

ness by which you have heaped up your wealth. Read—read—till your eyes are dim. And there will be more yet!" And he did read, and read, and read, and it seemed as if there was no end to the results of his unrighteous traffic. Every now and then he would try to turn his eyes away from this heart sickening record; but the moment he did so that same voice would say, "Read, read on!" and his eyes were fastened as by a spell. He read on, and on, till his eyes were tortured with pain, and grew stiff in their sockets, and his vision was lost. "Your earthly eyes," said the voice, "cannot read all; but when time shall be no longer, and eternity shall begin, you shall have eyes that shall read these results through never ending ages!"

The vision changed. Wherever he turned his eyes he beheld written, *Poverty, crime, fightings, murder, disease, convulsions, consumption, delirium tremens, insanity, death temporal, and death eternal.* As he looked about the walls and the furniture of the room, he saw these words every where, and if perchance he found a vacant spot to rest his eye, it was but for a moment. A hand appeared at once and wrote thereon some one of these appalling words. He left the room thinking to get rid of the vision, but in vain. The same hand inscribed with the rapidity of lightning on every wall, and beam, and board, and article of furniture and dress, on which he chanced to look, some of these results of his business. He sat down before a table loaded with bounty. *Beggary, starvation, disease, death,* greeted his eye in every luxury and dainty, and the voice said, "Eat, eat to your fill the price of the starvation of the victims of your business!" He went out into the open air, thinking that surely these visions would not haunt him; but he saw these same words on every post and board as far as his possessions extended, and even the leaves of the trees, and the waving grass under his feet, were transformed as if by magic into the same bitter language.

He returned to his house, to the same room where his vision began. As he looked about, the walls now bore no sad records of his business, and he felt the same relief that forgetfulness of the results of his traffic always brought him. But it was only for a moment. Another vision came. There now passed in review before him, mingling thick and fast, all the horrid scenes that his ruin had produced—scenes of debauchery, bloody fights, murders of men, women, and children; a drunkard dragging a woman by the hair, with her throat cut; another throwing a child out of a window; a woman, dead drunk, burning up by a slow fire; a man falling into the water, with oaths and curses upon his lips; multitudes dying of all sorts of diseases; a crowd of maniacs with disheveled hair and faces distorted with every variety of passion; men and women in convulsions, with purple faces, and eyes starting and glaring on him from their sockets, &c., &c. While these scenes appeared before him, there rang in his ears groans and sighs, and sobs, and shrieks, and cries of the distressed, the sick and the dying, mingled in horrid contrast with the obscene talk and loud laughter and varied curses of the insane and the drunken.

Another change came over the scene. Wherever his eye turned he saw blood in scattered spots and deep stains on the walls and furniture. Blood was on the table before him, on his books, his notes, certificates of stock and deeds, on his garments and on his hands: "Blood," said the same voice, in a low, hollow sepulchral tone, "blood, blood is on every thing you possess—your hands are stained with blood, the blood of your fellow-men, the blood of the murdered, the blood of the suicide, the blood wrung from the hearts of those whom you have made widows and orphans, for the sake of gain. There is only one way to wash out these stains. Repent and cease to do this great evil. Unless you do this, blood will be upon you and all that you have while life lasts; and when death shall come and take you away from your ill-gotten possessions, blood will be upon your soul, and you will hear the cries and groans and curses of the victims of your avarice, through the ages of eternity."

The poor man trembled with terror, and the violence of his feelings awoke him.

"It's nothing but a dream," said he, as he wiped the reeking sweat from his brow—and all recollection of it was soon drowned in thoughts of his wealth, his respectability, and his honor, and the next day found him in the counting-room, the same cruel cold-hearted, money-loving rum-seller as ever.

But though it was a dream, and though it may it never haunt him again in this life, beyond the grave, unless he repent, it will prove a reality, and his poor soul will be haunted with real visions of woe occasioned by him, of which this dream, horrible as it was, is but a faint representation.

