

be guarded from temptation. At length he returned, but what a miserable plight he exhibited! Filthy, and in a state of beastly intoxication, all filial and brotherly affection was gone, and the demon of the gin-shop, in its most wicked and abhorrent form, reigned in the heart of the twice fallen prodigal. Every measure was tried to stop his infatuated career, but all to no purpose, and "the last state of that man became worse than the first."

Haldane now completely gave himself up to evil, and no efforts could induce him to refrain from that which was not only disgracing himself, but was fast breaking the hearts of his parents. Daily and nightly he entered the house in a state of inebriety, while the foulest language it is possible to use, emanated from his tongue. His father at first spoke to him as a Christian father should do, and urged him, with all the force of a father's authority, to give up drinking. His mother, who hitherto had lived on hope—for a mother's hope is strong—began gradually to despair, and the fearful scenes so often witnessed of her son's degradation, wrought so powerfully upon her mind, that she was unable to perform her accustomed duties, and was forced to take to her bed. His sisters were ashamed to go abroad, for oftener than once they had been insulted by Haldane on the streets of the village, in his demands for money to procure liquor. At length his outrageous conduct carried him so far as to force from his sick parent, with the grossest oaths, the means to obtain the liquid fire, which was burning up both his soul and body. In this state of matters, he was ordered from the house, which he at length left; but his absence was only of short duration; for in a few weeks he returned, still more confirmed in his evil habit.

One day, shortly after his return, he entered the house, as usual, for the purpose of demanding money. His father was present, and resolutely refused to gratify Haldane's wicked demands. Maddened with liquor, he became furious, and seized his father by the throat. His poor mother, who witnessed this fearful outrage, afraid lest he might murder his father, became unnaturally excited, and sprang from her bed, to save at once the husband and the father. Seizing Haldane by the arm, she implored him, in accents of the deepest sorrow, to release his hold; when the brutal wretch, forgetful of even her on whose bosom he slept in infancy and innocence, knocked his mother to the ground. The younger son, a thin, and, at that time, rather sickly lad, entered at this moment, and, having witnessed this last horrid act, flew to his father's assistance, and, by a blow which he aimed at his hell-inspired brother, he brought him to the floor. Speedily recovering, Haldane rose, more furious than ever, and, with the skill and force of a practised pugilist, he struck his younger brother, and sent him rolling to his father's feet, completely insensible. What a scene was this! Who but a demon could look on it unmoved? Utter proceedings, no doubt, came shadowing forth to the wretched drunkard, for, after gloating his eyes on the work of destruction, he hurriedly left the house.

The mother and son were carried to bed, but it was long ere any one could tell whether they would live or die. The parent was the first to recover, but it soon became apparent that it was but a glimmering of the vital spark ere it disappeared for ever in the shades of death; and before the expiry of a month from the period at which the circumstances just noted occurred, the broken-hearted parent died, with a prayer on her lips for the repentance and forgiveness of her guilty son. The sad father had watched alternately by the bedside of his wife and boy; for up to the death of his beloved partner, the unfortunate lad had remained unconscious of everything, a delirious fever having superseded the shock of the blow he had received. When he did recover, the first tidings he received—and sad tidings they were to him—was relating to the death of his mother.

Now the appearance of the house was changed, for the

ruling spirit was gone, and her place was empty, and it soon, also, became apparent, that the heart of the old man was crushed, and that he was lonely and disconsolate; for, day by day, the white hairs gathered in numbers upon his head; his step became less and less firm; till, in a few short months, he, too, departed to be with his Lord and Master.

As for the guilty cause of these deaths, he fled to another town, where he wandered about like another Cain; and, as if the curse of the Almighty had lighted upon him, he was not long there, till, while in a state of intoxication, he fell before the wheels of a waggon, which passed over his arm, by which he received so much injury that, on being carried to the public hospital, it was deemed necessary to amputate it. This operation was performed, and he recovered, but, after being discharged from the hospital, his former career having subdued all sense of self-respect, he became worse than a public beggar—for beg he did—but it was for money to procure the poison which had brought him, and, through him, his family, so much sorrow and suffering. And the youth whose heart was too proud to sign the pledge, may now be encountered at the detested act of begging for a penny to purchase drink.

After the death of his father, the younger brother removed to the same town where Haldane was, but so often was he annoyed with his brother's importunities, that he at length decided on leaving the land of his fathers, and seeking an asylum in British America. The rest of the family were also soon scattered abroad, and their once happy home is now only among the things to be remembered.

The foregoing sketch will, we think, sufficiently prove that it is not only himself whom the drunkard harms, but that all connected with him, in a greater or less degree, have to bear a part in the misery occasioned by a course of intemperance.

Fearful, then, is the responsibility of this man, who not only caused the death of his parents, but was the means of breaking up a home, whose members, up to the moment of that man's departure from the paths of sobriety, had known it only for what it really was—a home of love. Let no one therefore say, as an excuse for the drunkard, "Poor fellow; he only harms himself." Reader, is your heart too proud to sign the pledge? Behold what may be the end.

The truth of the preceding was vouched by the party who related the circumstances, in the following words: "There is an Infinite Being above, and a finite being here, who can testify to the truth of what I have said."

EFFECTS OF LIQUOR SELLING ON VENDERS.

BY SAMUEL CHIPMAN,

To the Cor. Sec. A. T. U.

Dear Sir,—I have told you in previous communications that I had been gathering statistics on this subject. I had embraced them in "An Appeal to the Venders," and had prefaced my appeal with a mass of facts, showing them the evils they inflict on others; but in order to exhibit those which they inflict upon themselves and families, in such limits as to render it practicable for you to give them in the Journal, without imposing an unreasonable tax on your columns, I have abandoned my first design, and confined myself to the object named in the caption of this article.

The wrecks of character, of families, and of property, occasioned by it to the individuals who were engaged in the traffic, have long been matter of notoriety and of remark, in public and private; but knowing, as I did, that these vague statements could not be relied on, I resolved upon making an actual examination, to which we might demand the evidence of the people. I accordingly visited every town in the counties of Wayne, Ontario, and Genesee, calling on the older inhabitants, and obtaining the names of the persons who