog. He was never very remarkable for his sympathy with the rights, or his anxiety to ameliorate the political condition of the nations. Governments may take everything from everybody without exciting the wrath of our cotemporary; but if they wish to keep him quiet, they had better not deprive him of the social glass. For his own sake, we hope that the Maine Law will be enacted in favor of the *Citizen*. It will stir his nature to its utmost depths, which is more than either the rise of despots or the fall of nations has been able to do. It will greatly improve his editorials, as it is abundantly evident that the less spirit he is allowed to drink he will have the more to write with.

The *Citizen* thinks that the Maine Law will require more policemen than the present system. He seems to forget that the greater part of police business is done just in and around the whisky-shops, and that it would be easier to shut the shops, than to be every now and then dragging off the victims as they are tumbled out. He speaks quite in a threatening manner about this part of the subject, as if he intended, by his unaided efforts, to cause as much work in that direction as he possibly could. We have no doubt that on mature reflection, he will not carry his threat into execution. Like every other writer of leading articles, he is no doubt exceedingly anxious to be apprehended—but we presume that for this purpose, he would greatly prefer the public to the police.

Having demolished the Maine Law, he proceeds to defend the fire-side dram. He brings forward temperance arguments, made entirely out of his own head, and having set them on their feet, he immediately knocks them down. The advantage is sometimes on the one

side, and sometimes on the other, and is interesting to the public only as a proof that the *Citizen* is just about a match for the *Citizen*.

Our newspaper pupil is so very ignorant of the Temperance movement, that it is difficult to know where to begin the enlightenment of his mind. He has been so long trying to teach, that he has forgotten how to learn. We hope he will be able to understand the following short and easy lesson:—

Egypt is a land. The Nile is a river. It is in Egypt. There are crocodiles in the Nile. The crocodile is a cruel creature; it eats children. A wise Egyptian made a speech. "My friends," said he, "break all the eggs, and there won't be any more crocodiles." A citizen stood up, and said, "Go to, thou fool!—it isn't the eggs that do the mischief—it is the crocodiles."

As an exercise on the preceding lesson, we annex this problem:—"If the destruction of the eggs puts an end to the crocodile; what would the abolition of the drinking customs do?"

Mischief-Makers.

Oh could there in the world be found
Some little spot of happy ground,
Where village pleasures might go round,
Without the village tattling?
How doubly blest that place would be,
Where all might dwell in liberty,
Free from the bitter misery
Of gossips' endless prattling?

If such a spot were really known,
Dame peace might claim it as her own,
And in it she might fix her throne,
For ever and for ever;
There, like a queen might reign and live;
While every one would soon forgive
The little slights they might receive,
And be offended never.

'Tis mischief-makers that remove
Far from our hearts the warmth of love
And leads us all to disapprove
What gives another pleasure.
They seem to take one's part—but when
They've heard our cares, unkindly then
They soon retail them all again,
Mix'd with their poisonous measure.

And then they've such a cunning way,
Of telling ill-meant tales; they say,
"Don't mention what I've said, I pray,
I would not tell another."
Straight to their neighbour's house they go,
Narrating every thing they know;
And break the peace of high and low,
Wife, husband, friend and brother.

Oh! that the mischief-making crew
Were all reduced to one or two,
And they all painted red or blue,
That one might know them!
Then would our villagers forget
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,
And fall into an angry pet,
With things so much below them.

For 'tis a sad degrading part
To make another's bosom smart,
And plant a dagger in the heart
We ought to love and cherish.
Then let us ever more be found
In quietness with all around,
While friendship, joy and peace abound,
And angry feelings perish!

The Bottle on the Bench.

"If the prisoner had not been drunk at the time, he should have had a very severe sentence." Thus spoke Mr. Sergeant Adams on Monday, adjudicating in the case of John Ralph, especially lucky inasmuch as he had not murdered his man, Daniel Bolus. Let John Ralph offer up his thanksgiving to the bottle. Had he not been drunk when he flung Bolus into the flames, knocking him on the head with the handle of the scull to send him to the bottom: had Ralph not been drunk, he had been more severely punished. Therefore, let all violent men be henceforth instructed by Sergeant Adams; and before they get into mischief, get intoxicated. The bottle shall somewhat excuse the guilt. The gin palace shall thus, in a double sense, be a house of ease to the house of correction. Very instructive are the various verdicts of one day. Mary Jackson drugs a sailor and robs him of more than fifteen pounds. The sinful Mary is sentenced to four years' penal servitude. There was no evidence adduced of Mary's inebriety. Mary, it would seem, went soberly to the work; and with cool calculation measured the opiate into the sailor's drink. Foolish Mary Jackson! Now, had you yourself drunk at the gin-bottle; had you become drunk yourself ere you "hocussed" the hardy tar, the spirituous fact must have pleaded for you, even as for John Ralph, waterman; or rather, gin-and-waterman. Mary sober, gets four years, Mary drunk, had haply escaped with two. In former days, offenders pleaded their clergy; they may now, if tried by Sergeant Adams, plead their drunkenness. A red face shall be a letter of recommendation; and so many grog-blossoms so many witnesses to character. Publicans already sell the Cream-of-the-Valley. Let them dedicate a new Geneva compound for incipient crimes, calling it the Drop-of-the-Gallows! —*Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper.*

The Prompt Clerk.

I once knew a young man (said an eminent preacher the other day, in a sermon to young men) that was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him, "Now to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."

He was a young man of energy. This was the first time he had been entrusted to superintend the execution of this work; he made his arrangements over night, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and, resolving to begin very early in the morning, he instructed the laborers to be there at half-past four o'clock. So they set to work, and the thing was done; and about ten or eleven o'clock his master comes in, and seeing him sitting in the counting-house, looks very black, supposing that his commands had not been executed.

"I thought," said the master, "you were requested to get out that cargo this morning."

"It is all done," said the young man, "and here is the account of it."

He never looked behind him from that moment—never! His character was fixed, confidence was established. He was found to be the man to do the thing with promptness. He very soon came to be one that could not be spared—he was as necessary to the firm as any of its partners.

Mr. Cobden on Temperance.

The following extracts from a letter just written by Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P., acknowledging the receipt of a number of Petitions on the Sunday Traffic Question, from Mr. J. Boyes, of Pudsey, near Leeds, will no doubt be read with much interest:—

"Every day's experience tends more and more to confirm me in the opinion, that the Temperance Cause lies at the foundation of all social and political reform. It is vain to seek by extension of the Franchise, or Free Trade, or by any other means to elevate the laboring masses unless we can impart to them habits of sobriety and economy,—in fact, their destiny is in their own hands, and they will as a class, be elevated or depressed in the social scale in proportion to the extent of their virtues or vices. They are, therefore, the truest friends of the working millions, who are laboring in the cause of Temperance; and it is a gratifying fact, that the ablest and most persevering of its advocates have been found among their ranks."

No Genuine Sherry.

"All the Wine which comes from the Xeres district in the Cadiz market is blended, (re-mixed), it is Sherry Wine adulterated with Brandy or with inferior Wines. Hence that which comes into our market in the shape of Sherry Wine, ought not in strictness to be so denominated, no genuine pure sherry is obtainable here; there should be no brandy added to sherry, when it is done the quantity depends on the merchant and the nature of his trade, if he deals in an inferior article he puts more Brandy; it is not wholly to bring Wines up to a spirit standard this is done, but to preserve the inferior Wines which are of a class holding much vegetable matter in solution.