A Widow and her Five Sons.

There are few things which inspire me with feelings of gratitude to God more than those pleasing alterations which are effected in the experience of my fellow men, by the operations of that heaven-born system, the object and operations of which it is your study through the medium of your valuable Periodical, to lay before the World, and toward which by your permission, I will contribute my mite. My wish is to inform the readers of the Journal, of a very pleasing change which the introduction of our Principles into a Village about six miles from Lynn, has brought about, and which whilst it causes our hearts to swell with gratitude, to the great Originator of the Scheme, most powerfully declares the efficiency of our Principles, to rescue the most degraded from the thralldom of Intemperance. The little Narrative to which I have alluded, I shall designate a *Widow and Her five Sons.*

In a Village, on the Banks of the Ouse, known by the name of St. Mary Magdalen, which was proverbial through the surrounding country, for many miles (a short time since) for drunkenness and all its attendant evils, lives a widow woman, aged 75, this woman several years since, was deprived by death of her husband, and was left with a family of five Sons, and two Daughters, to press her way in this changing world: and for any thing I know Sir, she might have been as well off as poor people usually are, had not the demon of Strong Drink, made war upon her domestic happiness, and plunged her for many years in deepest sorrow. She had the gratification of seeing her children grow up to man's estate and being strong to labour, they could vie in the performance of any kind of work, to which they had been used, with any five brothers of the County, but then Sir, she had the grief to see them indulging in the free use (of what some people call) a good creature of God, and drunkenness, fighting, swearing, blasphemy, Sabbath breaking, total neglect of religious duties, on the part of three of them, and partial attendance upon the public worship of God, in a stupid half drunken state on the part of the other two, was the deplorable state in which they lived. The oldest whose name is Clare Leynington, is now 32 years of age, he is married, and has a family of four children, was a confirmed *Sot* for fifteen years.—the second brother whose name is William, is married and has four children, was a drunkard ten or eleven years, he is 39 years of age,—the third Brother, Martin, aged 28, was a drunkard fourteen or fifteen years, and was one of the most determined desperate fellows in the Country, he has frequently fought for money, and has had Ribs broken and the knuckles of one hand by fighting; three of his drunken Companions on one occasion were plunged into eternity in one of their drunken freaks, and he has stated in our meetings, that he has tried, and promised to amend his life, but all to no purpose, he saw no way of escape from his Sin, and he has by his unkindness been several times nearly the death of his poor old Mother. He too is married, and has one child,—James and Thomas the other two, are married, the one has three and the other two children, were for several years what may be termed occasional drunkards, and were following in the steps of their elder brethren, when totalism, *squanded liberty* for the Drunkard in their benighted Village. Martin the most desperate of the five brothers, who had not entered a place of Worship, above twice for ten years, ventured in to attend a Temperance Meeting, about thirteen months since, he listened, he felt keenly, he resolved, he signed; the next meeting, his brothers went, the three of them signed, sometime afterwards the other signed the Pledge of Abstinence from the Drunkard's drink. They have stood from that time to the present and true to their engagements, they have all sought and found true Religion. Four of them are now Members of the Wesleyan Society, and the other is a Member of the Baptist Church. The poor old woman, has by the instrumentality of one of her boys been led to seek the Salvation of her soul, and the widow's heart is gladdened by the mercy of God. They are all improved in health, comfort, respectability and usefulness; to God be all the praise. Teetotalism in this Village, has caused to be needed and assisted to build a Baptist and Primitive Methodist Chapel, and brought into Church—fellowship with the Wesleyans, Primitives, and Baptist Churches about sixty Persons, many of whom have been rescued from the Vortex of intemperance, among the rest are two men by the name of Gunton, drunkards for near thirty years, and who are now Teetotalers and Christians, the one a Wesleyan, the other a Baptist, these Sir, are some of the things which excite our gratitude to God, and make us determined to press the important subject, upon the attention of our fellow men, and