

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD.

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 29, 1869.

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The Intelligencer.

(From the Temperance Advocate.)

A SERMON ON TEMPERANCE.

Rev. Joseph H. Smith, Rector of St. Paul's (Episcopal) Church, Newark, N. J., preached a sermon on Sunday evening, the 8th of November, before Newark Division, Sons of Temperance, which was a bold and eloquent appeal for total abstinence, and against the drinking usages of the community.

The following was his text: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

We make room for extracts, regretting we have not space for the entire sermon. After a few preliminary remarks on opening, he says:

"The magnitude of the wickedness which temperance societies oppose, who can estimate it?"

"The mighty powers engaged in upholding intemperance, with its countless wrongs and untold miseries, who can understand them? The evils of intemperance, its wrongs innumerable, have not been overestimated, cannot be overestimated, by human arithmetic or by human imagination. Look at the wretchedness which proceeds, manifestly and directly, from the prevalence of this vice, the squalor which follows in its train, the

miseries which flow from the open door of the dram-shop, the murders instigated by the frenzy which strong drink arouses, the herds of public paupers, almost all of whom owe their helplessness and ruin to the thirstless, reckless habits induced by drunkenness. Think of the scandal brought upon our country by the inebriety of our legislators and other government officials in all grades of the public service—in the army, the navy, the judiciary, and the executive.

See the uselessness, and often the infamy, to which intemperance has reduced the most accomplished of our men and the loveliest of our women; mark the pitiable wrecks of humanity due to the infatuation of the wine-cup. Who of us has not known the intelligent clerk, the learned physician, the skilful lawyer, as well as the stalwart laborer and the enterprising mechanic and the busy tradesman, blasted in character and ruined in health by intemperance? Their hopes of preferment destroyed by habitual intoxication, their splendid abilities sacrificed to rum, their families reduced to beggary, their names however illustrious by their own past worth or that of their ancestors, now made a scorn and a by-word and a warning.

Can you point out any one greater corrupter of public morality than is intemperance? Is it not through its perverting influence that numerous frauds at our popular elections are rendered possible and even easy?"

What overwhelming desolation must be wrought by the fiery draughts of disease and misery poured forth from the seven thousand six hundred drinking places in one of our chief cities, outnumbering all its places of worship twenty-fold!

What a mass of want and wretchedness, resulting from misspent wages, is told in the statement that, in a single city of our republic, forty thousand kegs of one sort of liquor are sold in a single day!

What waste of the pecuniary rewards of industry is indicated by the fact, drawn from the reports of internal revenue, that the gross amount of money paid in the retail trade of liquor, reaches in one year, the enormous sum of fifteen thousand millions of dollars—more than half our national debt, and almost equal to the whole assessed value of all the railroads and their equipments in the whole United States.

Is it not a gigantic evil which temperance societies are endeavoring to suppress? And is it less than sublime heroism which must nerve the hearts of good men when they resolve to grapple with this monster, and to drive him from the homes which he was filling with tears and blood and woe, and to snatch from him the victims which he was hurrying to despair?"

Then, too, think of the impediments to be encountered in the resisting force of the vast wealth invested in the manufacture and sale of the various liquors which intemperance consumes, and the great multitudes interested in upholding the iniquitous dominion, and profiting by the countless villanies which follow in its train; and then say, if you can, how great must be the loving faith and brave-heartedness of those who determine to destroy the horrid tyranny of this monstrous evil! And how is it to be done? "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

More human energy is powerless before such widespread enormity; the strength of mere human means, unaided by divine impulses, avails nothing against the compact, marshaled hosts of this all-pervading enemy; weapons of earthly warfare make no impression on his strongholds.

The Spirit of the Lord alone can wage successful battle in a contest such as this. In odds like those which here confront the mortal assailant, no means can prevail, save those which are sanctioned by religion, and impelled by the Spirit which proceedeth from the Lord. Moral means, and no other, can prove of any service here. The public mind must be imbued with the principles which stamp intemperance as odious, and which class all the promoters and abettors of this vice as enemies to the well-being of society. A moral sentiment must be created to frown upon all social usages which experience pronounces detrimental to general sobriety.

