

class, but by what at this enlightened day, is termed, "Society." It is indeed society, yet it is society that a poor, virtuous girl would blush to recognize.

I have seen the mother taking her child's last garment, and pawning it for one glass of ale; the wife taking the husband's Sunday suit, and pawning it for sufficient to keep her in alcohol for the week; the fires of hell had been kindled in her system, and she had to keep them renewed at the risk of losing her soul. I have seen an eminent physician, who, on the public street, sold his hat for a glass of brandy. I have seen the wife and mother who bartered her honor for a bottle of gin; and the mother that sacrificed her own child for that demon of hell,—alcohol.

A short time ago, I was in the City of Halifax, and on going through Barrington Street, was accosted by an aged man, who pleaded for money to buy bread; I refused to give money, at the same time telling him that I would give him all the food he required. He was a feeble old man of eighty-one years, with one foot in the grave, and the other upon the verge, yet the fumes of alcohol from his breath were anything but pleasant to inhale. Upon coming to a baker's shop, I took him in, and gave him a loaf of bread, and some cakes, yet he still pleaded for money; after he left the shop, the lady who kept it, told me that he would dispose of the food for liquor. I could scarcely credit that a man of his age could stoop so low, and I therefore, resolved to watch him. I followed him, and to my surprise saw him enter a saloon; I stood for a moment, and then entered the saloon also; the old man had the glass in his hand, full to the brim with whiskey. I forbid the bar-tender selling him the whiskey, as it was against the law to drink upon the premises, and moreover I demanded the bread and cakes, which the old man had sold for a glass of whiskey; at first the bar-tender refused, but upon being threatened with the law, he reached out his hand, and grasped the whiskey from the old man. I then took possession of the food, took the old man by the hand, and went with him to his home in Albermarle Street; I entered that wretched home, and the scene is still before my eyes. There was not any furniture of any description; the floor was in a beastly state, an old stove that would not have realized twenty-five cents, at the junk store, a broken table, and a broken bench, constituted the furniture in this wretched home. I enquired for his family; after a few moments, he pointed to what appeared a heap of filthy rags; I walked up to it, and to my surprise, found it to be his companion, in a beastly state of intoxication. I turned away from the sickening sight, and addressed the old man, but it was casting pearls before swine. I bid him farewell, and entering the street, silently prayed that God would spare me from beholding such another sight.

We cannot form any idea of the misery that alcohol is causing, or where it will end, as there are appearances at present, that it is upon the eve of plunging two nations into war, those of Chili and the United States, for it has been