Temperate Drinking.

"'Tis but a drop," the father said,
And gave it to his son;
But little did he think a work
Of death was then begun.
The "drop" that lured him when the babe,
Scarce hush'd his father's name,
Planted a fatal appetite
Deep in his infant frame

"'Tis but a drop," the comrades cried,
In truant school-boy tone;
"It did not hurt us in our robes,
It will not now we're grown."
And so they drink the mixture up,
That reeling youthful band;
For each had learned to love the taste,
From his own father's hand

"'Tis but a drop," the husband said,
While his poor wife stood by.
In famine, grief, and loneliness,
And raised the imploring cry;
"Tis but a drop—I'll drink it still—
'Twill never injure me;
I always drank—so, madam, hush!
We never can agree."

"'Tis but a drop—I need it now,"
The staggering drunkard said;
"It was my food in infancy—
My meat and drink, and bread,
A drop—a drop—O let me have!
'Twill so refresh my soul!"
He took it—trembled—drank—and died,
Grasping the fatal bowl.

THE COTTAGE GLEE.—QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.

(From the Musical Review.)

LIVELY.

1. Nestled on the mountain, Hid by clustering vines, Lulled by rippling fountains,
2. Loving hearts there greet me, Oft as I re - turn; Hope and joy and plon-ty, Is
3. How I love the dear spot, Up a-mong the pines,— 'Tis my father's home cot,

f CHORUS TO EACH VERSE.

Down a-mong the pines,— There's my home, my happy, happy, happy home; There's my
in my happy home; There's my home, my happy, happy, happy home; There's my
Hid by clustering vines; There's my home, my happy, happy, happy home; There's my

ff
home, my hap-py, hap-py, hap-py home..... my hap - py, hap-py, hap-py home.
home, my happy, happy, happy home, yes, yes, yes, yes, my happy, happy, happy home.
ff
home, my happy, happy, happy home,..... my happy, happy, happy home.

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.

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 16, 1854.

The Cause, and How to Support it.

Canadians have, generally speaking, a good deal to learn as to the manner in which they ought to support the cause." Some few, here and there, have done nobly, but the mass have done little. The League wants a few thousand dollars to carry on the contest against rum. The League ought to have the aid wanted. We are willing, fully and gratuitously, to advertise the wants and plans of that Institution, and will ever rejoice in its prosperity. Mr. Ure, the Secretary, has authorized the publication of the annexed letter, together with his own introductory remarks. We give the whole for the consideration of our many readers, and hope many who are "well-to-do-in-the-world" will be ready to "distribute."

"A few weeks ago," says Mr. Ure, "I announced the gratifying fact that a gentleman, whose name I was not at liberty to publish, had offered to become one of five to give £100, or one of ten to give £50, or one of twenty to give £25 in order to raise £500 to carry out the objects contemplated by the Prohibitory Liquor Law League. As several persons suggested that in these 'want of candor' days, the affair might be looked upon as a ruse, I wrote to the generous and warm hearted friend of Temperance requesting him to allow me to make his name public as a guarantee to all that it was a bona fide offer, and a few days ago I received the following reply. I may state here that the name has been shown to several who have called to see it, and as there is no secret about the matter, any one wishing to satisfy himself may do so by calling at the League office, any day from 10 to 5, Sundays excepted."

O——, 24th December, 1853.

G. P. URE, Esq.

Dear Sir.—Your kind letter respecting the proposition made for raising £500 to send out Temperance Lecturers, was not received until yesterday, owing to my absence from home.

Any person who may be desirous of becoming a party to the raising of the above sum for the purpose specified in my former letter, and wishing to know whether the published offer be genuine, may see the letter, but no good reason exists for publishing my name or exhibiting the letter to those, who, prompted by a mere idle curiosity, might wish to know who made the offer.

I repeat the proposition—*de my former letter*—and wish the Executive Committee to take such course as they may think fit respecting it, in order to excite the liberality of others, and I hereby authorize you to pledge my honor that said offer shall stand good and binding on the writer, for at least the first six months of 1854.

The following considerations induced me to make the offer.

The employment of Lecturers appears necessary to forward the social reform proposed by Temperance men.

Temperance Lecturers cannot live on the wind, and therefore must be paid for the time employed.

The friends of Temperance ought to furnish the means if their principles are propagated.

The year now closing has been one of unparalleled prosperity for all branches of industry in Canada, and the means of the kind-hearted have increased, as well as others.

If, in past years men have been found in Canada willing to spend money in the cause of Temperance, how much more readily

they should spend it now, that there has been an ample increase to their means.

There live in Canada many men of benevolence, whose sympathies for their fellows, chained to the car of intemperance, whose well-wishes for the rising and future generations—whose love for their country—whose conscious duty to themselves—to the community in which they live, and whose duty to their God prompt them to do something in right earnest in the Temperance cause. Many such must now have the means to be liberal. I will call them out—shall the call be in vain?

Yours respectfully,

* * *

"A Word Spoken in Due Season, how Good it is."

The truth of this proverb, and the advantage of following the command,—*"In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good,"*—was most forcibly brought before me lately in the case of a poor man, apparently wholly given over—sold—to the desperate slavery of drunkenness. He had been often and often warned and entreated by the spiritual watchman whom God had appointed to sound the alarm in his ears, and to call on him to turn from his evil ways; but in vain.—Yea, his Minister could conscientiously say, "his blood shall be upon his own head, I have delivered my soul," and have left him to his fate, had he not, in the spirit of his Master, such a love for the souls of men as will ever cause meekness, long-suffering, and patience.

I despair telling the story as 'twas told to me, because, not to speak of inability, no one, with the exception of this good man (and he knows not yet the blessing attending his faithful word), could feel the same interest that I do, in the individuals of whom it relates; but I tell it for the encouragement of all, Ministers or District Visitors, who, anxious for the eternal interests of their fellow mortals, are, alas! too often disappointed and discouraged in "casting their bread upon the waters" to find them even when still stagnant, useless and unproductive, but more frequently like the waves of the sea, which cannot rest—whose waters cast up mire and dirt. But, Christians, God's word, and sometimes our own experience doth teach us, that it shall be found, even though it be after many days.

In one of my visits to this man's family I enquired, with many misgivings, how he was getting on, for I had heard that he had, as usual in such cases, been going from bad to worse, neglecting his business, and ill-treating his wife and family in a fearful way. His wife said, I have much to tell you of what has happened since you were last here—(I had been absent some time)—something to regret—much to be thankful for. We are going to the Townships—the Church I have too much neglected I am now going to lose—the Sunday School the children have for 4 years attended they will have to leave; but we have had great encouragement to go, and I hope all will be for the best. I said that if it was a temperate place, that, and getting away from bad companions, would do much for her husband; for I thought from her manner that this was her cause of comfort; but no, she said she had enquired and was sorry to say had heard it was a very intemperate place. I felt silenced; but she went on to say that she hoped and trusted that there had occurred such a change in

her husband, even him who had been often reproved, but as often hardened his neck, as would keep him from those evil influences that had heretofore been so destructive to his well-being.