And for all this, organization is required, the banding together of those impelled by common principles and aiming at a common purpose; organization, whereby the spread of true principles may be assured, and the minds of all that are interested may be encouraged by the confidence which increasing numbers inspires, and whereby the teachings of experience may be enjoyed by all who have part in the association.

And religion sanctions this.

The power of associated numbers is not mere brute force, with which the Spirit of the Lord can form no covenant; on the contrary, all the mightiest movements of the human race toward spiritual enlightenment and moral improvement have been carried on through the operation of the Spirit of the Lord acting upon mankind by organized numbers. In union you find strength, and confidence, and endurance, and power of progress, and of expansion, and of propagation.

Religion takes advantage of this truth of human

character, and sanctifies its use for human benefit. Our blessed Lord and Saviour did not leave his sacred precepts (though they were animated with divine life and energy) to the doubtful chances of successful persistence in the isolated minds of separated believers. They who embraced his saving doctrines were not compelled to stand alone in their unequal contest with the world that lay in wickedness; they were speedily gathered together and united into a holy society, the church; each one was joined to the brotherhood by strong bands of sacramental ordinances; each one was animated to helpfulness by the sense of growing strength, inspired by numerous successful additions; and every brother felt more trustful, more confident of success, by reason of his contact with his fellow-members.

The example set by our loving Lord was followed by his inspired apostles. Wherever they came preaching the word, they organized congregations, to which all their disciples were linked in strengthening fellowship. They ordained their elders in every city, and in the chief centres of authority and civilization appointed bishops, whom they consecrated to take the oversight of the scattered churches, and to bind them together in unity and strength, that by joints and bands, having nourishment ministered and knit together, they might increase with the increase of God.

Now, I say that organization for the advancing of good objects by moral power, has thus the sanction of inspired example, and temperance societies deserve the encouragement and the support of Christian men.

Be Sons of Temperance. Yes; but at the same time be children of God, by faith in Jesus Christ. Remember, it is not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord that lasting success can wait upon your efforts. Let that spirit animate your modes of action and your measures of operation, as it has set before you a noble aim, and has given you an impulse to attempt great things.

As good Templars, see to it that you duly honor the holy temple of God with your regular attendance; and so live in obedience to the Spirit of the Lord that, by the aid of holy sacraments, and by the cultivation of pious affections, and by the doing of good works wrought in faith, your bodies may become temples of the Holy Ghost.

As Templars of Honor, be it your aim to honor all the commands of God and all the institutions of religion, and seek earnestly for that honor which cometh from God.

The friends of temperance have already accomplished much for the cause to which they are devoted.

The gains of half a century of persistent work by earnest men are neither few nor unimportant. They number more than a million members pledged to total abstinence, and their ranks are recruited with vigorous minds, each of whom in his own circle becomes a power for good; they have compelled the recognition of the fact often demonstrated, that moderate drinking is replete with danger; they have forced a hearing for the denunciations of the habitual use of stimulants, and of their warnings against the occasional indulgence in strong drink; and they have induced many to admit, that however some may drink with impunity, no one can be certain that he will not be the one who shall contract an insatiable fondness for the stupefying beverage.

They have gathered a strong array of facts, compiled from the experience of multitudes, in various localities and diverse circumstances, which go to prove that abstinence is safe for all, while, through occasional drinking, many, before they ever suspect their danger, are enslaved by an irresistible thirst for their destroyer. They have set forth in strong colors (to which men can not shut their eyes) the horrible effects produced by this cause of our country; and some have learned to listen to their warnings against the seduction of this insidious snare.

Medical science has not disclaimed to learn from the results of their labors, and many practitioners of the very highest rank have set their aid of reprobation upon the free use of alcoholic stimulants in medicine, and condemn the treatment which employs this pernicious agent. They have shown the prodigious absurdity of the attempt to reform the intemperate by tapering off the drinks in measure or in frequency.

And I ask, still further, would not these societies accomplish vastly more, in subduing this dire enemy of our race, if they should be sustained by the countenance and the co-operation of those who in the community are looked up to as conspicuous for morality and virtue?

