

# THE TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

AND

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VOL. 1.

"Let Temperance be thy companion, so shall health sit on thy brow."

## THE BIRTH DAY.

WITHOUT monopolizing all the loyalty of the land, we lay claim to a large share of attachment to the throne. The Queen is not only our monarch, but the patroness of the Temperance Society; from the fountain of honor, therefore, a lustre is shed upon every member, and it is but just, as well as grateful, to the generous emotions of every true temperance man to hail her natal day with joy, and to record the festivities of that day with delight. The birth-day rose upon Australia a calm and misty morning; but soon

"The clouds which lowered about our house,  
Were to the bosom of the desert carried."

The vapours rolled away, and the sun shone upon the Colony as if ready to awaken and mingle with the gladness of the anniversary. Before noon-day the review was held in the domain, and the sound of artillery, and a *feu-de-joie* proclaimed the enthusiasm of the populace and the army. We missed indeed the merry peals which burst from the antique steeples of our native land; but holiday clothes and happy faces shewed there were hearts to respond to the metropolitan, and village bells, had their animating sounds been heard. The Levee at one o'clock was well attended, and all ranks seemed to enjoy the opportunity of rallying beneath the national standard, and of paying respect to Her Majesty's representative in the Colony. At three o'clock the gas works were brought into public operation for the first time, and a small air balloon inflated from the main on Church Hill ascended to the admiration of many who had not been witnesses to such a sight before. At night the new light burst upon the metropolis, and delighted crowds wandered through the streets

to see the numerous illuminations. If the people will only follow the new light concerning temperance, with as much avidity as they sought the fantastic jets, which blazed for an evening and then subsided; they will see the night of Australian darkness dispelled, and find it no evanescent beam, but that like the morning star, it is the harbinger of perfect day. The state of the assembled multitudes was most orderly and gratifying: some indeed, inflamed their loyalty with ardent spirit, and then drowning reason, shewed that in deference to cruel and capricious custom, they could sink the majesty of their nature to extol the glory of the Queen—a sad mistake: but others, more loyal to nature, and to God, and not a whit less attached to their Sovereign, wished her long life and prosperity, in sober but heartfelt congratulations, and in earnest prayer. The day closed as usual, with the festivities at Government House. Recalled by this anniversary to the remembrance of our national compact, and having our patriotism renewed, let us again resolve to redeem our country from the stigma of intemperance, and endeavour to enthrone Victoria as the mighty and honored monarch of virtuous, happy, and prosperous dominions.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE QUESTION OF QUESTIONS;

OR,

"ARE TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES INCONSISTENT IN ANY MANNER WITH RELIGION?"

To the Editor of the *Temperance Advocate*.

Don't be alarmed! I shall not trespass on your patience by any elaborate discussion on this great question; for I hold it to be fairly set at rest. I mean to trouble you, only, with a little piece of evidence, bearing materially on it; which I beg you to lay before your readers. And let me not give offence, by enticating the

attention of the Clergy (of all denominations) to the communication. May they follow the example, because impressed by the testimony, of the *Wiltshire Curate*; the unimpeachable witness, whom I introduce to you.

In page 175 of the work herewith sent (one of a *purely Religious character*, I beg you to observe—and conducted by *no Sectaries*, I pray you to understand, good Mr. Editor), you will find the extract to which I desire attention. May it be read, and marked, and digested, and remembered! May it do good to the cause of *Temperance Societies*; and thereby, to the cause of *Morals and Religion*.

Pray direct your printer to preserve the book for me; as I value it, for (amongst other things) the sake of the excellent and distinguished clergyman, whose name it bears. You may copy from it, if you please, two other articles; one entitled *Fools' Pennies*, which I dedicate to the drunkards of Sydney. The other is a very beautiful *Hymn*; which I venture to think superior to the best drinking-song extant.

Yours,

ANGLICANUS.

## TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

"To shew how these societies act, (*and can be proved to have acted*,) I will state a case. Here is a man "chained and bound" by a besetting sin which separates between him and his Maker. If, in his sober moments, his conscience is uneasy, these calls from heaven only produce inquietude in his soul, to remove which, as Solomon says, "*he seeks it yet again*." At times he resolves, by a determined effort, to rid himself of his hard master; but because there is no sense of its infinite evil before God, and consequently no hearty and scriptural repentance for the past, nor any *fervent* and *persevering* prayer for Divine help for the future, he soon relapses. If this one great obstacle could be removed, if these rough places could be made plain, there might be hopes of his retracing his steps to the straight gate and narrow way. He is induced to become a member of a Temperance Society; the words of eternal life, which fell dead upon his ears when "*the whole head was sick, and the whole heart faint*," make now some impression: his temporal interests (especially if he be a

poor man) improve with his spiritual; he gradually acquires that peace of mind which sin denies; and he becomes at least a sober and respectable member of society, if not a renewed Christian."

#### FOOLS' PENNIES.

A very drunken fellow, who was in the habit of spending great part of his earnings at a public house in Manchester in the company of other sottish characters, was, one Sunday morning, while drinking with them at that house, unable to escape by the back door, as usual, from the Constables and Churchwardens as they were making their customary Sabbath inspection. The landlady, therefore, shut him up in a small dark room till the officers were gone, and then, as he was the only guest remaining in the house, she offered to shew him over it. She took him into a large respectable room. The genteel mahogany chairs, two elegant sofas, a splendid burnished mirror placed over the marble chimney-piece, the brightly polished pillar and claw tables, and a rich Brussels carpet covering the floor, all attracted his notice and filled him with amazement.

"Why, Mistress," said he, "I little thought ye had such a fine smart room as this in your house. Here's some money been paid for all this lass! What, is your father dead, and have ye had a good fortune left ye?"

"No, John, no; he's still alive, and I hope he will live many years yet. But, I'll let you into the secret, Johnny. But ye must not tell any body. It is—'Fools' pennies' that has furnished this room for us in this nice way."

The man said but little more; but he thought a good deal about these fools' pennies all the day and the next day too. It happened, that there was a meeting of a Temperance Society held in Manchester about that time; he went, to it, and what he heard on that occasion strengthened a determination he had formed, never to let the landlady of the above public house or indeed of any other, have any more of his fools' pennies. John therefore became sober and industrious; he in due time got himself and his family well clothed and his house better furnished. Having done this he one day took his eldest son with him to see his old acquaintance, the landlady. As soon as he entered the house, he observed his former drunken and ragged companions sitting in the very identical spot where he had so often sat and drank with them; so that, as he said, they might have been rivetted to their seats ever since he had left them. They were most happy to see him; the Landlady was particularly so. "Why, John," she exclaimed, "how well you look. I thought you had been ill or dead. But I am right glad to see you. And how well you are dressed, and your little boy too! Why, is that the poor little ragged fellow that used to come to fetch you home? Well, you have had some good luck in the world. What, has some rich relation died and left you a good purse?"

"No—Mistress, No! But I'll let you into the secret. My good looks, and good clothes, and those of my wife and family, as well as my good furniture at home, have all come from my not having wasted in drink—the fools' pennies!"

#### PRAISE.

Mark the flowers as they bloom  
Sending up a sweet perfume;  
Clouds of incense from them rise  
To their Maker in the skies.

Mark the rivers as they flow  
To the ocean, swift or slow:  
Dimpled stream or rapids' force,  
Praise their Maker in their course.

Mark the tall majestic trees  
Bending to the balmy breeze;  
Whispering out in accents clear,  
Praises to the list'ning ear.

Shall the flower in the sun,  
Shall the rivers as they run,  
Shall the tall majestic tree  
Shame us while they worship Thee?

Saviour; let it ne'er be said  
We were silent as the dead;  
Lest the very stones should rise  
To exclude us from the skies.