He had, it seems, from his bad conduct, been thrown out of employment—was pressed for means—and worse—was only just recovering from a fit of drunkenness, when walking out one evening, thinking of going to his employer, but undecided what to do, he met his Clergyman; he tried to avoid him, and partly succeeded, but looking back met his anxious, pitying glance, when he expected and knew he deserved nothing but reproaches. The Clergyman called him, said he wanted to speak to him, and brought him to his own house (probably to find out in the interval if he was sober enough to benefit by being spoken to), and when there reasoned with him of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come, until this poor sinner, like Felix, trembled. He also told him of cases similar to his own; of those before good husbands and kind fathers, who, to this Moloch had sacrificed every correct and holy feeling; of those who had even been the cause of the death of those they ought to cherish—their nearest and dearest—sometimes by neglect, as often by brutal cruelty. One of those cases affected him much—(he could not refrain from tears in repeating it to his wife)—of a man subject to this vice who left a sick wife and child in an inclement winter to procure some wood, with a promise and intention of immediate return. He was tempted by a fiend in human shape to delay his purpose to drink with him one glass; but this had such an effect that he remained drinking for three days, and only awakened from his sleep of sin to find his neglected wife and helpless child frozen to death! with many fearfully miserable proofs of what at least the mother must have endured before her earthly sufferings were terminated.

When he found that he seemed fully to realize the danger and evil of his course, he told him where to look for help, in his efforts to avert those evils from himself and family. Thus once again sowing the good seed, and He who alone giveth the increase apparently blessed it, for the man went home to comfort the heart of his nearly heart-broken wife with the assurance that with God's blessing and help he would never again touch or taste the bane of their happiness and the curse that had heretofore blighted their every comfort.

With grateful tears she said God had helped him so far, and that he had now a chance of retrieving his character and earning a comfortable living for his family, and attributed it all, under God, to this word spoken in season.

Take example, therefore, Christians; take courage; do thou thy part, and God will assuredly add his blessing.

DISTRICT VISITOR.

A Bible Argument for Total Abstinence, being also a Plea for the Maine Law.

BY THE REV. DAVID DOBIE, OF PLATTSBURGH.

"Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners shall inherit the kingdom of God."—1 Cor. vi., 9, 10.

This passage allows no hope of salvation to follow the drunkard to his grave. Whatever flattery may soothe him; whatever comfort he may take to himself from the opinions of his fellow-

men; whatever pride of heart, or priests of a false faith may say to him, or of him, this passage of the word of God permits no ray of hope to shine on his path to the judgment. He departs this life to have no place in heaven; he dies to be shut out for ever from the holy kingdom of God. No welcome greets him; he hears not that joyful salutation,—“Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord”

The drunkard is eternally lost. For his drunkenness, he goes away, by the just sentence of heaven, into outer darkness, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth for ever and ever. What effect should this fact have on our views and efforts with respect to the Maine Law?

1. A very brief investigation, in my opinion, will show that it is not duly considered; is sometimes overlooked altogether in the advocacy of the Temperance reformation, not intentionally it is to be hoped, but because we have failed to grasp the amazing power of the fact itself.

The common and most popular arguments are taken from things seen and temporal; from the effects of the article on the body; from its certainty to destroy a man's respectability; from the domestic misery it creates; and from the taxes to which it gives rise. Now these considerations are not unworthy of our regard. They are in themselves enough to banish intoxicating liquor from society, as a thing accursed. Judging it on those grounds alone, it is the greatest of all existing nuisances in the civilized world; and man, in the purely savage state, suffers from no evil so terrible as this. The effects of this one article may be compared to a perpetual pestilence, so far as the destruction of human life and happiness are concerned. Suppose a war to rage from year to year over the face of Christendom; a war that cuts off in Great Britain, 50,000 able-bodied men; in France and Germany, each 40,000; in Russia, 30,000; and in these United States, a like number every twelve months; and, in the meantime, produces an amount of crime and wretchedness not to be computed by figures:—this would be nothing more nor less than what actually results from the use of intoxicating liquor, and that too in spite of all license laws, in spite of all courts of justice, in spite of all the shame, and ruin, and misery which follow in its train.

To take our stand, therefore, we say, on these facts, to array all the disease, and poverty, and shame, and loss, and taxation, and wretchedness, and moral pollution, and waste of life consequent on the use of this unnecessary and pernicious drink, would be enough to condemn it, and banish it from the abodes of men; enough to settle the whole controversy which has been protracted now for thirty years, without the cessation of a day. With no other facts before him, every man should set himself with all his vital energy against intoxicating liquor, against the use and license of it, as one of the direst evils whereby this world is made a mere sepulchre to all the hopes and joys of the human heart.

2. But my text; does it not reveal a mightier argument still? To proscribe and resist the use of strong drink, because it creates disease, destroys domestic peace, and multiplies crime in the State, is all well enough. To hold it up before the world as a curse to man, in all his personal, social and civil relations; to prohibit the sale of it by law, as a poison; to object against it as a source of taxation too intolerable to be endured, is all very much to the purpose. To say—touch it not, taste it not, handle it not, because, if you do, you will involve your household in sorrow, your worldly estate in ruin, and your mortal life in jeopardy of the grave. This is all good, so far as it goes. It is all legitimate—all worthy of regard—and to no small extent efficient in helping forward this great reform. But the question recurs, is there not higher ground to occupy? Have we not other and weightier arguments than any drawn from things seen and temporal, to

launched against the license, and traffic, and use of this dread poison? In the light of our text, we answer, yes. There is higher ground to take; higher as the heavens are higher than the earth. There are weightier arguments than any—and all that were ever drawn from them were mere accidents of this life. **NO DRUNKARD INHERITS THE KINGDOM OF GOD.** This is an argument furnished by inspiration—by the Holy Spirit of God, and outweighs all mere earthly and temporal considerations; as the immortal soul transcends in value the clay in which it dwells. Overthrow intoxicating liquor if you can, by an appeal to its earthly miseries—by laying to its charge the world of sorrows which it creates on this side the grave; denounce upon it the bitterness of broken and bereaved hearts; tell how it mars the peace of the sweet circle of home; but rest not your plea until you have also brought forth against it the tremendous charge of my text; until you have told how it mars for ever the bright image of God, and blots out in eternal darkness the hopes of the soul. Take notice of all its ravages on the health of the body; chronicle all its crimes done against the state—all its cruelty to wives and children, and tie them as a millstone about its neck, that, if possible, it may be sunk in the sea of public disgrace, and cease to curse the world. But if, after all you can do, it still is licensed, and sold, and used; if its ravages continue before your eyes; and if you can be heard, in an argument, to open the understandings of others, and convince them of the truth, then make bold to declare against it the heinous and irreparable iniquity, not simply of making man miserable in time, but of blotting out his hopes of eternal life, and of shutting against him the gates of heaven.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Mr. Kellogg at St. Andrews, &c.

