

way home only when the craving for food or drink drove him thither to grasp whatever he could lay his hands on, totally forgetful of the claims of his family. To the honour of his wife be it said that never did she fail, by kindness and persuasion, to endeavour to win him to his home, but in vain. Her own relatives offered her an asylum if she would consent to part from her worthless husband, but she refused, and continued to toil on assisted by her elder children, too often to see the proceeds of their labours borne off to the gin-palace or public-house, leaving them to wait for food.

Fortunately, the eldest boy had been apprenticed to a useful trade before this sad calamity overtook them, and though his home had long ceased to be one of any comfort to him, the little which he could earn was always carried to his mother, and joyfully appropriated to her use.

But against the monster vice which consumed all it could grasp, what were resources trifling as theirs? Misery and poverty became every day more gaunt and more familiar; the family must have sunk into utter destitution had it not been for the intervention of a near and worthy relative of the erring man, who came forward to assist them. He visited the poor home, he afforded all the pecuniary aid his own very moderate circumstances would allow; he even sought out, in the lowest haunts of debauchery, his misguided relation, and with every persuasion and promise of support tried to prevail on him to abandon his vicious propensity. For a time he did so, and that no inducement might be wanting to keep him to his newly formed resolution a good suit of clothes was furnished to him, with the implements of his trade, and an order procured to be executed. For three days he did persevere, and chiefly owing to the support and encouragement of his wife he bravely overcame the fearful craving for drink. His order was completed; he insisted upon carrying home the work, and enjoyed the anticipation of returning in triumph with the proceeds of his labour. The hours passed away, he did not come; they went to look for him in all his known haunts; in vain; that day and the next passed; no tidings could be gained of him till at length word was brought that he was lying at a station house some distance from home; he had been found the night before in the kennel opposite the door of a gin-palace, in one of the worst localities, almost destitute of clothing. His son went and had him conveyed home. His new clothes were gone, a few filthy rags supplied their place; and he was so bruised and battered as to be scarcely recognisable. His wife watched by him with untiring care during the illness that ensued, and no one could express more penitence than he did. He told them he was returning home with the money he had received, when he passed the door of a public house that had been just newly opened; an old acquaintance stood outside and invited him to come in. He entered, and the appetite once awakened, was not laid to sleep till he had parted with every available article he possessed.

He recovered, and with new determination set to work; but, on the smallest temptation, he again fell off; and, on one occasion, having no other means of procuring drink, he actually removed a small plate of silver, which an accident that he met with some time before had rendered necessary to be placed in the top of his head; he removed this and sold it to obtain liquor!

One would suppose that to lower depths of degradation a man could hardly sink than to be so base a slave of appetite, yet the truth must be told.

His son, who now worked for himself, lived with the family and contributed to their maintenance; he had by dint of great industry and self-denial saved a sum to enable him to start a small business. He returned home one night to find his box broken open and every fathoming of his little hoard vanished, together with some expensive tools and a few rather valuable books: all gone to procure for the insatiable drunkard the means of intoxication for two days and nights.

The poor young man was almost heart broken when he came to relate his sad tale to the relative who had so often befriended them; and it was very long before his loss was repaired.

And yet this wretched man has intervals of remorse—when conscience seems to dwell with terrible distinctness upon the consequences of his vice and points to a blackened past, a future yet more to be dreaded—times when the shame and despair that size upon him cause him to fly from every human face. He will sometimes lock himself in a chamber, throw the key from the window, and entreat those around to let him starve and die, rather than to break out again into dissipation.

But alas! such violent resolves are of but short duration; again and again does he transgress; again and again his kind relation will rescue him; and his son (who we are happy to say is a total abstainer, and is rising rapidly in his business) exhorts him to avail himself of the certain refuge which is afforded him in the Temperance ranks. Alas! the appetite has been so long fostered by indulgence, by custom and habit, temptation is so frequent, opportunities are so plentiful, he cannot overcome his tyrant. Twice has he verged in the horrors of *delirium tremens*—yet his naturally good constitution resists it; and still at long intervals there are times when he will work well and converse soundly, and with singular acuteness, for his mind yet retains much of its vigor and intelligence.