#### MODE OF DISPOSING OF A TOAST.

A respectable gentleman dining one day at his friend's table with a small party of other gentlemen, was pressed to take more wine than he wished. After he had repeatedly refused, the company said—"Nay nay, you must take another glass."—"Well," said he, "if I *must* take another I will do so;" and with that he filled his glass, and took it in his hand, saying, "Gentlemen, here's health, sobriety and good sense to us all," and then threw its contents behind the fire. They stared and seemed petrified with amazement. You seem amazed, said he, at what I have done, but is not this a proof of the sincerity of my toast, as it was certainly more consistent with it to throw the wine where I have done, than to throw it into my stomach, when I knew that if I put any more there it was likely to do me much more harm than good?"

APPEAL OF THIRTY MECHANICS, PRESTON.—Friends!—We were once drunkards, and most of us were in the same wretched condition as yourselves; but being reclaimed, we are anxious for you to enjoy the same liberty and blessings which we enjoy. We are now happy; our wives are comfortable; our children are provided for; we are better in health, better in circumstances; we have peace of mind, and no tongue can tell the comfort we have enjoyed since we became consistent members of the Temperance Society. Ale and strong drink have slain more than war and pestilence; and while we refuse no kind of food or drink which God has sent, we abstain from all diluted poison, manufactured to ruin mankind, and to rob our country of its greatness. We have seen our delusion, and we now drink neither ale, wine, gin, rum, nor brandy, nor any kind of intoxicating liquor. There is no safety for you nor us but in giving it up entirely. Come forward, then, and be resolved to cast off the fetters of intemperance, and once and for ever determine to be free.

At so low an ebb is ballooning as a matter of profit, that one is advertised to be sold at the Hippodrome, to pay for its rent and keep! Only think of the rent and keep of a balloon! Another is advertised for sale in the Wandsworth Road, 'capable of taking up one light person.'

A SLAVE SHIP.—One fine day in May the signal gun told of the approach of a vessel. A sharp built schooner, with crowded canvass, darted up the estuary like lightning; her nature was obvious; she was a prize. A painful interest prompted me to visit, as speedily as possible, this prison-ship. The Timmanee crew of the official boat swiftly shot us along-side. The craft showed Spanish colours, and was named "La Pantica." We easily leaped on board, as she lay low in the water; the first hasty glance around caused a sudden sickness and faintness, followed by an indignation more intense than discreet. Before us, lying in a heap, huddled together at the foot of the foremast, on the bare and filthy deck, lay several human beings in the last stage of emaciation, dying. The ship, fore and aft, was thronged with men, women, and children, all entirely naked, and disgusting with various diseases. I stepped to the hatchway; it was secured by iron bars and cross bars, and pressed against them were the heads of the slaves below. It appeared that the crowd on deck formed one-third only of the cargo, two-thirds being stowed in a sitting posture below, between decks; the men forward, the women aft. Two hundred and seventy-four were at this moment in the little schooner! When captured, 315 had been found on board; forty had died during the voyage from the old Calabar, and one had drowned himself. This was the first view; and wretched as it was, it showed but half the evil. The next day's visit was even more startling. The rainy season had commenced, and during the night rain had poured heavily down; nearly a hundred slaves had been exposed to the weather on deck, and among them the heap of dying skeletons at the foremast. The captives were now counted, and their numbers, age, and sex, written down for the information of the Court of Mixed Commission. As the hold had been divided for the separation of the men and women, those on deck were first counted; they were then driven forward, crowded as much as possible, and the women below were drawn up through the small hatchway, from their hot, dark confinement. A black boatswain seized them one by one, dragged them before us for a moment, when they were noted down, and were immediately swung by the arm into their loathsome cell, where another negro boatswain sat, with a whip or stick, and forced them to resume the bent and painful attitude necessary for the stowage of so large a number. The unfortunate women and girls, in general, submitted with quiet resignation; a month had made their condition familiar to them. One or two were less philosophical, or suffered more acutely than the rest. Their shrieks arose faintly from their hidden prison, as violent compulsion alone squeezed them into their nook against the curve of the ship's side. I attempted to descend, in order to see the accommodation. The height between the floor and ceiling was about twenty-two inches! The agony of the crouching slaves may be imagined, especially that of the men, whose heads and necks were bent down by the boarding above them. Once so fixed, relief by motion or change of posture is unattainable. The body stiffens into a permanent curve. In the streets of Freetown I have seen liberated slaves in every conceivable state of distortion. One, I remember, who trailed along his body, with his back to the ground, by means of his hands and ankles. Many can never resume the upright posture.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