We have been gladdened and strengthened in our humble efforts to advance the Temperance Cause, by its eloquent advocacy here, on the part of Mr. Kellogg. After lecturing in St. Andrews, Lachute, Point Fortune, and Chatham to general and very large audiences, he closed his course with a stirring address to a general convention in the Congregational Chapel here, on Monday last. Amongst the 500 or more who then attended were the Daughters of Temperance, of St. Andrews Union, No. 2; Cadets of T. and Sons from four Divisions. The Cadets and Sons were in full regalia, and there with banners, flags, well framed charters, and other paraphernalia of these orders, and last though not least, the hundreds of smiling should, would and might be Daughters of T., presented a scene cheering to one side, appalling to another. The venerable P.G.W.P., Kneeshaw, presided in his usual dignified and felicitous manner. Mr. Kellogg exceeded himself, he evidently felt the occasion to be an extraordinary one, and he put forth his gigantic force for about two hours, playing his artillery on the ranks and strongholds of the enemy with, we believe, terrific but good effect. Sound "moral assuasion" and pungent ridicule—unanswerable logic and lively railery—persuasive, throbbing appeal and scathing declamation—were poured forth with more than artistic skill. Mr. Kellogg's forte is rather in depth of feeling than polish of art. We believe that he feels and believes what he says, and are therefore disposed to follow, AND WILL FORTHWITH FOLLOW HIS ADVICE.

At the conclusion of the address a vote of thanks to the eloquent Lecturer was passed with applause; and not satisfied with this, the audience, to give effect to their ap-

probation, loaded the Collectors with evidences of the fact, that the *purse* as well as the heart was open. We are not rich in means, but are so in faith in the cause, and it only required a few words from such as Mr. Kellogg to spur us to action.

We have determined upon employing energetic agents to obtain subscribers to petitions for a Prohibitory Liquor Law, and the branch here of the league are about to take like steps for that *great purpose*.

To the Temperance Society of Montreal we owe much for the profit and pleasure they have afforded us in sending Mr. Kellogg to this corner of their field. Heartily we thank them.

Yours truly,

ONE OF MANY.

St. Andrews, C.E., 11th Jan., 1854.

Vote of Thanks to the Montreal Temperance Society.

A regular meeting of St. Andrew's Division, No. 2, S. of T., held in St. Andrews, C.E., on Tuesday last, it was moved by Bro. T. Wanless and passed unanimously, that a vote of thanks be tendered to the Montreal Temperance Society, for having sent their eloquent and efficient Agent, Mr. Kellogg, to St. Andrews and its vicinity; also, that this Division begs respectfully to express its opinion, that more than adequate good will follow the laudable expenditure of the Society in this portion of their field of labor of love, in employing Mr. Kellogg or any other good Temperance Lecturer.

EDWIN DAVIS, R. S.

To Sec. Montreal T. S.

BOSTON DELIVERED!

BRING OUT THE BIG GUN!!

The Rumocracy Routed!!!

HORSE, FOOT AND DRAGOONS!!!!

DR SMITH ELECTED!!!

Seaver Rejected!!

LAW AND ORDER TRIUMPHANT!!!!

Last Monday, January 9th, was a glorious day for this good city. Notwithstanding all the efforts of the Rumocracy, including Bay State Club, Union Association, and all other combinations together, **DR. SMITH WAS ELECTED BY OVER FIFTEEN HUNDRED MAJORITY!!**—Messrs. Odiorne, Williams and Drake, candidates for Aldermen, of the Citizens' Union—the first two reliable temperance men—are elected. This gives a majority of the Board in favor of the law. The overthrow of the liquor interest has been complete.

After the election on Monday, a large body of men repaired to the office of Dr. Smith, under the Tremont House, and called him out. He made a short speech, thanking the citizens for the honor, &c., &c. The greatest enthusiasm prevails among the friends of Dr. Smith. So says the Massachusetts *Life Boat*.

To all our Old Subscribers.

We have no reason to suppose that many of those who have travelled pleasantly with us through the months of 1853, and former years, are desirous now of parting company, or discontinuing the services of the *Advocate*. Some

may, however, be wavering a little for various reasons. We advise you not to leave us; we have many important things to say to you, and much valuable information to communicate, more than during any former year; but let there be no delay in sending on your names. The prospectus was put into every copy of the *Advocate*, in order that every subscriber might become an active agent. We again respectfully solicit the co-operation of friends everywhere throughout the country. Our list for 1854 is going on finely. Now then—once more, altogether—thank you. Huzzah for the "Ten Thousand a year," and more.

Let the publisher have specific instructions, and if any intend to discontinue, let the order be given accordingly. No discontinuance at present without an order.

A word more.—None will have reason to complain, as we think, of the quality and excellence of the matter in this number; but we regret that several valuable articles have been crowded out. They will keep, however, and be useful for another day.

Editorial Scrap Book.

WORTH OF THE BIBLE.—"As the Bible circulates, down go the images, and away the superstitions;" so says the Lord Mayor of London. "The Bible," says Lord Shaftsbury, "has effected a great advance of intellectual power;" "it is the chief defence of nations." Certainly then, it is their glory! "Within a few hundred years a citizen of London was compelled to ride with his face toward the tail of his horse, and with sheets of the Bible pinned on him for his disgrace among his fellow-citizens, because he had assisted in the translation and publication of the Scriptures! Mark the contrast; now the Bible Society meets under the roof of the chief magistrate of the city, that magistrate himself presiding over a jubilee meeting of the institution established to translate and circulate those very Scriptures! —*Boston Life Boat.*

THE RECORD OF BLOOD.—The last *Pottsville Miner's Journal* records seven deaths, caused directly by Rum! A man in Tamaqua from mania-potu; one woman in Pottsville, in broad daylight, and another with four little children at New Mines burnt up alive!

"If such things," adds the *Journal*, "do not speak for themselves, and show the necessity of a Maine Law, we fear no comments of ours could open the eyes of our citizens. See the utter moral degradation to which intemperance sinks its victims, as manifest in the instances before us, and ask yourself, reader, if a temperance reform is not needed.—No wonder the friends of the cause, with such facts before them, become warm in its advocacy—the only wonder we can see is, that there are not more 'fanatics.' And who is to answer to the community for the lives of these seven persons? They were human beings, endowed with all the faculties and attributes of fellow-creatures. Is there no law to hold amenable the authors of their death—and such a death? The laws of man's institution are imperfect, and often suffer the guilty to go clear; but, mark you, there is a Court they cannot escape. 'Cursed is every one that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's mouth, that maketh him drunken,' is the sentence of the judge. Who, think you, will be

made responsible. His bar for their untimely and awful end?"

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—A correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from Lahaina, Sept. 19, says:

There are now two leading questions upon which people here divide. The first, and of the longest standing, is that of the continuance or repeal of the various stringent restrictions on intemperance and licentiousness. The latter is punished as a crime with fines or imprisonment. In regard to the former, no wines or spirits are allowed to be manufactured in the kingdom, and a duty of five dollars a gallon is laid on all spirits imported.—Licenses to sell are few and costly. Much is smuggled, however, and more illicitly sold. These laws conflict with the desires of those who love to practice those vices, and of those sugar planters and others who hope to profit by the manufacture and sale of liquors. As to wines, there have never been grapes enough raised to supply the fruit market of Honolulu, where they are worth \$5 the bushel. The missionaries, a majority of the natives, and of the government, are unitedly in favor of these regulations; and few doubt that the removal of them would let immediate ruin loose upon the Hawaiian race.

