

their wrangling, and fighting, and blood, and wo! Go to the house of the inebriate, who obtains his daily potion from your soiled hands, sit down by the heartbroken wife, who loves her husband as you love yours; view her miserable habitation, her empty cupboard, her tattered wardrobe, her half naked, famishing children; think of the slow fires that are consuming her, as she is immolated upon the altar of intemperance; witness her groans, and cries, and tears as the burning anguish within drinketh up her spirits, and wasteth her flesh; then speak to her words—of what? Of wormwood and gall, by telling her that you will continue to furnish her once kind and affectionate husband with the maddening drink, that changes the man into a brute, and the husband into a fiend.

She is your sister—but never mind; go home and kindle up your fires again, and let your conscience chance to trouble you, call in evil spirits to dance around your foaming liquor, and sing bacchanalian songs in the dialect of the nether world! You are engaged in your own business, and you must have a living. But you cannot live always. Remember that a day of retribution is coming. Put away the evil of your doings; cease your body-killing, and soul-destroying business; and seek mercy and forgiveness from the hand of God, before it be fore'er too late.

A TRAVELLER.

[FOR THE C. T. ADVOCATE.

A CONVERSATION.

Good morning, Mr. —, I called to say that I wanted a few bushels of corn, respecting which we conversed some time ago; you have plenty still, I suppose?

No; I have not any on hand, just now. I sold all I had to Mr. H—, the distiller.

What! you sold your grain to a distiller! I thought you were a Christian, and a friend of the temperance cause.—Are you consistent?

I thought I was, but perhaps you differ from me.

Certainly, I differ from you very materially, if you think it right to dispose of your grain to a person whose business it is to convert it into a poison, wherewith to make drunkards.

I did not ask what he was going to do with the corn—that was no business of mine.

Will you, as a friend, permit me to say that it is your business to look well to the end of all your actions. You knew that the corn you sold was to make whisky. Do you see that drunkard there? He got his drink at that tavern. The tavern-keeper bought his liquor at the distillery. The distiller bought his grain off you, and with that he made his whisky. The chain is not very long which connects you with the business of making drunkards. Your conscience will not free you from responsibility. If you reflect a little, you must feel that it is wrong to encourage the traffic in any way. If you had thrown your corn into the lake, you would have suffered loss, but you had better have done that, than assist in “scattering firebrands, arrows, and death” in the midst of the population. I speak to you in kindness, and hope you will hereafter be more consistent than to sell your grain to a distiller.

FRANK WILLIAM.

WHO MADE THE DRUNKARD?

Man has often been designated the anomaly of creation, and it must be admitted that if he is not the only contradiction in nature, he is at least the most striking—he is, in so far as our knowledge of conscious creatures extends, the only animal which acts voluntarily and deliberately in opposition to the principles of his own happiness. Self-preservation and an instinctive and invariable abhorrence of pain, are prominent characteristics of all living things save man, and he does, at times, appear as the reckless, lawless mons-

ter of nature. Often, often have we wondered at the fatal stupidity of the poor house-moth plunging into the flame of the candle, and instantly sacrificing life where there is no visible enjoyment; but there is a deeper and a guiltier stupidity exhibited every day by man. The poor moth is actuated by a strong instinctive desire for light, and without the benefit of experience or the capability of reasoning, is induced to seek the gratification of this desire, unconscious and unapprehensive of danger—its first adventure is its last, it gains the requisite experience only at a vast expense for knowledge, and death comes at the same instant. Man desires pleasure perhaps as ardently as the moth desires light, and seeks it with as much avidity and at as great a hazard. But man has knowledge, the fruit of bitter, dear-bought experience. He is capable of reasoning and reflecting, and he is conscious that he is responsible for his conduct. He has seen his fellow men, year after year, plunge into the yawning vortex of debauchery in search of pleasure.—He has seen his companions quaff the intoxicating-cup till day after day the thirst for artificial excitement became stronger and more irresistible—till the nervous system is shook and shattered, and till the whole mechanism of the frame exhibits the appalling symptoms of premature and convulsive death! He is aware that the physical, moral, and intellectual energies of acquaintances, friends and relatives have been enfeebled and collapsed by the use of spirituous liquors—that their reputation, happiness, and means have been wrecked and ruined by the unhallowed practice—that bestiality, idiocy, and a hopeless futurity become their ultimate portion on earth, and that the livid, bloated, carcass and the unhonored grave of the drunkard wind up the scene. And, in addition to this experience and knowledge, his reasoning faculties inform him that similar causes will, for ever, produce similar effects. And yet in defiance of these awful warnings, in violation of the first and strongest law of his nature, and in the face of his own convictions and reasonings, he follows in the same accursed path, and arrives at the same goal of hopeless, helpless wretchedness! Under such fearful circumstances; exhibiting such a mass of moral turpitude and physical degradation, sweeping on from year to year, and from generation to generation, filling the abode of men with misery, and the green places of the earth with lying bones; it is certainly incumbent on every man who values the happiness and character of humanity to ask, “Who made the Drunkard?” We are not of the number who would leave the entire criminality of creating drunkards at the door of the Distiller or the grog-seller. These individuals are guilty in an eminent degree, and it certainly requires some strange logic to lull the convictions of conscience in the professing Christian or the intelligent man who sells liquor to his fellow-worshipper, or his fellow-man till he has transformed the image of God into the likeness of something worse than the common brute; yea, the likeness of the Devil. We say it must require some strange logic to satisfy the conscience of the manufacturer or the retailer of spirituous liquors that he is not chargeable with some of the insane blasphemies, immoralities, and crimes of the wretched creature to whom, for money, he has administered the cup of madness. It may be said that spirituous liquors are useful—somebody must sell them.—I did not force the man to get drunk—and had I not sold him the liquor somebody else would have done so. The pickpocket says, had I not taken the gentleman's pocket-book, some other pickpocket would have taken it; but this is a very shallow kind of sophistry—the principle of doing evil to save some other person the trouble of doing it, will not be received as a principle in moral philosophy. And although it may be necessary to sell intoxicating drinks, it is not necessary that I should allow or encourage other men to waste the substance of their families by destroying their reason, and brutalising their nature in my house, and it is far from moral, that I should receive their money as the price of their degradation.