It is too common a saying with regard to the practice of Total Abstinence—"It is well enough for the drunkards." May it not rather be said—For the drunkards it is almost impossible? rather let the men of moderation adopt it—there will then be no drunkards.

Whether the unhappy original of our portrait will finally overcome the terrible appetite which is cursing him, or that his body and mind will sink beneath it, to add one more to the list of its victims, is known but to Him who has taught us the solemn and earnest prayer—

"Lead us not into temptation."
—*Weekly Record.*

THE LIQUOR SELLER.

There is nothing more striking in connection with the retailing of ardent spirits than the influence of the trade upon the seller. It may be that the traffic, by its very nature, calls for men already hardened and degraded, but this will not account for the unparalleled state of debasement of heart so commonly reached by the keepers of grog shops. It must be that the habit of handing, day by day and hour by hour to their thronging customers, the intoxicating draught, reacts upon themselves, blunting in the seller not less than in the buyer, those moral sensibilities

which God has given us to bless and clove and protect society. As the hard-earned coin of the poor inebriate drops into the trader's till, it rings forth the death knell of the kinder instincts of both hearts, telling perhaps more fearfully upon the trader than on his victim; the latter is impoverished, whilst the former is enriched (for the moment) by the mutual crime, and the ruin, falling upon the body as well as the soul of the drunkard, is concentrated upon the heart of his tempter.

The civilized world may be challenged to produce a class of men capable of deeds so hideous as those daily and hourly perpetrated in every city of the Union by the dealers in rum, brandy and gin. Exceptional cases of brutality may be found in all callings and professions; but when they occur, the world is startled and amazed. When the rum seller exhibits the hardened indifference to human woe that might make a demon blush, it excites not even surprise. Take two instances which we happened to notice in a daily paper of the past week, not chosen because they are unusual, but that we may note what are the ordinary events of the trade.

A poor woman has five children dependent upon her exertions for support. She toils by day, and scarce rests by night, that she may give them food and raiment. She has lived through the winter's bitter cold thus far; she has not starved, nor have her little ones perished with the cold—why, He only can tell who hears the young ravens when they cry. Her room is nearly stripped of furniture, but it is not yet utterly bare, although she has a drunkard for a husband. Another person—a woman too—plies her trade hard by, and that trade is the sale of that by which this woman is made a worse than widow. The daughter of sorrow goes to the den of the destroyer—she entreats her to sell no more liquor to her husband; she is pleading for his life, and for her own, and for an immortal soul—but in vain. Is it not her business to make drunkards—to widow wives—to orphan children, and to damn souls? Why then should she stop? She may as well do it as a competitor in the trade!

The husband comes to his home. He needs the means to purchase that which will satisfy the cravings of his appetite. There is a carpet yet upon the floor; it is borne off, and its price goes into the hands of this woman in return for rum. The husband comes again to his home. With eager eye he scans the bare room as a famished panther searching for prey. Little is there for him to take—yet there is one article; it is the quilt on his children's bed. It is taken and sold, and now he lies drunk and beast-like on the floor of that woman, in whose preket is the price of his children's shelter from the cold winter's night air.

Take another case. It needs simply be stated: Here are three boys, from twelve to fifteen years of age. They go to a rum shop, and there are supplied with gin by a man, and soon they are found beastly drunk in the streets—poisoned body and soul, at that tender age, by a fellow being.

It is not easy to conceive of hard-heartedness more diabolical than that which is evinced by such deeds as these—not acts committed once upon the impulse of some whirlwind of passion, but deeds hourly repeated, continuously perpetrated as a calling for life, and done too with the undisturbed quietness of an honest traffic. Does it not stir the blood to think that these scenes are so common that they scarce attract a moment's attention—that