VICIOUS CATTLE.—The common vice of jumping and throwing fence is taught to cattle, with scarcely an exception, by their owners and caretakers.—Fences half down, soon fall by the rubbing of cattle, and teach the first lesson, especially if cattle have any shrewdness in observing cause and effect. Very fine food just over a poor fence is the next lesson; letting down bars and rail fences to the calves, from laziness, so that the animal has to leap, is the third lesson—and this last is often the first, second and third with sheep until they will scale anything. These three lessons are usually enough, but a fourth is often added, namely, placing one additional rail on the fence each successive day, as they become more skilful, for the ostensible object of keeping the jumper within bounds, but really operating as a most ingenious contrivance to teach the art of vaulting. We have heard of French being "taught in six lessons," but very few animals require more than the above four to enable them to take "French leave" of any ordinary enclosure.—*Country Gentleman.*

THE DRUNKARD'S CLOAK.—In the time of Oliver Cromwell, the magistrates in the north of England punished drunkards by making them carry what was called "The Drunkard's Cloak." This was a large barrel, with one head out and a hole through the other, through which the offender was made to put his head, while his hands were drawn through two small holes, one on each side. With this he was compelled to march along the public streets. What a strange sight it would be were all the drunkards now-a-days compelled to march about wearing barrels for cloaks! And yet we may safely affirm that it would be better for them to be put inside of barrels in that way than to allow them to put the contents of rum and whisky barrels inside of themselves, as they are too fond of doing. Let us strive to get all drunkards and drinkers to sign the temperance pledge, and pray to God for help to keep it. This will do more good than "The Drunkard's Cloak," or any other kind of punishment. Especially let us induce all the young to sign the pledge, and form early temperance habits, that they may avoid the misery and shame of drunkenness.—*Sunday School Advocate.*

ANECDOTE OF DR. HAWKS.—A few years since, when the Rev. Dr. Hawks, the celebrated Episcopal clergyman, was about leaving New York for the South, he was waited upon by the vestry-men of a small church of Westchester county, and urgently solicited to take charge of the same. The Rev. Doctor graciously received the committee, but respectfully declined the proposition, urging as a chief objection, that the salary, though large for the parish they represented, would be inadequate for his expenses, having a considerable family of small children to educate and provide for. One of the committee replied :

“The Lord will take care of them ; he has promised to hear the young ravens when they cry, and to provide for them.”

“Very true,” said the reverend gentleman ; “but he has not promised to provide for the young hawks.”

Mr. Gough in the Metropolis.

(Concluded from last number.)

This thing habit comes gradually. Many a man who has acquired a habit but does not exactly proceed to excess, is rescued simply by possessing certain physical qualities which his poor unfortunate friend had not. You say you are not such a fool as to become a drunkard. So he thought once. You say, “I can leave off when I like,” as if he at first had not the power to leave it off when he liked. You say, “I have too sound an intellect to become a drunkard,” as if he was born without one. You say, “I have too much pride in myself, too much self-respect,” as if he were not once as proud as you. The way men acquire this habit, is by looking on those who proceed to excess, as naturally inferior to themselves. The difference between you and a drunkard is just this, that you would leave off the habit but won't ; he would with all his heart and soul, but cannot. I will put the strength of the habit to the test. You say you can leave it off when you please. Now I know you can, and that this is said with regard to the acquiring of this and of all bad habits. A man smoking two or three cigars a day says, “I can throw it away when I've a mind to.” When I hear young men saying this I almost make up my mind that they never intend to give it up. This power of habit is gradually increasing and destroying your powers of self-control. Samson was bound three times, and when he heard the cry, “The Philistines are upon thee, Samson,” three times he burst his bonds. But he fell into the Delilah's hands, he laid his head on her knees and she took off his locks. Then came the cry, “The Philistines are upon thee, Samson,” and he arose and said, “I will go out and shake myself,” but his strength was gone. God pity you, young men, if ever you begin to feel the fetters of evil habit galling you, and you go out to burst them and find them welded iron bands eating into the marrow until you cry in agony of spirit, “Who shall deliver me from the slavery of evil habit?” A man's power to do a thing is valueless unless he have the will to exercise that power. Suppose I lay myself on the tracks of the railway. You come to rouse me and I say, “You mind your own business ; I'm not fool enough to be run over : I can get up when I choose.” A train comes thundering along and eats my body in two ! Why I am a self-murderer ! I had the power and the warning ; I refuse to exercise that power and go before God a suicide ! I tell you, young men, that while the power of a bad habit sits in you of nerve, and energy, and freshness of feeling, it does not destroy your responsibility. You are accountable to God for every power, and talent, and influence or position. Although the power of evil habit destroys your power of good, you are as accountable for it as if you had put it forth, and then, too late, you will find the wages of sin is death. “I can quit it, but I won't !” If you say, “Should I find it by experience to be injurious, I will give it up,” surely that is not common sense. Such is the fascination thrown around a man by the power of evil habit that it must have essentially injured him before he will consent to give it

up ! Many a man has been struck down in his prosperity, has been to prison for crime, before he acknowledged that his evil habit was injuring him. You might as well say, “I will put my hand into the nest of the rattlesnake, and when I find out that he has struck his fangs into me, I will draw it out and get it cured.” I remember riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls, and I said to a gentleman, “What river is that, sir?”—“That,” he said, “is Niagara river.”—“Well, it is a beautiful stream,” said I ; “bright, and fair, and glassy ; how far off are the rapids ?”—“Only a mile or two,” was the reply. “Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show when near the Falls?”—“You will find it so, sir,” and so I found it ; and that first sight of the Niagara I shall never forget. Now launch your bark on that Niagara river ; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow ; the silvery wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, “Young men, ahoy !”—“What is it ?”—“The rapids are below you.”—“Ha, ha ! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore ; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land. Then on, boys ; don't be alarmed—there's no danger.”—“Young men, ahoy there !”—“What is it ?”—“The rapids are below you.”—“Ha, ha ! we will laugh and quaff ; all things delight us. What care we for the future ? No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may ; we will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment : time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current.”—“Young men, ahoy !”—“What is it ?”—“Beware ! beware ! The rapids are below you.” Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point ! Up with the helm ! Now turn ! Pull hard !—quick ! quick !—pull for your lives !—like till the blood starts from the nostrils, and the veins stand like whipcord upon the brow ! Set the mast in the socket !—hoist the sail ! Ah, ah !—it is too late. Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming ;—over you go.” Thousands go over the rapids every year, through the power of evil habit, crying all the while, “When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up.” The power of evil habit, I repeat, is fascinating, is deceptive, and man may go on arguing and coming to conclusions while on the way down to destruction. Let us look at the position of a man who is the slave of a bad habit. There he stands, and we will bring before him a vision. Here, before me, stands a bright, fair-haired, beautiful boy, with the rosy cheek, and curling lock, and ruby lips, and round limb, the type, the picture of human health and beauty. That is youth, that is his past. Another figure shall stand before him. The youth grown to the man, intellect flashing from his eye, his brow speaking of intellectual strength, as he claims for himself an influence over the hearts and feelings of his fellow-men. There he stands—a glorious being. That is your idea. Then gropes in a wretched thing, fetters on his limbs, his brow scamed, sensuality seated on his swollen lip, the image of God marred. What is that ? That is his present. He shall see another vision ; it is a wretched, emaciated creature, you see his heart is all on fire, the worm that never dies has begun its fearful gnawings. What is that ? It is his future.—The power of evil habit does not destroy his consciousness. The curse to the man who is going down step by step, is the remembrance of the past. All the bright dreams of his imagination are before him, yonder, separated from him by a continent of grief and disappointment, pain of body, and fever of spirit. Distant, clear, but cold, is the moon that shines on his waking agony, or on his desperate repose. I believe that a merciful God has set a ban upon certain pursuits, which to follow for enjoyment would be ingratitude. What has the man been doing who all his life-time has been the slave to evil habit ? He has spent his life and his fortune—sold his birthright ! And what has he obtained ! Nothing but the mere excitement of chasing after that which is not

