

its place supplied by the strength of the unfeeling fetter. A heavy chain was, accordingly, attached to his active limbs; and, with the click of the spring that made it fast, reason resumed its legitimate throne—consciousness returned. Apparently, with a lively sense of the depth of degradation into which he had fallen, he gave vent to his feelings in a flood of tears; their melting and pathetic eloquence touched the sympathies of all present, while with indescribable anguish of soul, he deplored his disgraceful fall, and deprecated the perpetuation of the pernicious custom that had proved his utter ruin. For a few moments, hopes were entertained by the sympathizing spectators, of his recovery from lunacy, but they were only momentary. The merciless demon—madness—returned speedily with increased fury, and he remained an unseemly, intellectual wreck—an incurable maniac. This is not a fancy sketch; that maniac is now an inmate of the—ionatic asylum, a victim of the soul destroying trade in alcohol.

ANOTHER VICTIM.

(From the Canada Christian Advocate.)

Charles K——g, a young man of my acquaintance, commenced the world with a vigorous constitution and industrious habits, and accumulated property rapidly, by dint of persevering labor. And, although there was nothing very remarkable connected with his intellectual endowments,—nothing that constituted him a prodigy,—his talents would rate about mediocrity,—he possessed many excellent traits of character,—was a remarkably inoffensive quiet man, and a very good citizen.

He became early in life addicted to the free use of alcoholic drinks; and, having thrown himself into the rapid stream he was soon hurried into the giddy and bewildering vortex of drunkenness. Often after recovering from his drunken frolics, he would lament his folly, and promise amendment; but so often, enticed by his drinking companions, his lamentations were rendered unavailing, and his promises were broken; until he finally gave himself up to his cups, and seemingly, without remorse, sought the lowest depths of inebriation and folly. Every effort to induce him to try even to extricate himself from the meshes of the ruinous shore, were unavailing.

In a few years his vigorous constitution was completely shattered; disease preyed upon his vitals, and hurried him on to his dissolution. He was conscious he must soon die, and still he made no effort to relinquish his glass; the poisonous draught was stately and eagerly swallowed, as though he was anxious to hurry himself out of the world. Notwithstanding the regularity with which he took his daily portion of liquid fire during his last illness, he never seemed to be intoxicated, but always appeared perfectly rational even to the last.

While disease was rapidly wasting his vital energy, he suffered but little from bodily pain; but his anguish of mind was severe beyond description. And still he submitted to his fate with a bravery, apparently, that desperation alone could inspire. He was very free to converse about his past life, his present condition, and his prospect for the future.—He regretted sincerely the past; he refused any consolation for his wretched sinking soul; and would often exclaim, "My day of grace is past—my damnation sealed—my prospect for the future is gloomy, gloomy, gloomy!—Darkness and death surround me; and the moment my soul leaves the body, it must sink to rise no more forever!"

O, eternity, eternity, awful, miserable eternity! Again, bitterly reproaching himself, he would cry out, "I have foolishly wasted my substance—I have murdered my time—all is gone, forever gone!" To any effort to console him, to encourage him to hope for mercy through the Saviour, he would reply, "I can never hope, I have no desire to hope, I once enjoyed a day of grace, but I wilfully refused offered

mercy—I deliberately gave myself up to my appetite for strong drink, and now receive nothing more than I expected in return; 'For the wages of sin is death.' O that others might take warning and shun the way to death." In such a manner he would frequently talk of his condition with a calmness that was truly astonishing, and quite incredible.—He was seemingly hardened to brave the tremendous storm that beat so furiously upon him.

Several weeks passed thus without any perceptible change in his condition. He passed his time in pacing his room, walking through different parts of the house, or going out into the open air; and, when his strength was exhausted, he would throw himself upon his bed, and with dreadful groans and lamentations, give vent to the anguish of his soul.

The closing scene of his mortal life was extraordinary and affecting. The night before his death he retired early to his room—an upper room in a tavern, where he had often quaffed the contents of the maddening bowl—where he, and his companions in crime, had spent many hours in revelling and drunkenness. A number of his old companions were assembled at their rendezvous, for their usual purpose—drinking and gambling. He rose from his bed in the course of the evening, and made his way to the apartment of the revellers. As he entered, he looked around upon the company, with a countenance expressive of the deepest agony—it was a look that made the stoutest heart recoil;—and as one of the company expressed it afterwards, "That made the blood chill in the veins." The voice of mirth was instantly hushed, and all turned their eyes eagerly upon their old comrade. He was the first to break the solemn silence, by addressing them in the following strain:—"My old friends—We have spent many hours together, in sinful mirth and revelry—you are assembled for the same purpose—I am with you, but not as on former occasions—a great change has come over me, though not for the better—I have no desire to be better. I am ruined for ever; before to-morrow morning I may be in eternity, and then I shall be in a miserable hell! I expect no mercy—I desire none—my damnation is sealed! Take warning by me, and come not with me into this state of torment—the very thought of meeting you in hell, increases my torment. You must abandon your evil practices, or like me you will regret it when it is eternally too late! He sank exhausted upon a chair. This address was like an earthquake shock to the company, they conveyed him to his room, and he rested somewhat quietly until morning. He rose from his bed as usual, and walked out upon the road; but he did not return. Search was immediately made for him, and he was found a few rods from the house, a lifeless corpse!—his soul had fled to the spirit world! The curtain of death suddenly fell, the scene of life closed, and he disappeared in the deep dark shade of eternity!

I have not painted a fancy tale: I have written facts, as related by living witnesses, and what I saw myself. What lasting benefit the company above alluded to derived from the solemn warning they received, I am not able to say. But I fear some of them are still walking in the way to death. When will men be wise?

SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE REGISTER.

We have been favored by the Rev. T. Osgood, with a loan of the Scottish Temperance League Register and Abstainer's Almanac for 1849, a compendium of much valuable and interesting matter for the philanthropist. The tractator would find much in it to quicken his zeal in the cause; here is condensed, in small compass, an amount of statistical information which he could not otherwise obtain without much labor and research, and which brings before the mind at a glance the awful consequences involved in this whole business. We extract the following:—