

He at length perceived that he was surrounded by those whom he had known on earth, and knew to have been long dead, and each one of them he saw pursuing the employment or object that had engrossed their time here—time lent them to prepare for a far different scene!

And they laughed, for they had laughed on earth at all there is of good and holy. And they sang—profane and blasphemous songs sang they! for they had often done so on earth, at the very hour God claims as his own—the still and midnight hour! And he who walked among them in a mortal frame of flesh and blood, felt how inexpressibly more horrible such sounds could be than ever was the wildest shriek of agony!

“These are the pleasures of hell,” again assailed his ear, in the same terrific and apparently interminable roll of unearthly sound. He rushed away! but as he fled, he saw those whom he knew to have been dead for thousands of years still employed as they had been on earth, toiling through their eternity of sin; their choice on earth became their doom in hell!

He saw Maxwell, the former companion of his own boyish profligacy, mounted on a steed fleetier than any of earthly mould, still pursuing the headlong chace. “Stop, Harry! stop, speak to me! O rest one moment!” Scarce had the words been breathed from his faltering lips, when again his terror-stricken ear was stunned with the same wild yell of agony, re-echoed by ten thousand thousand voices: “THERE IS NO REST IN HELL!”

He tried to shut his eyes; he found he could not! He threw himself down, but the pavement of hell, as with a living and instinctive movement, rejected him from its surface; and, forced upon his feet, he found himself compelled to gaze with still increasing intensity of horror at the ever-changing, yet ever-steady torrent of eternal torment. And this was hell!—the scuffer’s jest—the byword of the profligate!

All at once he perceived that his unearthly conductor was once more by his side, “Take me,” shrieked Boyle, “take me from this place; by the living God, whose name I have so often outraged; I adjure thee, take me from this place!”

“Canst thou still name his name?” said the fiend with a hideous sneer; go then; but—in a year and a day, we meet, to part no more!”

Boyle awoke; and he felt as if the last words of the fiend were traced in letters of living fire upon his heart and brain. Unable, from actual bodily ailment, to leave his bed for several days, the horrid vision had full time to take effect upon his mind; and many were the pangs of tardy remorse and ill defined remorse that beset his vice-stained soul, as he lay in darkness and seclusion, to him so very unusual.

He resolved, utterly and forever, to forsake “The Club.” Above all, he determined that nothing on earth should tempt him to join the next annual *Saturnalia*.

The companions of his licentiousness soon flocked around him; and finding that his deep dejection of mind did not disappear with his bodily ailments, and that it arose from some cause which disinclined him from seeking or enjoying their accustomed orgies, they became alarmed with the idea of “the life of the Club,” and they bound themselves by an oath never to desist till they had discovered what was the matter with him, and cured him of *playing the Methodist*; for their alarm as to losing “the life of the Club” had been wrought up to the highest pitch, by one of their number declaring that, on unexpectedly entering Boyle’s room, he detected him in the act of hastily hiding a book, which he actually believed was the Bible!

Alas! alas! had poor Boyle possessed sufficient true moral courage, and dignity of mind, *not* to have hidden the Bible, or whatever other book he chose to read, how different might have been the result!

After a time, one of his compeers, more deeply cunning than the rest, bethought himself of assuming an air of the deepest disgust with the world, the Club, and the mode of life they had been pursuing. He affected to seek Boyle’s company in a mood of congenial melancholy, and sympathy on all his feelings. Thus he succeeded in betraying him into a much misplaced confidence as to his dream, and the effect it had produced upon his mind. The result may readily be guessed. His confidence was betrayed—his feelings of repentance ridiculed; and it will easily be believed, that he who “hid the Bible” had not nerve to stand the ribald jests of his profligate companions on such a subject.

I cannot trace the progress, and would not, if I could. Suffice it to say, that, virtuous resolutions once broken—prayers once offered, voluntarily called back by sin from the throne of Heaven—all was lost! yet not lost without such a fell struggle between the spirit of good and of evil as wrung the colour from his young cheek, and made him, ere the year was done, a haggard and a gray-haired man!

From the annual meeting he shrunk with an instinctive and shuddering horror, and made up his mind utterly to avoid it. Well aware of this resolve, his tempters determined he should have no choice. How potent, how active, is the spirit of evil! How feeble is unassisted, unprayerful man! Boyle found himself, he could not tell how, seated at that table on that very day, when he had sworn to himself a thousand times nothing on earth should make him sit!

His ears tingled, and his eyes swam, as he listened to the opening sentence of the president’s address: “Gentlemen, this is leap-year, therefore it is a year and a day since our last annual meeting!”

