

responsibilities must they bear, who are in the habit of selling to such men the drink that destroys them. Not for worlds would I, for gain, sell that drink which, for ought I know, may produce such a death, or contribute to the wretchedness of such a family.—*New York Evangelist.*

THE HORRORS OF THIRST.

The following, from a tour across the Desert, is calculated strongly to impress the mind with the blessedness of water, little valued by many :

“The horrors of that dismal night set the efforts of description at defiance. An unlimited supply of water in prospect, at the distance of only sixteen miles, had, for the brief moment, buoyed up the drooping spirit which animated each wayworn frame ; and when an exhausted mule was unable to totter further, his rider conveyed manfully to breast the steep hill on foot. But, owing to the long fasting and privation endured by all, the limbs of the weaker soon refused the task, and after the first two miles, they dropped fast in the rear. Galled by the fiery blast of the midnight sirocco, the cry for water, uttered feebly and with difficulty by numbers of parched throats, now became incessant ; and the supply of that precious element brought for the whole party falling short of one gallon and a half, it was not long to be answered. A tiny sup of diluted vinegar for a moment assuaging the burning thirst which raged in the vitals and consumed some of the more down-hearted, again raised their drooping souls ; but its effects were transient, and, after struggling a few steps, overwhelmed, they sunk again, with husky voice declaring their days to be numbered and their resolution to rise up no more. Dogs incontinently expired upon the road, horses and mules that once lay down, being unable from exhaustion to rally, were reluctantly abandoned to their fate ; whilst the iron-hearted soldier, who had braved death at the cannon's mouth, subdued and unmanned by thirst, finally abandoned his resolution, lay gasping by the way-side, and heedless of the exhortation of his officers, hailed approaching dissolution with delight, as bringing the termination of tortures which were not to be endured.

“Whilst many of the escort and followers were thus unavoidably left stretched with open mouths along the road, in a state of utter insensibility, and apparently holding up the ghost, others, pressing on to arrive at water, became bewildered in the intricate mazes of the wide wilderness, and recovered it with the utmost difficulty. As another day dawned, and the round red sun rose in wrath over the Lake of Salt, towards the hateful shores of which the tortuous path was fast tending, the courage of all who had hitherto borne up against fatigue and anxiety began to flag. A dimness came before the drowsy eyes ; giddiness seized the brain ; and the prospect ever held out by the guide of quenching thirst immediately in advance, seeming like tantalising delusions of a dreamer, had well-nigh lost its magical effect, when, as the spirit of the most sanguine fainted within them, a wild Bedouin was perceived, like a delivering angel from above, hurrying forward with a large skin filled with muddy water.

This most well-timed supply, obtained by Mohammed Ali from the small pool at Hanlestanta, of which, with the promised guard of his own tribe, by whom he had been met, he had taken forcible possession, in defiance of the impotent threats of the ruthless ‘red man,’ was sent to the rear. It admitted of a sufficient quantity being poured over the face and down the parched throat to revive every prostrate and perishing sufferer ; and at a late hour, ghastly, haggard, and exhausted, like men who had escaped from the jaws of death, the whole had contrived to struggle into a camp, which, but for the foresight and firmness of the son of Ali Abi, few individuals, indeed, of the whole party, would have reached alive.”—*Journal of Amer. Temp. Union.*

AWFUL CONSEQUENCES OF INTEMPERANCE.

A young man named William Hicks, a waggon maker of this town, was suspected to have been drowned off the Long Bridge, from the circumstances of his being missing and foot marks seen at the side where a part of the railing was broken away. We regret to say, that the suspicion was too well grounded. On Monday last, the river was searched for him, and in a short time his remains were dragged out and laid on the wharf. He had been drinking in one of our taverns on Friday evening, and had not been seen until his remains, all swollen—a frightful sight—were drawn from the water. About half an hour after this, the remains of John Montgomery, whose fate we recorded in our last, were also found—although fruitlessly searched for up to that time. His remains were also laid on the wharf. What a sight ! What an awful warning,—to see the remains of two victims of intemperance lying side by side. Dr. Nicol, the Coroner, held inquests on the bodies. The verdict of the jury in the first was, that he came to his death by drowning whilst in a state of intoxication ;—and that the other, from being under the influence of liquor, and from the darkness of the night, had lost his way and was drowned. Now, we would ask (under a view of the awful circumstances that we have recorded, and not with a desire to give offence to any one)—upon whom does the responsibility rest ? Are the unfortunate victims themselves *alone* responsible for their fate ? *We fear not.* It is high time something was done to check the vice and intemperance that prevails. Let our taverns be reduced in number and *purged.* Let them answer the end of their creation—a place of refreshment and rest to travellers, and not dens for the resort of sots and drunkards, as some of them are now. *The drunkard!*—is he not known ? Does not every one know him ? and is there *no* responsibility resting upon those who give him liquor ? There is an *awful responsibility* resting upon such. There are men walking our streets every day—we could point them out—name them by name—whose end—awful thought—is continually before our mind—*THAT of the drunkard!* We try to banish it. We cannot. There it remains. What makes it more appalling is the scripture denunciation—“*the drunkard SHALL NOT enter the Kingdom of Heaven.*” The *poor* drunkard has not the power over himself—he has allowed an unconquerable habit to grow on him. He is a slave to it. It devolves upon