

thy mother, even now while you weep for her—even now does she raise the poisoned chalice to her lips—now does she quaff the ruby wine—now does she seek to drown in the cursed bowl the memory of her past happiness and purity, and also the memory of her present duties.

"God shield my child," was the last prayer of a broken-spirited man, as he laid down the life he had received from his Creator. There was that tender father, that heart-smitten husband, a lifeless corpse, and that fair-haired boy was all the friend he had to stand beside his death-bed—none else save mercenary slaves were there to watch him as he drew his last breath, to count his fleeting pulse to wipe the death-damps from his brow; and where was she, his wife, the mother of his child; she, who should have been as a ministering angel to his soul; who should have held his cold hand in hers, and whispered in his ear sweet words of peace and consolation—words that would have cheered him in his passage through "the dark valley of the shadow of death." Where is she? There stretched upon her couch, unconscious of her husband's state, and of all around her. She hears not the sobs which burst from the bosom of her only child; she sees not the tears which flow from those eyes she once loved to gaze upon. Her's is a sleep of wine; her senses are dulled and stupefied by her oft repeated draughts of this liquid. But soon, alas, to soon for her own peace of mind, she will awake to the full reality of her situation; soon will she know that her conduct has sent him, whom she, (when not under demonic influence,) still fondly loves, to an early grave; she will know too that even when feeling the agonies of death, those agonies were increased by the thorns she had strewn upon his pillow. Poor widow! truly thou art to be pitied; more too, because thy sorrows are the result of thy own courses; because thou wilt bear to the end of thy existence the stings of a reproaching conscience.

Again, I saw that woman, now pale in death—her countenance bore witness to the bitter struggles she had endured. Her face, that had once been handsome, seemed as if some scores of years had passed over her head, so ill had an unbridled career dealt with her. That morning she had not appeared at the breakfast table; but so often had this been the case, that no one noticed it until some hours had passed, when one of the servants entered her room and found her dead. Upon her dressing table was a note, addressed to her son, which he hastily opened and read—

"I can no longer live to bring a disgrace upon all who are connected with me. I have been drawn by cords stronger than I can break to the brink of the drunkard's grave, and now will I plunge therein, that I may be the speedier forgotten. Farewell, my child, may God bless thee; and may you soon lose all remembrance of your mother, save her love to thee. Shun, as you would the deadly serpent, that which has brought her to her untimely end.

YOUR MOTHER."

She had taken poison.

Now, would you know the history of such a being as her from whose life you have read such scenes? Her's is a tale that we fear, though not often made public, is true of many others. She was young, beautiful, talented; loving and loved, she married at an early age; her parents and friends consenting to, and approving her choice. Upon the day of her wedding; before she descended to the parlor, one of her bridesmaids remarked to her that she looked pale and nervous; that she had better take a glass of wine to give a bloom to her cheeks, and strengthen her nerves; she took it, and alas, for her, the influence it exerted pleased her; afterward, whenever she was dejected, she would have recourse to her cordial to give elasticity to her spirits, and add new brilliancy to her wit, until, finally, what she had commenced as a medicine she continued as a constant beverage, until she broke her husband's heart, made herself the degraded being we have seen, and rendered her child an orphan. I will not attempt to moralize, any simple tale must carry its own moral with it. I have related it without embellishment, as it is, and may the blessing of God accompany it.

#### CHINA.

Extract of a letter from an American Missionary in China to the Sec. Am. Temp. Union:

"The term used for wine is *sen*, which expresses all kinds of intoxicating liquor. Fermentation was early known. The honor

of first making wine is awarded to *E-teih*, who lived in the time of Yu, the third Emperor of China, B. C. 2205. The history of it is thus laconic and prophetic. "In the time of Yu, E-teih invented wine. Yu drank it. He had no sooner tasted it than he banished E-teih, and prohibited the use of wine, saying, 'After ages will make use of it to ruin the country.'" Never was prophecy more true, nor more strikingly fulfilled. Almost every page of the history of China, is a commentary on this prediction of the celebrated Yu. Every one knows how true this saying is in relation to nations far more enlightened than the Chinese.

As the American Temperance Union is labouring for the whole world, it cannot be unmindful of the vast family of the Chinese. Myriads of eyes are now turned towards China. The statesman is watching with deep concern the turn of political events. The commercial community is agitated with alternate hopes and fears in reference to "trade" or "no trade." But the Christian looks upon the drama for higher purposes and nobler ends. He sees here a train of events which is to eventuate in pouring the light of gospel day upon that great portion of the human race. But before this happy period arrives, all obstacles must be removed. The greatest of these obstacles will no doubt be found to arise from the use of Opium, Arrack, Wine, &c.—Whether there is more intemperance from opium or from liquors of various kinds, it is difficult to ascertain. The disastrous effects of intemperance in a country so thickly peopled as China, must be great beyond all calculation. Doubtless nearly all the pauperism, crime, disease and death, may be traced to this prolific source.

Will you not try, dear Sir, to enlist the sympathies and prayers of the friends of the cause in America, in behalf of their antipodal brethren? We must all act the part of intercessors now, and as soon as the Empire is open, those who can, must attack the strong-holds of the enemy, and labour first of all to banish every particle of "black mud," and every drop of intoxicating liquor from the celestial dominions. Not till then can we expect to erect the standard of the Cross. Only then can we entertain the hope of seeing this wonderful nation at no distant day, becoming a trophy in the Redeemer's crown." Very respectfully,

Your co-worker in the best of causes,—Wm. J. FOULMAN.

#### A THOUGHT FOR PASTORS OF CHURCHES.

It is well known that there are pastors of churches, who have never signed the total abstinence pledge. Such would resent the idea that they are not temperate men, or that they need at all the pledge for themselves, and they have now lived so long without signing the pledge, that they would feel strange to do it, and the inquiry would arise—why they should do it at this late hour? Indeed, it has such a look of compulsion against all their past conviction and determination; that their heart revolts from it. The consequences, however, are bad upon their churches. These have no leader or head in this business. Such of the church as have signed, feel that they have taken one step in advance of their leader and that he, perhaps, feels unpleasantly toward them for doing it; and they perhaps think ill of him for not doing it, wonder that he hesitates and even conjecture that there may be some secret reason for his course, of no very commendable character. Others of the Church have not signed the pledge and feel greatly comforted in the reflection that their pastor has not; he is on their side; and hence, they become almost utterly inaccessible; the temperance cause makes no advance. It has occurred to us that to such pastors the language of the king of the Sandwich Island must speak powerfully. When he signed the pledge, he said,

"I am one who wishes to sign this pledge. Not, however, on account of the address we have just heard, but I thought of it before, and the evil of rum-drinking was clear to me. Here is the reason why I thought it an evil, I am constituted a Father to the people and the kingdom, and it belongs to me to regulate all the chiefs. I have therefore become really ashamed, and I can no longer persist in rum-drinking. This is the reason why I subscribe my name to the pledge."

Is not every pastor the head of his people; their leader, their guide? Should he not for their sake if for nothing else, put his name to the pledge, and give security and impulse to the cause both among his church and all who are within the circle of his influence? We believe it is worthy of the serious consideration of