Oh! it is a noble heroism for men to hold out the hand of human sympathy and friendly help to the degraded victim of intemperance; to acknowledge him a brother, in debasement wrought by this most repulsive vice; to be able, by the strong loving spirit of Christian principle, to trace lines of a divine original through all the shame and disgrace, and dishonor, and mental ruin, and spiritual desolation, engendered by this loathsome self-indulgence; to speak to such a one of possible liberation from his self-forged chains of vile and hateful slavery; to tell him that even he has a share in the redemption wrought by Christ for human nature; to lift him from the mire and corruption of hopeless misery, and not to let him go, even should he fall again; to point him to the Friend of sinners, and to assure him that even to him the Son of God presents the offer of salvation; that the incarnate Saviour does not disdain to receive his prayers and to grant him help to amend and to receive him if he but repent.

I tell you, my friends, that while thus laboring to rescue our fallen brethren, you are engaged in a work admired of angels and approved of men. It is this spirit of compassion for the victim of intemperance and of helpfulness in his reformation that has set in operation those institutions of real philanthropy—the hospitals for the treatment of inebriates; asylums, to be the refuge and the temporary home of such as are laboring under this most distressing malady, and are struggling to emancipate themselves from its dominion.

My friends, we have a right to speak boldly, and to speak strongly in condemnation of this vice, which brings huge wretchedness upon our fellow-men.

And if the drunkard be thus an object of so much commiseration and of so great disgust, what must be the estimate in which we should hold him whose business it is to make drunkards? What villainousness does that man exhibit who for gain will play a trade which reduces his brother man below the level of the brute, and plunges him into the horrors of frenzied madness, and consigns his soul

to everlasting woe? which produces deadly results, of deformed constitutions, impaired health, shattered hopes, broken hearts, desolated families, ruined homes, disgraced humanity, and misery and despair, and terror and death?

Can terms of reprehension be too strong, can feelings of detestation be too vehement against the sordid wretch who shall sell his brother the glass whereby, as he knows, that brother shall drink to himself damnation?

I charge you, my friends, flee from the demon intemperance; he holds the entrance to the broad and spacious road whereby a world of souls go down to perdition. Avoid his allurements; keep far off from his ways; do not trust to the supposed strength of your will, that you can just go so far and no farther in his company. If you have formed even a slight habit of drinking; if you love your glass, and anticipate with pleasure the arrival of the hour for your accustomed indulgence, I tell you, you are in danger; you can have no assurance against the horrors of a drunkard's career and a drunkard's doom, except in total and immediate abandonment of the pleasing and the perilous temptation. Do not allow yourselves in places where danger lurks, where you have already been overcome to your hurt. Do not be ashamed to acknowledge your weakness, and let it not be put to trial amid scenes and associations of temptation.

You know the sin that doth beset you; you know in what you are liable to be overcome. Does not every dictate of prudence, every call of duty, every regard for your present reputation and for your soul's eternal welfare, demand that in entire abstinence you should guard against being betrayed to your own undoing? Abstinence is safe for all, while no one can be sure that indulgence in this insidious enjoyment will prove to him otherwise than baneful.

HOW DO YOU TREAT IT?

"This Bible must not lie on the floor," said a little boy seven years old, as he carefully took up the sacred volume, which some one had laid on the carpet. "How could anybody put the Bible there?" he exclaimed with a look of astonishment.

Edward always treated the Bible with reverence; and even when he grew up, and was for a time a worldly man, he could not bear to see it abused or handled with disrespect.

I remember one day after his return from an absence in far distant lands, as he came into the room where we were sitting, he saw that the window—the spring of which was broken—was supported by a Bible. It was but a little girl then yet I remember as if it were yesterday how expressive his dark eyes were of pain and amazement as he went to the window, and, removing the Bible, said, "Allow me to put another book in place of this Bible. I do not like to see it used for any common purpose."

