

heard many say the same in my time, who now lie in drunkard's graves, and their children have found a home in the almshouses, or in asylums for destitute orphans. Had they done as I now wish you to do, all this degradation and misery would have been saved.'

"This conversation fully determined me not to abandon the use of liquor. To have done so would have been admitting to myself and others that there was a danger of my becoming that miserable being, a drunkard. The very idea was a disgrace, and I rejected it with contempt.

"Alas! alas! The fears of my friend were prophetic. In ten years from that day, with five neglected children, and a heart-broken wife, I turned away from the comfortless tenement that had for a few months sheltered us, houseless and homeless."

Low, mournful, and tremulous was the voice of the speaker as he uttered these words! And then followed a long, breathless pause, in which each one of his hearers could hear the laboured pulsations of his own heart.

"I can say but little more," he at length resumed. "The recollections of that day—of wretched days to my wife and children, that went before, and that followed after have touched my feelings more deeply than I had expected. Thank Heaven! those days are past for them and me. There is a fire on our hearth, and sunshine in our dwelling. Young man! Temperate drinker! Despise not the warnings of experience. What has happened to me, may happen to you. You cannot now feel more secure in your resolution than I did, then, in mine. I fell: so may you. Let me entreat you, neither to touch, taste, nor handle the accursed thing. For the sake of her, towards whom your earliest and best affection are now going out, guard yourself. So shall the bright promise of your marriage hour be fulfilled!"

The speaker then took his seat, not having spoken over one-third of the time he had allotted himself. But he had said enough. The arrow had been sent with a true aim, and found its right place. But few remarks were made by others; and then, while an invitation hymn was sung with fine effect, the pledge was offered for signatures.

The first who presented himself, was Henry Ellis. He sprang forward with an eagerness that showed how deeply he had felt his danger, and how eager he was to escape.

Three weeks from that night he was married to one of the sweetest girls in the town. While the lecturer was speaking of his early history—of his marriage—and of the sad results of his temperate drinking—Ellis felt awful as imagination pictured his own darkened hearth, and the heart-broken maiden whom he so tenderly loved, shivering beside it.

"Horrible!" he murmured to himself with a shudder, as he shook off the dreary, prophetic state into which he had been thrown. This fixed his resolution never again to suffer anything that could intoxicate to pass his lips—and under this feeling he acted when he signed the pledge so eagerly.

INMATES OF A GAOL.

It will be seen from the following personal histories of some of the inmates of Preston Gaol, England, which we copy from the *Bristol Temperance Herald*, that the love of drink is the grand exciting cause of their degradation and crime:—

"J. H., aged 19, sentenced to six calendar months (dictated to the school master):—

"I was born at ——. My father is a farmer, he has about two acres of land. I was sent to school till I was 11 or twelve years old; and then I began to work. I went on very well for three or four years, as I ought to have done always; but about three years since I got into bad company, and I became very wicked and unsettled. My parents often talked to me, and taught me better, and my mother would have done anything for me if I would but have given up my bad companions. I began by stopping out all night, and keeping bad hours, and getting into the ale house, and doing all sorts of mischief, and I got into the habit of going to the ale house on Sunday instead of going to Church. I ran away from home better than two years since. I was away about nine weeks. Sometimes I would have spent 8s or 9s a week in drink; running about to all the fairs and races, and neglecting my work. I often think, now, how badly I have treated my parents. I used to get into debt for drink, and my parents had to pay for it. I was sent here through drink. I kept going from one stage to another, until I was sent here for stealing a watch. But I think this has so far reformed me that I shall be a great deal better after it. I cannot express what I feel. I feel so happy that I have been chastened while I am so young; for it has, as it were, opened my eyes. And I have such thoughts on the past, with remorse and grief, and on the future with hope and confidence, that I hope to go on my way rejoicing; but not in such rejoicing as I have rejoiced in; but in thankfulness and gratitude that my eyes have been opened to see the wickedness and danger I was in, and to flee from the wrath to come."

"H. F., aged 18, sentenced to six months:—

"I was born in Wigan. I never went to day school; and instead of going to Sunday school I used to run away. When I was about ten years old I began to work in the factory. I worked in the factory about three years, and then I went to work in the coalpit. I learnt all sorts of badness there. Colliers are in the most danger, and they are the wickedest men. They learnt me to curse, and swear, and fight. I have worked in the pit ever since I was 13 years of age. I got acquainted with a young man that came to work in the pit, and he was an old poacher, and I got agate of poaching with him; and we carried on about twelve months before we were found out. But we got taken up last winter; and the last Lancaster assizes but one we were tried—me, and my brother, and this young man—for "a robbery and attempt at murder," and my brother got transported for fifteen years. This young man and me were acquitted on that charge, but apprehended on another charge, and I have got six months here for it. It has done a good job for me; for before that I was going on in a bad way; drinking and spend-