Every nerve in Boyle’s body twanged in agony at the omissions, the well remembered words. His first impulse was to rise and fly; but then—the sneers! the sneers!

How many in this world, as well as poor Boyle, have sold their souls to the dread of a sneer, and dared the wrath of an almighty God, rather than encounter the sarcastic curl of a fellow-creatures lip!

He was more than ever pined with wine, applause, and every other species of excitement, but in vain. His mirth, his wit, were like the lurid flashes from the bosom of a brooding thunder clap, that pass and leave it all darker than before; and his laugh sounded fiendish even to the evil ears that heard it.

The night was gloomy, with a frequent and fitful gusts of chill and howling wind, as Boyle, with fevered nerves and a reeling brain, mounted his horse to return home.

The following morning the well-known black steed was found, with saddle and bridle on, quietly grazing on the road-side about half-way to Boyle’s country-house, and a few yards from it lay the stiffened corpse of its master!

THE WEST-SIDE REVIEW.

SEMI-MONTHLY.

This Journal is devoted to Literature, the Home Circle, and Temperance, and is published in St. John, and issued on the 1st and 15th of every month.

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W. J. EWING, - - - - - Editor.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 15, 1878.

FUN OR EARNEST.

Elsewhere in our paper to day will be found the details of numerous public meetings, tea soirees, bazaars, and society conventions, each one purporting to have for its object the promotion of the temperance cause and the annihilation of the liquor traffic. A day seldom passes that does not bring to us the intelligence, that another temperance society has been instituted in some section or other of our province, until now the number of them may well be compared to the multitude of stars that dot the firmament. While we write in this strain, we have not the least doubt that they are all prompted in selecting these different and sometimes opposite channels of labor by pure motives, and that a great deal is due to the proverbial fact that “many men have many minds,” and when a question of little or no importance arises in one of these societies, on which there is a diversity of opinion, the minority, instead of submitting with good grace to the will of what is the constitutional controlling power of every well governed body—the majority—argue their point to the bitter end, and as a natural consequence, and forgetting that “a house divided against itself cannot stand,” a split ensues, the minority withdrawing and forming a new organization. This line of conduct greatly weakens the power for good that has hitherto been wielded by the institution, and seriously mars the progress of the common cause in more than one direction. It effects them financially, for as with every other enterprise, a revenue is required to carry on the affairs of each separate body, rendering it incumbent to start a long train of bazaars, tea soirees and public meetings, etc., in order to keep the society afloat.

And then the extra effort necessary in effecting a successful send off to the new organization, is just so much labor lost to the cause. These things being so, the wonder is that many more do not throw up the sponge in disgust, especially as there is so little apparent good resulting from these long years of labor. How many lodges, divisions, and other societies are there that could be named by us, as having been pulling hard against the tide of intemperance, for the last thirty years, and are still to be found in the harness, struggling with might and main, and scarcely holding their own against the current withal. At times fortune would seem to shine on their efforts and a revival would reign, giving a sort of fresh impetus, stimulating and encouraging the workers. But like every other excitement, reaction has followed, and after having balanced the accounts, the actual gain has been found to be very small.

In our City and County the forces still remain scattered, and yet it is whispered the electors will shortly be called upon to adopt the Canadian Temperance Act. We say with all our heart, God speed that day.

Let those who are foremost in this movement weigh the matter well and be not deceived, for the arch enemy with which we have to contend is mighty in strength, and it will require the united and persistent efforts of all to overcome him. Would it not prove a wiser plan to concentrate into one open organization, the different ones, and know just how they stand, and their capacity for prolonging the conflict until victory would crown their labors, think you? The indefatigable exertions put forth by these different institutions and branches, and exhibited from time to time, by their members is, in our humble opinion, sufficient to cause amalgamation, and until that takes place, we believe that any and all steps taken in the direction of prohibition, will prove, as in the past, a miserable failure.

We urge on the different societies, then, to take immediate steps to accomplish this, as the first element of success, for until this be done, the outside world will regard our movements as little more than capers of fun, created only for our own amusement and gratification, and not as the earnest of things hoped for.

Christmas and New Year.

