

**Mrs. Dale's Interview with the Chaplain of the Gaol.**

Are you the gaol chaplain, sir? Sir, you had better  
 Just first please to read my minister's letter; His name in the almanac, sir, you will see, The reverend Charles Thomson, of West Branksomelea.  
 I'll no keep you long, sir, I'll no take a seat, I'm no tired, I didna come here on my feet; Our neighbour, John Brown, he lent me his cart, And he drove it himsel', oh, bless his kind heart.  
 I see, sir, the letter has told you all clear, Of the terrible grief that has brought me down here;  
 Yes, sir, I'm the mother of poor Thomas Dale, The lad that last Friday was put into gaol. It's the drink, sir, the drink, that has ruined my boy,  
 The pride of our hearts, of our household, the joy,  
 The first in his class, and the foremost at fun,  
 He learned his tasks quickly, and when they were done  
 He would work in the yard, or the bairns he would mind,  
 For he always was cheery, and canny, and kind.  
 But he was the eldest and four boys beside, It was not for him at the homestead to bide, So to Glasgow he went, he had got a good place.  
 Ay, I mind how the smile came all over his face  
 When his letter was answered by Kelvin & Co.;  
 And they said that to town next week he might go,  
 They told him they liked his certificate well, (He had got a good one from the master himsel',  
 And the minister, too, had written a letter, Which the gentlemen said had pleased them still better.)  
 So he went to the warehouse of Kelvin & Co.;  
 He went and did well, that's but four years ago;  
 But he took to the drink, and you know all the rest;  
 And I'm keeping you long. Oh! sir, when would he be best  
 For me to get leave to visit my son?  
 It's hard, oh! it's hard, but the Lord's will be done.  
 And yet, 'mid my sorrow I cannot but think, That it's not the Lord's will that young lads should get drink;  
 I make bold to speak, sir, I've found you so kind;  
 And often the thought has come into my mind  
 That the people's best friends a good work would begin,  
 And hinder much sorrow, and hinder much sin,  
 If they made it unlawful for drink to be sold To boys and to girls under twenty years old.

**Advertisement Extraordinary.**  
**DEATH & COMPANY,**

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN SPIRIT.  
 Take this opportunity of informing their friends and a discerning public that they continue the trade of making Drunkards, Barkrupts, Beggars, and Maniacs, on the most reasonable terms, at the shortest notice.  
 The advertisers return their most sincere thanks to their numerous steady and attached customers, and to all the Tippling community, for the increasing countenance and extensive patronage which they now receive; and they hope that the many proofs which are to be found in every town, village, and district of America of the success of DEATH & Co. in the above line of business, will secure to them the increased support of all Drunkards, Dram-drinkers, and occasional customers; as well as forever to silence the advocates of Temperance Societies, those bitter enemies of this long-established and popular trade.

D. & Co. beg to assure the public that the article in which they deal is the best and most pleasant Poison in the world, and has never been known

to fail in any instance where the individual has persevered in the use of it for the limited time D. & Co. prescribe.

In order to do business in a respectable style, the advertisers have obtained a License from the State, under whose benevolent auspices they are legally authorized to bring the Wives and Families of their customers to misery, and to wound, maim, and beggar, drive to delirium and death, as many as the public good requires. In particular D. & Co. will spare no pains to secure the Eternal Damnation of as many as will favour them with their countenance and support. To accomplish these desirable ends it is only necessary for the individual to take half a glass occasionally till he feels that quantity insufficient to gratify the craving appetite which it will soon create. And when this whiskey appetite is formed, the results at which D. & Co. aim are secured, as the person is then prepared to brave temporal and eternal misery for the sake of another glass.

For the accommodation of their numerous customers, and for the dispatch of their increasing business, DEATH & Co. have appointed a sufficient number of active agents, who are stationed at convenient distances in the streets of cities, and along the highways, cross-roads, and in the villages of every country district. D. & Co.'s agents may be known by the *Red-curtained Window*, and the sign over the door—*Entertainment for MAN and BEAST, Refreshments, etc., etc.*, and may be found ready for business at all hours, by day or night, (SUNDAYS not excepted.)

Satisfactory reference can be given to the Bridewells, Lunatic Asylums, Hospitals, the Jails, the Gallows, or the Drunkard's Fireside.

N. B.—D. & Co. beg to caution all Tipplers and Dram-drinkers, from giving heed to whatever Parsons, Preachers, Medical Men, and all advocates of Temperance Societies, may say against Spirit-drinking, as those gentlemen are avowed enemies to this respectable soul-and-body-destroying business.

**Moral Wreckers.**

THE business of the dealer in drink has been aptly compared to that of the wrecker. On certain wild and rocky coasts bands of lawless men live, who maintain themselves by plundering vessels that may be wrecked in those dangerous localities. Not content with the spoils that the tempests may bring them, they use all sorts of devices to lure vessels upon the shoals and rocks. Then when, perhaps, in the darkness of the midnight, amid the roar of the storm, the gallant ship strikes the remorseless reefs, and the cries of despair rise higher than the roar of the surging billows, instead of seeking to succour those whom they have led astray, they gather up whatever spoils the waves wash to their feet, even plundering the drifting corpses of their victims, heedless that hundreds are hurried to eternity, and valuable treasures lost in the ocean, provided they gather in a trifling share of plunder. One of these scenes is vividly described in a subjoined poem, and an apt comparison made between this horrible occupation and the business of selling drink.

