

I found a worthy citizen living at his ease on the income of his money, vehemently opposed to the use of strong drink. I asked him why he found it so horrible. "Oh," said he, "in childhood it inflicted a curse which has been the bitterness of my whole life. I was born to riches; my father possessed a property near town, worth about three thousand pounds; my mother a other of equal value. My father, abandoning himself to drink, squandered everything; and when the sheriff's officers sold us out—when I was nine years old—we were all, my parents, with my little brother and my three little sisters, driven for shelter with nothing to eat, into a wretched cabin, through which the rain was pouring. The next day my father went to town, as he said, to procure subsistence for us; but he ran away to the States, and was never heard from after. I went out to beg, but was everywhere repulsed with scorn as the son of a ruined drunkard. Cold and starving, we were wretched indeed; but what most wrung our young hearts was the anguish of our poor desolate mother. She, born and accustomed to every comfort, reduced suddenly to a condition so deplorable. One day, five farmers, in passing, stopped to witness our distress. Seized by a sudden impulse, one of them exclaimed, "There is but one remedy; let us each take one child and bring it up as our own." They explained to my mother the hopelessness of her position, and the provision that would be secured for her family, and thus we were separated. Oh, never can I forget the anguishing shrieks of my mother as she pressed us to her bosom for the last time. The man who took me had about twenty miles to drive; there were five taverns on the road, and he stopped to drink at every one. I soon found he was a terrible drunkard. He abused me, and I ran away to Montreal. I did not run, I flew. I knew not where to find my mother. Wandering about the streets, I was picked up by a master-builder, who had no children. After learning my piteous history, he adopted me as his son. I learned his trade, grew up, and became prosperous. In the meantime my poor little brother, who had fallen into the hands of a brutal drunkard, was killed from the effects of wounds on his head, inflicted in a drunken fury. My poor little sisters, grown up to womanhood, had all married drunkards, and were miserable. My unfortunate mother was lost. I could only learn that she had changed her name to hide her shame, and gone no one knew whither. At twenty-seven years old, I married. My wife could not rest easy till my mother was discovered. I again made a long and diligent search from parish to parish, and in the end found, in a desolate hovel above St. Phillips, three miserable, squalid beggar women. Some instinct told me that one of them was my mother. I began to trace remembered features. I made myself known. She swooned away lifeless. I sought restoratives. She recovered. I brought her home, and for two years that remained of her life, did all in my power to render her last days comfortable and happy. Oh, Sir, with all this desolation of a family apparently born to happiness, always present to my memory, must I not always curse the spirit of alcohol in all its forms?"

You have, my countrymen, an abominable habit of taking *un coup d'appetit* before meals. What can be more disgusting than drinking a dram to me yourselves eat? You sit down to a table covered with good things. You cross yourselves reverently, and utter a prayer that you may not abuse the mercies for which you are thankful, and then—why you swallow a glass of fiery alcohol for fear you can't eat enough! Oh, my friends, do get rid of this detestable practice.

A young man in Montreal, of one of our best families, left with a good fortune, married a young lady, also rich, reared in the lap of luxury. In a few years his moderate drinking turned to drunkenness; he became dissolute; wasted everything; and driven from town with one child, they were forced to live in a wretched cabin in the farther

part of a distant settlement, where the once gay young gentleman had to work out as a day laborer; but the habit of drink forsook him not; what he earned in the day was spent in the tavern. Presently the delicate wife was confined the second time, totally destitute of every necessary—he only assistant a squalid beggar-woman, that had chance to take shelter in the hovel. Two days after, in removing the child from her breast, she discovered its lips bloody. Good God! it was her own heart's blood. Emaciated and worn down, her breast afforded no sustenance, and the infant had been gnawing upon the flesh! She sunk to her grave. A few days after, two women in the neighborhood, remembering the forlorn infants, said, "we will go and see; if they have not been well cared for, we will adopt them." They went; no living thing was to be found, but in an outbuilding were the remains of two children, devoured and trampled on by the hogs. The father had disappeared.

There was a child born to a young couple in one of our country parishes. When two days old, two neighbors offered themselves as godfather and godmother to take it to Church for baptism. The Church was several miles distant, and before arriving they stopped at a tavern; other friends drove up; they commenced drinking, and the time passed. "It is now too late," said they, "to go to the Church, we must come another day," and after drinking more, they turned for home. It had been a windy, drifting day—the roads were filled with snow—the horse, urged by the whip, furiously applied, toiled wearily through it. Presently he fell floundering in a drift—the sleigh upset. The drunken man, more stupid than the horse, at length got all righted, and seeing the woman in her seat, drove on. In painful anxiety were the parents at this prolonged delay—at length the sleigh arrived—the man entered the house. "Where is our child?" exclaimed the father. "The godmother has it." "Oh," said the woman, "did we not upset in the snow?" *The poor little innocent had been left forgotten in the snow-drift.* Oh, then the wailings that filled the house! Oh, the shrieks of the mother bereaved of her first born! The neighbors turn out for a useless search; drifting snow having covered up the track, all trace was that night lost. Next morning, an *habitan* shovelling his path strikes upon a frozen bundle of flannel; he carries it in to his wife; she opens it, when, horror of horrors, within its folds is found a lifeless infant!

Oh, my brethren, what testimony did that little innocent carry to the other world? We are taught that the unbaptized child cannot see the face of God. Forever—through all eternity—banished from the joys of heaven—never, never to behold the face of its Heavenly Father—how must that pure spirit mourn beyond the end of time, this awful consequence of strong drink. Oh! accursed be the foul demon of alcohol; accursed in heaven—accursed on earth—accursed in the depths of hell. Anathema! accursed let it ever be.

Go forward to the altar, ye lawyers, ye notaries, ye merchants, ye men of respectability—join your humbler brethren in this great movement. What do you say, sir? You say that you are modest, that you can be temperate of yourself. I tell you it is false! You would deceive me, you would deceive yourself, you would deceive your God. You be temperate of yourself; though temperate to-day can you answer for to-morrow? You boast of your strength! I tell you it is all pride, and vanity, you cannot raise a finger of yourself—you have no strength unless it be given you. Alone you are nothing—the fiend of intemperance will destroy you—join our Society and your safety is assured.

The Michigan Legislature are discussing a bill making the selling, giving, or in any way furnishing liquor to Indians, an offence punishable by imprisonment.