THE THATS.—In thirty-two words, how many that's can be grammatically inserted? Answer—fourteen. He said that, that that that man said, was not that that that one should say; but that that, that that man said, was that that that man should not say. That reminds us of the following says and saids:—Mr. B. did you say, or did you not say, what I said you said; because C. said you said, you never did say what I said you said you said. Now, if you did say that you did not say what I said you said, then what did you say?—*New York Paper.*

HARD TIMES CONJUGATED.—A country schoolmaster thus describes a money-lender:—"He serves you in the present tense—he lends you in the conditional mood—keeps you in the subjunctive—and ruins you in the future."

A Dialogue between 'Conscience and the Distiller' appeared in the "Australian Temperance Magazine" two years ago; since, the following has arrived in the Colony, from the pen of Heman Humphrey, D.D., president of Amherst College.

## DIALOGUE II.

## WHOLESALE DEALER'S COUNTING ROOM.

Conscience.—(Looking over the ledger with a serious air.) What is that last invoice from the West-Indies?

Rum Dealer.—Only a few casks of fourth proof, for particular customers.

Conscience.—And that domestic poison, via New-Orleans; and on the next page, that large consignment, via Erie Canal!

Dealer.—O, nothing but two small lots of prime whiskey, such as we have been selling these twenty years. But why these chiding inquiries? They disquiet me exceedingly. And to tell you the plain truth, I am more than half offended at this morbid inquisitiveness.

Conscience.—Ah, I am afraid, as I have often told you, that this is a bad business; and the more I think of it, the more it troubles me.

Dealer.—Why so? You are always preaching up industry as a Christian virtue, and my word for it, were I to neglect my business, and saunter about the hotels and steam-boat wharves, as some do, you would fall into convulsions, as if I had committed the unpardonable sin.

Conscience.—Such pettish quibbling is utterly unworthy of your good sense and ordinary candor. You know, as well as I do, the great difference between industry in some safe and honest calling, and driving a business which carries poverty and ruin to thousands of families.

Dealer.—Honest industry! This is more cruel still. You have known me too long to throw out such insinuations; and besides, it is notorious, that some of the first merchants in our city are engaged, far more extensively, in the same traffic.

Conscience.—Be it so. "To their own Master they stand or fall." But if fair dealing consists in "doing as we would be done by," how can a man of your established mercantile and Christian reputation sustain himself, if he continues to deal in an article which he knows to be more destructive than all the plagues of Egypt?

Dealer.—Do you intend, then, to make me answerable for all the mischief that is done by ardent spirit, in the whole state and nation? What I sell is a mere drop of the bucket, compared with the consumption of a single county. Where is the proof that the little which my respectable customers carry into the country, with their other groceries, ever does any harm? How do you know that it helps to make such a frightful host of drunkards and vagabonds? And if it did, whose fault would it be? I never gave nor sold a glass of whiskey to a tippler in my life. Let those who will drink to excess, and make brutes of themselves, answer for it.

Conscience.—Yes, certainly they must answer for it; but will that excuse those who furnish the poison? Did you never hear of abettors and accessories, as well as principals in crime? When Judas, in all the agony of remorse and despair, threw down the thirty pieces of silver before the chief priests and elders, exclaiming, *I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood*—they coolly answered, *What is that to us? See thou to that.* And was it therefore nothing to them? Had they no hand in that cruel tragedy? Was it nothing to Pilate—nothing to Herod—nothing to the multitude who were consenting to the crucifixion of the Son of God—because they did not drive the nails and thrust the spear?

O, when I think of what you are doing to destroy the bodies and souls of men, I cannot rest. It terrifies me at all hours of the night. Often and often, when I am just losing myself in sleep, I am startled by the most frightful groans and unearthly imprecations, coming out of these hogs-heads. And then, those long processions of rough made coffins and beggared families, which I dream of, from night-fall till day-break, they keep me all the while in a cold sweat, and I can no longer endure them.