As years passed on, Edward learned to love as well as reverence the Word of God. A small copy of it, given him by an older sister, was the companion of his wanderings about the world. Edward died almost a year ago, far from home and friends. It was a sad day when the trunks containing his clothing and books were brought to us. We felt that his Bible would be the most precious thing of all, and at last we found it. There it was; worn, indeed, but it had been handled so carefully through the long years that not a leaf was loose, not a stain was on its sacred pages. In these we found his favorite verses marked, and they spoke to us of his love for God and His Word, and of his penitence, humble spirit, I have seen Bibles with their covers scratched by pins and cut with pen-knives. I have seen Bibles in which people had scribbled nonsense to while away idle moments. I have seen Bibles thrown away into boxes of rubbish, with their leaves all falling out; and I have seen them lying among the crickets, on the floor of the church bazaar, shamefully covered with dust. Is not this treatment of the Bible displeasing to God? Is it not almost profanity? How do you treat your Bible? Is it dusty? Go, right away, and wipe off the dust from the holy volume! Beware of neglecting in any way the holy Word of God, lest the Lord hold you "not guiltless."—Child at Home.

GO FORWARD.

The command to "go forward" is the Christian's watchword of duty and of safety in all ages. It is only because some have faith and fortitude to advance in the face of difficulties, dangers and uncertainties that the life of the world does not stagnate and every good cause die. To stand still, when the voice of God's providence cries, Go forward, quenches the light of hope in the heart and opens every avenue of the soul for the incoming of the powers of darkness. Sometimes it does a man good to be brought into such a position, and to choose one of two courses immediately and forever—either an absolute and abject submission to the enemies of his soul, or a bold and open declaration of himself as a servant of God, a follower of Jesus Christ. In the days of persecution, the threat of immediate martyrdom has induced some to stand up for Jesus, when they might have lived and died without making the choice, had they supposed they could have a long and peaceful life-time to choose in.

It may be that these lines will be read by some one who, at the moment of reading, is ready to say with a loud heart, "The way of duty never seemed so hard and dark to me as now." Yet even to such an one would I say, in God's name, Go forward! Do your duty at whatever cost. Obey the Divine command with a ready mind and cheerful heart. The sea of troubles will open before you and show you a safe path through. The trials and hindrances which you now fear will all vanish before the first firm and resolute step in the right path. This may be the very hour when you are to decide once and for ever whether you will follow Christ and be saved, or hesitate and falter until you are swallowed up by the waves of worldliness and temptation.

If the Hebrews had not advanced, weary, terrified, and almost ready to turn back, when Moses gave the word to go forward, we have no reason to suppose that the waters would have divided, or that they would have escaped a return to worse bondage than they had ever suffered before in Egypt. And the difficulties that hinder the discharge of duty, the clouds that darken the path of faith, do not disappear before the halting and the doubting, just because they stand still and

refuse to go forward when commanded to do so in the name of the Lord.

Go forward is the watchword of progress for the world and of salvation for the soul. Obedience to that command makes all the difference between success and failure, triumph and defeat, salvation and perdition. It climbs the dangerous steep, bridges the mighty streams, opens fountains in the desert, and makes the wilderness blossom as the rose. It discovers and tames the most terrible forces in nature and puts them into iron harness to work for man. It lifts the cloud of ignorance from the human mind, scares away the horrid spectres of fear and superstition, stretches the iron nerve for the electric thrill of thought to pass with lightning speed over the mountains and across the continents, and under the ocean, and all around the globe. All the generations that have gone before us send back the cry, along their ranks, from century to century, Go forward! The uncounted millions that are soon to fill our places are pressing on from behind with the same cry. From every source, from every age and from every creature comes the repeated and earnest cry, "Go forward! press toward the mark; forgetting the things behind, reach forth to those before. Do your duty now for the time is short, and opportunities once lost may never return. When the prize to be secured by an immediate advance in the face of difficulties is eternal salvation, it is impossible to assign a justifying reason for a moment's delay."—Am. Presbyterian.

(From the Advocate.)

A GOOD CREATURE OF GOD.

We heard a good story the other day of a man who made his way toward the State House at Boston, and while viewing it with admiration, lifted up his eyes in wonder, and raising his voice, exclaimed, "O the wonderful works of nature!"

The people around him, as might be expected, laughed at the man. With much more propriety might the friends of temperance laugh at those who speak of intoxicating drinks as the "good creatures of God."

The creatures of God are the things that are produced in the ordinary course of nature, all of which are good in their proper places; and when their properties are known, should only be used when they are useful. To use them in any other way would be to abuse them, and to throw upon the all-wise and benevolent Creator that blame which, if permitted to fall in its proper place, must undoubtedly descend upon the persons who abuse and misuse the "good creatures of God."