reality. A man talk about enjoyment in these pursuits! There is none. It is merely momentary and imaginary. No man ever received satisfaction enough in wicked pursuits to say, "Ah! now I am happy." It is gone from him. All the enjoyments that can be obtained in this world, apart from the enjoyments God has sanctioned, lead to destruction. It is as if a man should start in a chase after a bubble, attracted by its bright and gorgeous hues. It leads him through vineyards, under trelliced vines, with grapes hanging in all their purple glory; it leads him by sparkling fountains with delicious music and the singing of birds, it leads him through orchards hanging thick with golden fruit. He laughs and dances. It is a merry chase. By-and-by that excitement becomes intense; that intensity becomes a passion; that passion a disease. Now his eye is fixed upon the bubble with fretful earnestness. Now he leaps with desperation and disappointment. Now it leads him away from all that is bright and beautiful; from all the tender, clustering, hallowed associations of by-gone days, up the steep, the hot sides of a fearful volcano. Now there is pain and anguish in the chase. He leaps and falls, and rises, bruised, scorched and blistered; but the excitement, the power of habit has the mastery over him; he forgets all that is past, and in his terrible chase he leaps again. It is gone. He curses, and bites his lips in agony, and shrieks almost the wild shriek of despair. Yet still he pursues his prize. Knee-deep in the hot ashes, he staggers up with limbs torn and bruised, the last semblance of humanity scorched out of him. Yet there is his prize. He will have it. With one desperate effort he makes a sudden leap. Ah! he's got it now; but he has leaped into the volcano, and, with a bursted bubble on his hand, goes to his retribution. Every man possesses an evil habit who follows and is fascinated by an enjoyment God has not sanctioned. Heaven pity such a man! He barter away jewels worth all the kingdoms of the earth, and gains for them—a bursted bubble! An Indian chief bartered away costly diamonds for a few glass beads and a plate button. Young men are every day bartering away jewels worth all the kingdoms of the earth for less than a plate button. I have for the last few days been visiting various places in your great city in company with a committee. There is one place where young men assemble, and I tell you it was to me a fearful and appalling sight. In an immense room capable of holding some 1,500 persons was a fine band of music, and fine young men, genteel in appearance and many of respectable parentage. Some of them were known to my friends. There, they said, is a young man connected with such an establishment, and so on. And what were they doing? In one room the tables were set out with sparkling wine, but what were the young men doing? I will tell you. Right before the assembled crowd were many who had no more shame left than to dance boldly and openly there with women of the town. I said, "But are they not ashamed of it?" "Ah," was the answer, "three or four glasses of wine destroy shame." There were young men there who would never have been seen in such society, pride of character alone would have prevented it, if they had not been stimulated by the wine. The habit of drinking is, I believe, more demoralising than any one other evil habit in the community. There are scenes which I cannot here speak of, but which bear directly for evil upon our young men, and I mourn as I think of the store of bitterness they are laying up for themselves, for if saved, it must be as through fire. Let them mingle with the vile and impure, let them hear the word of blasphemy or obscenity until they get accustomed to it, and I tell you a lodgment is made in the heart, of influences which he will feel to the day of his death. I was speaking in this way to some children of a Sunday-school, when a clergyman, an old man too, said to me, "You are right, sir. Some gentleman had been engaged in drawing up statistics of New York, I went and looked over them and I assure you as I am living, that I would give my right hand to forget what I saw." I would give my right hand to night if I could forget that which I have learned in evil society, if I could tear from my memory the scenes which I have witnessed, the transactions which have

taken place before me. You might as well try to take a stain from the snow as to take away the effect of a single impure thought that has lodged and harboured in the heart. You may pray against it and by God's grace, conquer it; but it will always be a thorn in the flesh to you and will cause you bitterness and anguish. I have been speaking of evil habits in connection with my theme of intemperance, and I believe the remedy of every bad habit is simply to abandon entirely what produces it. If you have a habit of thinking badly, get a good book and pray over it, and bend your mind down to the study of it. If you have acquired the habit of using intoxicating liquors as a beverage, then I say avoid entirely that which is producing that habit. But some of it say, "I use intoxicating liquors but have no habit of it." Let me say to you, not as a teacher, not in the form of dictation, but with all kindness of feeling,—try a test. You are your own master; you can take up the bottle as the Indian did, and dash it to pieces, saying, "I am your master,"—or, it is your master. Well then, the next time you feel any desire for stimulants, let them alone. See how much you want it. Go about your business. You feel something is wanting. You are nervous. "I believe I must take just a little."—Let it alone. You fancy you are not altogether well and must take something, and perhaps the doctor would encourage you—Let it alone. What follows? Why, some who say, "I have no habit" will have to work night and day for a month to overcome the desire for it. That is but the beginning of the appetite which becomes in some the master. I ask you,—Do you not use more now than you did five years ago? If you do,—in five years to come what will you be? Let me say that I esteem it to be the highest privilege to speak before you to night, and to have been listened to with such polite attention. My heart is with you all, and my prayers to God shall be, that you may be eminently successful in drawing numbers of young men into the folds of Christ. Though you may not see as I do, I do not pretend to say that I am higher than you in the Christian scale: no, by no manner of means. There are many behind me and before me this night who drink a glass of wine, who are better men than I am or ever shall be, and if ever, through God's blessing, I reach Heaven, I shall probably see them there as bright particular stars near the throne. I never have said it is a sin to drink a glass of wine, and I hope that I never shall. All that I ask of you is, to allow me the lawfulness of my principle. You say the Bible permits the sanction of drink, and I agree with you. I also say that the Bible permits total abstinence. But although it is lawful for you to drink, it is not lawful for me. Allow me to add that I believe it is more lawful for me to abstain than for you to drink, because, if you bring me a sanction to drink, I bring you a caution; if you bring me an approval, I find you a reproof. Now I defy you to bring to me a caution or reproof in the Bible against total abstinence. Ours is a merely human instrumentality. We do not expect to reform men and make them regenerate through total abstinence. The total abstinence principle must save the drunkard, and I maintain that the sober man is in a sifter state to receive religious instruction than when stultified by the drink.—Ah! young men, what power you have! I remember reading in a fairy tale, that a whole city was in one night changed into stone. Here stands a war horse, with its nostrils distended, caparisoned for the battle; here stands the warrior with his stony hand upon the cold mane. All is still, lifeless, deathlike, silent. By-and-by, a trumpet sounds, ringing through the clear atmosphere; the warrior leaps upon his steed, the horse utters the war- neigh and starts forth to the battle; the warrior with his lance in rest and a shout rides on to victory. Now, young men, put the trumpet to your mouths to night; blow a blast that shall wake up the dead stocks and stones, and on, on upwards to victory against all evil habits and the evil influences surrounding us. God uses human instrumentality; let us bow down and thank Him if He will use us as instruments in His hands for furthering His great cause, co-operating with Him and His angels in preventing sin; I thank you from my heart, young men, for your attention and your courtesy.