Dealer.—Neither can I. Something must be

done. You have been out of your head more than half the time for this six months. I have tried all the ordinary remedies upon you without the least effect. Indeed every new remedy seems only to aggravate the disease. O, what would not I give for the discovery of some anodyne which would lay these horrible phantasms. The case would be infinitely less trying, if I could sometimes persuade you, for a night or two, to let me occupy a different apartment from yourself; for when your spasms come on, one might as well try to sleep with embers in his bosom, as where you are.

Conscience.—Would it mend the matter at all, if, instead of sometimes dreaming, I were to be always wide awake?

Dealer.—Ah, there's the grand difficulty. For I find that when you do wake up, you are more troublesome than ever. Then you are always harping upon my being a professor of religion, and bringing up some text of Scripture, which might as well be let alone, and which you would not ring in my ears, if you had any regard to my peace, or even your own. More than fifty times, within a month, have you quoted, "By their fruits ye shall know them." In fact, so uncharitable have you grown of late, that from the drift of some of your admonitions, a stranger would think me but little, if any, better than a murderer. And all because some vagabond or other may possibly happen to shorten his days by drinking a little of the identical spirit which passes through my hands.

Conscience.—You do me bare justice when you say, that I have often reproved you, and more earnestly of late than I formerly did. But my remonstrances have always been between you and me alone. If I have charged you with the guilt of hurrying men to the grave and to hell, by this vile traffic, it has not been upon the house-top. I cannot, it is true, help knowing how it grieves your brethren, gratifies the enemies of religion, and excites the scorn of drunkards themselves, to see your wharf covered with the fiery element; but I speak only in your own ear. To yourself I have wished to prove a faithful monitor, though I have sad misgivings, at times, even with regard to that. You will bear me witness, however, that I have sometimes trembled exceedingly, for fear that I should be compelled, at least, to carry the matter up by indictment to the tribunal of Eternal Justice.

To avoid this dreadful necessity, let me once more reason the case with you in few words. You know perfectly well, that ardent spirit kills its tens of thousands in the United States every year; and there is no more room to doubt that many of these lives are destroyed by the very liquor which you sell, than if you saw them staggering under it into the drunkard's grave. How then can you possibly throw off blood-guiltiness, with the light which you now enjoy? In faithfulness to your soul, and to Him whose vicegerent I am, I cannot say less than this, especially if you persist any longer in the horrible traffic?

Dealer.—Pardon me, my dear Conscience, if under the excitement of the moment I complained of your honest and continued importunity. Be assured, there is no friend in the world, with whom I am so desirous of maintaining a good understanding as with yourself. And for your relief and satisfaction, I now give you my solemn pledge, that I will close up this branch of my business as soon as possible. Indeed, I have commenced the process already. My last consignments are less, by more than one half, than were those of the preceding year; and I intend that when another year comes about, my books shall speak still more decidedly in my favor.

Conscience.—These resolutions would be perfectly satisfactory, if they were in the *present tense*. But if it was wrong to sell five hundred casks last year, how can it be right to sell two hundred this year, and one hundred next? If it is criminal to poison forty men at one time, how can it be innocent to poison twenty at another? If you may not throw a hundred fire brands into the city, how will you prove that you may throw one?

Dealer.—Very true, very true—but let us wave this point for the present. It affects me very strangely.

Conscience.—How long, then, will it take to dry up this fountain of death!

Dealer.—Don't call it so, I beseech you; but I intend to be entirely out of the business in two or three years, at farthest.

Conscience.—Two or three years! Can you, then, after all that has passed between us, persist two or three years longer in a contraband traffic? I verily thought, that when we had that long conference two or three months ago, you resolved to close the concern at once; and that, when we parted, I had as good as your promise, that you would. Surely you cannot so soon have forgotten it.