The annual season of holiday festivities is once more at hand, and will, in all probability, be observed with the same amount of formality and gusto that has attended it for the last eighteen hundred years. This period, more than any other of the year, is marked for its sociability and mirth in every circle of society, the aged forgetting for the moment that the snow of many years had whitened their venerable brows, and stooped their tottering forms, while the young assume the character of men and women, and oin hands for a good time. There is nothing wrong in this; so far it is as it should be. There are so many however, who are not content to enjoy themselves by the legitimate exercise of their God-give faculties in this season, but who resort to the wine cup; become confused with this burning liquid and indulge in unbridled revelry and licentiousness, until reason is completely dethroned, that we feel called upon to exhort all who may read this paragraph, and especially the young, to seriously consider the consequences, and if they have not yet tampered with that which *biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder*, to beware of the first step to ruin, namely, the accepting of the NEW YEARS GLASS, and have courage to say NO!

To Our Subscribers.

“To owe is human; to pay up, divine.”

Bright on Drunkenness.

The Right Hon. John Bright, M. P., in an address on temperance, referring to the sin of drunkenness, said:—“To drink deeply—to be drunk—is a sin; this is not denied. At what point does the taking strong drink becomes a sin? The state in which the body is when not excited by intoxicating drink is its proper and natural state: drunkenness is a state furthest removed from it. The state of drunkenness is a state of sin; at what stage does it become sin? We suppose a man perfectly sober who has not tasted anything which can intoxicate; one glass excites him, and to some extent disturbs the state of sobriety, and so far destroys it; another glass excites him still more; a third fires his eye, heats his blood, loosens his tongue, and inflames his passions; a fourth increases all this; a fifth makes him foolish and partially insane; a sixth makes him savage; a seventh or eighth makes him stupid—a senseless, degraded mass; his reason is quenched, his faculties are for the time destroyed. Every noble and generous and holy principle within him withers and the image of God is polluted and defiled. This is sin, awful sin; for drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God. But where does the sin begin? At the first, at the first step towards complete intoxication, or at the sixth, or seventh, or eighth? Is not every step from the natural state of the system towards the state of stupid intoxication an advance in sin, and a yielding to the unwearied tempter of the soul? Reader, think of this—think of your own danger; for who is so strong that he will not fall? Think of the millions who lie bound in the chains of this *foul spirit*; and ask yourself, are you all doing your duty in discountenancing the cause of sin and misery? If you cannot say “Yes, with a clear conscience, rise superior to foolish and wicked customs, and join your influence and your example to the efforts of those who have declared war against the causes of the sin of drunkenness, which will only terminate with their extermination from the surface of the earth.”—*St. John Herald*.

Cheering Reports.

We see it published that the illicit distillers have decided to abide by the recent legislative enactments, but it is not reported whether the thief, who steals the pen knife from the dealer in hardware, has come to this wise decision. Really, is it not comforting to see such reports? With such willing rascals we ought to feel safe in this big country of ours. How gingerly this rum business is handled along the line. If they sell contrary to law, they are notified to stop or suffer the penalty of the law, and then, they do not suffer if caught. There is a jewel that is rare among men. If this was not the fact, prohibition would not be such a failure as it was and is. How the little busy wheel buzzes within the wheel sometimes—next—*Town and Country*.

How similar the tactics resorted to by these traffickers all over Christendom.

Were it not for positive knowledge we would have supposed the above to have been written concerning St. John.—Ed.

TREATMENT OF CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM.—An Italian physician, writing on this subject, comes to the following conclusions:—

1. Phosphorous is a very useful remedy in the treatment of chronic alcoholism.
 2. The medicine is perfectly tolerated in doses which no one has dared to give heretofore, ten centigrams (nearly 1/2 grains) a day for many weeks.
 3. The remedy gives to drinkers a feeling of comfort and strength, and furnishes the force necessary to carry on their organic functions, which they have been accustomed to get from alcoholic liquors.
 4. The medicine seems also to have the properties of a prophylactic and an antidote, for it causes very beneficial changes in the system, even when the use of liquor has not been entirely stopped.
- He uses phosphorous in the form of phosphide of zinc.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry*.

WE WISH ALL OUR FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS
A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Society Meetings.

St. John Lodge has changed its night of meeting, from Monday to Friday.

Over 500 have signed the pledge in Amesbury, Mass. lately. This is the work of the Murphysites.

St. John Lodge, U. T. A. intends to start a course of public meetings shortly. We heartily welcome them in this field of labor.

Portland Division, S. of T., will have a grand Tea-soiree, in the Orange Hall, Portland, on Tuesday evening next. A good programme of speeches recitations and music has been provided.

At a meeting of St. John the Baptist Society, held on Tuesday evening, December 3rd., in St. Patrick’s Hall Carleton, the following officers were chosen. Patrick Walsh, President; Wm. Gill, Vice President; Michael Driscoll, Rec. Sec.; Timothy O’Brien, Fin.; Patrick Collins, Treas.; John Donahue, Sgt.-at-arms; Very Rev. Thos. Connolly Chaplain.