Philanthropic & Social Progress.

Treatment of Little Children.

"The suffering to children and youth," says Dr. Elliotson in the *Zoist*, "from the ill-temper engendered by the habitual use of alcoholic drinks, is frightful. The mothers among the poor scold and cuff them from babyhood till the arrival of youth, and fathers are savage to children and youth. Tolerable tempers are made bad, and bad tempers rendered cruel, by the feverishness of alcoholic drinks. Far happier, more peaceful and moral, are the families from which they are banished. Were they generally banished, how much less crime should we have! How much happier would youth and dear children be, to whom our duties are most solemn.

Girls and boys are often overdone in order to make a great show for the benefit of their instructors. They require more fresh air, relaxation, and repose than are allowed them. Children should sleep in the middle of the day till they are six years of age, and never sit up beyond an early hour in the evening. Dulness of comprehension, and crossness of temper, and little naughtinesses are the common result of over fatigue and want of rest; and the poor child is punished when he ought only to be put to bed. We are conscious how many little things regarding health make us cross, but no allowance is made for the young. Children are every day punished as naughty when they are only ill, and perhaps very ill. Girls are confined far too much: and in many cases allowed no other exercise than a joyless, formal walk, and that perhaps so long, to make up for its infrequency, that they are fatigued and injured rather than benefitted. Children and youth require better food, more of it, and more frequently, than is supposed by many; though they should not taste fermented drinks, except as medicines. How absurd ever to give them wine as a treat and make them feverish, when some simple, innocent fluid would be as great a treat, and they would be contented and happy with water or milk! Then children are overdosed and incessantly dosed by their mothers, nurses, or the family doctor: and not a thought is bestowed upon the torment of the poor things by giving them horridly disgusting physic. A few grains of calomel with sugar, or a little jalap in tea or weak coffee would be tasteless: but they have rhubarb or sena-tea, and frequently take other filthy medicines, to no useful purpose, two or three times a day. And how often are they mercilessly and uselessly blistered!"

Christmas Plum pudding.

If (says the *Times*) there be one stronger impulse than another in the English breast, it is the desire that the whole human race on Christmas-day, should partake of plumpudding. This savoury compound, of "equal parts of Malaga raisins, currants, suet chopped fine, sweetmeats, and bread crumbs," is the very foundation of Anglo-Saxon civilisation. We shut a man and his wife up in a workhouse—carefully separating them—for twelve months, but on Christmas-day we give to each of them a large wedge of plumpudding as a set-off against the discomfort of the year. The country squire causes his servants' hall to be decorated with holly-sprigs, ruddy with their cheerful fruit, and bunches of mistletoe more sparsely intermingled; and the establishment," after partaking of plumpudding, "treads the mazy dance"—we believe the phrase is a correct one—the lady of the mansion leading the ball. The Sovereign of these broad realms is not unconscious of the influence of the genial season, whilst the poorest of her subjects may on Christmas-eve be seen standing outside a pawnbroker's shop with three flat irons, an ancient engraving figurative of a harvest-home, and her husband's Sunday waistcoat—all of which goods and chattels she is prepared to make over to the usurer by way of mortgage, that she may obtain the needful purchase money for the ingredients of her Christmas pudding. The soldiers and sailors of Queen Victoria eat their Christmas

pudding to a man; it is the necessary condition of our national safety. Crime even is pampered for the moment, and indulged with gastronomic emotions. The wheel stands still and the crank forgets to revolve; indeed, we know not what degree of moral turpitude would, to the apprehension of a true Englishman, justify the deprivation of a plumpudding on Christmas-day. This we take to be the absolute and simple truth. We would therefore take this opportunity of hinting to all our friends and readers that there are certain persons to be found in this metropolis who may not, perhaps, be in a position to enjoy themselves to any very rapturous extent on Christmas-day. It is so in all seasons of festivity. A day of rejoicing to some is a day of bitterness to others, and all the more so, perhaps, from the consciousness that their own grief and suffering is even more than usually out of place, jarring and discordant. To most of us—we hope so, at least—Christmas-day means the glad gathering of familiar faces—of parents, of children, of friends—it means cheerful rooms with crackling faggots and blazing fires, well-furnished boards, and ringing laughter—it means turkeys and sirloins—plumpudding, of course, with genial sprigs of holly stuck into their tops—snapdragons, blue flames, and conjurers' tricks. Alas! that it should mean to others the dry arch and the checked sob—the scanty gown pressed lightly over the shivering frame of a dying child—the hurried and irregular progress through lighted streets; nothing but fog, chill, starvation, and policemen without; nothing but mirth and abundance within.

Coughing in Consumption.

A New York paper states that during the week preceding its publication, fifty persons died of consumption in that city.—Per contra, a gentleman called upon us yesterday, who actually escaped from the fangs of that disease some years ago, and we are induced to present the circumstances:—

"You speak of coughing continually. Let me suggest to you the query, whether this is not unnecessary and injurious. I have long been satisfied, from experience and observation, that much of the coughing which precedes and attends consumption is voluntarily. Several years ago, I boarded with a man who was in the incipient stages of consumption. I slept in a chamber over his bed-room, and was obliged to hear him cough continually and distressingly. I endured the annoyance night after night, till it led me to reflect whether something could not be done to stop it. I watched the sound which the man made, and observed that he evidently made a voluntary effort to cough. After this, I made experiments on myself, and found that I could prevent myself from coughing, sneezing, gaping, &c., in cases of the strongest propensity to these acts, by a strenuous effort of the will. Then I reflected, that coughing must be irritating and injurious to the delicate organs that are concerned in it, especially when they are in a diseased state. What can be worse for ulcerated bronchia or lungs, than the violent wrenching of a cough? It must be worse than speaking. A sore on any part of the body, if it is constantly kept open by a violent usage, or made raw again by a contusion just when it is healing (and of course begins to itch), will grow worse, and may end in death. Certainly, then, a sore on the lungs may be expected to terminate fatally, if it is constantly irritated, and never suffered to heal; and this it seems to me, is just what coughing does for it. On the strength of considerations as these, I made bold to ask him if he could not stop coughing. He answered no. I told him what I thought about it as above. He agreed to make a trial; and, on so doing, found to his surprise that he could suppress his cough almost entirely. The power of his will over it, increased as he exercised it, and in a few days he was most rid of the disposition to cough. His health at the same time evidently improved. And when I last saw him he was in strong hopes of getting out of death's hands."

This occurred eighteen years ago, and the man comes round now, an active business man, averring that he has not had a sick day since.

Sabbath Meditations.

Good and Bad Works—Their Immortality.

