

Mr. Grey returned his little son's caresses, and Willie seemed perfectly happy, now that his father was indeed a Washingtonian. "We shan't be cold and hungry any more, mother," said he, "and you and Alice won't have to sit up all night now, to work for anybody."

"I should never have signed, had it not been for the faithful efforts of a few members of the Temperance Society," said Mr. Grey! "long have they been endeavoring to persuade me to abandon my wretched course, but so strongly was I bound by the chains of Intemperance, that it cost many a struggle to be free; last night, when I saw the wretchedness which I had brought upon my family, and saw you toiling by the light of a dim lamp, I resolved to abandon my wicked course: lest I should yield to temptation and break my resolution, I sent Alice with a letter to Mr. Osborne last night; I would not go myself—shame prevented me; he came to see me this morning, and now my name is upon the Temperance Pledge, and I hope, Mary, with the blessing of God, to be an altered man."—*Norwich Spectator*.

### MODERATION.

*Voice from the Vintage.*—By Mrs. ELLIS.

If between the two extremes of perfect innocence, and actual sin, there is in the act of drinking intoxicating beverages a medium line at which the one ceases, and the other begins; there must also be between that point and the extreme of innocence, another line at which safety ceases, and danger begins. We will, for the present, suppose this line to be fixed halfway, though some of us are inclined to think it might be fixed upon the act altogether. Now as the line of sin seldom occurs at the same point with any two individuals, and even differs with the same individuals at different times, according to the capability of the body for sustaining such stimulus, without exhibiting any outward sign of derangement, as it differs also according to the nature of the liquid partaken of; and as some maintain, according to the circumstances under which it is taken, and as danger always commences at a certain distance from actual sin, it must be extremely difficult, nay impossible to say exactly, where the line of danger is, or I should rather say, where it is not.

Here, then, we see again the peculiar nature of a vice which consists only in an increased degree of what is no vice at all; and hence arises the necessity of adopting a mode of treatment, with regard to our fellow-beings labouring under this particular temptation, which no other circumstances require.

Much has been said on the subject of intoxicating beverages not being necessary for our habitual use, and many able works, to which I would refer the reader, have been written to prove that they are not only unnecessary, but actually injurious. It is not my business to enter upon this subject here, farther than simply to ask—Why are they taken? They are taken by most persons because it is customary to take them; by some, because they are considered essential to health; and by others, because they are agreeable in themselves, or in the feelings they produce. With all persons, however, they have a peculiar tendency to obtain power and mastery, because it is their nature to stimulate for a time, and consequently to produce exhaustion afterwards; according to that law in the human constitution which Dr. Farre describes, when he says, that "the circulation always falls off in a greater degree than it is forced." Hence the languor and weariness after fever, and faintness and want of stimulus occurring periodically with those who are accustomed to resort to the excitement of wine for the refreshment either of mind or body.

There is also another law in our nature which renders excitement extremely delightful. Indeed one would be almost tempted to think that, to a large proportion of the individuals who mix in general society, it was the one thing

needful to their existence. There can be little doubt but that this law has been originally laid down in wisdom, and in mercy, to urge us on to action, and to prevent our wearying in the pursuit of what is good; but how has it been perverted from its original design! We seek the world over for stimulus to create the sensation we delight in, instead of being satisfied to enjoy, along with every act of duty, that natural excitement which it has been so wisely intended to produce.

But the stimulus to which we most habitually, and according to the generally received opinion, most lawfully resort, is wine. We feel a little faint about the middle of the day, and we take it then. We are thus strengthened, and enabled to go out and make our calls, or to attend to our duties in any other way. We can even visit the poor, and we really do feel more vigour, more ability, and more courage, to admonish them of their extravagance and excess, particularly in the way of *intemperance*, immediately after what we call the necessary stimulus has been taken. We come back, however, exceedingly tired, and did not the dinner table present us with a fresh supply, we believe we should scarcely be able to get through the day. Our fathers and brothers, however, are surely not subject to this faintness about the hour of noon? No;—but they come home reasonably, and absolutely tired, and they, too, must have their strength restored by the same invigorating draughts.

If such then be the condition, and such the habits of persons in perfect health, and easy circumstances, what must be the measure of relief required from the same medicine by the millions who are ill at ease, who are suffering either from mental anxiety, or bodily pain, or perhaps from both? The human frame, even with the advantage of this wholesome and necessary stimulus is subject to a variety of diseases, and uncomfortable sensations, which we are not only anxious to remove ourselves, but which our kind friends are anxious to remove for us; and artificial stimulus is thus resorted to, not to cure these diseases, for that it cannot do—nor to remedy these uncomfortable sensations, for they come again—but to make us *feel them less*.

I would here beg to claim the particular attention of the reader—for here the subject assumes a most serious and important aspect—and I would ask the question candidly and kindly, are those diseases of the body, and those uncomfortable sensations to which I have alluded, really remedied, or lastingly alleviated, by intoxicating liquors; or is the body only brought into such a condition as to be made more easy under their infliction, and more careless about them altogether? Are they not in reality superseded by other sensations of a pleasurable nature, so as to be no longer felt or regarded? We know that a very slight degree of pain may be so soothed by gentle friction, and by other means of a similar nature, as for a time scarcely to be felt, and certainly not cared for; while a greater degree of suffering is often alleviated by inflicting other kinds of pain upon different parts of the body. If then, the whole of our bodily sensations could be just so far, and so agreeably, put in operation, that we should be wholly occupied with a lively and pervading sense of indefinite pleasure, it is but reasonable to suppose that we should be rendered, by this means not only insensible to, but wholly unconscious of, a degree of pain in any particular part. This, then, is precisely the manner in which intoxicating stimulants operate upon the bodily frame, except only in those very few and partial cases where they are really calculated to do good, in all of which, other and safer medicines might be substituted in their stead.

In reasoning on this important subject, however, I must confess I am one of those who do not consider the question of health as so deeply involved, as that of moral responsibility. But the case has now been tried for a sufficient length of time, even in this country, to prove that without any kind of intoxicating beverage, a state of health as good—