On the same evening, at a meeting of St. Aloysius Association, held in St. Peter’s Hall, Portland, the following officers were elected.—M. McDade President; D. J. Doherty 1st. Vice President; Neil Mahoney 2nd Vice President; Charles Power, Cor. Sec., Patrick McMonagle, Cor. Sec.; James H. McHugh, Fin.; John Donnelly, Treas.; John O’Brien, Sgt.-at-arms; Rev. James McDevitt, Chaplain.

At the Annual meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society of Fredericton, the following were elected for the ensuing year: Rev. G. G. Roberts, President; Chief Justice Allen, George J. Bliss, Wm. Carman and Dr. Brown, Vice Presidents; Geo. B. Seely, Secretary, and A. A. Sterling, Treasurer. The receipts for the past year were \$113,88, expenses \$95.65.

The Annual Session of the Grand Division Sons of Temperance, of the Province of Nova Scotia, began Wednesday, November 27th., at Halifax. The Grand Scribe reported 173 Divisions, with a membership of 10,000, and receipts \$2,250. The following officers were elected for the next year.—Wm. Murray, Halifax, G. W. P.; Thos. Hunter, Noel, G. W. A.; Jonathan Parsons, Halifax, G. Scribe; Henry A. Taylor, Halifax, G. Treas.; Rev. George Christie, Yarmouth, G. Chap.; John Mosher, Halifax, G. C.; J. Chipman Archibald, Stewiacke, G. Sent.; Rev. R. Alder Temple, Amherst, P. G. W. P.

A meeting was held in Mechanics’ Institute, on Tuesday Evening, at 8 o’clock, under the auspices of the Temperance Alliance, at which the Rev. Thos. Gales, Secretary of the Dominion Alliance, addressed the meeting. He confined himself principally to the explaining of the Permissive Bill, and shewed pretty clearly that it was prohibition in its nature. He also referred to the growing temperance sentiment all through the county, especially in the last two years. It is a great pity that many more did not attend to hear the reverend gentleman, as he gave a real good, practical speech. Sheriff Harding, President of the Alliance, occupied the chair.

The Women’s Christian Union will hold a Bazaar on the 18th and 19th inst., in the new Reform Club Hall, corner Germain and Princess Street. The proceeds will be given towards fitting up the Reform Club Hall.

CITY POLICE COURT.

Monday, Dec. 2.—There were 11 prisoners charged with drunkenness, 10 males and 1 female, the total amount of fines being \$68.

Tuesday, Dec. 3.—3 males, total fines were \$18. John Crowley was fined \$20 for selling liquor without license.

Wednesday, 4.—3 prisoners, charged with drunkenness, fined \$12.25.

Thursday, 5.—3 drunks, 2 males and 1 female, fines \$10.

Friday 6.—5 drunks, 4 males and 1 female; fines \$22.

Monday, 9.—3 drunks, all males, fines, \$24.

Tuesday 10.—3 drunks; 2 males and 1 female, fines \$4.

Wednesday 11.—1 drunk, female, let go.

Thursday 12.—1 drunk, male, let go.

Friday 13.—1 drunk, male, let go.

Saturday 14.—4 drunks, all males, fined \$24.

Monday 16.—6 drunks; all males; fines \$48.

It is rumored that an effort is on foot to reusucitate Silver falls Lodge.

An election on the Permissive Bill will take place in Prince County, P. E. I., on the 28th; also, on the same date in York County, N. B.

Good Templar Bazaar.

The Bazaar now in progress in Good Templar Hall, King street, under the auspices of Maritime Lodge, a notice of which appeared in our last issue, is certainly a brilliant affair, considering the rather contracted circumstances under which the members labored in preparing it. The lodge being in existence a little less than a year, its membership is not very large, and as a consequence, the bulk of the work settles on a few, who, however, have proved themselves equal to the task. Quite a number in the several other lodges have contributed liberally, and not a few of them are to be found hand in hand with the members of Maritime in carrying the bazaar through successfully. The daily papers have given full descriptions of the bazaar, and, considering the crowded state of our columns, we refrain from a repetition.

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Dr. F. R. Lees
Mr. Anna Thro
W. S. Williams
R. B. Scott, R.
Rev. R. Edly,
E. T. Head, R.
Mrs. E. E. Kel
Mrs. M. A. Bu
W. Perkins, R.
Mrs. Lillie J.
Col. J. J. Ho
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