The witnesses against some men we have reason to believe, will be crowding into the eternal world to the end of time, the indictment against them not being filled up till the last result of their iniquity is developed. A man, for example, who writes an immoral, but immortal book, may be tracked into eternity by a procession of lost souls from every generation; every one of them to be a witness against him at the judgment, to show to him and the universe the immeasurable dreadfulness of his iniquity. A man whose teachings or whose influence remain behind him for evil, does in a solemn sense remain sinning in this world, long after his soul has gone forward into the land of spirits. And it must be an awful reception which such a man gives to the witnesses of his guilt, as they come into his company, covered with the mantle of his sins, filled with the element of perdition ministered by his soul to theirs. It may have been the dread of that, that made the rich man in his torments beseech father Abraham to send Lazarus to testify unto his five brethren, lest they also should come into that place of torment. But the good works of good men are as immortal as the bad works of evil men. They, too, are swift messengers, but bright celestial ones, before the throne of God in judgment. They, too, come trooping into the eternal world as witnesses, long after the authors of them have entered on their reward. And who can tell the blessedness of such men as Baxter, Bunyan, Doddridge, Flavel and others, when they see, generation after generation, the results and marks of their own earthly labors, in souls that follow after them to glory. No good that they have done can ever be hid. Not a cup of cold water given to a disciple, nor a widow's mite put into Christ's treasury, nor a penitent tear, nor a fervent, faithful prayer, nor any thought or deed of self-denying love, but is recorded in the book of life, and sends on its witnesses for the great day. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord! Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."—*Cheever*.

The Reign of Right.

BY A. D. RICHARDSON.

There shall come a reign of glory,
Glory never known before;
For truth shall hold her mighty sceptre;
Right shall yield to wrong no more.

Many a weary eye is watching,
Watching for that glorious day;
But before its dawn, the eyelid
May be closed in death for aye.

Many a care-worn soul is trusting,
Trusting that it soon shall come;
For then the spirit, worn and weary,
Shall find Earth a peaceful home.

Many an aching heart is praying,
Praying for that light to beam;
In earnest, fervent accents pleading
Flooding with the Great Supreme.

Many a ready hand is toiling,
Toiling hard to bring it on;
Though long we may await the coming,
Earth shall one day see its dawn.

Let us ne'er be weary watching,
Watching for that glorious light;
It shall dawn upon the nations,
Scatter darkness, and the night.

It will be a day of glory,
Glory never known before;
For truth shall wield her mighty sceptre;
Right shall yield to wrong no more.

—*Whisper Magazine*.

The Christian Physician.

The physician comes, not when the spirit is chafed by the collisions and disappointments of the world, not when the heart is eaten up with a burning thirst for honor or wealth, not when the ear is filled with flattery, or the heart surcharged with worldly pleasure. He comes to men when the premonitions of dissolution are about them; when earthly hopes are taking leave of them for ever; when the coffin, the mattock, and the grave, are the images that terrify the heart; when wealth has no power, pleasure no zest, worldly elevation no attraction. He comes to men, when, if they themselves have escaped, death is invading the circle of their friends, and when perhaps, though recently there before, he has returned for another victim. He comes when sympathies are excited, the ear is open, the heart mellow, prejudice subsided, conscience aroused. Easily will a great and useful moral power be exerted in these circumstances especially by one, who is offering his ministrations to remove pain and dislodge an enemy lurking about the fountains of life. The man who has received the antidote of a physical disease from his medical adviser, can scarcely refuse to respond to his representations of a grand infallible remedy, provided by Divine mercy for deep moral leprosy! Like the unseen circulations under ground, which nourish luxuriant vegetation above, the religious influence of the professors of the healing art, noiseless and unobserved, causes to spring up from its quiet operations, a refreshing, delightful scene of moral life.—*Pres. White*.

The Healing.

I know the hand that dealt it,
And know the stroke was kind,
For One alone can wound us,
And He alone can bind.

When'er He sends the angel
To earth with sorrow's stings,
New legions are commissioned
With healing on their wings.

How sweet to bruised spirits
The oil they kindly pour,
While leading us to Gilead,
Where we may gather more.

Thus in the arid desert
We find the precious balm,
And there will kindly shelter us
The olive and the palm.

And thus though weary, weary,
The pilgrimage of life,
While angels hover o'er us
We may glory in the strife.

And hope is pointing upward,—
On wings of faith we soar,
To the land where sorrow's shadows
Will never darken more.

Oh, sweet that home in Heaven—
The peace it will impart—
Where there is no more healing,
No binding of the heart.

—*Minnie Myrtle*.

Evil Speaking.

Perhaps no single cause contributes more to banish the spirit of God from the houses and hearts of men than evil speaking. There are sins of more flagrant enormity, but what sin is more extensively diffused? Evil speaking! Who is without sin in this respect? How common it has become! How much of it there is every day, everywhere, in the city and in the country, at home and abroad, in every large concourse and in every lit le company, and even in the soliloquy of the closet! Who is not among its actors and its objects? We sacrifice others on this cruel altar, and then we ourselves become its cruel victims. How easily we slide into this sin!—*Nevin*.

[FOR THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.]

The Maine Law is Coming.

We wish and pray that come it may,
Then we'll get claes and a' that,
And mitts, and hose, and dresses too,
And pay the cash for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that, and muckle mair than a' that;
We'll hail thee with a heart-felt joy.

Then haste and come!

No shoeless bairnies then we'll see,
With frozen toes and a' that;
Once mourning mothers then with joy
Will buy them shoes and a' that.

And a' that, and a' that, and muckle mair than a' that;
How mourning mothers long for thee,
Then haste and come!

No drunken fathers then we'll see
O'er head and ears and a' that,
With mud and dirt enough to scare
The very deil and a' that.

And a' that, and a' that, and muckle mair than a' that;
E'er drunken fathers wish for thee,
Then haste and come!

No staggering, stammering youths we'll see
With blood-shot eyes and a' that,
And haggard looks, and ragged coats,
And crownless hats and a' that.

And a' that, and a' that, and muckle mair than a' that;
In pity to our blighted youths,
Make haste and come!

Then they can gang to any store,
Buy coats, and hats, and a' that,
They'll then be free from slavery's thrall,
Vile haunts shut up and a' that.

And a' that, and a' that, and muckle mair than a' that.
No more they'll look like picked crows,
In pity come!

Maine Liquor Law, in pity come,
You'll empty jails and a' that,
No more the soul destroying draught
Will blight our youths and a' that.

And a' that, and a' that, and muckle mair than a' that;
Empty jails we long to see,
Then haste and come!

Maine Liquor Law, make haste and come,
With plenty, peace and a' that.
The very thought on't makes us glad,
We'll dance with joy and a' that.

And a' that, and a' that, and muckle mair than a' that,
The very hills will ring with joy,
When thou art come with a' that.

Olanabee, 26th Dec., 1853.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

(For the Week ending Wednesday, Jan 11, 1854.)

FLOUR—Still inactive. 32s 6s offered for spring delivery, at which there are no sellers. Or the spot 33s to 34s is obtainable. WHEAT and other GRAIN—Little coming in yet. ASHES—None arriving. Pots 29s to 29s 6d; Peas 27s to 27s 6d. EXCHANGE, 10 per cent, in demand. BANK STOCKS—Montreal Bank, 22 23, heavy; City, 81; Commercial, 14 to 14½, prem. At these rates a few transactions have taken place. In other Bank Stocks nothing doing. RAILWAY STOCKS—All dull.

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J. C. BECKET.

Montreal, September, 1853.

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H. W. JACKSON,

Toronto, Nov., 1853.

Toronto.

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