It must be admitted that every thing in the universe is the production of the almighty power of Jehovah; and we must also admit that it is possible for man, even contrary to the will of his Creator, to form unnatural combinations of natural substances, which, by the effects they are capable of producing, are injurious both to the health and morals of mankind. It is no argument in favor of the injurious substances formed by the art of man, that the matter which composes them is, in the true sense, the good creature of God; for the form and properties of any substance do not depend upon the elements of which that substance is composed, but upon the manner in which it is formed, and the proportion in which its elements are combined. And as alcohol, without which no liquor would intoxicate, does not exist already formed in nature, but is purely a chemical production, it can not, as a natural substance, be the "creature of God," but, as an artificial substance, it must be the creature of man.

But suppose, for argument's sake, we allow them to be the creatures of God, then, are your homes infested with rats and mice? I tell you, they injure your furniture and consume your food, they destroy them; not set no traps; take care you do not kill the poor creatures. Have any of you gardens, and are they overgrown with weeds? Don't root them up—let them grow and flourish. Are they thieves in the city? Take care you do not imprison them. Are there any murderers about—men who imbue their hands in the blood of their fellows? Be cautious you do not hang them. And why? Remember they are all the creatures of God.

There is a curious anecdote told of a Roman Catholic priest and a country farmer. It happened one Saturday when the farmer was going home with his grog on board, that he met the priest, and thought he would puzzle him by asking if he knew who made the devil. The priest paused for a moment, and replied, "He made himself." "He made himself?" "That's impossible," "No," answered the priest; "God made him a holy and a happy angel; he made himself a devil." The farmer was satisfied and walked off. Now, alcohol is the creature of God only in the same sense as the devil is. God gave us corn for food; but man contrary to the design of his Creator, and regardless of the cries of the hungry, spoils, abuses and destroys what in the true sense is the creature of God, and, from a substance which is wholesome and nutritious, extracts a poison which destroys both the body and soul of man, and holds it up to our view, exclaiming, "Behold the good creature of God!"

FEARFUL VOYAGE.

The Glasgow Herald publishes the narrative of Mr. Davies, the second officer of steamer *Hibernia*, who had a marvelous escape in one of the ship's boats. When he left the *Hibernia* his boat contained two barrels of biscuit, three casks of water, and several cans of preserved meat. Two hours after, one of the barrels of biscuit had to be thrown overboard. The boat was so overloaded with passengers. The boat was a life boat, twenty-two feet long, with six or seven feet beam, and it required two men constantly baling to keep her afloat. One of the women had two children, of three and five years old respectively, and another an infant six months old. The tarpaulin was spread over the forward part of the boat to keep the women comfortable. Nothing of particular note occurred till the second night, when an old man, who had shown symptoms of derangement, jumped overboard, saying he was going to bed. From that time their troubles and sufferings increased rapidly. We quote:—

Next morning one of the passengers, supposed to be Francis Rodgers, suddenly threw himself overboard. A woman, supposed to be his sister,

pleaded hard that some of us should throw her into the sea after him; but we endeavored to soothe her, and succeeded in some degree. Rodgers was evidently out of his senses. He had quarrelled with us because we nailed the compass to the thwart. He wanted the knees of his trousers darned, as "he could not" he said, "go home with holes in them." Up to this time provisions had been given in moderate quantities, and each person had a daily allowance of a pint of water. We had now to shorten the allowance. We had to keep pulling both on the fourth and fifth days, and did not make much progress.

Sunday was calm all day. The children had been tolerably lively. The infant was fed on mashed biscuit, its mother having some smiles, and the others got biscuit with a small quantity of preserved meat. The want of sufficient water now began to be felt; and owing to the close packing of all in the boat and the frequent wettings, cramps were very general. We were forced to keep everything in one position as much as possible to avoid capsizing. Up to Monday no one had seriously complained of the discomforts, and all were in tolerable spirits. The seamen did all in their power to inspire hope; and the quartermaster, Blair, span various to keep their spirits up.