It is an awful thought that we have in Canada to-day about *ten thousand* "professional wreckers" licensed by law, living under the sanction and protection of what is called a Christian Gov-

ernment. Men whose wealth and prosperity are in proportion to the amount of wretchedness entailed on their unfortunate victims. Ten thousand plague-spots of pollution, schools of sin, flash their gilded temptation in the face of every passer-by, and at street corners and in conspicuous places are hoisted treacherous signals to lure the unwearied life-voyager to the reefs of moral and eternal ruin. Avarice steels men's hearts to participation in the nefarious business, and avarice is what leads the public to tolerate them in doing it. This lust for gain is a sin of communities as well as individuals, and the license fee is the mighty cable by which Mammon binds this living nationality to the corrupting carcass of the horrible drink system.

While this is the case there is a fearful responsibility upon every member of the community who does not exert all his influence to have things otherwise. The grass is green to-day on four thousand graves that drink dug in Canada last year. Still the pestilence rages! Let us beware. We are a young and vigorous people. Our record is grand, and our future looks bright, but there are perils in our pathway. Nations as well as individuals have lives, characters, mutations. Are there no lessons for us in the solemn warnings: "Woe unto him who buildeth his house in blood." "An inheritance may be gotten hastily at the beginning, but the end thereof shall not be blessed."

**The Wreckers.**

HARK! to the roar of the surges,  
 Hark! to the wild winds' howl;  
 See the black cloud that the hurricane urges  
 Bend like a maniac's scowl!  
 Full on the sunken leeches  
 Laps the devoted bark;  
 And the loud waves, like a hundred sledges,  
 Smite to the doomed mark!

Shrilly the shriek of the seamen  
 Cleaves like a dart through the roar;  
 Harsh as the pitiless laugh of a demon  
 Rattles the pebbled shore.  
 Ho! for the life-boat, brothers;  
 Now may the hearts of the brave,  
 Hurling their lives to the rescue of others,  
 Conquer the stormy wave.

Shame for humanity's treason!  
 Shame for the form we wear!  
 Blush at the temple of pity and reason  
 Turned to a robber's lair!  
 Worse than the horrible breakers,  
 Worse than the shattering storm,  
 See the rough-handed, remorseless wreckers  
 Stripping the clay yet warm.

Plucking at girlhood's tresses,  
 Tangled with gems and gold;  
 Snatching love-tokens from manhood's  
 caresses,  
 Clenched with a dying hold.  
 What of the shrieks of despairing?  
 What of the last faint gasp?  
 Robbers, who lived would but lessen your  
 sharing:  
 Gold—'twas a god in your grasp!

Boys in their sunny brown beauty,  
 Men in their rugged bronze,  
 Women whose wail might have taught  
 wolves a duty,  
 Dead on the merciless stones,  
 Tenderly slid o'er the plundered  
 Shrouds from the white-capped surge;  
 Loud on the traitors the mad ocean thun-  
 dered—  
 Low o'er the lost sang a dirge.

Friends! there are deadlier breakers,  
 Billows that burn as they roll!  
 Flanked by a legion of crueler wreckers—  
 Wreckers of body and soul;  
 Traitors to God and humanity,  
 Tempters that hold in their arms  
 Blood-dripping murder and hopeless insanity,  
 Folly and famine by turns.

Crested with wine redly flashing,  
 Swollen with liquid fire,  
 How the strong ruin comes fearfully dashing,  
 High as the soul walks, and higher!

Virtue, and manhood, and beauty,  
 Hope and the sunny-haired bliss,  
 With the diviner white angel of duty,  
 Sink in the burning abyss.

What though the soul of the drunkard  
 Be lost on the reefs of crime,  
 What though his children by beggary con-  
 quered,  
 Sink in pollution's slime.  
 Gold has come in to the wreckers,  
 Murder has taken his prize;  
 Gold, though a million hearts burst on the  
 breakers,  
 Smothers the crime and the cries!  
 —C. C. Burleigh.

**Count the Cost of Rum and Education.**

TOTAL number of schools in the United States.....	141,029
Total number of teachers.....	221,042
Pupils.....	7,209,938
Annual expense of education..	\$95,402,726

Retail liquor-sellers in the United States.....	166,000
Cost of liquor.....	\$700,000,000
Rum over education .....	\$604,597,274

There are 83,637 clergy in the United States to 166,000 saloon keepers, and we spend \$47,636,495 for the support of the Gospel and \$700,000,000 for liquor, making \$652,363,505 more for liquor than for religion. The annual contribution per capita for religion is \$1 11; for education, \$2 02; and for rum, \$17—eight times as much for rum as for education, and fifteen times as much for rum as for religion; \$700,000,000 worse than wasted, while more than double that amount is spent to repair the wastes from rum. The prisons, alms houses, penitentiaries, asylums, reformatories, children's aid societies, poor-houses, and the like, costing hundreds of millions of dollars, are filled with the victims of this deadly traffic, till three-fourths of the taxes and donations for the support and maintenance of these is chargeable directly to the liquor-traffic. The money spent for liquor is so much capital taken from the productive industries of the country. It is estimated on good authority that the same money spent in manufacturing useful articles as was spent in liquor would employ 20,000 more hands and pay six millions more money in the State of Pennsylvania alone. The enormous waste and drain upon the resources of the nation from the liquor-traffic must be stopped or the nation cannot long survive.

An old farmer, when he saw his son on a spree, exclaimed, "There goes down his throat an acre of land, trees and all."

MR. SPURGEON believes that next to preaching of the Gospel, the most necessary thing to be done in England is to induce the people to become total abstainers.

MANY people think teetotalism is all moonshine; but if they would only try it they would find it is nearly all sunshine.

MANY professional temperance people say to their principles when they go to the polls, as the little girl did in her prayer one morning when, at the close of an unusually long and earnest petition, she said: "Good-by, God; I'm going to Jersey, to be gone four days."

CANON HURST, in the many long journeys in which, in Canada, he had to undergo extreme cold, never found alcohol useful or anything but dangerous. He endured cold much better than the drivers who spent their money for a dose of whiskey at every halt.