

ed torture. Drinking does not attack any vital organ decisively, but it pervades and poisons every fibre of the body. It debilitates and gradually destroys all the powers and faculties of the frame; and as the mind is intimately connected with the brain, and the brain suffers as much or more from alcohol than any other part of the body, it follows that the mind becomes weakened and enervated as well as the body; so that the power of resisting the suicidal temptation to drink is diminished by every new dose of the poison. The pangs and sufferings, mental and bodily, of those who die this fearful death, are too horrible to dwell upon. The gnawing in their stomach may well be likened to the worm that never dies. It rouses them from their troubled and feverish sleep, to watch the nearest poison shop, till its lucre-loving master opens his door to receive the price of blood. Then you may see the lost—the infatuated victim seize the glass with trembling hands, and drain its contents to the dregs; willing to barter health, prosperity, good name, friends, nay, his own soul, for that poison. But these details, as I said before, are too horrible; suffice it to say, that one whom I once knew, who reformed and who afterwards died a lingering and painful death—the probable consequence of former excesses—often said, when in the midst of excruciating agony, that he would far rather endure his present disease, than go back to the feelings and sensations which he had when he was drinking; and when the world thought him healthy, strong, and jovial. "Now," he added, "when the pain mitigates a little, I can think and speak like a rational being, and am comparatively happy. How different from the time when I was literally forced by the craving in my stomach to drink every hour, or half hour, yet without being satisfied." "Drunkenness," he continued, "is the most dreadful of diseases, and if life be spared to me I shall employ the future to give the public the benefit of my experience; and to inculcate Total Abstinence, which is the only remedy for the evil." "I know," said he, "from my own experience, and from the persons I used to meet in the taverns, that drunkenness is far more universal, and is making more dreadful ravages, than is commonly supposed; and I trust the labours of the Temperance Society will not cease till the world be purified from this monstrous evil, this fell destroyer of man's comfort, happiness, and life."

I have said, that there was no remedy but death for those who had sapped and impaired all their senses, organs, and faculties, by the use of the insidious poison alcohol: and it is perhaps wisely ordered, that the desire for the poison becomes so strong in this state of body, that it cannot be resisted; and the patient is mercifully urged by the laws of that nature which he has so fearfully outraged, to drink himself to death as quickly as he can. But I wish to inculcate upon moderate drinkers, that the work of impairing and debilitating all their bodily and mental faculties is begun; that every glass they take does its own share of the work; and that just in proportion to the quantity they drink, will be the injury they do to their constitutions. Every drop of alcohol, whether pure or mixed, that they take into their stomach, is as much an infringement of the laws of health and self-preservation—in a word, of the organic laws fixed by the Creator—as it would be for a man to take a knife and cut himself; to be sure he might say, as the drinkers say, "Oh, I never cut myself deep'y, I cut in moderation," and so on; but this would not palliate the absurdity of cutting himself at all.

Cutting, in one respect, would have the advantage over drinking, because men would not be likely to grow fond of it, and whenever the absurdity of the practice was demonstrated, they would leave

it off; but it is not so with drinking, which men become fond of precisely in proportion to the injury which it inflicts upon them.

April 29.

A.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE AGENT.

February 11.—As I was visiting this evening I called where there was a young man lying sick; while I was conversing with the family, a man came into the house, whom they had employed to work by the day. The people told me he was an excessive drinker. I went to speak to him on the subject. He told me he left Ireland in 1830, and came to this country. He left his wife and family, and intended, when he earned some money, to return to Ireland and bring them out here. He saved in six years 370 dollars. Last November he collected all his money and intended to start for Ireland. When he had got all things ready, he went to see some of his acquaintances the night before he intended to leave Montreal. He was invited to his glass, which he agreed to (though not in the habit of drinking to excess before.) His acquaintance finding he had the money with him, invited him to sleep with him as it was the last night; he consented, and in the night his companion arose, took all his money, and cleared out, and has never been detected since. The poor man, finding he was deceived and deprived of his money, has been, since that time, partly insane, and all the money he can earn now he spends in the grog shop. I entreated him to abandon that course, and to join himself to some religious society, and endeavour to lay up his treasure where thieves cannot break through and steal.

February 22.—This day I called in to see a man who has recently joined the Temperance Society—he was not at home, but his wife received my visit with the greatest pleasure, and said she was happy to see any of the members of the Temperance Society; for, said she, I never had a day's contentment since I came to Montreal till after my husband joined the Society; she also requested me to repeat my visit and bring the book with me, and she would join the Society too: she said the time which her husband usually spent at the glass, is now appropriated to reading and perusing good books.

February 23.—This day I have visited the family which I visited yesterday, and mentioned on the preceding note. I found Mr. — at home; he says he is well pleased with his new engagements, and is determined to abide by his resolutions, for he sees more evil in drinking ardent spirits than ever he did before, and experiences more of the happy effects of abstaining from it than ever he did before. His wife joined the Society too; now they are joined in their determination neither to touch, taste, nor handle the unclean thing.

March 8.—I have been visiting some of the members of the Temperance Society today; one man told me that before he joined the Society, he felt it his duty to join it, but he was afraid to do so, for he thought he would be more tempted to drink after joining than before. But the conviction of the evil of drinking ardent spirits so increased, that at last he joined the Society, and now, he says, he has less temptation from the enemy of souls and his emissaries than he had before, and feels a sacred pleasure in his new engagements.

Another man states that for years past his house never was without ardent spirits, principally to treat friends when they would call; and he and his family took their glass in moderation. A while ago they were intreated to join the Temperance Society—they did so, and now he says in the year previous to his joining the Society, he laid out about twenty pounds on ardent spirits; but since neither he nor his family tastes it, nor gives it to any person, the money he formerly spent on ardent spirits makes them all comfortable, and he has even a little to spare to support religious institutions.