

"one more revel," and the officers had caused the doors to be shut. Carnes returned home. The next day, and the next, the shop was closed and the means of indulgence not elsewhere easily attainable; and now on the evening of the third day, this faithful wife walking for the first time for years with her erring but repentant husband, had attracted my attention, as I, at the commencement described. The struggle was a hard one, and the victory not yet complete, but an advance toward reformation has been made that never could have been secured had not the stumbling block, the temptation been removed. Having heard my friend's story I wended my way to my solitary lodgings with the reflection, that the knowledge of one such instance as this, and the further knowledge that in all the thousand families in our Commonwealth such instances must be numerous, was sufficient apology for at least giving a fair trial to a law, which may produce such results.

BENEDICT.

### "One Sin may Destroy the Soul."

It was during a precious season of reviving mercy in N——, that a whole family, consisting of a father and mother and two children, who sat under my ministry, were awakened simultaneously by the Spirit of the Lord. It was a highly respectable as well as amiable family, and soon the mother, with the son and daughter were rejoicing in hope.

Sabbath after Sabbath the father would stop to walk with me after church and converse freely and with tears about his soul, and I wondered why he too did not find the Saviour precious, as did the others of his household. At last I was informed by some friend, that he was in the habit of using intoxicating drinks. Upon receiving this intelligence, I went immediately to see him. Soon he came in, and I saw at once by his glassy eyes and his indistinct and incoherent conversation, that he was intoxicated.

Taking him by the arm I led him into his garden, and said to him, with deep emotion, "Sir, you have been drinking; and I now tell you, that if you do not abandon it, you will lose your soul." He replied, "I do not drink any thing stronger than beer, cider, and wine; and Dr. — says that is not wrong." "I care not," said I, "what Dr. — says, or any one else; it is clear to me, that unless you abandon them you will lose your soul."

He received it kindly, and leading me to the rear of his lot, he stopped and said, "Sir, on this very spot, eight years ago, I promised my brother that I would not again drink any distilled liquor, and I have kept my promise. I now promise you, that I will never drink any intoxicating liquor." We returned to the house, when I poured out my heart for him in prayer, and went home.

The day of his pledge was the day of his salvation. When I met him the next Sabbath, he was rejoicing in hope. From that day, about fifteen years since, he has been a thorough temperance man, and as thorough a Christian. Indeed, I scarcely know a happier man or a happier family. His expressions of gratitude whenever we meet are so full and overflowing as almost to be painful.

In this day of increasing intemperance, and when even those who were once temperance physicians are returning to their alcoholic prescriptions, and moderate drinking is becoming fashionable. I would recommend the Rev. Dr. Nettleton's letter to Dr. Beecher, or, on the subject of drinking as connected with religion. It is found in his Life, and no man knew better than he the ruinous consequences to convicted sinners; for he was conversant with revivals as very few men now alive have been.—*American Messenger.*

### Temperance and Religion.

Those gentlemen who are in the habit of speaking of Temperance Societies as opposed to the Church, do not appear to take much trouble to acquaint themselves with the many facts which would fully refute their opinion, for be it remembered, it is only an opinion. Perhaps they attach a very limited meaning to the word church, and therefore would not consider the facts we give against them

to be of any material weight. If this be so, we can only pity their case, and lament their want of genuine Christian love.

One of the speakers at the Annual meeting of the Scottish Temperance League took for his theme 'Temperance, the best Pioneer of the Gospel.' In illustration of this he entered into some account of what had been done in Aberdeen.

When he (Rev. J. H. Wilson) commenced the Albion Street Mission there, in the year 1848,—well known as the 'Aberdeen Ragged Kirk,'—he found the people in the district to an awful extent the slaves of intemperance. A policeman of the city, who knew it well, described it as a locality of every kind of social degradation; the concentration of its iniquity was to be found in a penny theatre, the resort of a great number of the young and the profligate—the performers and the audience being generally about a par in character, and as many as six policemen were at times required to keep order there. Now, said the rev. gentleman, on that very spot stands a neat little chapel, where God is worshipped, where prayer is offered, and praises sung by the lips of one of the most orderly, quiet, and attentive set of people that ever assembled within the walls of any church; yea, and in not a few instances, by lips, too, that had formerly on the same ground blasphemed the name of God. He said they had added a Day-school to the Church, which was attended by 120 scholars, and opened an Evening-school for girls employed at the factories, which had also been successful. The Penny Bank had grown from 153 members, with deposits to the amount of £30 in 1849, to 550 members, and deposits to the amount of £121 in 1851. There had been added to the Temperance roll above 600 names during the year 1851; and the course of public lectures on scientific subjects, by eminent lecturers, had been attended by overflowing audiences. Since the beginning of the mission, in a small room capable of holding only about a score of people, the members of the Bible Society, by subscription of a penny a-week, had purchased for themselves 380 Bibles, 110 New Testaments, and 50 Psalm Books; while the Tract Society, by subscriptions of a half-penny a-week, had bought, at wholesale price, 25,000 Tracts and Penny Magazines. The prayer meeting, which he called their 'spiritual barometer,' as indicating best the atmosphere of the institution, had been regularly attended all winter by from 50 to 60 persons. Now, he would seriously ask the question—would these results have attended the preaching of the Gospel in Albion Street Chapel without the auxiliary of the Temperance Society? He felt satisfied that they would not. Not that the grace of God could not have made the gospel to accomplish far greater results without any such auxiliary aid, but because God approved, as a general rule, of the adaptation of means to ends, and because the temperance movement was in perfect harmony with the spirit and laws of the Christian dispensation. The rev. gentleman then gave a number of characteristic anecdotes, illustrative of the way in which those who had been rescued advocated the principle, and concluded by appealing to the audience on behalf of the very lowest of society, who were not beyond hope.

### Mr. Cruikshank and the Rats.

Canadian lovers of the "good creature," who import their best flavored wine from the old country, had better meditate on the delicious information given by the great artist, at a recent public meeting in Scotland. The wine of which rats partake, by this tail process, and sometimes drop into the cask dead drunk, must have a very rich flavor, almost as good as the Albany Ale which Mr. Delavan analyzed. We give the story as reported in the *Christian News*, of Glasgow:—

MR. CRUIKSHANK begged to state a fact—which he knew to be so—and which might be unknown to many. He was assured by a wine taster in one of the London Dock store-houses, that the rats frequently eat out the stopper of the bung-hole—and then to get at the wine, dip their tails in the liquor, and then lick their tails, (laughter.) As many as half-a-dozen have been seen at the hole of one barrel, enjoying their wine in a social way. (laughter.) It is a common thing, however, that rats like other drinkers (laughter) often get fou'—and then—like their two-legged neighbors sometimes—they would go pop into the cask (laughter.) When the cask is emptied skeletons of rats are thus frequently