Dealer.—No; I remember that interview but too well—for I was never so unhappy in my life. I did almost resolve, and more than half promise, as you say. But after I had time to get a little composed, I thought you had pushed matters rather too far; and that I could convince you of it, at a proper time, I see, however, that the attempt would be fruitless. But, as I am anxious for a compromise, let me ask whether, if I give away all the profits of this branch of my business to the Bible Society, and other religious institutions, till I can close it up, you will not be satisfied?

Conscience.—Let me see. Five hundred dollars, or one hundred dollars, earned to promote the cause of religion by selling poison! By killing husbands, and fathers, and brothers, and torturing poor women and children! It smells of blood—and can God possibly accept of such an offering?

Dealer.—So then, it seems, I must stop the sale at once, or entirely forfeit what little charity you have left.

Conscience.—You must. Delay is death—death to the consumer at least; and how can you flatter yourself that it will not prove your own eternal death? My convictions are decisive, and be assured, I deal thus plainly because I love you, and cannot bear to become your everlasting tormentor.

## DIALOGUE III.

## AT THE RETAILER'S STAND.

Conscience.—Do you know that little half-starved, barefooted child, that you just sent home with two quarts of rank poison?

(Retailer hums a tune to himself, and affects not to hear the question.)

Conscience. I see by the paper of this morning, that the furniture of Mr. M. is to be sold under the hammer to-morrow. Have I not often seen him in your tap-room?

Retailer.—I am extremely busy just now, in bringing up our ledger.

Conscience.—Have you heard how N—abused his family, and turned them all into the street the other night, after being supplied by you with whiskey?

Retailer.—He is a brute, and ought to be confined in a dungeon six months at least, upon bread and water.

Conscience.—Was not S—, who hung himself lately, one of your steady customers? and where do you think his soul is now fixed for eternity? You sold him rum that evening, not ten minutes before you went to the prayer meeting, and had his money in your pocket (for you would not trust him) when you led in the exercises. I heard you ask him once, why he did not attend meeting, and send his children to the Sabbath-school; and I shall never forget his answer, "Come, you talk like a minister; but, after all, we are about of one mind—at least in some things. Let me have my jug and be going."

Retailer.—I know he was an impudent hardened wretch; and though his death was extremely shocking, I am glad to be rid of him.

Conscience.—Are you ready to meet him at the bar of God, and to say to the Judge, "He was my neighbour—I saw him going down the broad way, and I did every thing that a Christian could do to save him?"

Retailer.—(Aside. O that I could stifle the upbraidings of this cruel monitor.) You keep me in constant torment. This everlasting cant about rank poison, and liquid fire, and blood, and murder, is too much for even a Christian to put

up with. Why, if any body but Conscience were to make such insinuations and charges, he would be indictable as a foul slanderer, [before] a court of justice.

Conscience.—Is it slander, or is it because I tell you the truth, that your temper is so deeply ruffled under my remonstrances? Suppose I were to hold my peace, while your hands are becoming more and more deeply crimsoned with this bloody traffic. What would you say to me, when you come to meet that poor boy, who just went out, and his drunken father, and broken-hearted mother, at the bar of God? Would you thank your conscience for having let you alone while there was space left for repentance?

Retailer.—Ah, had honest trader ever such a conscience to deal with before? Always just so uncompromising—always talking about the "golden rule"—always insisting upon a moral standard which nobody can live up to—always scenting poverty, murder, and suicide in every glass of whiskey, though it were a mile off. The truth is, you are not fit to live in this world at all. Acting in conformity with your more than puritanical rules, would starve any man and his family to death.

Conscience.—Well, here comes another customer—see the carbuncles! Will you fill his bottle with wrath, to be poured out without mixture, by and by, upon your own head? Do you not know that his pious wife is extremely ill, and suffering for want of every comfort, in their miserable cabin?

Retailer.—No, Mr. E. go home and take care of your family. I am determined to harbor no more drunkards here.