On the Wednesday, the second engineer sang the 100th Psalm, and many joined with him. That day the wind blew hard from the south-west, and we had to bring the boat to by using the sail, and two of our oars as a floating anchor, and in doing so lost both sail and oars. It was useless to seek for them, it being now dark, so we had to make a sail out of a piece of tarpaulin, and be content with one oar and a half that we had with us in the boat. The wind blowing fiercely, the tarpaulin was torn into rags, and we substituted for it bed covers. These latter were also destroyed. Samuel Brewster, an old man, died on Wednesday, after going raving mad.

Many of our number now showed signs of madness; probably from despair and exposure to extreme cold. Some became violent and threatening in their conduct, and we had to use force with certain of them, and gradually we got them calmed down. Early on Thursday morning a child, five years of age died; and shortly afterward its mother expired. Another child took lockjaw, and died also. The bodies were thrown overboard. The effect on the survivors was very visible. All this time we were making slow progress toward the Irish coast. The torn tarpaulin had been mended in the best fashion we could, and served in a kind of a way for a lugsail.

Provisions and water were now given in small quantities. One of the barrels of biscuit was found to be much soaked with sea water, and one of the fresh water casks had leaked half of its contents. We had to disregard the appeals for drink, and the consequence was that several seamen among the rest took to quenching their thirst with salt water, in spite of our remonstrances. This was continued until a number got perfectly mad. Walter McFarlane, fireman, was one of those who persisted in taking salt water, and his conduct became so dangerously outrageous that he had to be tied to the bottom. He died in this state. On Friday morning we had sailed 450 miles. The tarpaulin sail had given way half a dozen times, and as often mended, and at one whole, the boat had gone very well. This day the infant died.

Our situation had become miserable in the extreme. The sea was breaking over the boat in clouds of spray, wetting every one to the skin, and all were sitting in pools of water. There was nothing now to cover the women, as we had used everything for sails. Cramp had seized all of us more or less, and our legs and hands were greatly swollen, and consequently, very painful. The fresh water was so scarce that less than a pint had to serve four persons for a day, and provisions were equally scanty. Some of us were raving and violently mad. A woman died as the evening closed in, but the fact was not noticed at the time, and the body was still in the boat when the greatest of all our calamities occurred.

About eleven o'clock a heavy sea struck the boat, and those on board in their drowsy condition falling suddenly in a mass on the lee side, she went over, and all were left struggling in the water. The boat floated upwards, and Reilly managed to struggle up and seat himself on the keel. He assisted Blair to get up, which the latter did with some difficulty, as a drowning passenger had laid hold of his leg. Reilly then assisted Mr. Davies who had also to shake himself clear of some one clinging to his foot. No others got hold of the boat, though several were heard for a time shouting or swearing as they swam about in the darkness. One poor soul had got under the boat and he was heard for nearly an hour. He was apparently holding on by the thwart and breathing the air which had been enclosed when the boat rolled over, or which reached him through the chinks of her timbers.

About twelve o'clock a heavy sea struck the boat, and the three who were sitting astride of the keel were again immersed in the water. Blair was the first to recover his position, and by his assistance the other two were brought up on the boat. The sail was floating alongside, and we got hold of the ropes attached to the mast; and, watching for a favorable opportunity, managed by pulling upon the ropes to get the boat righted. She was, of course, full of water, and we baled her at first with flat pieces of wood, and afterwards with two tin cans which we found attached to the thwart. At length, by hard labor, we got her clear. Everything was lost out of the boat except one oar, the mast, the tarpaulin sail, and the yard, and we were thus left without provisions or water. When daylight broke we again made sail upon the boat as well as we could, and again steered our course to the eastward, with a favorable wind.

By Sunday evening we were beginning to get disheartened. We saw a sail—the first we had seen—but she did not observe us, and darkness shortly afterwards closing in we had no light with which to attract attention. We were downcast at this, but about six o'clock we were suddenly cheered by seeing a light to the eastward, which turned out to be from Tory Island Light-house.

The next day they ran their boat ashore in Mulroy Bay, but in landing, their limbs were so swollen that it was impossible for them to move, and they had to be taken in charge by the inhabitants. Only three reached the land—Davies Blair, and Reilly.

A man may have a large brain and a naturally noble heart, but if his brain is poisoned and his stomach diseased by alcohol, he is not to be trusted with official position.