

have created. What would the simple fermented juice of the grape be to a population like ours, swallowing down such huge masses of liquid fire? Even our best wines are mixed with undiluted distilled spirits; and yet such is the depraved taste of the great majority of our people that even for them they have no relish. Even with them the process of intoxication is too slow, excitement rises too feebly and gradually; and, therefore, among the bulk of the population, wines and all weak intoxicating liquors are in small demand. Strength, not flavour, is the recommendation to every man whose object is to get drunk.

The argument founded on Christian charity for abstinence from wine, as the simple juice of the grape, receives much additional strength when applied to a liquor mixed as our wines are with another substance of a most dangerous and inflammatory intoxicating property. Against the use of this substance—against *distilled spirits* as a necessary or luxury of life—Temperance Societies lift up their solemn protest.

(To be continued.)

### THE PLEASURE BOAT.

To illustrate the fearfully rapid and fatal progress of him who tastes ardent spirits, from the verge to the bottom of the gulf of intemperance, I will relate what took place some twenty years ago, near the western coast of Norway. So far as my knowledge extends, it has not before appeared in print. We have all heard of that tremendous whirlpool usually called "the Maelstrom," and by sailors, "the Navel of the Sea." It is but a few leagues from the western shore of the kingdom already mentioned. The water near it is kept in the most fearful commotion. In its ships of the heaviest burden are, in an instant, shivered to atoms. The whale itself is sometimes overcome by the power of its suction, and dashed to pieces in its vortex. Its suction affects the water to a considerable distance round. And those who are so unfortunate as to come within the circle of its influence can never make an effort so powerful as to escape. They are generally drawn into its funnel and perish.

On the shore, nearly opposite to this whirlpool, one fine afternoon in the month of July, a party of young ladies and gentlemen agreed to take an excursion, that evening, in a pleasure boat. They were not much accustomed to "the dangers of the sea." The young men could not ply the oars as many others. But they supposed there could be no danger. All nature seemed to smile. The sunbeam briskly played on the bosom of the ocean. Calmness had thrown its oily wind on the billow, and it slept. The water presenting a smooth unruffled surface, seemed a sea of glass. The most timorous would scarcely have suspected that danger, in its most terrific form, was lurking just beneath the surface.

The evening came. The young people assembled on the beach. The mellow moon-beam would tremble for a moment and then sleep on the calm, unagitated breast of the ocean. The pleasure-boat was unmoored. The party gaily entered. The boat was moved from the shore. It was soon under way. It was rapidly propelled by those at the oars. But they soon discovered that it would skim gently over the bosom of the deep, when the motion produced by the oars had ceased. They allowed the boat to glide gently along. They felt no danger. All was thoughtless hilarity. The motion of the vessel in which they sailed became gradually, but to them insensibly more rapid.

They were moved by the influence of the whirlpool. Their motion was rotary. They soon came round almost to the same spot from which they had sailed. At this critical moment, the only one in which it was possible for them to be saved, a number of persons on shore, who knew their danger, discovered them and instantly gave the alarm. They entreated those in the boat to make one desperate effort and drive it ashore if possible. When they talked of danger, the party of pleasure laughed at their fears, and passed along without making one attempt to deliver themselves from impending ruin. The boat moved on, the rapidity of its motion continually increasing, and the circle around which it was drawn by the rotary movement of the water becoming smaller. It soon appeared a second time to those on the land. Again they manifested their anxiety for the safety of those whose danger they saw, but who, if delivered, must be delivered by their own exertions; for those on shore, even if they launched another boat and rushed into the very jaws of peril, could not save them, while they were determined to remain inactive, and be carried by the accelerated velocity of the water round this mouth of the sea, ready to swallow at once both them and their boat. They still moved along in merriment. Peals of laughter were often heard. Sneers were the only thanks given to those who would, with delight have saved them. For a time they continued to move round in all their thoughtlessness. Presently, however, they began to hear the tremendous roar of the vortex below. It sounded like the hoarse unsteady bellowsings of the all-devouring earthquake, or like the distant sea in a storm. By this time, the boat ever and anon would quiver like an aspen leaf, and then shoot like lightning through the new covered sea. Solemnity now began to banish mirth from the countenances of those in the pleasure boat. They half suspected that danger was near. Soon they felt it. When they came again in sight of land, their cries of distress would have pierced a heart of stone. "O! help for mercy's sake," was now the exclamation of despair. A thick black cloud, as if to add horror to the scene of distress, at this moment shrouded the heavens in darkness. The oars were plied with every nerve. They snapped, and their fragments were hurried into the yawning abyss. The boat, now trembling, now tossed, now whirled suddenly round, now lashed by the spray, was presently thrown with violence into the jaws of death, opened wide to receive it and the immortals whom it carried.

Thus perished the pleasure boat and all who sailed in it. And thus perish thousands in the vortex of dissipation, who at first smoothly sailed around its utmost verge, who were scarcely, as they supposed, within the sphere of its influence, and who would laugh at those who could be so faithful as to warn them of their danger. We ask the young, and especially young men, to lay up in the storehouse of their memory the account of the pleasure boat and its destruction. Let them remember and improve it when sinful pleasure beckons them to its soul-killing bower, and especially when any one offers them the cup which contains a single drop of the fiery death, spirituous liquors. It may, perhaps, save some, may it save many, may it save all who read it, from a drunkard's untimely death, from filling a drunkard's grave.—*Cold Water Man*, pages 70-74.

**A HOGSHEAD OF RUM!**—Could the history of one rum-hogshead, the destination and effects of every drop it contains, be

plainly told, and strongly brought home to his heart, much would be done, we are persuaded, to induce the seller to give up his trade. And such a thing might be easily done. As the hogshead is set up in the dram-shop, and made ready for sale, imagination might easily picture its works of destruction. There would be the generous-hearted sailor purchasing madness and disgrace with his hard earnings; there the miserable mechanic, leaving his starving family, his sorrowing wife, and half-clad children, and getting credit for rum, where he could not get it for bread; and there the little child, sent by its brutal mother to buy the destroyer of her body and soul. These would be visible scenes, but these would feebly represent the whole misery. There are things that the pencil cannot draw. The broken heart, the deep hate, the burning revenge, the going out of the intellect, the crushing of all good and generous feelings, the moral desolation of the soul; these cannot be made evident to the eye of man—but they may be imagined. A slight acquaintance with the annals of intemperance, a few visits to the house or the death-bed of the drunkard, will but too soon lead us to associate all that is dreadful with the distillery and the rum-hogshead.—*Chr. Ex.*

### SHORT SERMON.

The following pithy sermon from a *pithy text* has been published in England, and has met with a very extensive circulation in that country:—

"*Be sober, grave, temperate.*"—Titus, ii. 9.

1. There are three companions with whom you should always keep on good terms:

- 1st, Your wife,
- 2d, Your stomach,
- 3d, Your conscience.

2. If you wish to enjoy peace, long life and happiness, preserve them by temperance. Intemperance produces:

- 1st, Domestic misery,
- 2d, Premature death,
- 3d, Infidelity.

To make these three points clear, I refer you:

1st. To the Newgate Callender, the Old Bailey Chronicle, and the Police Reports.

2d. To the hospitals, lunatic asylums and workhouse, and

3d. To the past experience of what you have seen, read and suffered, in mind, body and estate.

### READER DECIDE!

*Which will you choose*—Temperance, with happiness and long life; or Intemperance, with misery and premature death?