Conscience.—You mean to make a distinction then, do you, between harboring those who are already ruined, and helping to destroy such as are now respectable members of society. You will not hereafter tolerate a single drunkard on your premises—but—

Retailer.—Ah, I see what you are aiming at; and really, it is too much for any honest man, and still more for any Christian to bear. You know it is a long time since I have pretended to answer half your captious questions. There's no use in it. It only leads on to others still more impertinent and puzzling. If I am the hundredth part of that factor of Satan which you would make me, I ought to be dealt with, and cast out of the church at once; and why don't my good brethren see to it?

Conscience.—That's a hard question, which they, perhaps, better know how to answer than I do.

Retailer.—But have you forgotten, my good Conscience, that in retailing spirit, I am under the immediate eye and sanction of the laws. Mine is no contraband traffic, as you very well know. I hold a license from the rulers and fathers of the state, and have paid my money for it into the public treasury. Why do they continue to grant and sell licenses, if it is wrong for me to sell rum?

Conscience.—Another hard question, which I leave them to answer as best they can. It is said, however, that public bodies have no soul, and if they have no soul, it is difficult to see how they can have no conscience; and if not, what should hinder them from selling licenses? But suppose the civil authorities should offer to sell you a license to keep a gambling-house, or a brothel, would you purchase such a license, and present it as a salvo to your conscience?

Retailer.—I tell you once more, there is no use in trying to answer your questions; for say what I will, you have the art of turning every thing against me. It was not always so, as you must very distinctly remember. Formerly I could retail hog'shead after hog'shead of all kinds of spirits, and you slept as quietly as a child. But since you began to read these Reports and Tracts about drinking, and to attend Temperance meetings, I have scarcely had an hour's peace of my life. I feared that something like this would be the effect upon my nervous temperament, when you began; and you may recollect that I strongly objected to your troubling yourself with these new speculations. It now grieves me to think that I ever yielded to your importunity;

and beware that you do not push me to extremities in this matter, for I have about come to the resolution that I will have no more of these mischievous pamphlets, either about my store or tavern; and that your Temperance Agents may declaim to the winds and walls if they please.

Conscience.—I am amazed at your blindness and obstinacy. It is now from three to five years since I began to speak (though in a kind of indistinct under-tone at first) against this bloody traffic. I have reasoned, I have remonstrated, and latterly I have threatened, and implored with increasing earnestness. At times you have listened, and been convinced that the course which you are pursuing, in this day of light, is infamous, and utterly inconsistent with a Christian profession. But before your convictions and resolutions have time to ripen into action, the love of money regains its ascendancy; and thus have you gone on, resolving and relapsing, and re-resolving: one hour at the preparatory lecture and the next unloading whiskey at your door; one moment mourning over the prevalence of intemperance, and the next arranging your decenter to entice the simple—one day partaking the cup of the Lord at his table, and the next offering the cup of devils to your neighbours; one day singing

"All that I have and all I am  
I consecrate to thee,"

and the next, for the sake of a little gain, sacrificing your character and polluting all you can induce to drink! Oh, how can I hold my peace? how can I let you alone? If you will persist, your blood, and the blood of those whom you thus entice and destroy, be upon your own head. Whether you will hear, or whether you will forbear, I shall not cease to remonstrate; and when I can do no more to reclaim you I will sit down at your gate, in the bitterness of despair, and cry Murder! Murder!! MURDER!!!

Retailer.—(Pale and trembling)—"Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

(Concluded from No. 31.)

