

of manhood, I am tottering on the brink of the grave. It appears to me that I have lost all the passions, desires, and affections, common to man. I have neither ambition, love, nor hopes. Existence is intolerable to me unless I can drown the sense of it by intoxicating liquors.

This is my experience of the effect of strong drink upon domestic happiness. The abstinence of a bed of sickness has somewhat restored my mental faculties, and enabled me to offer this as some atonement for my past misdeeds. I am now doing all the good I can hope to do in this world, by warning others to shun my fate; and by letting it be seen how far, in my opinion, a society deserves the encouragement of every good citizen, which, had it existed from the beginning of the present century, would, I do believe, have saved me and thousands of others.—*Journal of Humanity.*

#### JUVENILE TEMPERANCE.

We commend the following article from the *Western Reserve Washingtonian*, to those who doubt the efficacy of Juvenile Temperance. We hope that the number of those who do so is small, and wish it were smaller still, we can see no good reason why the youth should not engage in this great moral enterprise; but on the contrary, many, very many, why they should; "Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," saith the wise man, which to us is sufficient for all purposes.

It is to be regretted that any should be found opposed to temperance efforts among the youth. We trust the number who do so is small. If the force of habit among the old has become so strong, that some excuse must be sought for indulgence, let the young remain free from such shackles. It is pleasing in every moral enterprise, to see all classes enlisted for its support, especially those whose influence can be most powerfully exerted, and longest felt. The wise and sagacious of every age have regarded the youthful portion of the community with peculiar interest. Enlist the man of hoary hairs, or the man in the meridian of life in a moral enterprise; his influence will be felt for a season, but his course is soon cut short by death. Enlist the energies of the youth in that enterprise and you secure an influence that will go on widening and strengthening through a long series of years. Remember this in the temperance enterprise. Let the co-operation of the young be secured.

It is gratifying that the grand principle of reform and safety is seizing upon that portion of our population. A cold water army is rising up in our land, that will wage a successful war of extermination with alcohol, when those who now take the fore front of the battle shall slumber in their grave. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. It is easier to raise up from the children of our land, a virtuous, temperate population than to reclaim from habits of vice those already on the stage. How could the patriot die and leave the direction of his country to a generation of profligate, immoral, and drunken youth. What hope could he have to cheer his dying hour, that the liberties he had fought for, the institutions he had watched with fostering care, would be preserved and perpetuated? These young defenders of our country, these watchful guardians of our liberty—train them in virtue, sobriety and temperance, that when they lay their infirm and expiring fathers in the grave, and the state with its cumbersome cares is rolled upon them, and the church commits to their keeping the precious ark of her covenant, they may be prepared for the responsible trust.

Let our youth become temperate, and the grand work of reform is accomplished. Our country is redeemed. What a blessed spectacle! All our youth rising up in perfect sobriety! While upon the one side is sinking away all that is debasing and loathsome, on the other appears a rising generation in freshness and beauty, countless as the stars—A ROCK OF SALVATION.

#### THE DRUNKARD'S TESTIMONY.

At the late temperance meeting in Boston, several reformed inebriates bore this testimony, as we find it in the *Mer. Journal*:

They told the story of their lives—the lives of drunkards—that they might do something to warn those present to avoid the misery they had themselves endured. Said one, and he the youngest "I began to drink rum at twelve years of age. A rich man, now

in this city, (I do not name him,) sold me rum when I was not tall enough to reach the top of the counter." After much more, he gave the following: "I had eleven companions, all healthy young men—all doing well in our business. We used to meet to drink and to gamble; we continued our course for some time,—and what is the history of us twelve? Six have died drunkards; two have enlisted in state-ships; two are in the house of correction; one is a drunkard still, I alone have escaped to tell you." "Why, who was it," exclaimed this young man, "who have, for these many years sold us this rum? Of them, in the sight of God, I demand those who have gone down to the drunkard's grave, or are living the drunkard's life—where, where are my companions?" Here his voice failed, and convulsive sobbing took its place. The effect was intense. Men, hard-fisted men, with child-like hearts, were seen with floods of tears, washing their weather-beaten faces—the mourning, fit mourning over such remembered dead.

#### CIDER.

Cider is the last alcoholic drink that many of our New England farmers will give up. They love it; they have always drunk it; they do not get drunk on it; and they intend to hold on to it. What hurt say they, is there in drinking a little cider? Let us reason a little.

If rum contains 4 times as much alcohol as cider, then one pint of cider will get a man as much intoxicated as a gill of rum; therefore, a pint of cider is just the same thing as a gill of rum put into three gills of water. Now, what difference is there between a gill of rum clear, and the same quantity mixed with three gills of water? None. Then there is no difference between a gill of rum, and as much cider as contains the strength or alcohol of a gill of rum. Therefore, the farmer who gives up his rum, ought for the same reason, to give up his cider.

There are now many farmers who drink little or no rum, who are every day guzzling down cider. Their faces show it; their breaths tell of it; their hired men and their sons join them in it; and those who have thirst for alcohol, thereby keep that appetite alive and thriving.

"Trying is the naked truth." Those who have abandoned cider altogether, tell us with one voice that cider did them no good—that they are better off without it than they were with it—that their example and influence has done good—that water tastes better than ever before; and quenches thirst and never produces bad effects. Farmers, will you give up your cider?—*Grant's Pillar.*

#### IT IS GOOD TO KEEP OUT THE COLD.

Not a few, even at this stage of the temperance reformation, advocate the use of ardent spirits on the assumed truth of the proposition which heads this article. If truth in this case were necessarily to be sought for and evolved by a tedious process of reasoning, by abstruse and far-fetched physiological deduction, there might, perhaps be found, in the aversion of the mass of minds to reconstructions, an excuse for its quotation as a truism by man; even at the present era of light and knowledge on the properties of alcohol and its effects upon the system. The reverse however, is the case. The truth in this matter lies on the surface of things, and so palpably exposed is it to every eye, as to justify the belief that it cannot escape the most casual observation. No scientific research, no fine spun train of reasoning a priori, or a posteriori, no labored analysis is required to reach the conclusion that alcohol is not good "to keep out the cold."

No one can have turned over the columns of a news paper during the winter months of the past twenty years, without meeting accounts of numerous experimental demonstrations that alcohol is not good to keep out the cold. In ninety-nine cases out of the hundred where it has become the melancholy duty of editors to chronicle occurrences of death by freezing, it has been their more melancholy duty to add alcohol as the cause. Death by freezing in our climate is a circumstance of rare, most rare occurrence, save in cases where intoxication has first unharnessed and lethargized the physical energies of the system, and left it a passive, defenceless, helpless, victim to the rigor of the elements.— Sometimes we have had accounts of men whose legs were frozen off. The cause? Why they were drunk. Sometimes of men whose arms had been frozen off. The cause again? Why they were drunk. Sometimes men have lost their noses and