

then he was a terror to the village, for all looked upon him as a most abandoned wretch.

Such is the sad history of him, who might have been one of the brightest stars in the legal profession, and an ornament to society, had the poisoned chalice never been raised to his lips.

Who dare assert that the traffic or use of such an emissary of Satan is sanctioned by the Holy Bible? We leave all who have a heart to utter such words, to answer to their God.

RUSTICA.

Repository of Contemporary Opinions.

The *New Brunswick Temperance Telegraph* has an exceedingly valuable article in a recent number entitled "Ransom for a captive son." Many a mourning father might read it with painful emotions, and but dim hope; but many a one not yet wholly immersed in grief by the ruin of a son, might read it with advantage. It is as follows:—

Reader, be you white or black, rich or poor, Christian or Pagan, bethink you, if you had a son sold into slavery or taken captive by savage and merciless barbarians who would only spare his life on condition that a heavy price were paid for his ransom, would you hesitate between the alternative of accepting the condition or suffering him to die a cruel death at the hands of his captors? Would you not sacrifice the whole of your worldly goods or toil, yourself, for years, rather than that he should perish? If you would not, you would be put to shame by the heroism of old *Aunt Chloe*. But you would,—we know you would. We cannot believe that you could be so oblivious to the calls of humanity—so selfishly indifferent to the yearnings of nature as to abandon your offspring to his sad fate when you had it in your power to save him. The world would cry fie, shame on you if you did not promptly redeem him. The finger of scorn would be pointed at you. Your quondam friends would give you the cold shoulder, and you would walk among your neighbours—the phantom of a man, unrecognised by all. And you would richly deserve your nonentity. But suppose that son were caught in the toils of the rum-demon.—Suppose you witnessed his energies wasting away under the demoralising and enervating influence of the intoxicating cup, would you not put forth an effort for his rescue? Doubtless you would. Would not your heart leap for joy at the prospect of his emancipation?—You are no father, otherwise; or in other words the feelings and interests of a parent would be dead within you, and you would be a mark for the bitter scorn of mankind. Your wife would loathe and your children would abhor you.—What could delight you more than the return of the prodigal, and who would claim a greater share of your solicitude than the lost one found? Ah, happy parent, well mayest thou bring forth the fatted calf to the slaughter, and well mayest thou assemble thy neighbours to witness thy joy!

Are there any of our readers who weep for the wanderer from their firesides—any whose children are going about from place to place aimless and spiritless, shunned by the respectable, and cuffed and kicked out of doors by merciless vendors of intoxicants—a common occurrence when the liquor is in and the money is out—and who nevertheless conform to the despotic drinking usages of society? If so, permit us to ask you whether it is easier to forsake the intoxicating cup yourself, so that by your example and counsel you may, peradventure, influence your child to turn from his evil ways and flee from the wrath to come, or to purchase his redemption by the chief of your means? Perhaps you have never thought of this before. Perhaps the idea has never occurred to you that you have

bidden your own son and other youths to partake of the cup that has proved his ruin and is well nigh breaking your heart. Pause now then, and ponder upon the inutilty and folly of those usages. Bethink you whether it is not more becoming you as a christian parent, to renounce the purling devil in the hope that the lost one may be found; or at least, that your remaining children may be preserved from the curse that smiteth like the pestilence, sparing neither the high nor the humble, the dull nor the gifted. You may cherish the hope those dear ones who still assemble under your roof tree or worship at the family altar are safe from the "all pervading destroyer," that they at least have the strength of mind to resist its blandishments; but was there not a time when you looked with the same fatherly pride upon him who has cast a dark shadow over your household, and may yet bring your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave? We have known instances where one after another of a promising family have fallen away and become worse than dead who once promised to become ornaments to society, and who could plead the example of their respected parents for the indulgence in those social customs that have proved their ruin. Oh! then turn away and set your face like flint against the devouring plague ere one after another leaps into the fearful vortex—ere you are left like a blasted tree, without one green tendril or one off-shoot to mark the spot where you now stand and perpetuate your memory to coming ages, and sorrow and remorse fill up the measure of your present wretchedness, and add to the bitterness of your death-bed reflections!

After reading the above, and supposing the existence of thousand of cases of woe from intemperate habits, surely no one will say—"What is that to us." If there be any such, we wish they could read the annexed from the *Advocate and Home Circle* of New Haven, Connecticut.

This cold and satirical language uttered some eighteen hundred years ago, is still the language of multitudes by whom we are surrounded. From the sacred communion of the church—the circles of proud morality—political aspirants—the shares of the spoils—the wholesale liquor establishment—the decorated saloon—the dark haunts of the gambler—and the filthy groggery, it constantly salutes our ears.

"What is that to us?" says the professed follower of Christ, as he folds his arms and resolves to be unmoved by the claims of temperance, the effect of the traffic, and the necessity for a prohibitory law; "let those engaged in the cause see to that, we have other and more important duties to absorb our attention," and an isolated resident of the north pole could not settle down in more indifference to the fate of the remotest inhabitant of the earth, than he.

"What is that to us?" responds the man of the mind—your-own-business school of morals: "I never get drunk, and have no occasion to meddle in such matters. Temperance is well enough in its place, but you are making altogether too much of it."

"What is that to us?" replies the wholesale dealers in manufactured poison, when reasoned with on the nature of his traffic. "I don't sell by the glass, and have nothing to do with making people drunk. If the retailer chooses to do so, let him see to that."

And so we might go on through the various grades of the upholders of the traffic, named;—each one has his excuse ready, and other shoulders than his own on which to put the responsibility. But can the responsibility be so shifted? If we read the connection with the words we have quoted aright, so found not the Jews.

Gentlemen, one and all, you may find—many of you have already found—that this thing has much, very much to do with you. We recollect, several years ago, of a