#### EPISCOPAL CHURCH ZEAL IN TOTAL ABSTINENCE REFORM.

The Temperance Movement,—an Address to members of the Church of England, by the Rev. John Francis Witty, minister of St. John's chapel, London-road, Southwark:—Amongst all the discoveries that have been made by philosophers and philanthropists, and all the moral achievements which have ever been effected by political economists or Christian patriots, no discovery has been more adapted to accomplish the end in view and to meet the case of the enslaved and demoralised portion of our fellow-creatures, than that connected with the present temperance movement. Numerous benevolent and Christian societies have been established, and much has been done at home and abroad for the temporal and spiritual welfare of mankind, but until within the last few years no effectual barrier has been raised against the malignant influence of intemperance; and no means, however good and efficient, have been employed for impeding the destructive effects of the wide-spreading evil, or for the overthrow of the monstrous evil of Britain's idolatry. A way, however, of effectual and glorious liberty has at length been discovered. The greatest moral reformation has been commenced, and the mighty movement is now producing effects the most astonishingly magnificent. It is a reformation that is based upon imperishable principles—a machinery of vast and incalculable power, moved by intellectual force and scientific discoveries. It is formed upon the most extensive scale, and by the blessing of the Almighty God, will ere long produce such a mighty and beneficial revolution in our country as shall occasion the greatest delight to the promoters and friends of such benevolent objects, and fill with consternation and shame interested opponents of their country's welfare. It is from no wild enthusiasm that we entertain such expectations. We look at the objects that have

awakened this concern for the enslaved in England, Ireland, Scotland and America; we think of the instrumentality employed; we look at the amazing change already produced, and contemplate the success which has crowned our temperance societies in the six millions enrolled total abstainers from all intoxicating liquors; and we cannot but look for the scattering of the clouds which have so long obscured the prospects of England and Ireland, and expect the removal of of an evil which has been an extensive and destructive curse.

In this sacred enterprise and noble reformation will not you, my brethren of the Church of England, engage? Shall other churches take part in this against such a ruinous scourge, and we withhold our aid? Shall the temperance banner, which has gathered millions around it, be unfurled, and we raise no standard in order to stem the awful torrent of iniquity, which is every year carrying about 50,000 immortal beings to a drunkard's eternity? Can you hear of thousands of broken-hearted widows, miserable wives, and starving children, and feel no distress for the cause of such wretchedness? Is it possible that the withering influence of this diabolical evil is seen in lunatic asylums, workhouses, hospitals, and PRISONS, and yet we remain indifferent and inactive? Does its pestiferous influence extend over sea and land, villages and towms, amongst the learned and unlearned, Christians and Infidels, and shall not our patriotism be aroused, and our benevolence excited, and our charity called into active exercise? Whatever others may think and say with respect to the apathy of members of the Church of England, I cannot for a moment believe that a church so distinguished for purity of doctrine, spirituality of worship, and catholicity of spirit and principle, will allow the evil complained of to be attacked by others whilst she engages not in the benevolent cause.

You have nobly and successfully attacked heathenism and idolatry in far-distant lands, and Africa, India, America, Australia, and New Zealand, with their Christian temples, bibles, prayer-books and Christian worshippers, present lasting triumphs of the gospel, and proofs of the excellency of the principles by which you are influenced. You have protested against slavery, and with undaunted boldness are seeking the entire extinction of the slave trade. You have established institutions for widows and orphans, and provided for the afflicted, poor and blind. You have built schools for moral and religious instruction, and are now endeavoring to supply destitute thousands with church accommodation. Let that Christian charity which has let you so effectually overthrow idolatry in so many Heathen countries, likewise lead you to join in the attempt now making to emancipate our country from the most fearful slavery and deliver our fellow-countrymen from the most barbarous and sanguinary idolatry which has ever exercised despotic influence over body and mind. Remember, I beseech you, that it is not for countries you have never seen that I now plead, or for people that are separated by seas and mountains that I desire to move your sympathy, and engage your benevolent exertions. No, Christian friends, it is in behalf of thousands of your own countrymen. They speak the same language with yourselves—are subjects of the same Sovereign—are natives of the same country—are to be seen daily around you. They are in different stages of corruption, ruin, wretchedness and crime: some are sabbath-breakers, some sensualists, some prostitutes, some thieves, some blasphemers, and some murderers—all more or less under the influence of intoxicating drinks. Many struggles with conscience and mental conflicts have been endured before such stages of iniquity were reached, and with trembling knees and faltering steps they first quitted the path of sobriety and morality. But such are the polluting and emboldening effects of this prolific cause of every species of horrid sensuality and vice, that, persons naturally kind and generous, moral and industrious, and in many instances religiously educated, have become hardened and cruel, idle and profane; and when under the influence of this inspiring and inflaming poison, have been prepared for the perpet-